Jealousy by dannysobsession

A 4-Part Series

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Alterations and Altercations

"Brian, this really isn't necessary, it fits just fine," Justin exclaimed for the third time since Brian had dragged him out of the loft and into the car.   
  
"No, it doesn't. You don't spend $1,500.00 on an Armani suit and then not have it fitted properly. Jesus Christ! I thought you grew up with the Country Club set. You should know these things. Now end of discussion." Brian was getting impatient as they rounded the last corner and pulled up in front of Ermanno's. Justin sat back in his seat and let out a huff.   
  
After pulling the car to a complete stop and shifting it into park, Brian turned to Justin and tried to explain, again, why it was so important. "Look, I ordered the suit in your size, but those are just guidelines. Everyone's body is a different shape. If you don't have it altered to fit your shape then it hangs and you look like everyone else. The idea is to have it tailored to your body so that it hides your imperfections...."   
  
Justin glanced over at Brian with raised eyebrows.   
  
"...not that you have any," Brian added, correcting himself and making Justin smile. "And it should accentuate your attributes. Understand?" Brian was sure that explanation would suffice, turned off the ignition and started to get out of the car.   
  
"Brian," Justin started with a sly grin, "can I just ask you one question?"   
  
Brian let out deep breath. "What?"   
  
"So what ARE my attributes that you want this tailor to accentuate?"   
  
Brian slumped back into his seat and rubbed his hands over his face. "First of all, no fishing for compliments. Second of all, 'this tailor' is Ermanno Amato and he is the best tailor in the Pitts. I had to make this appointment weeks ago. He is very expensive but does the best work so he is booked way in advance. Everyone wants him to work his magic with their clothes. He knows how to make you look your very best. I have been coming here for years and I ALWAYS look great...." Brian waited for a snide remark from Justin but didn't get one so he continued, "...so show some respect. Now, get that perfect bubble butt of yours out of the car. We're keeping the man waiting."   
  
Justin just smiled and turned to get out of the car. He'd gotten his compliment anyway. Brian always told him that he wouldn't give compliments and would never say anything romantic or even acknowledge their relationship, but he always seemed to let things slip out. Justin wondered if Brian even knew that two seconds after he would lecture about what he wouldn't say, he would say it anyway. Justin thought it best to not point these things out and just let Brian continue to think that he was talking with his brain when in actuality, his heart was the one doing all the talking.   
  
Brian walked around to the other side of the car and waited for Justin to get out. As they walked towards the door of Ermanno's shop, Brian slipped his arm around the blond's neck, pulled him closer and whispered in his ear, "This is going to be fun, Justin. Nothing like roving hands all over your body to get you in the mood."   
  
"Brian, ewwww," Justin shot back with a wrinkled-up nose. "It's his job, it's not suppose to be sexual."   
  
Brian laughed at Justin's reaction. "Hey, anything can be sexual if you have the right mindset," he replied as he squeezed his arm tighter around Justin's neck and bit on his ear.   
  
Justin's body shivered for a second then he tilted his head away and brushed Brian off by placing his hand over his lover's face and pushing him back. "That's like getting aroused when the doctor is checking you out for hernias or something."   
  
Brian stopped dead in his tracks and looked Justin right in the eye with a straight face. "You mean you don't?" Justin appeared to be horrified and just as he was about to open his mouth to show his distaste for the comment, a smile crept across Brian's mouth and he burst out laughing.   
  
"Jesus, Brian, you're really twisted."   
  
"I thought you liked twisted," Brian said as they approached the shop. He held his hand on the door, released his grip on Justin's neck and added, "Just remember what I said, Justin. This is going to be fun. I dare you to not get a hard on. You'll see." Then he pulled the door open, triggering the jingling of the bell overhead and they walked inside.   
  
An older man came out from the back of the shop with his hands in the air. "Ahhh, buon giorno, Signore Kinney. Nice to see you again, Brian." He extended his right hand and gave Brian a stern handshake while patting the top of Brian's hand with his left one.   
  
Brian greeted him back, "Buon giorno to you too, Manny."   
  
Justin stood by quietly as the two men exchanged hellos. He thought they seemed awfully friendly to just have a client and tailor relationship, but he figured if Brian had all his suits tailored at Ermanno's, then that meant he was there at least once a month. Brian had a lot of suits and loved to shop so it made sense. It was definitely not more than that. Ermanno Armato was short, stocky and somewhat balding. He had to be at least fifty AND he was nice. Nope, not Brian's type at all.   
  
The older man turned his attention to Justin, "So, Signore Brian, this striking giovane must be the one and only Signore Taylor."   
  
"Si, Manny." Brian introduced them, "Manny, this is Justin. Justin this is Ermanno Amato."   
  
Justin stuck out his hand for a handshake. "Nice to meet you Mr. Amato."   
  
Ermanno ignored Justin's outstretched hand and instead placed both his hands on Justin's shoulders and straightened his arms to get a better look at him. His eyes glanced up and down Justin's body. "Aaah, Justin Taylor. I have heard so much about you from your friend here that I feel like we know each other already. You call me Manny, hmmm?"   
  
"Ummm sure, Manny it is." Justin was just beaming, Brian had talked to Manny about him. He couldn't help the huge smile that spread across his face. He glanced over at Brian who noticed his sudden happiness and was rolling his eyes. Brian knew very well what had put that smile there.   
  
Ermanno released Justin's shoulders but never took his eyes off of him as he spoke to Brian, "Brian, Signore Justin is molto bello, no?"   
  
Brian laughed and leaned in close to the older man, "Yes, but we don't tell him that." Brian turned back to Justin, who was still standing there speechless with a big smile on his face.   
  
"Ahhh, but I bet he tells you," Ermanno said matter of factly. When Brian didn't respond he just nodded his head and replied, "You make a good couple, compliment each other, il sole e la luna," as he pointed to Justin and then to Brian.   
  
Brian was suddenly feeling uncomfortable with all the mushy talk and Justin was really wishing he had taken Italian in highschool. The brief silence was broken when a gorgeous young man came barrelling out of the backroom.   
  
"Pappa," the young man said but stopped abruptly before saying anything else when he noticed his father was not alone. His mouth still hung open from when he was about to speak. His eyes instantly became very busy darting back and forth between Brian and Justin.   
  
The older man instantly turned around. "Ahhh, Louie, come and meet our guests." The young man slowly approached the small group but never took his eyes off the striking couple. "Luciano, this is Signore Kinney and Signore Taylor. Brian, Justin, this is my son, Luciano."   
  
Luciano stuck his hand out and shook Brian's hand, "Nice to meet you signore." His voice was a little shakey looking up at those intense hazel eyes and gorgeous face.   
  
"Call me Brian." The handshake caused Brian's gaydar to start beeping in his head. He thought that Ermanno's son was good looking when he first saw him, but now, up close the boy was even better. The young man had coal black, slightly wavy hair and big, dark-brown eyes with long lashes. He was taller than Justin but not as tall as Brian. He looked like he was about Justin's age, maybe a couple of years older. When Luciano turned to shake Justin's hand, Brian tilted his head sideways to catch a glimpse of his ass. Yep, very fuckable.   
  
Luciano shook Justin's hand but never said a word. His eyes locked with Justin's and he seemed to be in a trance.   
  
Justin glanced at Brian and caught him checking out the boy's ass. Brian looked back at Justin and knew he was caught. He just smiled.   
  
Justin smiled back at Brian with a sly grin, turned to Luciano and said, "You can call me Justin, Luciano." Justin tried to pull his hand away but realized that Luciano had a tight grip on it and he had to pull harder to free himself. He smiled at him, but Luciano still stood motionless and speechless.   
  
Brian stared at the interaction and was bothered. He couldn't decide if it was because the guy was entranced more with Justin than with him or if it was because the guy was entranced with Justin...period. He shook it off.   
  
Ermanno's voice interrupted the daze the other men seemed to be in. "Louie is helping me out at the shop nowadays. I am teaching him all that I know. He's my...uh...um...apprendista. One day he will take over the shop. I want to leave my customers in good hands. I'm getting old, you know. He is very good, very talented. He will make a good tailor. I think he has a good feel for the human body. Isn't that right Louie?"   
  
"Yes pappa, I do," Louie said without ever taking his eyes off of Justin.   
  
"I bet he does," Brian said, placing his hand on Luciano's shoulder and giving it a squeeze. He stared down at the boy intensely. All eyes turned to Brian so he quickly added, "I mean if he inherited your talent, Manny, I'm sure he does. You are the best."   
  
"You're too kind, Brian," Ermanno said then he clapped his hands and briskly rubbed them together. "So shall we get started?", the older man asked, holding his hands out to Justin and the blond handed the tailor his suit bag, which he handed to his son.   
  
"Si." "Yeah." "Yes." All three said in unison.   
  
"Well, buon. Right this way Signore Justin." Ermanno held his arm out to his side motioning for Justin to head towards the back of the shop. "If it is alright with you, Justin, I'm going to have Louie take your measurements."   
  
Justin looked at the gorgeous young man following behind him and remembered what Brian had told him about how much fun it was going to be. The corners of his mouth turned up into a devilish grin. "That would be great..." he glanced back at Brian who did not seem amused and corrected himself, "...ummm, I mean that would be fine. No problem."   
  
Ermanno noticed that Brian seemed to not be pleased with this idea so he explained, "Relax Brian, I will check his work, of course, before any changes are made."   
  
Brian realized that Ermanno had said that because of his displeasure and didn't want to hurt his feelings. His displeasure had nothing to do with worry over his work, it only had to do with the fact that his hands were going to be all over Justin's body. His gut was starting to ache. 'This was suppose to be fun, dammit, why am I suddenly feeling nauseous.' He needed to get a grip so he put his game face on and spoke up, "It's fine, Manny. I'm always willing to assist in the education of the young." He glanced over at Justin with a grin.   
  
Justin rolled his eyes and shook his head.   
  
"So, Louie, I will let you take over from here. I will be working on Signore Anderson's tuxedo in the next room if you need me."   
  
Luciano led them to a changing room in the corner, he pulled the curtain back, unzipped the suit bag and hung Justin's suit on a hook, then stood in the doorway and said, "You can change in here, Justin."   
  
Justin headed into the change room but when Luciano didn't move out of the way, he had to turn sideways to get past him. His ass brushed up against him as he went inside.   
  
Luciano cleared his throat, pulled the curtain closed and said, "I'll go get my tape measure, I'll be right back." He turned to leave the room and realized that Brian was staring at him. He was going to have to walk right by him to get his tape measure. A slight look of fear sparked in his eyes but then he pushed his shoulders back, held his head high and trudged ahead.   
  
Brian started walking towards him as he approached. "WE'LL be waiting right here," Brian said, making it perfectly clear to the boy that he wasn't going anywhere, then he bumped Luciano's shoulder as he walked by. Luciano staggered a bit but continued out the door. Brian walked up to the closed curtain and leaned back against the wall beside it. He turned his head to speak to Justin on the other side of the curtain, "So Sunshine, what do you think?"   
  
Inside the change room, Justin began to undress as he answered Brian's question. "Oh, Manny is great. He is a very nice man." Justin sat down on the bench to remove his shoes and socks. "I can't believe it would be so hard for you to get an appointment with him. I can tell he likes you, Brian. And the son...he's gorgeous." He stood back up and lifted his shirt over his head.   
  
"Hmmm, he's alright," Brian answered back with his stock comment when Justin thought that anyone besides him was hot. Brian listened intently to the sounds of Justin removing his clothes and started forming a mental picture in his head. The thud of shoes hitting the floor. The swish of socks being pulled off. The swoosh of a shirt being lifted up and passing over long strands of blond hair. Brian felt his dick twitch in his pants, cleared his throat and adjusted his stance. His lover was getting naked on the other side of that curtain. This was going to require some restraint. When he heard the rapid clicks of a zipper, it went straight to his cock. Brian wasn't very good at restraint when it came to his blond lover. "Whoops," Brian said as he pulled back the curtain to find a bare ass bent over in front of him. He walked in, closed the curtain behind him, grabbed Justin by the waist and pulled him back grinding his bare ass into his groin.   
  
Justin, who was bent over removing his pants let out a yelp at the sudden attack. He stood up quickly and turned around in the intruder's arms, "Brian, what are you doing?"   
  
"Just thought I would see if you needed some assistance," Brian replied while cupping Justin's ass cheeks in his hands and giving them a squeeze.   
  
Luciano returned with the tape measure and had heard Justin's yelp. "Everything alright, Signore Justin?" he asked through the closed curtain, while taking note of a very absent Signore Brian.   
  
Justin looked over Brian's shoulder and hollered back, "Yes, everything's fine, I'll be right out." He turned back to the tall man standing in front of him, gave him a small smile and a peck of a kiss on his lips. He looked up into his eyes with raised eyebrows and said, "Later?"   
  
"Oh, alright," Brian responded, pretending to be annoyed. He pulled away and plopped down on the bench. As Justin turned to grab the suit hanging on the wall, Brian noticed there was a slight problem. Justin's dick was semi-erect. "Shit Sunshine, is that for me or for the 'gorgeous' guy out there?" Brian asked, ensuring to use the same descriptive word that Justin had used to describe Luciano.   
  
Justin wasn't sure what Brian was talking about so he followed the man's line of sight and realized that he was staring at his dick. "Well, what do you think? You're the one that came in here and ground it to attention. Besides, I noticed you have the same problem."   
  
"Hmmm, yes, but I'm always hard and I'm not the one that is going to have someone else's hands all over me in a few minutes, discovering my little secret." Brian cringed at the thought. This was not good. "Are you sure you don't want me to take care of that before you go out there? We wouldn't want Lucy to get the wrong idea. Now, would we?" he asked as his finger ran along the underside of Justin's cock.   
  
Justin backed away. "Brian, stop it. You're making it worse." Justin knew Brian was right. He had to get rid of this hard on. Damn Brian for coming into the room. He closed his eyes tight. "Lesbians, lesbians, lesbians," he chanted over and over trying to will himself to calm down as he continued to get dressed.   
  
Brian laughed.   
  
Luciano was waiting outside and listening to the exchange between the two men in the change room. He was pleased that both men thought he was gorgeous, he was excited that Justin was already in a aroused state, and he was both amused and pissed at Brian's jealousy. He thought it was amusing that Brian felt threatened but he was pissed at Brian for making fun of his name and calling him Lucy. He decided that he would have a little fun at Brian's expense.   
  
Justin was completely dressed and turned to look at himself in the mirror. "What do you think, Brian?"   
  
Brian stood up behind Justin and looked at their reflections in the mirror while straightening the suit jacket on Justin's shoulders. He was still aroused and getting more so looking at the beautiful boy standing in front of him. Justin had on just the pants and the suit jacket with no shirt underneath. The pale skin at the center of his chest was peeking through the opened jacket. Brian shook his head and let out a deep breath. "I think that if you don't get out there right now, we won't ever get this damn suit tailored." His erection poked at Justin's ass.   
  
Justin wiggled his hips, grinned and said, "I think you're right. I'm going, I'm going..." Justin pulled the curtain back and found Luciano waiting in the middle of the room next to the small round platform that the client's stand on for measuring...smiling. Justin knew that he'd over heard their conversation. He blushed slightly and smiled back.   
  
Brian, on the other hand, was not amused. He gave Lucy a look that strictly told him to keep his distance as he kissed Justin on the top of his head, marking his property. Brian walked to the couch and sat down, never taking his eyes off of Luciano.   
  
Justin watched Brian's display of ownership and his heart skipped a beat. He turned to Luciano and asked, "Ok, where do you want me?"   
  
Luciano's mind wandered to the thought of Justin bent over the platform and his eyes glazed over with lust. He heard Brian clear his throat and it brought him out of his trance. With a slight squeak in his voice he replied, "Ummm, right there is fine." Luciano approached Justin with the tape measure in one hand and a clipboard in the other, locking his dark-brown eyes with the sparkling blue ones. "We'll start with the jacket. Hold your arms down to your sides. Don't straighten them forcefully. Just let them hang naturally."   
  
Justin did he was instructed.   
  
Luciano sat the clipboard down on the platform. On the clipboard was a piece of paper that had a drawing of a man's body with arrows pointing to different parts of the body. Blank lines were beneath each arrow. Luciano took the tape measure, placed one end on the back of Justin's neck and trailed it loosely over Justin's shoulder and down his arm to his wrist. He dragged his hand against Justin along the route. His touch on Justin's nape and against his shoulder made the blond shiver. He let go, wrote the measurement down and repeated the same thing on the other side. He repeated the process several different ways. From Justin's neck to the end of his shoulder. From his shoulder to his wrist. Across his back from shoulder to shoulder. Luciano purposefully dragged his fingers across Justin's body for each measurement on both sides, stopping in between to write them down.   
  
Justin was starting to feel a little flushed by all the soft grazes and soon realized what Brian had been talking about. It was relaxing but yet arousing at the same time. He glanced at Brian who was intently watching the process.   
  
Luciano placed the tape measure again at Justin's nape and pulled it straight down his back to the middle of his ass where he applied a little bit more pressure with his thumb than was required to hold the tape in place. Justin gasped quietly and closed his eyes. Luciano got excited at Justin's gasp, leaned in close to read the number on the tape and turned to write it down, but never removed his hand that was holding the tape on Justin's ass.   
  
Brian noticed the prolonged measurement as well as Justin's reaction. He didn't like it. "Excuse me," Brian said with a stern voice, "I think you got the measurement, you can remove your hand from his ass now." Justin opened his eyes and looked at Brian with a smile.   
  
"Oh yes, sorry," Luciano said, acting as if it had been a mistake. "Just a couple more and we are through with the jacket." He moved around to face Justin, grabbed his wrists and lifted his arms out to the sides. "Hold your arms out like this. I hope your not ticklish," he added with a grin as he put one end of the tape under Justin's arm into his armpit and pulled the tape down the length of his arm again.   
  
Justin tried to hold back a giggle but didn't succeed. Brian was getting madder. "Oh, Lucy, you're flirting," Brian said in his best Ricky Ricardo impersonation.   
  
Luciano ignored Brian's remark and moved to the other side. When he pushed his hand into Justin's other armpit and received another giggle, he winked at him. He was having fun putting his hands all over such a beautiful man and was thoroughly enjoying pissing off the audience. He wrote down the information then got down on his knees. He opened Justin's jacket, placed his hands inside and reached around his back to grab the tape measure from the other side. As he did this his face came very close to Justin, his hot breath expelling on the taut abdomen.   
  
The feel of the hot breath caused Justin to close his eyes again and his head tilted slightly backward.   
  
Luciano brought the tape around and pulled his face away as he brought the tape together in the front loosely. He marked it with his thumb, let it go, and wrote the number down as he stood back up. He glanced over at Brian, who seemed to be shooting daggers in his direction, so he decided to move things along. "Ok, we're all done with the jacket. Take it off and then stand up on the platform." Justin did as he was told and Luciano's eyes never left the vision of Justin pulling his jacket off to expose his creamy flesh that was hidden underneath. Luciano instinctively licked his lips at the sight.   
  
Brian did not miss the slight gesture or the look in Lucy's eyes as he watched Justin climb up on to the platform. He'd had just about enough. He stood up and approached Luciano, leaning very close to his ear he said, "Enjoying the show? If you know what's good for you, you will start acting like a professional immediately."   
  
Justin was beaming with delight again. This was so much better than Brian telling potential tricks at Babylon to 'fuck off'. He wanted to jump into his arms and shower his face with kisses. Brian had told him that he would have fun and that the measuring could be sexually stimulating, and he was right, but that didn't compare to the sexual stimulation he was getting from Brian's possessive display. He felt his groin tighten and again closed his eyes, chanting in his head, 'Lesbians, lesbians, lesbians'.   
  
Luciano gave Brian a smug smile and replied, "Of course, Signore Brian." He approached Justin to begin the process of measuring him for the pants. With Justin on the platform, he was practically face to face with Justin's groin. 'Well, this is going to be fun,' he thought. "Ok, Justin, just stand up straight but comfortably with your weight on both legs." He began on the outside of Justin's leg. He placed one end of the tape measure at Justin's waist and trailed it down his leg to the platform. Again, he dragged his fingers along the way. He wrote the number down and glanced over his shoulder at Brian, who was standing right behind him with his arms folded, watching every move he made. He looked up at the blond but at the same time watched Brian out of the corner of his eye and continued with his instructions, "Justin, widen your stance just a little please so I can measure your inseam, seat and thigh."   
  
Brian knew that this was the part that Lucy had been waiting for. He took a step closer to ensure that the young apprentice remembered he was there. He was not going to tolerate anymore of his inappropriate groping.   
  
Luciano put his hand between Justin's legs and reached around to grab the tape measure from behind before pulling it forward and wrapping it around Justin's upper thigh. His right hand that held the encircled tape in place was slightly higher than necessary and his wrist pushed gently against Justin's cock.   
  
Justin gasped slightly again and felt a twinge in his pants.   
  
The young tailor knew that Brian would react to Justin's gasp so he quickly let go of the tape and wrote down the measurement as if nothing had happened. With shaking hands, he took the tape in his right hand, reached around back and held it to the top of Justin's pants. His left hand snaked in between Justin's open legs and grabbed the dangling tape measure and pulled it through, grazing the underside of Justin's balls as he brought the tape to the front and up to the top of the waist band.   
  
Justin moaned and let his head fall backward with his eyes closed. Brian fumed again. He took another step closer, pressed his groin into Luciano's ass and leaned down to his ear, "You don't listen so good, do you boy?"   
  
Luciano quickly marked the spot on the tape and released it. He bent over to write the number down which made his ass push further against Brian's cock. He felt the man's erection and mistook that to mean that Brian wasn't really angry. The thought of a threesome with the two beautiful men suddenly crept into his mind. He didn't understand that Brian was only hard because of the earlier encounter with Justin in the change room and the fact that anytime his dick heard Justin gasp or moan it suddenly had a mind of its own, regardless of whether he was pissed off or not. He thought he would kick things up a bit.   
  
Justin, on the other hand knew very well that Brian was pissed and wanted to calm the situation down. He started to speak, "Brian...." but was quickly quieted when Brian raised his hand, signaling for him to not say anything.   
  
Luciano took the tape and placed it underneath Justin's groin and trailed it down his leg to his ankle to measure the inseam. His upper hand pressed harder into Justin's cock and balls.   
  
Justin's eyes widened and immediately turned to Brian. 'Oh, fuck!'   
  
"GOD DAMMIT!" Brian screamed, flying into a rage. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" He grabbed the tape measure out of Lucy's hands and towered over him.   
  
"Buon cielo! What is going on in here?" Manny asked as he ran into the room. "Signore Kinney is everything alright? You seem so angry."   
  
"NO, everything is NOT alright! Your little apprectice here, doesn't know how to be a professional and won't keep his FUCKING HANDS OFF MY PARTNER'S DICK!"   
  
Brian was fuming with anger.   
  
Ermanno was saddened with embarrassment.   
  
Luciano was scared at both Brian's anger and his father's shame.   
  
Justin was gleaming with happiness, totally oblivious to all the emotions going on around him. He had one thought and one thought only, 'Did he just say PARTNER?'   
  
Ermanno turned to his son, "Have you lost your mind? Che cosa vi ho detto? Dovete misurarli, per non FONDLE! Ora ottenga alla parte posteriore. Vada!"   
  
"Pappa!" Luciano said wanting to explain. He knew his father was mad because he was scolding him in Italian.   
  
"NOW!" Ermanno said firmly and pointed out of the room.   
  
Luciano shot a glare in Brian's direction and stomped out of the room.   
  
Ermanno turned to Brian, placed his hand on the angered man's arm and calmly said, "Le mie scuse, Signore Brian. My son has a lot to learn still, I'm afraid. We have discussed this before, but..." Manny sighed, "...he can be so, ummm, testardo sometimes. Please forgive."   
  
Brian calmed down and accepted Manny's apology, he knew it wasn't his fault. He couldn't really blame the son for trying either, Justin was hot afterall, but he certainly needed to learn to stop when he was warned. He placed his hand on top of Manny's and patted it. "It's OK, Manny, it's not your fault. But you might want to stay in the room with him for awhile."   
  
"Si," Manny sighed again. "Signore Justin, I'm so sorry. Please forgive."   
  
Justin didn't answer. He was still lost in his own thoughts, staring at Brian with a huge smile on his face.   
  
"Justin!" Brian snapped, "Manny is talking to you."   
  
Justin immediately came out of his fog but never took his eyes off of Brian, "Oh, I'm sorry. Yes, of course."   
  
Brian stared back at Justin, not knowing what had gotten the blond in such a happy haze. He studied his face and continued to wonder. 'What in the world is up with him?' Justin's eyes were glazed over with lust and desire. Brian was getting turned on again by the glow on Justin's face. Both men stood there staring at each other, getting more and more aroused by the second.   
  
Manny took the tape measure from Brian's hands and said, "Let's see what we have left to do here." He looked at the clipboard and saw that the only measurement not written down was the inseam. He quickly took the length and jotted it down. "That should do it. I have all I need, Signore Justin, you can get dressed now." He looked at both men staring at each other. He knew they hadn't heard a word he said. He smiled and shook his head as he turned to leave them alone in the room.   
  
Justin realized that they were all alone and jumped down off of the platform. He grabbed a hold of Brian's tie, pulled him quickly into the change room, closed the curtain and pulled on his tie harder, bringing the taller man's face down to his full force, covering his mouth in a crushing kiss. Without asking for permission, Justin's tongue plunged deep into Brian's mouth. Their tongues twirled around and around dueling for space. Justin pulled away from the kiss, leaving both of them panting heavily. The blond released Brian's tie and pushed him down on the bench hard. He took a step back and immediately started removing his pants. He was in a hurry to get naked, his quivering fingers fumbling with the hook and zipper. He finally got them undone, pushed the pants over his bottom, down his legs, and stepped out of them, tossing them aside. His dick sprang out and bobbed up and down, seeking some attention. His chest heaved up and down with every deep breath. He was like a raging bull ready to charge.   
  
Brian was so fucking turned on by his lover's hurried display and frenzied hunger. He didn't have time to react before Justin grabbed his tie again, pulling him up to his feet. The blond immediately went to work undoing his pants and attacking his mouth again. He popped the button open, jerked the zipper, broke away from the intense kiss and roughly yanked the pants down around his ankles. Brian toed his shoes off quickly, just in the nick of time as Justin was frantically pawing at the pants legs, trying to get them off his feet as he bit and nipped at Brian's navel. Justin stood back up and gazed intently into his lover's eyes as he wet the palm of his hand in a long flat tongue lick. He took his now slicked hand, wrapped it tightly around Brian's aching cock and began jerking him off.   
  
Brian's head was swimming. The intense pleasure he was feeling from Justin's administrations on his cock were overwhelming but he couldn't help wonder what in the world had gotten the boy so hot and horny. He never took his eyes off of Justin who was still engaged in his own deep stare. His breathing had become heavier, but he desperately needed more of that amazing mouth. He dove in for another passionate kiss but stopped just shy of fully covering the inviting mouth. As he neared, the eager tongue of his lover was already poking out waiting for contact. His lust-filled hazel eyes remained opened and locked on the hungered blue ones as their tongues battled in the open space between their faces before he fully encased the swollen lips. Both were moaning and grunting into the kiss as Justin's hand sped up its tugging on Brian's dick.   
  
Justin pulled away from the kiss at last, brought his free hand to his mouth and again, licked the palm wet. He dropped his hand to his own throbbing erection and quickly began tugging and pulling.   
  
"Jesus Christ!" Brian groaned in between labored breaths at the sexy sight. He couldn't believe Justin's intensity. He threw his head back and let his mouth hang open.   
  
Justin felt Brian's body starting to reach orgasm so he abruptly released his hold on their cocks. Brian's head shot up with confusion. Justin placed his hands on Brian's chest and pushed him back down onto the bench.   
  
Brian landed with a thud, his back and head crashing into the wall behind him. "Fuck!" he exclaimed but he didn't really care. He was still so horny that he thought he would explode any second.   
  
Justin reached into the pocket of Brian's pants to retrieve a condom and the ever present tube of lube. He ripped open the foil packet then rolled the latex disc onto Brian's waiting cock before Brian could even register what was going on. He flipped opened the lube and squirted some onto Brian's fingers as well as his own.   
  
Brian was a pro at fucking but he remained motionless, not sure what he was supposed to do next. This was Justin's show and he didn't want to do anything to ruin it so he waited for instructions.   
  
Justin took his own hand, reached around and plunged his lube covered fingers into his ass, thrusting in and out quickly and deeply at a frenzied pace. He noticed that Brian hadn't moved so using his free hand , he grabbed Brian's hand with the lube, brought it to Brian's dick and pumped a few times then let it go. Brian followed the upspoken instructions and continued to tug on his dick, ensuring that it was completely covered with lube.   
  
Justin pulled his fingers from his ass, turned around, planted his feet on the outer sides of Brian's feet and started to squat. Brian reacted quickly, moving his hand down to the base of his cock, holding it in place just as Justin sat all the way down, landing in his lap with his dick completely engulfed inside him.   
  
"FUCK!" Justin screamed out, his first words in several minutes.   
  
"Ssshhh. Oh, my god! You have to be quiet."   
  
Justin leaned back against Brian's chest and starting riding him.   
  
"Shit, take it easy, Justin," Brian said, loving every minute of it but worried about the boy hurting himself. He moved one hand to Justin's hip, trying to slow down the pace and the other to cover Justin's mouth in order to muffle the loud grunts and groans that the blond was obviously unable to contain.   
  
Justin slapped the hand away that was on his hip and continued to bounce up and down, leaning harder against Brian's chest for leverage. Brian grabbed the front ledge of the bench and just held on. There was no slowing down the pace. Justin was frenzied, so Brian decided to just enjoy the ride. Justin's hand that was still covered in lube reached for his dick and began pumping it wildly. "You. Gonna. Cum. With. Me?" Justin mumbled into the hand that covered his mouth as his labored hot breaths steamed up the palm of Brian's hand.   
  
"Fuck yeah," Brian moaned. "You better hurry though, I can't take much more." He removed his hand from Justin's mouth and grabbed onto the bench with it as well. "Oh, yeah, come on." His knuckles whitened as he tightened his grip on the bench, trying to hold back until he felt Justin's orgasm grip his cock.   
  
It didn't take much longer, Justin threw his head back and his body convulsed as his orgasm ripped through him. "NOW, do it now!" His ass clenched around Brian's cock, taking the man along with him. They both shot at the same time. Brian into the condom buried deep inside Justin's ass and Justin, shooting stream after stream onto the dressing room floor and all over his hand. Justin's body slumped down and his cock slid out from his hand. Brian released his grip on the bench and wrapped his arms tightly around Justin to keep him from falling to the floor. Justin's head was still tilted back, laying on Brian's shoulder. He huffed heavy breaths into the air above him trying to calm his body down and clear his fogged head.   
  
Brian showered Justin's neck with soft kisses and squeezed him tighter, trying to calm his own body down as well. "God that was fucking hot! What got into you?"   
  
Justin lifted his head and looked around the room as if he was waking from a dream. He sat straight up and started to laugh. He looked at his lubed-up, saliva-slicked and cum-streaked hands and shook his head. He stood up and reached for the tissues that were on the other side of the bench. He swayed slightly and put his hand on the wall to steady himself. After he had grounded himself, he pulled a few tissues from the box and began cleaning his hands. He looked at Brian and smiled, "You. That's what got into me."   
  
Brian laughed. "No, I didn't mean WHAT got into you, I know that was me, smartass. I meant, what got INTO you? What got you so worked up? And don't tell me it was that Lucy, or whatever his name is, 'cause I might have to spank you."   
  
"Really?" Justin said with a wicked grin.   
  
"Justin, I'm serious," Brian said as he removed the condom and grabbed some tissues to wrap it in and wipe off his hands. "Whatever the hell it was, it really got you going and I want to know. You know, file it away for future reference. I could go for a ride like that at least once a week."   
  
Justin didn't respond. He was contemplating what his answer would be. As he stalled for time, he finished cleaning himself up, put the clothes that he wore into the shop on and picked up the crinkled pants of the expensive suit off the floor. A smile spread across his face as he replayed Brian's declaration to Manny earlier in his mind. It was another one of those times when Brian spoke with his heart instead of his head and he couldn't decide whether to tell him or not. If he told him, it could go one of two ways. Brian could deny that he meant anything by it, that it was just said out of anger, then Justin's high would be deflated. Or Brian could admit that he said it, but then be very conscious in the future to not ever let it happen again. He decided it was best to not say anything about the 'partner' portion of the story and just tell him the rest. He replied with a shrug of his shoulders to minimize the importance. "Oh, it was nothing really. I always get turned on when you  
guard dog me. You do it all the time at Babylon, and everytime it leads to a trip to the backroom. I like it..." Justin said as he leaned over for a quick kiss. "...it's soooo romantic." Justin pulled back to see Brian's reaction.   
  
Brian rolled his eyes and wrapped his arms around Justin's waist. "Romantic, huh? Well, then, who was it that said I couldn't do romance?"   
  
"Not me," Justin answered, followed by another quick kiss. "Now, we better get back out there. How long was our appointment anyway? Do you think they heard us? Do you think they know what we were doing? God, I'm so embarrassed." Justin continued asking questions and talking to himself as he left the change room and headed toward the front section of the shop.   
  
Brian rubbed his face with hands, straightened his clothes and watched Justin walk away. A small sneer formed on his lips, thinking about their little adventure. He knew damn well what had gotten Justin so worked up and if he had known it would have had that kind of effect, he would have said it a long time ago. 'Who knew this relationship stuff was that easy? One fucking word had uncaged an animal. Yep, I definitely think I could go for that once a week.' Brian filed his thoughts away and headed for the front knowing that all he had to say to get the ride of his life, was one little word. Their sex life was going to be getting even hotter very soon.   
  
As Brian approached the front counter, Justin was already in deep conversation with Ermanno and Luciano about the suit. Or so he thought.   
  
"Si, I will have it done for you tomorrow, Signore Justin," Ermanno was saying as Brian joined them.   
  
Justin said, "That will be great, I'll come by tomorrow then to pick it up."   
  
'Tomorrow?' Luciano thought to himself. He immediately stood up tall and smiled at Justin.   
  
Brian put his arm around Justin's shoulder and replied as he looked at Luciano, "That's Ok Justin, I know you have class tomorrow, I'll pick it up on my way home from the office."   
  
Justin started to open his mouth to remind Brian that he didn't have classes on Mondays when he noticed the intense stare that Brian was giving Luciano, and he felt the grip on his shoulder from Brian's arm suddenly tighten. He decided against making the correction and instead turned to his guard dog and whispered, "You are soooo romantic."   
  
Luciano, realizing that he didn't stand a chance with Justin turned and retreated to the back of the store.   
  
Ermanno spoke up as Louie walked away. "Again, I'm so sorry for my son's behavior, Signore Brian and Justin. Kids today can be so rude. Please come by tomorrow and I will ensure you that your suit will fit you like a glove. And please, accept my apologies, the alterations, è gratuito, no charge. OK?"   
  
Brian and Justin both smiled and answered together. Brian in Italian, "grazie" and Justin in English, "thank you". They all laughed.   
  
"Ahhh, il sole e la luna," Manny said with a big smile. "I'll see you tomorrow, arrivederci!"   
  
"Arrivederci."   
  
"Bye."   
  
Brian and Justin left the shop with their arms wrapped around each other. The alterations were good and the altercation had proven to not be such a bad thing for either one of them. Brian unlocked the car doors and they both got in the car. Brian started up the engine, put the car in drive, and said "Acceso, il socio, li ha lasciati va a casa."   
  
Justin quickly translated what he could in his head. He knew casa was home, that was easy. And thanks to Manny's quick lesson in important Italian words, he recognized 'il socio' immediately as his new favorite word. Partner. Justin's face lit up the whole car as he leaned over and whispered into Brian's ear, "Manny told me what that word was in Italian, you'd better get me home quick or I'm going to attack you right now." He puncuated his statement with a growl and a bite on the ear.   
  
Brian pushed the gas pedal all the way to the floor and pulled away from the curb with a squeal.

Customers and Confrontations

"I'll be right there!  I'm coming!  Just a minute!" Kiki kept yelling out to no one in particular.  She was running around like crazy, breathless, confused, trying to take care of all the customers by herself.  The grill bell dinged again and she let out a heavy sigh.    
    
She emptied the four plates that were on her tray onto the table in front of her, placing one plate in front of each of the four men sitting at the table.  "There you go, dahlings, enjoy!" she said, still trying to act pleasant even in her rushed state, then she hurried off.  The four men shook their heads, grabbed their plates and switched them around until they each had the correct food that they'd ordered.   
    
Kiki ran back behind the counter to pick up the next order.  She paused for a second to catch her breath.  She brushed her forehead with the back of her hand to wipe the sweat off and left a streak of pale skin as some of her make-up wiped off along with the sweat.  Her hair-sprayed do was becoming limp, her false eyelashes coming unglued from the sweat on her eyelids and her eyeliner was smearing so badly that she was starting to look like a very large raccoon.  As she blew a straggled hair off her face with a huge puff, she looked to the heavens for the answer to explain why all this was happening to her, on her shift.  What had she done to deserve such torment?   
    
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“He was not,” Justin claimed as they pulled up in front of the diner to get a late night bite to eat after they’d spent the evening at Gardner Vance’s house.   
    
“Yes, he was,” Brian argued back, putting the car in park and turning off the engine.   
    
“Brian, he wasn’t coming on to me.  We were just talking.  We work together for cryin’ out loud,” Justin said, staring right at Brian, trying to get a feel for what was really going on with Brian after his maniacal display at the office party.   
    
“Yeah, well so do we.  Don’t be such a twat, Justin,” Brian said, not looking at Justin and keeping his eyes focused on the windshield.   
    
“I’m not being a twat.  And we were together before I started working there.  Jesus, I know when someone's coming onto me.”   
    
Brian shook his head.  “No, you don’t.  You think everyone just wants to be nice and innocently flirt.  When I know everyone just wants to get their dick in your ass.”  He finally turned to Justin with a slight grin.  “It’s your innate goodness.  You can’t help it.”   
    
“Uh huh,” Justin said rolling his eyes.  “All I’m saying is that if and when he started to try to fuck me, I would’ve told him to fuck off.  You didn’t have to do it for me.”   
    
“Humph,” Brian huffed getting out of the car and walking up onto the sidewalk.   
    
“You’re just jealous,” Justin stated as he too got out of the car and joined Brian next to the entrance.   
    
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"This woman couldn't organize a root in a brothel," Jason said to his friends with a chuckle while shaking his head.  
"I reckon ay?" Matthew agreed.   
"Woman?" Alexander asked.  "If that's what you call a woman Jace, no wonder you're a fag!"  
All three young men laughed in unison.  Despite the fact that they had been waiting for what felt like an eternity, they were still in good spirits and having a good time watching the frazzled woman run about.  
"Oi! Get your arse into gear!  Can't you tell I'm fading away to a shadow over here?" Matthew yelled over the noise of the crowd.   
Snickering, Alexander came to Kiki's defense, "Stop baggin' the poor woman Matt. Give her a chance."  
"You know I'm just fuckin' around," Matthew laughed.   
    
Kiki rolled her eyes at the ceiling, grabbed the two plates from the warming counter and turned around.  Faking her best smile, she yelled back to the studly young men in the first table as she delivered the other order, "Don't get your panties in such a knot, dahlings, you three beautiful hunks of man flesh are next on my list."  Then she blew them a kiss trying to calm them with a flirt.   
    
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“I could’ve had him if I wanted him.”  Brian moved his tongue to the inside of his cheek and looked down the street then added smugly, “As it was, I didn’t want him.”  He turned to Justin with a smirk.   
    
Justin huffed a sarcastic chuckle.  “Not jealous that he wanted me, jealous that I might’ve wanted him.”    
    
"Wouldn't happen," Brian answered confidently.  "You have me, why would you want anyone else?" Brian teased, pulling his lips in for effect.   
    
"Hmmm, you never know, Brian.  There could be this muscled athletic type with a perfectly tanned body and sandy blond hair that I just couldn't refuse."  He moved close to Brian, put his hands on the sides of his suit jacket, playfully tugged back and forth and blinked his eyes slowly.   
    
Brian knew that look and he wasn’t going to cave in.  He swallowed the lump that was creeping up in the back of his throat.  It had happened before and even though they understood each other now, there was always this aching feeling deep down inside that it could happen again.  Was he jealous of that guy that had been talking to Justin all night at the party?    
    
Nah.  They were just talking, just like Justin said.    
    
Maybe.  Ethan talked a good game and Justin sure fell for it.    
    
Probably.  And this guy was better looking than Ethan had been.  Much better looking.    
    
Yeah, he was sure of it.  He was jealous.  Shit.    
    
He looked away from the seductively teasing blinking blue eyes and admitted the only truth that he could.  “I don’t do jealous, Justin.”   
    
Justin took a step closer and they were close enough that every time they took a breath in, their chests rubbed against the other.  “Uh huh,” he said softly.  “Taking a piss on a bunch of comic book drawings ring a bell with you?”   
    
Brian looked down at Justin and furrowed his brows; he didn’t like this game anymore.  “Umm, no.  You must be thinking of someone else.”   
    
Knowing he’d just won, Justin stepped back, put his hand on the door to the diner and swung it open.  “Right.  You’re jealous,” he said with a laugh as he stepped inside.   
    
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"Hul-lo!" Alexander said as his mouth fell open.  He reached under the table and swatted Jason's leg with the back of his hand to get his attention.    
    
Jason followed his line of sight to the front door.  "Holy fuck!" Jason gasped and swallowed hard.   
    
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“Am not,” Brian said to Justin’s back, following him through the door and getting Matthew's attention.   
    
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"Whoa!  Never mind the blondie.  Check out the piece of work behind him.  I want some of that!" Matthew drooled out over Brian.   
    
"You always go for the old farts, Matt," Jason quipped.  "I'll stick with my own age group thanks."   
    
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“Are to…” Justin said, his voice trailing off as he saw the chaos inside the diner.   
    
“JUSTIN!!” Kiki exclaimed when she saw him enter the diner.  “Thank God, you’re here!”   
    
“Sale on lemon bars?” Brian asked, trying to explain why it seemed that every fag in Pittsburgh was inside the diner at the same time and at this hour of the night, in the middle of the week.   
    
Justin back handed Brian across the stomach and gave him a look.  “What’s going on?” Justin turned and asked the despondent and very frazzled waitress.   
    
“Oh my God!  The new waiter called in sick, Debbie’s already worked a double today so I made her go home, and I can’t get a hold of the owner, and I’m doing the best I can but the orders aren’t coming out fast enough, everyone’s yelling at me to hurry up and I keep getting the orders mixed up, the dishwasher didn’t show up and I’m running out of clean dishes, so I’m having to bus tables, take orders, wash dishes, and…and…” Kiki trailed off.  She was out of breath and trying to keep from breaking into a total sob fest.   
    
“Annnnddd, you’d like me to help you?” Justin asked putting his hands on Kiki’s shoulders trying to calm her down.   
    
“Oh, would you please?” Kiki sighed in appreciation.   
    
“Fuck no, he won’t,” Brian interrupted.   
    
Justin turned around to face Brian.   
    
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"So what's on the agenda tomorrow?" Matthew asked, looking at his friends.  
Alexander shrugged. "Dunno. Didn't we give Jason the glorious job of finding stuff for us to do?" Two sets of eyes looked at Jason but the young man didn't respond. "Jace?" Alexander tried to get his attention.  
Matthew laughed at him then looked back at Alexander, "He's off with the fairies."  Matthew's eyes then lit up as a look of recognition came over his face, "Do they use that term here?  Isn't a fairy to the American's just a gay guy?"  
"I'm not sure if they use the term, but they do call gay guys fairies," Alexander looked back at Jason. "And considering that fact, you're right.  Jace is off with the fairies.  A blond fairy.  A very sexy blond fairy, with a very sexy blond fairy arse."  Alexander’s eyes were now glued to Justin too.  
Matthew shook his head at both of them and snapped his fingers in front of their faces. "Snap out of it, dip shits!"   
    
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“Brian, I can’t very well just not help,” Justin tried to explain.   
    
“Yes, you can Justin.  Tonight is your only night off.  If the owner doesn’t know how to hire more reliable people it's his problem, not yours.  And what about your suit?  That’s a $1500.00 suit, Justin.  You don’t sling hash in a $1500.00 suit.”   
    
“You’re right, but it’s not the owner that will suffer if I don’t help, it’s Kiki…and…us.  Look at this place, we’ll be here for hours trying to get service,” Justin gestured with his hand towards the crowded diner making Brian look all around.  “If I help her get the orders out while our food is cooking then we’ll get out of here faster which means…” Justin leaned in close to Brian’s ear and whispered as he continued.  “…you’ll be able to take me home and fuck me a lot sooner than if I don’t help.”    
    
“Justin,” Brian whispered back in response, a little lost in the thought.    
    
Justin took a step back and gestured toward the last booth on the other side of the diner.  “Look, you won’t even know I’m gone.  Michael, Ben and Hunter are here, you can sit with them while I help her out.  And as far as the suit goes, I’ll take the jacket off and put on an apron.  Commme onnnn," Justin drawled.  "Don’t be such an ogre,” he added while softly pulling on his tie and blinking his eyes at him again in that way that drove Brian crazy.      
    
Brian caught the first blink then quickly looked away.  But when he did, his eyes ended up locked on Kiki who was looking at him in that same puppy dog way.  Her look wasn’t sexy like Justin’s but with smeared make up and messed up hair adding to the scene, it made him feel like a shit for being a…a…fuck, an ogre.   
    
“Fine,” he grumbled rolling his eyes.  “But don’t forget what you promised me was gonna happen when we get home, Sunshine.  I don’t want to hear about how tired you are.”   
    
“Brian, really.”   
    
“And if you get anything on that…”   
    
“I won’t,” Justin answered before Brian could finish, running his hand over Brian's tie as if to straighten it out.   
    
“Okay, I want a turkey…”   
    
“I know, I know,” Justin interrupted, knowing full well what Brian ordered, what he always ordered.  He turned to Kiki and put his arm around her shoulders.  “Okay, why don’t you get the dishes caught up so Emanuel has something to put the food orders on, and I’ll start delivering the orders that are already ready and taking orders for those that just came in.  Okay?”   
    
“Oh, thank you, Justin.  You’re a life saver.”  Kiki leaned down and kissed Justin on the cheek before standing up on a stool behind the counter and yelling to the crowd.  “Okay, everyone listen up…Justin’s here and he’s going to get your orders out in just a jiffy so everyone just hold on to your dicks.”   
    
The crowd cheered and clapped, some even whistled.  Justin blushed and rolled his eyes at all the attention.   He was just going to deliver a few plates of food, no big deal.  He pulled his jacket off his shoulders, which brought about some more whistles and catcalls.  He stopped what he was doing and laughed, then got an idea.  He started wiggling his hips and rolling his shoulders as he took the jacket off the rest of the way…slowly…and seductively…more whistles and cat calls and a few added hollers of “more, more” and “take it off” came from the table of young men seated in the front booth.  This was one of those crowds.  Justin just laughed and shook his head.    
    
He folded the jacket neatly inside out and handed it to Brian.  His smile immediately faded when he looked up and saw a big scowl on Brian’s face, then the smile returned when he realized what that meant.  He stood up on his toes and gave Brian a quick kiss on the lips.  Brian did not move his mouth; he did not return the kiss.  Justin stood with his lips pressed against Brian’s, noses touching and eyes locked on each other.  There was still no movement on Brian's part to return the kiss.  Justin pulled away and grinned.  “You big ogre.”    
    
Justin grabbed an apron from behind the counter and put it on.  He moved around behind Brian and placed his hands on Brian’s shoulders.  “Go visit with Michael, Brian…and work on that foul mood of yours…I refuse to fuck an ogre…now go…I have work to do.”  He pushed Brian down the length of the diner until they reached the booth where Michael, Ben and Hunter were sitting.       
    
“Cheer him up, Michael, he’s pouting,” Justin said as he deposited Brian at the end of their table.   
    
“Oh, yeah, sure.  Hi, Brian,” Michael said.   
    
“Hi, Justin,” Ben said.  “It’s very nice of you to help Kiki out like this.”   
    
“Hi, Ben.  It's no big deal.  I'm glad we came in so I could,” Justin answered looking at him with a smile.  Then he turned to Hunter who was eyeballing Brian, looking hot in his Armani suit, and licking his lips.  Justin narrowed his eyes.  “Hunter,” he added as if to say hi.  Hunter acknowledged him with just a jerk of his head but never took his eyes off of Brian.  Justin rolled his eyes then jumped behind the counter and got to work.   
    
Mikey and Ben were sitting together on one side, Hunter was by himself on the other sitting right in the middle of the booth and making no move to make room for Brian.  If he were to sit down, he would be practically sitting in Hunter’s lap or pretty damn near to it.  This was exactly what Hunter wanted.  Brian stood at the end of the table and looked down at Michael.  “Weeelll?  Cheer me up.”   
    
Michael thought about what Ben had said to Justin and thought he would play on that.  “That's awfully nice of you to let Justin help and not make a big deal out of him dumping you to help Kiki,” Mikey said fully intending for it be a compliment.  Ben smiled knowing it didn’t come out that way.  Even Hunter knew better and let out a laugh.   
    
“Fuck you, Mikey.  I didn’t LET him and he didn’t DUMP me; we don’t owe each other anything, there’s no locks…”   
    
“…On your doors,” Michael finished for him.  “Yeah, yeah.  I get that.  You’re not straight, you’re not dykes, blah blah blah.”   
    
“That was supposed to cheer me up?  You’re so pathetic, Mikey,” Brian said looking down at Hunter with a look that told him to scoot over.  He didn’t.  Hunter looked up at him, smiled and turned sideways in the booth but still not making more room for Brian to sit down.   
    
Brian swatted Hunter’s leg and swung him around in his seat.  “Move it, kid,” he demanded as he sat down and pushed his body completely against Hunter’s, scooting him along until he squished into the wall.    
    
“Ow,” Hunter said as he was lodged between Brian and the very hard wall.   
    
“Oh, I’m sorry, did you need more room?” Brian replied with a surprised smirk then moved to his side of the booth giving Hunter is his own space.    
    
Hunter huffed in defeat.  Ben chuckled but didn’t say anything.    
    
“Oh, grow up, you two!” Michael scolded.   
    
“Well, that’s rich coming from you Mikey,” Brian argued.  Hunter giggled and Brian quickly turned his head giving him a warning look.  Hunter straightened his face immediately until Brian looked away then he smiled again looking at Ben.  “So, what’s the Buckner Bunch doing out so late,” Brian asked, then turned his head back to Hunter and quickly added, “on a school night?”   
    
Hunter furrowed his brows, twitched his upper lip and play-punched Brian in the arm.  Brian playfully punched him back and winked at Ben who smirked in understanding and grinned again.  Hunter punched him again, just a little harder.   
    
“Would you two stop it?” Mikey hollered across the table.   
    
“He started it,” Hunter defended.   
    
“No, you started it,” Brian spat back, punching him again.   
    
Michael had a look of horror on his face.  He didn’t know how to handle the situation.  “Uh…uh…” he stammered, not knowing what to say to make them stop.   
    
Brian started laughing.  “Jesus, Mikey, you look like you’re constipated.  Relax before you pop a vein or something.”   
    
Hunter started laughing.  Michael looked around the table and realized that they'd been egging him on.  “Oh, very funny guys.  Ha, ha, real mature,” he said in a huff.   
    
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Justin hurried around the diner delivering plates of food to the hungry customers and taking orders from those that had waited so patiently.  Brian's eyes followed him as he moved around the crowded room.  Justin headed toward the front table.  Brian noticed the three hot guys sitting there and paid particular attention to the one on the outside half of the booth.  That one had been watching Justin almost as long as Brian had.  He seemed vaguely familiar but Brian couldn't place where he knew him from.  He had sandy blond hair, a toned and slightly muscled body with a tan that made Brian envious.  He thought and thought about the hot guy watching Justin and as Justin breezed past him on his way there, he suddenly remembered and got a sick feeling in his stomach.   
    
As Justin approached the front table he noticed the tanned firm body that was attached to a very hot-looking guy with light brown hair.  He felt a little twinge and chuckled to himself as he thought about how much this guy resembled the exact description that he'd teased Brian about...the only guy that could tear him away from Brian.  He shook off his thoughts, pulled an order pad and pen out of his apron pocket, clicked the pen open, took a deep breath and made his way to the end of the table.   
    
All three men had watched him walk up but Jason had made it a little more obvious.  His eyes roamed from below Justin’s waist up to his face and back down again, then a tilt of his head and a slight lean in an attempt to see what was around behind him.    
    
Justin walked up to the edge of the table.  It was just common practice for him to lean on the table as he took orders.  It kind of steadied his body while he wrote on the order pad.  So this was no different, but the height of the table hit him just below his groin area; pushing the apron tight and showing off the package underneath.  Jason noticed.   
    
“Sorry you’ve had to wait so long guys.  It’s a little crazy in here.  I’m sure you’ve decided what you want by now.” Justin said looking at his ‘dream guy’ and ready to take their order.   
    
Jason’s eyes tore themselves off of the bulge sitting on the edge of the table then slowly and obviously made their way up Justin’s body until they locked on the sparkling blue eyes.  “Um, yeah,” Jason spoke up first.  Justin arched his eyebrows, waiting for the order.  “You…on a plate.”   
    
Justin laughed.  “That’s really funny.  A little corny, but funny.  Now…do you know what you’d like to eat?”   
    
Jason laughed and as he opened his mouth to give the exact same answer, Justin cut him off by putting his pen over Jason’s mouth.  “Let me rephrase that…do you know what you’d like to order?”   
    
Alexander looked at Jason and then at the handsome waiter and shook his head.  He cleared his throat.  “Quit trying to crack onto him, Jace.  We’re going American this avo…hamburgers and chips, uh, fries…all ‘round thanks.”   
    
Justin put his worker face back on and turned to Alexander.  “Going American?  Where are you guys from?  I can tell by your accent, you’re not from around here.  And that corny come-on was a dead give away.”   
    
They all laughed.  “We’re from Australia,” Matthew chimed in.   
    
“And I got a ton of them ‘corny come-ons’ as you call them.  Wanna to hear another one?” Jason flirted some more.   
    
“Sure,” Justin answered really liking the way that they talked and wanting them to talk some more.  He forgot all about how busy he was and that he had things he was suppose to be doing.   
    
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Brian had been watching the little scene intently.  He thought Justin was taking a little too much time taking their order and he was laughing and putting his pen on the guy's mouth.  What was going on?  Brian didn’t like it…not one bit.   
    
"So, Brian, where have you guys been tonight that you had to get all dressed up?  Surely you're not wearing Armani to the baths now," Michael asked, trying to make conversation.   
    
Brian turned his head to Michael and gave him a stern glare.  He turned his attention back to Justin as he replied nonchalantly, "Some breeder office party at Gardner's house.  Celebrate our five million plus year.  Mingle with the little people.  Show them we care.  You know, the bullshit things I have to do now that I'm a partner."   
    
Michael noticed that Brian was watching Justin and knew that Justin, too, was wearing his Armani suit.  Sans the jacket now, of course.  "And let me guess, you had to take the wife.  Right?"   
    
Knowing what kind of response that would get out of Brian, Ben shook his head.   
    
Brian immediately turned back to Michael.  "Fuck you, Mikey," he spat.  "And no, I didn't have to take my wife.  I'm not married.  And if you're talking about Justin, he works there remember?  I'll leave the Ozzy and Harriet image of gay life to you and Ben...and little Ricky, here," Brian added, patting Hunter's leg and earning a glare from the teen.   
    
"Okay, fine.  Sorry," Michael said raising his eyebrows and rolling his eyes.   
    
"I know who Ozzy is, but who's Harriet and Ricky?  I thought his wife's name was Sharon," Hunter asked the older men at the table.   
    
Brian shot an eye-dagger in Hunter's direction then looked at Ben then at Michael.  Michael looked at Brian and then at Ben.  Ben looked at Brian and then at Michael.  All three men simultaneously started laughing.   
    
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“Let’s see…how about this?  Hey baby, is that a keg in your pants, ‘cause I’d like to tap into that arse,” Jason said as he tilted his head and leaned back again to get a look at Justin’s backside.   
    
Justin turned his ass away and scrunched up his face, giggling.  “Ewww, that was really bad.  You actually get guys to fall for that one?”   
    
Brian watched again, seeing Justin turn away as the hot guy looked at Justin’s ass…his ass.  He might have to tell this guy to fuck off.  He was just about to get up and put an end to the guy’s advances when the grill bell rang signaling that another food order was ready.   
    
Justin heard the bell and turned towards it.  “Well, I gotta get back to work.  I’ll put your order in.”  Justin started to walk away, then stopped and turned back around.  “Oh, what did you want to drink?” he asked bringing his hand up to his forehead.  He’d completely forgot to ask them earlier.   
    
“Cokes?” Alexander said as a question, and the others agreed.   
    
“Okay, three cokes.  I’ll go get them.”   
    
“And we’ll watch that arse as you go,” Jason added raising his eyebrows up and down.   
    
Justin giggled in embarrassment and turned around blushing.    
    
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Brian saw the slight shade of pink on Justin’s cheeks and adjusted in his seat.    
    
Michael watched Brian as Brian watched Justin.  After Brian squirmed a little he knew that that little display at the front table was really bugging him.  He glanced over at Ben, raised his eyebrows and flexed his jaw in a concerned way as if to say ‘eek’.  Ben gave him a reassuring grin and squeezed his hand.    
    
Hunter caught the looks that had passed between Ben and Michael, turned to Brian and followed his line of sight to the front table.  “Fuck me,” he said out loud without thinking.  “Those guys are fucking hot!”   
    
Michael kicked him under the table, furrowed his brows, pursed his lips and silently told him to ‘shut up’.   
    
“Ow!” Hunter exclaimed to Michael.  “What’d you do that for?”  Brian shot him a look as well.  Hunter turned to Brian.  “What?”   
    
The question made Brian realize that he was being jealous and obviously so to Michael so he needed to regain his carefree attitude.  “They’re alright,” he said to Hunter.   
    
Ben and Michael chuckled under their breaths causing Brian to now shoot a look in their direction.  “What?” he asked them.   
    
“Nothing,” Michael answered.   
    
Justin picked up the readied plates, poured the three cokes, put them all on his tray and made his way to Brian’s table.  Putting Brian’s sandwich down in front of him and jerking his head in the direction of the front door, he said, “Did you see those guys?”   
    
“What guys?” Brian asked acting indifferently.   
    
“What guys?” Justin asked surprised that Brian hadn’t noticed.  “They’re only like the hottest guys I’ve ever seen.  How could you not notice them?”   
    
“I noticed them,” Hunter said.  “I also noticed the one who has an itch that he’d like you to scratch, even though for the world of me, I don’t know why.”  Justin grimaced at Hunter’s put down.  “So, you gonna go for it?” Hunter asked.   
    
Justin huffed through a giggle.  “Noooo!  Of course not, they’re just being nice.  They’re from Australia.  But they sure are hot.”   
    
“They’re alright,” Brian interjected sternly.  “You about done here?  I’m ready to go.”   
    
Justin smiled knowing what ‘they’re alright’ really meant.  Brian didn’t like anyone that anyone else thought was hot, especially if it was Justin doing the thinking.  If he saw them first and was the first to comment then they’d be hot.  But since Justin brought them up, they’d be just alright from that point on.  “No, I still need to try to clear out some more of these orders.  Besides, you haven’t eaten your sandwich yet.  I’ll hurry, I promise.”  And with that, he bent down to give Brian a kiss.    
    
As he did, Brian glanced over at the front table.  The one that had been flirting with Justin was still watching him.  He grabbed Justin around the back of his neck and pulled him down the rest of the way for the kiss.  He squeezed tight and really laid one on him.  He covered Justin’s mouth completely and pushed his tongue all the way inside.  The kiss grew so intense, so quickly that Justin was caught off guard.  His tray holding the cokes wobbled in his hands and the sodas splashed and sloshed about.  Brian pulled back from the kiss sharply leaving Justin a little breathless then turned to the hot guy upfront and grinned in satisfaction.  Jason turned his attention back to his friends.   
    
Justin gripped the tray tighter, regained his composure and stood up in shock.  “Jesus, Brian.  What’d you do that for?  I almost spilled their drinks.”   
    
Brian shrugged his shoulders.  “I just felt like kissing you.  You know, a little preview of later tonight so that maybe you’d hurry the fuck up and we could go home and finish it.  You don’t mind do you?”   
    
“No, definitely not.  I liked it.”  Justin bent down for another quick kiss.  “I’m hurrying,” Justin promised and rushed off to deliver the cokes.   
    
“I think I’m gonna puke,” Hunter complained.  “Well, if he isn’t going for them, then I am.”  Hunter started to get up.    
    
Brian put his hand on his shoulder and pushed him back down in his seat as Michael said, “Sit down.  You’re not going anywhere,” and Ben gave him a warning look.   
    
“Christ!  You guys really suck!”  And all three older men laughed again.   
    
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Justin made his way back over to the front table.  “Hey guys, here’s your cokes.  Your food should be out in just a minute,” Justin said to no one in particular as he set the drinks on the table.  As he went to put the third coke down in front of Jason, Jason met his hand half way to take the glass from him.  He held his hand longer than necessary as he took the drink, rubbing his index finger over the back of Justin’s hand.  They locked eyes for a few seconds.  Justin smiled at him and pulled his hand away.   
    
“So what’s the story on the swank outfit?” Jason asked, trying to make conversation so Justin would stay longer.   
    
“Oh, we went to an office party earlier.  We just stopped in for a bite to eat when I saw that Kiki, that’s the waitress from earlier, needed some help…” Justin explained.   
    
“Awww.  Your blood’s worth bottling, gorgeous.” Matthew interjected sarcastically.  Jason shot him a stern look and Justin looked at him with confusion not understanding what he meant at all.   
    
“So, you said, we,” Jason said, changing the subject, wanting to get to the bottom of who the guy was that seemed to think it was necessary to make a show out of kissing Justin.  “You mean you and the spunk over there?”  Jason gestured with his hand in Brian’s direction.   
    
Brian saw Jason pointing his way.  This was good.  The kiss had worked.  Jason was obviously asking Justin who he was.  A look of confidence spread across his face.   
    
Justin giggled.  “Well, if you mean the handsome guy in the suit, then yes, that’s him,” he answered as he turned to look at Brian.  He turned back around and continued, “But I have to tell you, I’ve heard him called a lot of things but no one has ever called him spunk before.”  Justin laughed again.   
    
Justin was laughing?  Brian didn’t like that.  The curiosity was too much.  He got up immediately and headed their way.   
    
Jason joined in Justin’s laughter but he wasn’t sure why.  He assumed it was another one of those word differences so he thought maybe he should explain what he meant.  “A spunk means a good-looker.  Someone who’s attractive.”   
    
Justin laughed again only harder this time.  “Oh, right.  Well that makes more sense.  Yeah, he’s been called that a lot.  Wait ‘til I tell him.  Spunk.  That’s so great.”   
    
“Is he your boyfriend?” Jason asked still smiling from making Justin laugh.   
    
‘Good timing,’ Brian thought as he strolled up behind Justin.  He didn’t say anything, waiting to hear Justin’s answer.   
    
“Um, well, yeah…”   
    
Brian smiled like a Cheshire cat.   
    
Then… “…no,” Justin stammered to answer.  He knew the answer was ‘yes’, they were boyfriends, yes, they were in a relationship, but Brian didn’t like that and would never publicly acknowledge that.  He hated this question with strangers, he never knew really how to answer.   
    
Brian’s smile faded to a scowl.  He thought he was the only one that answered hesitantly to that question.  He never imagined that Justin did.    
    
“Someone’s beating around the bush,” Alexander sing-songed with a chuckle as he looked at Brian standing over Justin’s shoulder.   
    
“Well…” Justin started to explain but stopped when he noticed all three men were looking over his shoulder.  Then he heard someone clear their throat right behind him.  He knew who it was.  Turning around, he found Brian standing there.  Brian was only six inches taller than Justin, but at that moment, for some reason, the height difference felt more like two feet.    
    
“Hi,” Brian said with a slight grin then went back to the scowl.   
    
“Uh, hi,” Justin answered timidly, then cleared his throat and said it again more confidently.  “Hi”   
    
Brian licked his lips then pulled them inside his mouth.  He peered down at Justin like he was thinking.  His eyebrows wiggled in a funny little way.  Justin was having a hard time figuring out the look.  Brian grinned at Justin’s confused look then said, “So, you going to introduce me to your new friends?”   
    
“Uh, sure,” Justin said twitching his head in confusion.  He turned around, held his arms out to the table, “Guys…” then moved them in front of Brian, “…this, is Brian.  Brian…” then moved them back to the table, “…this is…ummm…the guys.”  He laughed when he realized that he'd never asked them their names, then laughed again when he realized he never asked his customers their names so why would he have done it this time.    
    
“The guys, huh?”  Brian asked sarcastically and sat down next to Matthew in the empty space in the booth.  “So, what was the question again?”   
    
Matthew spoke up first.  “We were asking him about who the well-dressed, handsome man was that he came in with.”  Matthew looked Brian up and down and stared right at him.   
    
Brian had a trio of expressions run across his face in a matter of seconds.  He furrowed his brows as his eyes locked with Matthew, trying to get a handle on the words that he’d said and quickly processing the look on his face.  Then one eyebrow went up as the thought of Matthew attached to his dick ran across his mind.  He shook off the image, huffed and smiled turning his attention back to Justin.  He’d come over to their table to stake claim on Justin, not pick up Matthew, which if he did, meant that Justin was free to go with Jason.  Fair is fair after all.  No, he didn’t like that.  Matthew was off limits.  Unless of course…his head tilted slightly, his lips twisted to one side and his eyes got just a little bigger than usual as he thought.   
    
Justin punched him lightly in the arm knowing full well where Brian’s mind had wandered.  Brian’s face straightened immediately remembering the question at hand.  Who was he?  Good question.  And even better…Justin’s answer.  “Sooo…there seems to be some confusion, I see.  You having trouble answering their question, Justin?” Brian asked.      
    
Just then the grill bell went off again.  “Ahh, saved by the bell,” Brian said sarcastically.   
    
“Excuse me, I gotta get back to work,” Justin said to Brian with a grin, and he rushed off before Brian could stop him.   
    
Brian turned back to Matthew.  “Matthew,” Matthew said.  Brian turned to Alexander and he introduced himself as well.  Brian turned to Jason and Jason paused.  Their eyes locked in a battle of wills.  Finally Jason said.  “I’m Jason.”   
    
“Jason,” Brian answered nodding his head just slightly and drawing his lips in.  “You from Down Under, huh?” Brian asked keeping his gaze locked with Jason’s.   
    
“Yep,” Alexander answered.   
    
“Under what?  A rock,” Brian asked with a smirk.   
    
Jason laughed.  “That was good.  Original too.”  Brian nodded his head in agreement.  He was pretty proud of himself.  “I've got a lot of original phrases, myself.  Your boyfriend seemed to like them.”   
    
Brian started to answer with another of his originals when Justin arrived with their hamburgers and French fries so he didn’t say anything; he just kept looking at Jason.   
    
Justin emptied his tray putting the plates down on the table.  Brian looked at the plates and then at the three young men from Australia.  “Going for an American delicacy, I see.”   
    
Jason looked at Brian, moved his eyes to Justin, then back at Brian.  “Good observation.”   
    
Justin looked at Brian and then looked at Jason.  ‘Uh-oh,’ he thought to himself.  He grinned down at Brian.    
    
Brian stood up abruptly and looked Justin in the eye.  He turned to Jason and said, “Just make sure you stick to what’s on the menu.”  Justin rolled his eyes and shook his head as Brian kissed him on the top of his head.  “Hurry up,” Brian whispered as he pinched his ass then went back to his own table.  Justin’s hips bucked at the pinch and he quickly swung his arm back just in time to swat Brian on the ass before he got out of reach.  Brian mocked an “Ow” as he laughed then grabbed the ass cheek that Justin had just hit and kept walking away.   
    
Justin turned back to the table and noticed that all three men had been watching them.  He blushed and then said, “Enjoy your hamburgers guys.  I’ll check back with you in a little bit.”  None of them were able to say anything before he was gone.  Justin continued to deliver the orders and bussing the tables that were slowly being vacated.  The diner was getting less and less crowded with only a few tables still occupied by a few customers.   
    
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Brian plopped back down at Michael’s table with a thud causing the cushion to push all the air to Hunter’s side and slightly bouncing him out of the seat.  “I’m so bored,” Brian whined as he leaned over onto Hunter’s shoulder and stuck his tongue out, wiggling it about and teasingly torturing the young boy.    
    
Hunter, lost in the sight of Brian’s wiggling tongue, leaned his face down to kiss him.  In a split second, Brian’s hand reached for Hunter’s face.  With his fingers splayed across Hunter’s cheeks and his palm covering his mouth Brian pushed back on Hunter’s head, banging it against the wall.   
    
“Ow.”   
    
Brian laughed and sat up in his seat.  “Quit teasing him,” Michael scolded.  Michael was also concerned with Brian’s little display at the front table.  He’d never seen Brian try to stake claim on Justin before…at least beyond the usual ‘fuck off’ inside Babylon.  But this was different.  “Brian, are you okay?”   
    
Brian furrowed his brows knowing what Michael was asking.  “You make him sound so helpless, Mikey.  I’m fine.  He can handle it.  Can’t you Hunter?”  Brian asked as he backhanded Hunter across the chest.   
    
“No!” Hunter said sarcastically.  “What I can handle, though, is your dick up my ass,” he added suggestively as he leaned in real close to Brian.   
    
“Brian, are you sure?” Michael asked again.   
    
“Mikey, I said I’m fine.  Now drop it.”  Again Brian covered Hunter’s face with his hand and pushed him back.  Again, his head hit the wall.   
    
Michael started to open his mouth again and Ben stopped him.  “Michael, Brian said he’s fine.  Now leave it alone.”   
    
“Fuck!” Hunter exclaimed rubbing his head.   
    
“What?  I see what’s going on,” Michael said to Ben quietly as if Brian couldn’t hear him even though he could.  “The little shit is flirting with those guys right in front of him.  It’s rude.”   
    
“Not a very quick learner, are you?” Brian asked snickering at Hunter then he turned to Michael asking him the same question with a raised eyebrow.   
    
“No!” Hunter yelled with an angry look on his face.   
    
Ben looked up at the ceiling and tried to keep from laughing.  “Brian,” Michael said quietly with his hand over his mouth hiding his grin and forgetting all about Justin.  Brian looked at Michael, covered his mouth too, then looked over at Hunter and raised his eyebrows.  Hunter thought for a minute then started laughing when he realized what he’d just said.  Brian removed his hand and laughed along with him.  Hunter shoved him with his shoulder and Brian elbowed him back.    
    
Justin walked by with a bus tub and Brian reached his arm out and grabbed him around the waist pulling him to him.  He looked up and Justin returned the gaze.  They stood like that for a few minutes, just staring at each other but not moving a muscle; Brian’s mouth resting against Justin’s belt.  His arm around Justin’s waist lowered and when his hand reached Justin’s ass he gave it a squeeze.  Justin’s dick responded, softly bumping against Brian’s chin.  “I want to go home,” Brian said with a pouting sigh, lifting his head and letting his chin rest on Justin’s belt buckle.   
    
“Ahhh, poor baby,” Justin responded sweetly.  He leaned over and gave Brian a sensual kiss.  Brian sighed again into Justin’s mouth.  His hand squeezed again and their kiss deepened.    
    
Michael’s eyes got big and he swallowed at their public display.  This was so unlike Brian.  Ben reached under the table and squeezed Michael’s leg.   
    
Hunter’s jaw hit the floor but his face was all scrunched up.  He didn’t know whether to be turned on that he was watching Brian kiss like that or be sick that he was watching Brian kiss Justin like that.   
    
Justin pulled away and they both took a deep breath.  “Five more minutes.  I promise.”   
    
Brian released his grip on Justin’s ass in defeat, slumped down in the booth, closed his eyes and laid his head on the back of the bench.  “Asshole,” he mumbled.   
    
Justin laughed and dragged his hand over Brian’s face.  He tightened his grip on his bus tub and headed for the last dirty table.

“Brian what has gotten into you?” Michael asked.   
    
Brian opened his eyes and sat back up.  “Nothing.  I want to go home and fuck.  Same as every night.  What’s the big fucking deal?”   
    
Michael shrugged his shoulders.  “No deal, I guess.”   
    
Brian turned to look at Hunter who still had his mouth hung open.  “You’re drooling, Hunter.”  And he reached out and pushed up on Hunter’s jaw to close his mouth.   
    
Hunter was so lost in thought that his jaw was relaxed enough that when Brian did it, it slammed shut so easily that his teeth clicked together.  Brian instantly started laughing not realizing the force he had pushed with.  Hunter punched him in the arm.  Brian grabbed his arm and said, “Ow.”   
    
“Would you two stop it?” Michael said just like he had earlier, causing Brian and Hunter both to turn to look at him at the same time, then all busted up laughing again.      
    
Brian’s sudden laughter halted when he saw that Justin was once again at the front table.  Damn.   
    
Michael saw the instant change on Brian’s face and turned around.  Sure enough Justin was back to the guys…flirting.  The little shit.  He furrowed his brows at Justin, pursed his lips, folded his arms across his chest and huffed as he turned to give Ben an ‘I told you so’ look.  Ben shook his head and rubbed the top of Michael’s head, pulling it toward him for a kiss.  
Justin had gone to check on them, refilling their cokes, asking them if they wanted dessert and leaving their check when they’d said no.  Justin was surprised that didn’t bring about anymore unwanted advances but he shrugged it off and turned to leave the table.    
    
Jason grabbed his wrist to stop him.  “You've been running around like a chook with its head cut off all night. Why don’t you sit and have a yack with us?” he asked Justin.   
    
Justin chuckled.  “Have a what?”   
    
“A yack, a chat,” Jason tried to explain.  “You know, talk.”   
    
“Ooooh,” Justin exclaimed as he pulled his hand away from Jason.  “I can’t.  I really need to get done here, Brian’s waiting.”   
    
“Come on, I got more of those corny lines you like so much.”  Jason grabbed the hem of Justin’s apron and started pulling it towards him.   
    
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Brian was glaring at Jason’s hand on Justin’s apron.  His breathing got just a little bit heavier.  He was getting mad.  Why didn’t this guy realize that Justin was off limits?  What was he going to have to do to make this guy understand that he should keep his hands to himself?  It was obvious they'd walked in together and he’d already kissed him in front of them and everybody else…twice.  Was he going to have to drop Justin on the floor right there and fuck him for this guy to get the hint?  Surely not.  ‘That’s a bad idea,’ his mind thought.  But his dick seemed to think it was a good one because it was still remembering that sensual kiss from a few minutes ago.  Brian was getting very turned on when he should have been getting angry.  Shit.   
    
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“Alright, one more corny line,” Justin agreed while rolling his eyes and laughing.   
    
“Righto then,” Jason said glancing at his friends and smiling.  Alexander and Matthew looked at each other shaking their heads.  “Come here,” he added as he tugged on Justin’s apron and motioned for Justin to come closer.    
    
Justin looked to Jason’s friends for a reason why he needed to lean closer but the blank look on their faces didn’t give him one.  He decided to go with it and leaned closer, it was just harmless flirting.  What harm could it do?    
    
Jason let go of his apron and moved his hand to the side of Justin’s face, brushing softly with his thumb.  His eyes locked on Justin’s and Justin suddenly felt a little entranced.  Jason whispered, “Would you like to try an Australian kiss?”  Justin didn’t answer, feeling a little lost in the moment, his dick slightly responding to Jason’s hot breath against his face.  Jason removed his hand from Justin’s face and slowly trailed it down his chest and over his belt.  As he continued lower from there, he added, “It’s just like a French kiss, only it’s down under.”  And he gave Justin’s groin a squeeze.   
    
Justin stood up abruptly with a little yelp and took a step back…   
    
Brian stood up abruptly and yelled across the diner, “JUSTIN!!”   
    
'Oh shit' was the first thought that crossed Justin's mind after hearing Brian yell his name.  The second thought immediately after that was a vision of Jason turning into a cartoon character on a page out of a comic book and Brian pissing all over him then wading him up in a paper ball and throwing him in the nearest trash can.  He couldn’t allow that to happen so he quickly turned around and went after Brian to stop him from doing what he had envisioned.  He rushed up and grabbed his arms.  "Bri...." he started to say but he was silenced by the most aggressive kiss he had received from Brian in a very long time...or ever for that matter.  His semi-hard dick from Jason’s touch was now rock-hard from the kiss.   
    
Brian grabbed him forcefully, one hand wrapped around the back of his head causing Justin’s hand to fall away from his arm and move to his hip.  Brian brought Justin’s face closer, smashing his mouth against his own.  The pen that was perched behind Justin's ear fell the ground with a small clink but yet could be heard by everyone in the diner since it was the only sound that was made.  Brian forced Justin’s mouth open and plunged his tongue inside, digging for Justin's tongue and then wrapping his around it over and over once he found it.  His hand was moving as rapidly on the back of Justin’s head as his tongue was inside his mouth.  Brian's long fingers were twisting in the golden locks and tugging and pulling at them trying to get a better grip.    
    
Brian's other hand reached behind Justin's waist pulling his body closer with so much force that the air in Justin's lungs was pushed out his nose, which was the only vacant passageway at the moment.  Justin was quickly becoming dizzy from the surprise, the forcefulness of the action and the lack of oxygen in his body but he wanted more and his hands tightened their grip on Brian's shirt.    
    
With Justin returning the kiss and holding onto him tighter, Brian moved his hand to the tie on the back of Justin apron.  He pulled at the strings and the bow but instead of getting it untied, it knotted making Brian pull harder.  Yanking at it again and again.  Justin's body jerked backwards with every tug on the strings then would ricochet forward, bumping their bodies together on every off-stroke of the tugging strings.  When the strings finally gave way ripping from the sides of the apron, Justin's body jerked away one last time before Brian pulled him back against him, wrapping his arm around his waist tightly and slamming their dicks together.  "Humph," Justin grunted into the kiss at the impact.   
    
Michael jumped up and grabbed Brian's arm.  "Brian, what are you doing?" he asked in horror with a raised voice.  Brian batted his hand away and returned it to Justin's hair, grabbing a hand full and pulling his head back causing the kiss to be broken so quickly that Justin's tongue was left swirling in the air before it realized it was no longer inside Brian's mouth.    
    
Justin's eyes flew open, the weight of his head safely in Brian's grasp.  Panting and out of breath, he stared up at Brian who was staring back down at him; his hazel eyes intense like fire...dilated and glazed over.  Michael grabbed his arm again.  "Brian," he said more sternly and more quietly.  "You're in the middle of the fucking diner.  What are you doing?"    
    
Brian released his hold on Justin's head and it bobbled at the loss of its safety net before Justin was able to hold it up on his own.  Justin was lost in the moment with only one thought on his mind so he followed his instincts when Brian turned his head away to face Michael; he attacked the inviting flesh of the neck in front of him.  Brian jerked his arm free from Michael's grasp and placed his hand firmly in the middle of Michael's chest.  "Don't Michael," he said as he pushed him away with enough strength that Michael plopped back down in the booth.  "You.  Stay," he said with a pointed finger and a raised eyebrow.   
    
Michael's mouth opened like he was going to say something then thought better of it.  He shut it quickly, huffed through his nose, pursed his lips, squinted one eye and folded his arms.  Michael was in full pout mode so Ben rubbed his back and leaned over to kiss the top of his head.   
    
Brian released his tight hold from around Justin's waist and backed away pulling Justin off his neck, breaking the suction and causing a loud pop.  Justin looked up at him with droopy eyes, swollen lips and flushed cheeks.  "You.  Come," he said grabbing a hold of Justin's tie underneath the apron and pulling him past the cash register, behind the front counter and through the swinging door into the kitchen.   
    
Justin lost all intelligent thought at Brian’s aggressiveness.  He forgot about the 'dream guy' in the front booth as his dick throbbed in his pants.  He forgot about Kiki's smeared make up and flattened 'do as his mouth watered for the taste of Brian's cock.  He forgot about taking orders and bussing tables as his ass twitched with every step.  And he forgot about going home to the loft so Brian could fuck him senseless as his balls drew up and began to ache for release.  Well, he didn't forget about the fucking him senseless part, just the going to the loft part.  The fucking him senseless part was all his throbbing, watering, twitching and aching body would allow him to think about so he allowed Brian to pull him across the diner without any resistance.   
    
Kiki looked up from her dishes and saw them pass by from the open hole in the wall that allowed the dirty dishes to pass through.  She did a double take and leaned forward to get a better look through the makeshift window.  When the kitchen door swung back against the wall, she jumped slightly, as if it was going to hit her.   
    
A man's startled scream was heard then the loud clang of a falling spatula.  "Qué el infierno?" was said in a loud confused voice then Emanuel, the cook, was seen barreling through the swinging door backwards and almost loosing his footing.  Someone had obviously pushed him out of his own kitchen.  He caught his balance by grabbing onto the front counter.  The swinging door swung closed and Emanuel took off his chef's hat and threw it at the door.  "Cábron!" he yelled at the closed door as he pounded his fist on the counter.  He turned around and saw all the stunned looks on the faces of what was left of the diner customers.  Michael, Ben and Hunter in the back booth...the three Australian stud hunks in the front booth...and two giggling queens rushing for the exit.  He straightened his apron, lifted his head in pride and huffed as he stormed out the front door mumbling something in Spanish.   
    
After dragging Justin into the kitchen and throwing Emanuel out, Brian backed Justin up against the wall and attacked his mouth again.  Every time Justin brought his hands up to Brian’s head, his body, his ass, anywhere, Brian slapped them away.  He wanted complete control; Justin was his and he was going to prove it.    
    
Brian’s hand slipped under Justin’s chin; his fingers on one side, his thumb on the other.  He held his head up and in place while he kissed him and gnawed on his upper lip, then sucked on his tongue and bit on his bottom lip.  He ground his body against Justin’s showing him what he’d done to him.  He was rock hard and it was all Justin’s fault.    
    
He pulled away from the kiss…both men gasping for air at the same time.  Brian turned Justin’s face to the side and attacked his neck like Justin had done to him earlier.   
    
He gnawed and sucked on the soft flesh, leaving purplish-blue blotches everywhere his mouth had been.  It tickled and it was intense…Justin was moaning and arching his neck, trying to get away from the sensation.  Brian moved his mouth to Justin’s ear and as he licked up the outer rim and nibbled on the dangling lobe, he reached his other hand to Justin’s crotch.  He groped and rubbed Justin’s throbbing erection.  Teasing it…taunting it.  With every squeeze on his dick and panting hot breath on his ear, Justin whimpered and moaned.   
    
“Do you want that guy to come in here and suck you off?” Brian whispered in Justin’s ear in between licks and nips.   
    
“Oh, God, no,” Justin answered as Brian sucked his ear lobe into his mouth.  He shivered as a chill ran up the back of his neck.   
    
“No?” Brian questioned again just to be sure.   
    
“No,” Justin whimpered.  “Brian, please.”   
    
“Do you want me to suck you off?  Put my mouth on your cock and suck the cum out of you?” Brian continued to taunt him.   
    
“Yes, oh yes.”   
    
“Tell me what you want and I’ll give you the best fucking blow job you’ve ever had.”  Brian released his grip on Justin’s dick and jerked on the apron once...twice...three times until the neck strap ripped then he tossed it away.    
    
Justin's breath hitched at the roughness.  “Yes, yes, yes,” he said over and over.  Brian undid Justin’s belt, unhooked his pants and unzipped them with a rough jerk.  Justin’s body wiggled against Brian’s movements and tingles ran up and down his legs.    
    
“Tell me,” he taunted some more as he continued to nibble on his ear.   
    
Justin moaned and swallowed.  “Suck me off,” he mumbled through his panted breaths.  Brian was driving him wild.   
    
Brian plunged his hand inside Justin’s pants and grabbed his dick.  He didn’t stroke his hand, he just held it and pumped his hand opened and closed, creating a throbbing sensation on Justin’s cock.  Justin moaned and whimpered…he needed it now.  “Louder,” Brian ordered.  “Say it louder.  Tell me what you want.”   
    
Justin’s chest heaved with desire.  “I want you…” he began in a soft voice.   
    
“Louder,” Brian told him again, turning his head back to face him.   
    
“I want you…” Justin said in louder tone.   
    
“Tell me,” Brian pushed.   
    
“SUCK ME OFF!”  Justin shouted as loud as he could and pushed down on Brian’s shoulders.   
    
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“Holy shit!” Hunter exclaimed.  “That fucking twink’s got some balls to be ordering Brian around like that.”   
    
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“You got it,” Brian whispered in his ear.  Justin shivered again at the chills that were caused by the mixture of the wetness from Brian’s tongue and the hot air from Brian’s breath.  In a quick flash Brian had Justin’s pants around his ankles and Justin’s dick in his mouth.  No teasing licks or kisses yet…he just engulfed the entire thing in one swoop.   
    
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“Shut up!” Michael snapped but silently thinking the same thing.  How dare Justin talk to Brian like that or make demands on him like that.  If anybody should be giving orders it was Brian.  Michael was fuming and shaking his head.   
    
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Justin gasped loudly…the high pitch of the gasp echoing from his throat, making it sound an awful lot like a scream.   
    
Because Brian had forced Justin to open his mouth and tell him what he wanted and encouraged him to be loud, he had opened the floodgates of Justin’s vocal chords and now he just couldn’t be quiet.  Words shot out of Justin’s mouth in every direction and at every volume.  He kept nothing bottled up.  He let it all out.  “More.  Aaah.  Yes.  Oooh.  God.  Ohhh.  More.”    
    
Brian bobbed in small movements with Justin's dick staying deep in his mouth, bumping the back of his throat again and again.  Justin's hands reached for Brian's head, pulling him closer and making him go deeper.  When Brian swallowed around his sensitive head, his mind went blank and his words got stuck.  All he could think of was more, more, more.  It was almost a chant as each one got louder and louder.  “MORE!”   
    
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Michael jumped up out of the booth.  “Oh for Pete’s sake!” he complained.  “Come on.  We’re going,” he huffed looking at Ben and grabbing Hunter by the shirtsleeve.   
    
“No way!  Are you listening to that?  It’s fucking hot as hell.  I’m staying,” Hunter shot back at Michael as he pulled his shirt from his grasp.   
    
“Yes, I’m listening to that and we’re GOING!” Michael answered through gritted teeth.    
    
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“M. M. M. M. MORE!  Aahhh!” Justin screamed from the kitchen as Brian swallowed again.   
    
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“NOW!” Michael yelled and grabbed Hunter’s shirt again, pulling him out of the booth and onto his feet.   
    
“Alright, alright.”  Hunter finally gave in and made his way to the front door.  “Hey stud wanna…” he started to say to Jason while grabbing his dick when Ben cut him off.   
    
“Nope.  Wrong again,” Ben said pushing Hunter through the front door and out on the sidewalk.   
    
“Chriiiii…” was all you could hear as the door shut behind them.   
    
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Brian wanted to give Justin the best blowjob he'd ever had and he couldn't do that if Justin was holding him in place so he slapped Justin's hands away.  To make sure Justin understood to let Brian work on him at his own pace, Brian let Justin's dick fall from his mouth making Justin whine and whimper.  Justin's hands opened and closed, fighting to keep themselves from grabbing Brian and shoving his face back down on his cock.   
    
Brian kissed the swollen aching head then down one side of the shaft to the base, nestling his nose in the crook at the top of Justin's leg.  He started sucking on the sensitive flesh leaving more purplish splotches behind as he moved upward; marking Justin as his.  When he got to Justin's lower abdomen, he opened his mouth wider and pulled the skin into his mouth, Justin jumped and yelped at the tickling sensation.  Brian released the suction and pulled back, admiring the bruise that he'd made just above Justin's hairline.  He looked up at Justin and grinned at how lost he was then pushed his cock out of the way with his nose as his mouth wrapped around his dangling sac.  He sucked one ball in first then opened wider for the second one.  They rolled around in his mouth as his tongue massaged them from underneath.   
    
"Oh God," Justin yelled out again as he looked to the ceiling and arched his neck out.  He bounced slightly on his toes...he was so excited.   
    
Brian pulled back letting the balls drop out of his mouth one at a time, then engulfed Justin's cock again going all the way down the shaft and coming all the way back up to the head.  He dove over and over scraping his teeth lightly along the top on every up stroke.  His mouth watered heavily; saliva covered Justin's dick like a warm bath.  He tightened his lips and bobbed faster, slowing periodically to make wide swirls around and over the head before diving deeper again.  He was all over it and just couldn't get enough.   
    
Justin's toes curled and he screamed "Brian!" every time Brian's teeth bumped against the outer ridge of his cock head.  He tried to pull Brian off of him but Brian fought him off by batting his hands away.  The pleasure was great and he loved it, but there was this fear swimming around in his head that kept saying 'get away, get away'.  His mind was fighting with his body and he didn't know what to do.  He panted and grunted.  His arms flung about trying to find something to hold onto it.  He needed to ground himself on something, anything.  He was leaning against the wall in between a stove and a prep table.  He reached out to grab them and a pot on the stove fell over.  The lid rolled away, crashed on to the floor with a clatter and spun around in circles.    
    
Kiki jumped at the crash.  Not knowing what to do or what was happening, she crawled out of the back room to find only the three good-looking young men still in the diner.  She stood up and gave them a faint smile, not sure what to say or how to react.   
    
"Oh shit!" Justin screamed at the loud noise.  He gripped the edge of the table and the side ledge of the oven to brace himself.  He was so close.   
    
The metal lid screeched on the linoleum floor as it spun but got quieter as the spinning got smaller and faster before coming to a complete stop.   
    
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The Aussies looked at each other in disbelief.  "Fuck me drunk!" Matthew exclaimed.  "He’s about to get the shit fucked outta him!"   
    
Alexander agreed nodding his head.  "I reckon!  I’m getting’ the biggest stiffie here," he added with a chuckle.   
    
"Sssshh," Jason scolded them.  He wanted to listen.  He wanted to hear every sound that was coming out of the blond waiter's mouth.   
    
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Brian knew Justin was close to cumming when he grabbed for Brian's head again.  This time he'd wrapped his fingers so tightly in Brian's hair that he knew he couldn't slap his hands away without losing a handful of hair.  He didn't want that, but he also wasn't ready for Justin to cum yet; he just wanted him close to the edge.  He covered his teeth and bobbed a few more times then pulled back to just the head.  He pinched on Justin's balls to hold back his orgasm and waited.   
    
Justin whimpered and his grip loosened...that's what Brian wanted.    
    
Brian slapped Justin's hands away again, pulled off his cock and stood up, resting his cheek against Justin's.  He moved his hand to Justin's dick and stroked it making him whimper again.    
    
"Brian," he breathed against his face.   
    
Brian whispered in Justin's ear, "You want cum in your ass?"   
    
Justin's breath hitched as Brian's words floated into his ear.  He felt like he was dreaming.  It couldn't be real...he couldn't believe what he'd heard.  "Huh?" he managed to get out in between gulps of air.   
    
"It'd be like if we'd fucked without a condom," Brian continued to whisper...teasing him and taunting him again.  "Hot cum oozing out of your ass and dripping down your balls."   He stroked harder on Justin's dick.   
    
"Oh, God," Justin sighed at the thought.   
    
"You want that?" Brian breathed into his ear sending chills down Justin's spine.   
    
"Yes," Justin breathed back.   
    
Brian pulled back and looked at Justin who tried to focus on him but his eyes weren't cooperating.  He kept blinking but he just couldn't seem to focus.  Brian kissed him then pulled away and smiled.  He got back down on his knees and started sucking him off.    
    
Justin was so far gone that it didn't take long before he was moaning incoherently and shooting stream after stream into Brian's mouth.  His hands hit the wall and he let it all out as the orgasm ripped through his body.  "Oh, yessss...aaahhhh... I'm ... oh... oh... AHHHH!"   
    
Brian didn't swallow, he kept every last bit in his mouth.  As soon as he felt Justin's cock stop throbbing and his body start to go limp, he let his dick fall from his mouth, pulled Justin away from the wall and flipped his body to the side, pushing him against the prep table where Emanuel had been making salads, and bending him over it.  He grabbed his ass cheeks, one in each hand and spread him wide.  He moved his thumbs close to Justin's hole and pushed, making the hole open just a little.   
    
Justin moaned and tried to calm his breathing but when he felt Brian's tongue immediately enter him, he gasped and moaned even louder.  He reached his arms out to grab the edge of the table.  His hands slid across something wet and bumped against something that moved out of the way as his fingers finally reached the edge and took hold.  Tomatoes rolled off the table and splattered on the floor, spitting seeds and juice all over the walls.  He paid no attention to the splat noise; he had other things on his mind.   
    
Brian covered Justin's hole with his lips as if he was kissing his mouth.  He pushed his cum-slicked tongue inside, fucking him with it and loosening the hole.  Justin's cum had mixed with Brian's saliva and his mouth was getting full from not swallowing.  It started to dribble out of the corners of his mouth and drip down his chin.  He knew he was going to have to do this now.  He pressed his lips tighter around Justin's hole and emptied his mouth into Justin, pushing it in with his tongue.  When he'd finally emptied his mouth, Brian pulled back and pressed the pad of his thumb against the hole, holding it inside.  Brian's other hand rubbed Justin's ass cheek.  "How does that feel?" Brian asked between labored breaths.  He was so turned on by what he was doing.   
    
"Brian...good...amazing," was all that Justin could verbalize.  It felt so fucking hot and the thought of what was inside him made it even hotter in that naughty kind of way.  He tightened his grip on the table and laid his head on the stainless steel surface.  The coolness on his cheek was in complete contrast to the heat in his ass.  He felt so amazing.   
    
Brian removed his thumb and spread his cheeks open again.  Justin's ass was twitching and with every twitch, a little bit of cum dripped out.  Brian couldn't believe how awesome it looked.  He'd seen guys bareback in porn films and they always showed this kind of after-shot, but he'd never seen it in real life.  It really was like they'd fucked without a condom.  His dick ached to be inside that wet hole.  Another twitch and another drip.  It rolled down from his hole to his balls just like Brian promised it would.  "Fuck Justin, this is so fucking hot."   
    
Justin lifted his head.  "I wanna see.  Let me do it to you."   
    
"Quiet…don't talk," Brian said.  "It's pushing it out."   
    
Justin instinctively squeezed his ass shut.  Brian smiled at that and stood up.  He dug a condom out of his pocket, undid his pants, pushed them down, opened the wrapper and rolled the condom onto his dick.  The sound of the ripping condom wrapper made Justin relax and he laid his head back down on the table.  Brian pressed up against Justin's ass and lightly ran his fingers down his back.  "I want to fuck you with the cum still inside."   
    
"Oh, yes," Justin sighed.  "Do it."   
    
Brian rubbed the head of his dick against Justin's wet hole, smearing the liquid all around.  He rubbed one hand up Justin's back to his shoulder and curled his fingers over it for leverage.  He positioned the tip of his cock and in one swift motion, slid inside, penetrating Justin far enough to smack their balls together.    
    
"Fuck!" Justin cried out, wincing at the sudden sting.  The pain quickly disappeared as Brian waited a few seconds then pulled back and pushed in hard again, right to the root.  His strong grip on Justin's shoulder with every thrust caused Justin's back to arch and his head to fly up.  Brian pounded his ass wildly causing his balls to slap against Justin's with every deep thrust.  Brian moved his other hand to Justin's head, took a handful of the blond hair in his fingers and clenched his fist.  He leaned over and devoured the flesh of the exposed neck as he continued to fuck his ass.    
    
Justin’s neck was sore and sensitive from the earlier bruising.  He scrunched up his face as Brian sucked and gnawed on the same spots as he'd done before.  The extra tingles of pain on his neck spread throughout his body and turned him on even more.  "Oh, God it hurts," he yelled out.  When he felt Brian slow his attack, he quickly added, "No, don't stop.  Don't stop."   
    
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Jason squirmed in his seat, his dick was rock hard and visions of him fucking the blond waiter were running rampant through his mind...hurting him...and him loving it.  "Well, bugger me dead," he mumbled under his breath.  Alexander and Matthew chuckled at their friend’s reaction to what was going on.   
    
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Brian didn't stop, he kept going...sucking his neck harder, pounding his ass harder, gripping his shoulder harder.  He knew Justin was almost there and Justin's reaction was getting him very close to the edge as well.  He let go of Justin's head and it flopped back down on the table...Justin grunted at the impact.  Brian reached around, grabbed Justin's dick and tugged roughly in rhythm with his thrusts.  He felt it pulsate in his hand and knew it was time.  He squeezed the cock head and was rewarded with a scream.   
    
Justin's eyes closed tight as the intensity of all the sensations began to take him away.  His legs became weak and he shifted all his weight to his upper body lying on the table.  Without his feet to fight against Brian's thrusts, the table started to shake with every movement.  More tomatoes jerked about back and forth on the table before rolling off the edge.  The stainless steel salad bowl filled with chopped lettuce and carrots and red cabbage scooted across the table.  The legs of the table scratched against the floor, screeching and banging as it hit the wall over and over.  The dishes on the bottom shelf of the table rattled with every movement.  The framed picture on the outer side of the wall began to thump repeatedly.    
    
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Kiki ran to catch the picture just as it was about to fall.    
    
The Aussies all looked at each other with wide eyes and dropped jaws.  “Nice save,” Matthew said under his breath.  Alexander nodded but didn’t answer.   
    
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As Brian and Justin moved towards climax, both of them were panting heavily and grunting loudly.  The sounds of sex echoed throughout the kitchen and the rest of the diner.  Brian tightened his grip on Justin's shoulder and Justin tightened his grip on the edge of the table.  He started to pull out less and less and just jabbed shallowly in and out of Justin's battered and slick hole as he pulled on his dick in short quick jerks.    
    
Within seconds Justin's balls began to spasm and cum erupted from his slit in pulsating streams.  The first landed across the dishes on the bottom shelf before Brian reacted by covering the tip with his hand to get the rest.  "Holy FUCK!" Justin yelled as the rush overwhelmed him.  Justin's orgasm caused his anal muscles to constrict on Brian's cock, sending him hurtling into his own mind-blowing orgasm.    
    
Brian grunted and groaned as the fluid spewed from his cock and filled the condom.  He now had his cum on the inside of the condom and Justin's on the outside.  The thought gave him one last chill as the final stream shot out of him...overfilling the condom, oozing out the top, dripping down onto Justin's balls and mixing with Justin's cum that had dripped out earlier.    
    
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“Holy fuck is right!” Alexander said to no one in particular, a little out of a breath himself just from listening.   
    
“Shit yeah,” Matthew agreed.   
    
Jason didn’t say a word.  His chest was heaving in deep breaths and his eyes were closed.  A slight smile plastered on his face.   
    
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Brian's head collapsed against Justin's back but he wasn’t done, he wanted more.  His hand kept pumping on Justin's cock and he kept thrusting into Justin's ass to keep his own dick hard.    
    
Justin's orgasm had made him extra sensitive and every touch was amplified in feeling.  His breath hitched every time Brian's hand passed over his sensitive head and his hips bucked every time the large head of Brian's dick passed over the sensitive nerve endings around the outer ring of his ass.  He knew what Brian was trying to do and he loved it and wanted it but everything tingled in a slightly painful way; part of him wanted it to stop.  Chills ran down his spine and over his head making him feel like his hair was crawling.  He shivered again and again and all he could think of was 'get away, make it stop'.    
    
"Brian, stop," he begged.  He released his grip on the edge of the table and pressed his hands flat at his sides.  He pushed up, trying to retreat from Brian's onslaught.   
    
Brian wrapped his arm around Justin's waist.  "Don't move, don't leave," he said through heavy breaths.   
    
Justin whimpered and huffed then gave up and collapsed back down on the table.  He knew what had gotten into Brian and he liked it.  He wanted to mark him, make him his, fuck him within an inch of life, give him the best fuck he’d ever had.  The thoughts of Brian’s jealousy filled his head, ‘if he only knew.’  Brian had done all those things before the very first night they were together and there wasn’t really a need for him to do it again, but Justin didn’t mind.   As he laid there trying to catch his breath, the painful tingles turned pleasurable and his dick started to harden in Brian's hand.  He began to smile at the feeling.   
    
The change in Justin’s cock in Brian's hand made him lift his head.  He looked at Justin, lying limp on the table, his eyes closed and a grin on his face.  He chuckled.  He stopped thrusting his hips and opened his hand to let Justin's dick fall away.    
    
Justin opened his eyes and sighed, "Brian."   
    
"Hang on," Brian answered.  He moved his hands to Justin's hips; one palm side down, the one filled with Justin's cum, palm side up, then he paused.  "You ready?" he asked.   
    
Justin nodded, took a deep breath and held it.  Brian pulled out in one quick movement.  Justin slammed his eyes shut and gasped at the loss.  "Sorry," Brian whispered as his hand rubbed up and down on Justin's ass cheeks.    
    
"I hate that," Justin sighed.  His ass was twitching and throbbing and ached to be filled again.  "Hurry up."  Now that Brian had gotten him worked up again, he wanted it badly.   
    
Brian laughed.  "I'm hurrying."  He quickly removed the filled and used condom from his dick.  He looked around for a trashcan and finally found one near the grill.  He took a few steps, tossed it inside and returned to the table.  "Shit," escaped his lips as he looked at Justin sprawled out and waiting for him.  He bent over and retrieved another condom from his pocket, sighing when Justin's hole winked at him and allowed another drop to drip out.  He took his hand that was covered in cum and spread it over the hole.  "Hold it in," he instructed then kissed Justin's ass cheek, opened the condom wrapper and rolled it down his cock.   
    
"Stand up, Justin," he demanded and when Justin didn't move fast enough for him, he pulled him up and spun him around.  Justin's legs were kind of wobbly and as his knees bent underneath him, he reached up and grabbed Brian around his neck at the same time that Brian grabbed his ass and lifted him up on to the table.  Justin pulled on Brian's neck, bringing the taller man's face down to his and covered his mouth in a crushing kiss.    
    
Brian immediately took over and plunged his tongue deep into Justin's mouth.  Their tongues twirled around and around dueling for space.  The kiss picked up in intensity and their frenzied pace from earlier returned in full force.  Brian pulled away from the kiss, leaving both of them panting heavily.  He pushed Justin back on the table then took a step back and lifted Justin's legs.  He pulled Justin's shoes off and tossed them aside.  One landed on the stove, the other on the floor hitting the lid that had fallen earlier making it scoot across the linoleum with a squeal.  He pulled Justin's pants off, shook out the wrinkles and folded them over.    
    
Justin lifted his head still panting from the kiss.  He watched as Brian took care of his pants and looked around in confusion.  He laughed.  "Brian, what are you doing?" he asked with smirk.   
    
"Fuck you, Justin, it's a $1500.00 suit.  I plan on fucking the shit out of you and I don't want to get it messed up," Brian answered seriously and with complete sincerity.  He toed off his own shoes and pulled his pants off his ankles.  He smoothed and folded them as well.   
    
"Jesus, Brian."  Justin plopped his head back down on the table in both amusement and frustration.  He grabbed his aching dick and started stroking it as he lifted his legs, placing his feet flat on the edge of the table.  He felt wetness slide down his ass crack and he squeezed his ass tighter, his legs splaying open.  "Fuck, would you hurry up?  I can't hold it much longer."   
    
Brian moved to the counter on the other side of the kitchen and laid the pants down.  When he turned around he saw Justin's wantonly spread out body.  He slinked back over and snuck up to Justin.  He rubbed his dick against Justin's ass and earned a moan.  Brian slapped Justin's hand away from his dick.  "Hands off," he barked.    
Justin's hand plopped on the table at his side.  Brian reached for both of his wrists and pulled his hands above his head roughly.  They hit the large salad bowl on the way down, it tipped over slightly then straightened back up, flipping chopped lettuce onto Justin's face and in his hair.    
    
“Whoops,” Brian whispered with a slight grin.   
    
Justin wiped the smile off Brian’s face with a kiss and suddenly it didn’t matter anymore.    
    
Brian held both wrists together in one hand then guided his dick to Justin's hole.  He pushed the tip inside and felt Justin's hole quiver around it.  Justin broke the kiss, took a deep breath and his eyes widened at what was to come.  Brian pulled it back out making Justin look up at him, his eyes pleading.   
    
"You want it?" he teased pressing the tip against him again.  He felt Justin's hole pulsate and try to draw it inside.   
    
"Brian," Justin begged.  "Fuck!"   
    
"Fuck what?" Brian asked.   
    
"Fuck me."   
    
"Fuck you?  When?" Brian still teased, kissing Justin's knee.   
    
Justin was getting frustrated.  He scooted down trying to get Brian's dick to slip inside him, then growled when it didn't work and finally answered, "Fuck me NOW!"   
    
"Fuck you now?"  Brian lightly dragged the fingers of his free hand down Justin's chest.  When he reached the large hickey that he'd placed on his lower abdomen earlier, he applied some pressure, causing Justin to gasp and his stomach to suck in at the soreness.    
    
"How do you want it, Justin?" he asked as he pressed on the spot again then leaned over and started sucking on Justin's nipple.  He nipped it with his teeth softly at first then a little rougher.  Justin gasped and arched his back.  When Justin didn't answer, he bit hard and pulled on it until it wouldn't stretch anymore and fell away on it's own.  He backed away and nipped at the bruise in the crook of Justin's leg.    
    
"Justin, how do you want it?" he asked again in a firmer voice.  He hoped his hints would make Justin give the right answer.  "Tell me," he demanded.   
    
Justin lifted his feet to Brian's shoulders and pushed down, lifting his ass as he scooted down again.  "Fuck me HARD!"   
    
Brian let go of Justin’s wrists and grabbed his hips roughly, pulling him towards him.  As his dick slid into the gaping and begging hole, Justin reached for his own nipples and pinched and squeezed them.  He yelped at the self-inflicted pain and arched his back up high off the table.   
    
“Oh yeah,” Brian growled at the sight.  He leaned forward, folding Justin in half and plunged in again.  Holding Justin’s hips steady with his hands, he guided Justin onto him and pushed him back off.  Justin was sweating all over, making it easier for Brian to slide him back and forth on the table.    
    
Justin’s arms flew up to his head and he gripped his hair, pulling on it, then releasing, then tugging it some more.  Brian continued to slam into him, rough and hard, fighting against Justin’s own slams of using his feet on Brian’s shoulders as leverage to lift his ass up to meet every thrust.   
    
“HARDER!…DEEPER!” Justin shouted.  He reached for Brian’s neck, pulled him down and pressed their mouths together for a hungry kiss.  Their tongues meshed together and battled immediately for dominance.  Justin’s knees bumped against his own shoulders and his lungs pushed a grunt into Brian’s mouth with every thrust.   
    
Brian let go of Justin’s hips, grabbed Justin’s hands from around his neck, pulled them over his head and slammed them onto the table, knocking over the salad bowl and pushing the cutting board and butcher’s knife onto the floor.  The cutting board crackled as it hit the floor, the knife spun end over end and landed sharp point down into the linoleum floor, standing straight up on end.  Brian held him down and continued to pound his ass relentlessly.  The table shook and rattled.  The dishes clanked and clattered.   
    
Brian broke away from the kiss and sucked in a much-needed gasp of air.  Justin growled and panted at the loss of Brian’s mouth.  His body continued to slide back and forth on the table.  “Oh, God,” Justin moaned through clenched teeth and tightly closed eyes.   
    
“You like that?” Brian asked as he slammed into him again.   
    
“Ughh...YES!” Justin screamed back.  His feet slid off Brian’s shoulders and down his back then with his knees resting on Brian’s shoulders he locked his feet behind Brian’s head.  He flexed his muscles and clamped down on Brian’s dick signaling that he was getting close.   
    
Brian released Justin’s wrists and they immediately flung forward to grab onto Brian but he stood up straight and away from Justin’s grasp.  He moaned at not being to reach him and slapped his hands against his forehead grabbing another handful of hair.  Brian grabbed Justin’s throbbing, aching cock in his hand and began jerking on it in rhythm with the pounding in his ass, trying to bring both of them to the edge at the same time.   
    
“Stay with me, Justin.”   
    
“Uh huh,” he answered as he scrunched up his face.   
    
The table continued to shake and bang against the wall.  With every slam, a stack of dishes fell over and shattered as they hit the floor.    
    
“Oh.  Shit.  The.  Dishes,” Justin cried out between thrusts.  He opened his eyes, turned to look on the floor, loosened the grip his feet had around Brian’s neck and his hands had on his hair.   
    
“Stay with me,” Brian said again, trying to get Justin’s thoughts back in the game.  “Justin,” he growled.  He felt Justin’s ass tighten around him and his dick throb in his hand.  “Just…a…few…more…” he grunted through his flexed jaw then pulled out in one quick motion leaving Justin gasping and wide-eyed and about to complain.  He pulled the condom off, dropped it on the floor and yanked Justin roughly to the end of the table.    
    
When he put his dick in his hand next to Justin’s and started to jerk them, Justin figured out what he was doing.  He placed his hand on top of Brian’s and together, they pumped a few times, then they were both cumming at the same time.  Justin threw his head back and let out a wail, “Aaaahhhh.”    
    
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Jason grabbed Alexander’s knee and dug in his nails as Justin screamed out his orgasm.  “Shit man, is this hot or what?”   
    
Alexander smacked Jason’s hand away.  “Piss off!” he demanded.   
    
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~   
    
Double streams of cum shot out and arced over the top of Justin.  The first twin shots landed on the toppled over salad bowl and spilled lettuce.  They both grunted at the same time as the next two propelled out and landed across Justin’s forehead and in his hair.  “Fuck,” Brian said letting the last two dribble out on Justin’s chest and belly.    
    
Brian gasped for air trying to recover.  Without a thought as to what he was doing, he began to squeeze and play with their dicks.  He wasn’t trying to get them aroused again; it was just a comforting thing to do as he calmed down.  His thumb and finger squeezed the tips of their dicks together and Justin immediately arched up off the table.  His dick was way too sensitive now for Brian’s subconscious relaxation techniques.  “Ow, ow, ow,” he screamed then ”stop, stop, stop.”  He tried to pull Brian’s hand off them and Brian let go without much thought.  Justin smiled and settled down.  Brian wrapped his arms around Justin’s quivering legs as they slowed their breathing and calmed their bodies.   
    
After a few minutes, Justin started giggling.  Brian followed his lead and started laughing himself even though he didn’t know what they were laughing at.  Being the creature of habit that he was Brian said, “That was fucking amazing,” just like he always did after they had intense sex but it wasn’t as sincere sounding as it usually was because he was laughing.    
    
This made Justin laugh harder, “Yeah, it was.”   
    
“What’s so funny?” Brian finally asked.   
    
Justin was laughing so hysterically that he almost couldn’t talk.  “We shot in the salad.  Do you think we should discount it now?”   
    
Brian furrowed his brows and scrunched up his nose at the absurdity of what Justin was saying, but then he got an idea and he laughed even harder.    
    
“What?” Justin asked between chuckles as his laughter started to die down.   
    
“I was just thinking,” Brian answered.  “Fuck discounting it…that’s our cum…we should raise the price and make it a special for today only.  We’ll call it…um…Brian and Justin’s secret recipe dressing…what do you think?”   
    
“Aahh, aahh, aahh,” Justin coughed out as he almost choked on Brian’s humor.  “My little advertising genius,” he added as he reached up and wiped the sweat off Brian’s forehead.    
    
“Hmm,” Brian murmured as he released Justin’s legs and backed away.    
    
Justin’s weak legs flopped to the ground and Brian grabbed his hand to pull him up.  He winced in pain as he sat up.  “Oh, shit, Brian.  I’m gonna be so sore tomorrow.”   
    
“Mmmm, you won’t forget it, that’s for sure,” Brian smirked.    
    
Justin looked down at his stomach and saw the big bruise, then reached his hand to his neck and felt the soreness.  “Shit, Brian, what did you do?  How bad is it?”   
    
Brian looked at all the purplish marks surrounding Justin’s neck, smiled then locked eyes with Justin.  “Not bad,” he said shrugging his shoulders.    
    
Justin’s eyes narrowed knowing Brian was lying.  “Brian,” he warned.   
    
Brian walked over to the counter and grabbed their pants.  He tossed Justin’s to him and started to put his on.  Once he was buttoning and zipping them up, he looked off to the side as if he was thinking.  Justin was still glaring at him.  “Ummm, I guess it’s a good thing it’s winter, Sunshine, and that you’re the artsy type.”   
    
“And why is that, Brian?” Justin asked even though he already knew the answer.   
    
“Because then you won’t look like a freak wearing turtlenecks.”   
    
“Fuck!  I knew it!” Justin hollered and jumped off the table wincing at the pain in his ass between his legs as well as the pain in the ass standing in front of him.   
    
“Why is it every time you get jealous, I’m the one that suffers?” Justin asked as he got dressed.   
    
“Suffer?” Brian asked with a scowl.  “I didn’t know that fucking me was such a hardship, Justin.  I don’t ever have to fuck you again, you know.  I can get anybody…”   
    
Justin cut him off with a kiss then pulled away.  “Blah, blah, blah,” he added with a smirk.   
    
“I wasn’t jealous you know.  You just looked really hot in that suit and I’d wanted to fuck for a long time.  You were taking forever waiting on everybody.  I just decided to not wait any longer.  So it was either you or…”    
    
Justin rolled his eyes, he knew better.   
    
Brian stuck his tongue in his cheek and grinned back then pushed Justin away from him.  “Clean yourself up Justin…you’re a fucking mess...cum all over…Jesus, can’t take you anywhere.”  He laughed as he handed Justin a paper towel from the sink area.  “You have to look presentable to your ‘dream guy’ out there, you know.”   
    
Justin’s eyes got big as saucers.  “Oh fuck.  I forgot about them.  Do you think they heard us?  Shit.  Look at this place.  Emanuel is going to kill us.”  Then he stopped, his eyes got even bigger and panic spread across his face.  Justin gasped loudly and Brian raised an eyebrow.  “Debbie’s going to have my ass…your ass…our asses.  Oh, Shit.  We're fucking dead.”   
    
Brian started laughing.  “Calm down, Justin.  We’ll just tell her what happened.  She understands these things.  Besides, I’m not scared of her.”   
    
“Uh huh.  We should still help them clean up.”   
    
“I suppose you’re right, but I’m not doing shit in this suit and neither are you.  We’ll go home and change and you can come back and help Kiki clean up.”  Brian suggested starting to walk out of the kitchen.   
“Oh, no you don’t, Brian Kinney,” Justin teased, swatting Brian on the ass as he followed him out the swinging door.  “You’re going to help…this is all your fault.”   
    
“My fault?” Brian asked then stopped as they reached Kiki sitting at the counter, clutching the picture that she’d rescued from the wall.  Kiki jumped when she saw Brian.  Brian smiled at her then moved on.   
    
Brian headed toward the front table as Justin grabbed their suit jackets from the table that Michael, Ben and Hunter had been sitting at.  All three of the hot young men watched as Brian approached.  Justin quickly ran up beside him and handed him his jacket.  "You boys get enough to eat?  Maybe you'd like some salad?" Brian asked with a smirk turning to Justin and smiling.    
Justin smiled back rolling his eyes and blushed then swung the jacket around to put it on.  He put his arms in, pulled it up over his shoulders, ran his fingers along the nape of his neck, flipped his hair out from under the collar and then straightened the jacket on his body.    
    
‘Christ, that was hot,’ Brian thought to himself as he watched Justin put the jacket on.  Then he remembered the three Australians.  He turned to them and arched an eyebrow…all three had watched Justin put his jacket on too.  Brian cleared his throat.   
    
Jason started to say something when the bell above the diner's door jingled.  Brian and Justin turned and looked at the person who entered the diner then turned back around.    
    
Justin's eyes widened in horror.    
    
"Whoops," Brian said against Justin's ear with a slight chuckle.  He leaned over to Jason and whispered in a threatening tone, "If I were you, Dorothy, I'd get my ass back to the Land of Oz 'cause, that..." Brian pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, "...my mate, is the wicked witch of the west."    
    
Jason laughed at Brian's threat.  She didn't look like the wicked witch of the west to him.  She was a little odd looking but didn't seem to be something he should be scared of.  He huffed and shook his head.   
    
Brian shrugged his shoulders, stood back up and turned to Justin.  "Time to go, Sunshine," he said with a smirk then grabbed Justin's hand and pulled him towards the door.  He slowed as he passed by the woman standing in the doorway, "Hi," he said with a grin then raised his eyebrows as he added a quick, "Gotta go!"   
    
Justin tried to pause to say something but Brian was pulling on his arm.  All he managed to do was kiss her on the cheek and mutter a "sorry" as he stumbled through the doorway because of Brian's final tug.  “Not scared of her, huh?” he asked as the door shut behind them.   
    
She scrunched up her face and put her hands on her hips, confused as to what all that was about.  She looked at Kiki sitting on a stool at the counter and then glanced at the three boys sitting at the table.  She shrugged her shoulders then walked around the cash register and behind the counter.  She turned her head and looked at the frazzled Kiki in curiosity as she entered the kitchen.   
    
Her eyes darted around the kitchen...broken dishes...squished tomatoes...tossed about cut lettuce...toppled over pots and pans...a butcher knife stuck in the linoleum..."WHAT THE FUCK?!?" she yelled at the top of her lungs.    
Kiki jumped, placed her face in her hands and shook her head with a sigh.   
    
"BRIAN KINNEY!" the woman shouted as she barreled back out of the kitchen slinging the swinging door so hard it slammed against the wall.  "ASSHOLE!"   
    
Alexander, Jason, and Matthew all saw the once odd but nice looking woman storm out from the kitchen.  She was standing behind the counter, hands on her hips and lips pursed tight...she now looked scary and mean.  They all looked at each at the same time and had the same thought.  Brian was right; she was the wicked witch.  They all gulped back a bit of fear then scampered out of the booth and ran out the door.   
    
Kiki looked to the heavens for the answer to explain why all this had happened to her, on her shift.  What had she done to deserve such torment?  "Oh, Deb," she cried, and started to sob.

Date Fights and Dream Fights

Brian and Justin stepped into the elevator. The doors closed behind them and Brian pushed the button for the top floor, number nineteen. They were all dressed up in their $1,500.00 newly tailored suits and were about to embark on an evening of fine wining and dining. As the elevator began its accent, Brian straightened his suit jacket and tie. Justin watched Brian primping himself in the distorted reflection of the stainless steel elevator walls and his mind drifted to how incredibly beautiful the tall brunet was. Brian glanced over and smiled. Justin smiled back but seemed to be a little nervous. This was their first "real" date and Brian had made it clear that it would be the only date as well. He didn't do dates afterall. So, Justin wanted to make sure that his one time shot was perfect. "Do I look OK?" Justin asked with trepidation.   
  
Brian approached his lover. He brushed some stray hairs off the blond's forehead, straighened out the suit jacket on his shoulders and tugged on the front. "Are you kidding?" He pulled Justin away from the wall and spun him around. He moved in closer behind him, his groin rubbing up against the blond's ass. He wrapped his arms around him, lowered his head to rest on the boy's shoulder and began lightly smoothing out the invisible wrinkles. "You artist types always dress so sloppy, but look at yourself, Justin, you are fucking hot. That suit fits you perfectly. I can envision every inch your body hiding underneath it."   
  
Justin smiled at Brian's words. He waited for more.   
  
Brian's hands continued to roam around different parts of the suit, loving the textured feel of the fabric. He knew Justin would look hot in it. That's why he had picked out that very one. Just the right shade of blue to bring out his eyes. Pleats and lines cut in all the right places to accentuate some of the boy's best features...a plentiful package in front and a bountiful bottom in back. His hands moved further down, lightly grazing Justin's cock which twitched at the contact and returned the graze. His own responded in like and bumped into Justin's backside. Brian raised his eyebrows into their reflections. "Whoops!" he said as he ground his groin against his lover again.   
  
Justin blushed at their hardening dicks but smiled anyway. "Brian, stop it. Dinner first, then dessert." He turned his head and placed a soft kiss on the older man's cheek. "Besides, you didn't spend all that money to get me this suit just so you could rip it off me and fuck me. You could have done that at home." Justin pulled Brian's roaming hands away from his dick and entertwined their fingers as he crossed their arms around his chest. "I want our first date to be perfect. Romance. Candlelight. Good bottle of wine. Do you think you can restrain yourself long enough for that?"   
  
"Me? What about you? I recall feeling your dick say hello first," Brian replied, acting pissed off but letting his smile give him away.   
  
"Maybe so, but I have restraint and can wait until after our wonderful evening before I attack you," Justin responded, trying to maintain a straight face so that Brian knew he was serious.   
  
"You have restraint? That's bullshit. Who was the one that jumped my bones when we had your suit tailored? Hmmm? That wasn't me, you little nympho." He knew Justin didn't have any restraint. He ground a little harder to prove his point.   
  
Justin's cock twitched again at the memory of their afternoon at Ermanno's and he was starting to feel a little defeated, but he really wanted this date. He quickly shook the memory from his mind. He could wait it out. No problem. "Brian, I'm serious. You promised me a romantic evening and that's what I want right now. Later, OK?" He gave Brian another kiss on the cheek.   
  
"Fine," Brian said with a huff. He released their hands, backed away and staightened his jacket again. "Christ!" he griped as he adjusted his own plentiful package and wiggled his legs to get it to fall back into its proper place.   
  
Justin giggled at the obvious effect that they had on each other. For Brian's sake, as well as his own, he decided to change the subject to something that didn't have anything to do with sexy suits, hot bods or hard dicks. "Brian?"   
  
"Hmmm?" Brian responded with his eyes closed, still trying to will his dick to calm down.   
  
"Tell me about this restaurant. Have you been here before? What's it like?"   
  
Brian opened his eyes finally able to carry on with the evening as planned. He looked over at his lover to find his face displaying a hint of innocence. Justin's nervousness from earlier had returned and he appeared apprehensive. Brian wanted to reassure him. This date was meant to be perfect for Justin, he didn't want him nervous. "Hey, relax. It's just a restaurant. It's a four-star French restaurant with the best chef this side of the Mississippi..." He saw Justin draw in a big breath. "...Hey, I seem to remember you being very well versed in the proper etiquette of fine dining when you were instructing Mikey. You'll do fine. OK?"   
  
Justin just nodded. He wasn't really nervous about the fanciness of the place, he just wanted this evening to go perfectly and every time Brian and Justin were involved in the equation, perfection never seemed to be in the mix. It seemed something would always go wrong.   
  
Brian knew Justin hadn't relaxed yet so he continued talking, "You look hot, I look hot, the restaurant is hot. Everything is hot." That earned him a smile. "Oh, you're gonna love the food. That bottomless pit of yours is going to actually fill up for a change. I already ordered us the chef's sampler for tonight so you are going to be feasting on eight courses of Chef Gras' very best." Brian knew talking about food was the way to get Justin to relax and enjoy the evening and since Justin was smiling brightly again, he was sure he had succeeded. He was also pretty proud of himself for ordering only the very best that the restaurant had to offer. 'Who says I can't do romance?' he thought.   
  
The elevator finally reached the nineteenth floor. The doors opened and Brian started to exit the car when Justin grabbed his arm and said, "Wait."   
  
Brian stopped and held his arm over the sensor in the opened door so it wouldn't close on them. He turned to look at Justin with his eyebrows raised silently asking 'what?'   
  
"So you have been here before?" Justin asked.   
  
Not sure what the question meant, Brian answered immediately, "Of course." The smile that was once shining brightly suddenly disappeared and Justin looked down at the ground. 'Shit,' Brian thought, 'what is this about?' He assumed Justin was thinking that he had brought another guy here and now he was jealous. He took a deep breath, he hated this relationship stuff. 'A fucking rollercoaster, one minute you're up, the next minute you're down. Thank God, I don't do jealous.' He tried to get back into boyfriend mode and say the right thing. "Justin, you know I don't do romance and you know that I don't do dates. I came here with clients. The most important clients only. It was business. Ok?"   
  
"No, yeah, I mean, I figured that," Justin said while he continued to stare at the floor.   
  
Brian was getting impatient. If Justin knew that then what the fuck was the problem? He rubbed his hands across his face. "Look I didn't want to take you someplace that I've never been before. What if it sucked? You wanted this date to be perfect, well goddammit, it's going to be. I've made sure of it. Now can we go and start the fucking romance already?"   
  
"Yeah, ok, sure," Justin mumbled as he started to move out of the elevator. This time Brian grabbed his arm and stopped him.   
  
"Bullshit! What is it?" Brian barked at him.   
  
"Did you fuck the waiter?"   
  
"Fuck! I knew it! Justin, we are not going there. What do you want me to say? If you didn't already know the answer, you wouldn't have asked the question. Now is this really how you want your 'perfect' date to go? Because if it is, then you really suck at romance."   
  
Justin couldn't help but laugh. The situation was far from funny, but the idea of Brian 'I don't do romance' Kinney telling him that his idea of romance sucked, well, it just made him laugh. He figured Brian was right, he was just being stupid. There probably wasn't a restaurant in Pittsburgh that hadn't been christened by Brian so they might as well go inside. Brian was bringing him, Justin Taylor, to this restaurant for a 'date'. That was better than any bathroom blowjob the waiter had received, or given. Whatever. "Yeah, you're right. I understand. Let's go," Justin said. He smiled slightly to show that he was fine with it then pulled Brian out of the elevator.   
  
"That's better," Brian stated as he wrapped his arm around Justin's neck, gave him a squeeze and then kissed the side of the blond head. He leaned down to Justin's ear and whispered, "I know the maitre d', Sunshine, and the tall brunet that sucks at giving head was scheduled off tonight by my strict instructions."   
  
Justin stopped dead in his tracks and looked at Brian with the smile that gave him his nickname then lifted up on his toes and captured Brian's lips in an intense kiss. Ending the kiss with a smack, he pulled away, and smiled again.   
  
"What?" Brian asked acting as if he didn't know what the kiss was for. Justin playfully backhanded him across the stomach. Brian pretended to gasp and double over but he couldn't hold back his own laughter. "Come on, Sunshine, your perfect date awaits you."   
  
As soon as they approached the maitre d' stand, an older gentlemen immediately put his arms out, "Ah, Bonsoir, Monsieur Kinney. Nice to see you again," and shook hands with Brian.   
  
"Bonsoir, Donatien. Have all the arrangements been made?" Brian asked.   
  
"Oui, of course. Everything has been taken care of, just as you requested. Always the best for our best customers. This is going to be soirée très spéciale," Donatien responded as he glanced over at Justin.   
  
"Oh, Donatien, this is my partner, Justin Taylor. Justin, this is Donatien. Anything you want, this is the man to get it for you," Brian said, introducing them.   
  
Justin shooks hands with Donatien, exchanged pleasantries and then grabbed Brian's hand and gave it a squeeze. Brian looked down at Justin to find him staring at him with a silly grin and a glazed over look in his eyes. "What?" he asked.   
  
"Nothing," Justin replied nonchantly. On the outside he was cool as a cucumber, but on the inside, he wanted to explode. This was going to be a great evening.   
  
"Is this your first visit to La Vue, Justin?" Donatien asked.   
  
"Yes, it is."   
  
"Well, Jean-Luc Gras is a great chef. Our Sommelier maintains over 1,400 selections of wine. We have a spectacular view of the city and our waiters are trained to cater to your every need and ensure that your dining experience is nothing less than spectaculaire."   
  
"Ummm, sounds wonderful," Justin responded giving Brian's hand another squeeze.   
  
Donatien continued. "Chef Gras has prepared a special meal for you and Monsieur Kinney and we have set up your table out on our private balcony as Monsieur Kinney requested. If you will follow me, we can get your evening started."   
  
Justin followed Donatien, looking around the restaurant as they walked. The main dining room was softly lit. Justin could see why Brian liked this place. It was very plush, but urban and comfortable at the same time. It reminded him of the decor in the loft. Beautiful artwork hung on the walls, the furniture was modernistic and all the tables were covered with Frette linens. The entire dining room was surrounded by floor to ceiling windows so that every table in the room had a great view of the city. The windows had curtains but they were tied back on both sides. When they reached the other side of the room, Donatien opened two huge glass doors and ushered them out onto the private balcony. There had been no music playing in the main dining room, but the balcony had soft music playing in the background. The terrace was large but only had one table, so Justin assumed that the extra room was for dancing. Everything was perfect. Justin was already blown away at what Brian had set up for the evening and they hadn't even sat down yet.   
  
Donatien pulled out Justin's chair for him and then did the same for Brian. He stood by the side of the table with his hands together in front of him and said, "Monsieur Kinney, Monsieur Taylor, I will leave you now to enjoy your dinner. Chandler will be your exclusive waiter this evening and he will be with you in just a moment. Appréciez!"   
  
Brian nodded his head and Donatien left the terrace, pulling the curtains across after the huge glass doors closed. Their area was completely secluded from the other patrons in the restaurant.   
  
Justin turned to Brian and laughed, "Chandler?"   
  
Brian shared in his laughter. "So what do you think, Monseiur Taylor? Did I do good?"   
  
Justin got up out of his chair, moved to Brian's side of the table and sat down in his lap. He covered Brian's mouth with his own, giving him a very passionate kiss. "Yes, you did great," Justin said pulling away from the kiss. "It's beautiful out here. The view is breathtaking. Thank God the weather cooperated. Doesn't the wind feel good? This is just perfect."   
  
Brian gave Justin a quick kiss then scooted him off his lap. "Well, that's good. There's a lot to think about when planning the perfect date and this was exhausting," Brian said followed by a big dramatic sigh.   
  
Justin swatted at his arm before he went back to his seat. "Brian, nobody said you had to go to all this trouble. I could have done the planning. I just wanted to be here with you. It doesn't matter who makes the arrangements."   
  
Brian sat back in his chair. "Next time, you can do all the work then."   
  
Justin beamed. 'Next time?'   
  
"What?"   
  
"Nothing."   
  
Just then they heard the glass doors open. Brian and Justin both turned to find their waiter, a very handsome young man, walking through the doors and approaching them. The man was tall, with black hair, dark-brown eyes and appeared to be in his mid-twenties. He was wearing a pressed, white, form-fitting tuxedo shirt with a bow tie and very tight black slacks that showed off his entire lower body. He had all the right curves in all the right places. Broad round shoulders, slightly heaving pecs and a bulging package. He was breath-takingly gorgeous. Brian's jaw dropped and thought, 'oh yeah.' Justin saw the same things that Brian did as well as Brian's reaction to them, his jaw dropped and thought, 'oh fuck.' The waiter looked over at the two gorgeous men at the table, used all the willpower he could muster to keep his jaw from dropping and thought, 'fuck yeah.'   
  
The tall, dark and handsome man cleared his throat and walked up to the table. "Bonsoir Monsieurs. My name is Chandler and..."   
  
Justin smiled trying to silent another growing giggle at the name. Brian kicked him under the table.   
  
"...it is going to be my pleasure to be your host for this evening."   
  
During Chandler's introduction, Brian sat back in his chair, moved his hand to his groin, brushed once and then let it settle in place covering his cock like a sheet. It was just a subtle gesture, no straight guy would have even noticed it. Brian watched as Chandler's eyes caught the movement and lingered on the vision just long enough for him to get his answer. He removed his hand and brought it back up to the table. 'Oh, yeah.'   
  
"Good evening, Chandler," Justin said as he returned the favor and kicked Brian under the table.   
  
Brian glanced at Justin. Busted. He turned back to look at Chandler. Chandler was now looking at Justin.   
  
Now Brian cleared his throat then said, "Yeah, good evening, Chandler," with a little extra emphasis on the name.   
  
"Can I start you gentlemen off with a cocktail before your dinner?" Chandler asked to the both of them but never taking his eyes off the radiant blond who was returning the lingering gaze.   
  
Without waiting for a reply from his date, Brian answered for the both of them, "No, I think we would like to start with the wine and the first course." Justin was still staring at Chandler so Brian quickly added, "Right, dear?" That got his attention.   
  
Justin broke eye contact and looked back at Brian smiling. "Yes, that would be great. I'm famished."   
  
"Very well then," Chandler said and made his exit.   
  
Brian and Justin both took a peek as he walked away. The view of the back was as good as the view from the front. 'Nice ass' was Justin's first thought as he felt a twinge in his cock and adjusted in his seat. Justin turned back and looked at Brian who was adjusting in his seat as well. 'Ah-oh,' was his second thought.   
  
Brian grinned quickly and tilted his head. He didn't want to do it, but he just had to ask, "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"   
  
Justin got up from his chair and walked over to Brian. He stood behind him, draping his arms down his chest then leaned in next to his ear. "Brian," he whispered, his hot breath touching Brian's skin and making him slightly shiver, "please don't fuck the waiter. We're on a date."   
  
'Obviously not,' Brian thought. He covered Justin's arms with his hands and rubbed them up and down as he replied, "Justin, I'm surprised at you. Why would you even think that I would do such a thing?"   
  
"Brian."   
  
"Somebody's jealous," Brian teased.   
  
"Brian."   
  
"I'll tell you what. I won't if you won't."   
  
"Good. Because I won't," Justin said, then kissed Brian on the ear before standing back up to return to his seat. "So that means, you can't."   
  
Brian put his hands to his heart as if he had been stabbed and laughed. "You're killing me Sunshine. Just killing me."   
  
"I'm sure you'll survive." Justin rubbed Brian's leg with this foot under the table. "In fact, I'll see to it."   
  
"Ooooh, now you're talking," Brian said with a wink.   
  
Chandler reappeared carrying a bottle of wine and a cork screw. He held up the bottle showing the label and then explained, "To start your meal, our Sommelier has selected Puligny-Montrachet Paul Pernot 1996. Is that acceptable?" After both men nodded their heads, he carefully screwed the utensil in and pulled the cork out with expert precision while Justin watched, fascinated by the movements. Chandler picked up Justin's wine glass from the table, poured about an inch into the bottom of the glass and held it out in front of Justin.   
  
Justin took the glass and removed it from Chandler's hands. Justin knew that the wine tasting was usually offered to the head of the table and wondered why Chandler had given him the glass. He shrugged it off as a mistake, smiled at Chandler, reached across the table and handed it to Brian to do the tasting.   
  
"Pardonnez-moi," Chandler said as he turned his attention away from the blond and towards Brian who was looking at him smugly.   
  
Brian swilled the wine around in the glass, took a sip and nodded his approval. Justin smiled at him and Brian planted his tongue in his cheek.   
  
"Very well, monsieur," Chandler said, then filled their glasses. He sat the bottle down on the cart that was near the door and disappeared inside again.   
  
"That was very sexy, Brian," Justin said seductively then took a sip of his wine. "Mmmm, that's good."   
  
"He's alright."   
  
Justin almost choked on his wine. "Brian! Not him. You."   
  
"Uh huh, just remember our agreement."   
  
"Brian what are you talking about?"   
  
"Chandler," Brian said sarcastically, "he's flirting with you."   
  
"No, he's....."   
  
But before Justin could finish his words, Chandler returned pushing a cart. He came back to the table, removed the napkin from Brian's plate and draped it over his lap casually. He then picked up Justin's napkin and did the same only this time he brushed lightly across Justin's cock with his hand as he did it. Justin's eyes widened at the contact. Chandler went back to the cart.   
  
"...not?" Brian asked, finishing Justin's previous thought for him. Brian scooted his chair closer to the table to prepare to be served. Justin did the same.   
  
Chandler returned with two bowls, placed them on top of the plates in front of them and announced what he was serving. "Chilled Celeriac and Salt Cod Soup with Chive Oil." He then picked up Justin's spoon and held it out for him. His whole hand covered the handle of the spoon.   
  
Justin had no choice but to touch the hand as he took the spoon. "Thank you," he said glancing toward Brian.   
  
Chandler picked up Brian's spoon by the tip of the handle and held it up. Brian looked at him with narrowed eyes and jerked the spoon out of his hand swinging his arm away quickly.   
  
"Appréciez," Chandler said as he left them alone again.   
  
Justin looked at Brian with a worried look.   
  
Brian let out a deep breath and sighed as he looked down at his soup, stirring the spoon around in the bowl. "Story of my life, Sunshine," Brian moaned with a grin.   
  
"What's that?" Justin asked.   
  
"Everyone always wants what I've got," Brian answered, finally taking a bite of the soup.   
  
Justin smiled again and started to eat his soup as well.   
  
Brian looked up. "What?"   
  
Justin didn't answer, he just kept eating with a grin.   
  
They continued to eat and talk as Chandler brought the next few courses. He announced each one, always looking at Justin as he spoke. "Lime Marinated Scallop Ceviche with Scallop Tartare, Avocado and Crème Frâiche Sesame Filo."   
  
Brian was starting to feel invisible and it was pissing him off. He hadn't lied to Justin, everyone always did want he had and he was used to it by now, but usually what he had, that they all wanted, was a great body, a big dick and a reputation for great sex. What he wasn't used to was them wanting the new thing that he had, a beautiful blond twink with a perfect ass. He wasn't so sure that he liked this new development. He no longer wanted to be a good little boy and share his belongings. He reached his hand across the table and held it open. Justin took the hint and placed his hand on top. Brian gave it a squeeze which earned him another smile.   
  
The next course arrived just as they were finishing the last one, "Seared and Poached Foie Gras in a Sauternes Consommé," Chandler said, again directed toward Justin.   
  
"What's that?" Justin asked Brian.   
  
"Goose liver pate," Brian answered in unison with Chandler. Brian's head shot up and gave Chandler a glare. He was getting tired of his flirting.   
  
"Maybe it's better if I don't ask," Justin said with a wrinkled nose but taking a bite anyway.   
  
Brian laughed at Justin's comment. So did Chandler. Brian shot him another glare. Chandler quickly went back to business. "More wine, monseiur?" he asked Justin.   
  
"Yes, please. This is very good."   
  
Chandler refilled Justin's glass then turned to Brian and gestured with the bottle. Brian did not acknowledge the gesture. He wasn't going to tolerate being ignored. Chandler finally spoke up, "And you, monseiur?"   
  
'That's more like it,' Brian thought and decided to answer, "Yes." Chandler filled his glass and left.   
  
Justin noticed that Brian's demeanor seemed off somehow but decided to shrug it off. When Chandler returned with the next plate, Justin knew it wasn't his imagination. Justin decided to watch Brian's reaction to Chandler's presence.   
  
"Roasted Sea Bass with Braised Fennel, Parmesan and Fennel Gnocchi, Green Olive and Vanilla Sauce," was announced by Chandler to Justin, but this time Justin did not acknowledge him. He noticed that Chandler never looked at Brian but Brian hadn't taken his eyes off of Chandler. Chandler left without saying another word. Justin watched Brian's eyes follow the gorgeous waiter out the door. He decided to say something. "Brian, are you having a good time?"   
  
"Of course, aren't you?" Brian answered with another question to turn the attention away from his mood.   
  
"I'm having a wonderful time, but you seem bothered by something." Justin wasn't going to let him off the hook that easily.   
  
"Hmmm, well, I just can't believe the rudeness of the French sometimes."   
  
"Whose being rude?" Justin asked.   
  
"Whose being rude?" Brian said with a raised voice, "Mr. Bing, who else?"   
  
Justin giggled at Brian's nickname for the handsome waiter. "He's not rude, I think he's very polite."   
  
"You would," Brian mumbled.   
  
Justin continued to giggle as he removed his napkin from his lap, pushed away from the table and walked around to Brian's side. Brian pushed his chair back and picked up his napkin just as Justin sat down in his lap. "Ohhh, are you upset that he hasn't pulled you into a bathroom stall yet?" Justin teased as he wrapped his arms around his brooding lover and placed a kiss on his neck.   
  
"Justin," Brian said rolling his eyes.   
  
Justin continued to tease him, "No? Then are you upset that he hasn't dropped to his knees and worshipped your big cock?" Justin continued to kiss all over his neck. Brian's big cock started to respond. Justin kissed up his neck until his mouth was right next to his ear then whispered, "I could do it," before taking a bite on the man's ear lobe.   
  
Brian moaned at the thought but quickly composed himself. He pulled his head back, trying to get away from Justin's mouth and asked, "Justin, fuck, what are you doing? I don't want to drag him into a bathroom stall and I don't want him to worship my cock."   
  
Justin pulled back to look into those intense hazel eyes. "Then what?" he asked. "Tell me."   
  
"No. It's nothing."   
  
"Tell me," Justin said again, tightening his arms around Brian's neck.   
  
"I don't want him worshipping yours either. Ok? There. I told you. Now get off of me before I drag your ass to the bathroom."   
  
Justin's face illuminated the whole terrace just before he covered his lover's mouth in a crushing kiss. His heart was pounding, his blood was racing through his body, he didn't want the kiss to ever end, but the need for air took over and he reluctantly pulled away, leaving both of them panting.   
  
Brian nudged and they both stood up. He took the blond's hand in his. "Bathroom, now!" he snapped, pulling him towards the glass doors.  Justin was just about to object when they ran smack into a human wall that had been the topic of conversation.   
  
"Pardon, monsieurs, are you ready for your next item?" Chandler asked.   
  
Justin pulled his hand away from the warmth of Brian's and answered, "Uh, yes, we are. Right, Brian?" He turned and sat back down trying to hide the obvious bulge that had crept up during the kiss.   
  
Brian let out a big puff of air, rubbed his face and agreed before taking his seat as well.   
  
Chandler removed their plates, grabbed a new bottle of wine and returned to the table, a little closer to Justin's side. "The chef has prepared Roasted Best End of Lamb with Aubergine Caviar and Rosemary JusFrench Farm for your main entree' and our Sommelier has selected Cabernet-Sauvignon Fay Vineyards Heitz Cellars, Napa Valley 1975 as its accompanient." He held the bottle in front of his waist allowing his package to peek out just below the bottom of the bottle.   
  
It was practically in front of Justin's face and he couldn't help but notice it. He was already in a horny state from the intense kiss he shared with Brian so he licked his lips unconsciously. The sound of Brian's voice brought him out of his trance.   
  
"That will be fine," Brian said, raising his eyebrows at Justin.   
  
Justin smiled, blushed, and mouthed the word 'sorry' to Brian. He felt bad for noticing Chandler's package when Brian was already feeling jealous, even though Justin knew that Brian wouldn't admit that that had been his problem.   
  
Chandler caught the exchange between the two lover's and smiled as he proceeded to open the new bottle of wine. He poured a small amount into a new glass and started to hand it to Justin but then changed his direction and handed it to Brian instead, with the smile still on his face.   
  
Brian took the glass, did the usual swirl and sip then gave his approval and sat the glass down. He just couldn't help himself and quickly said, "Bing, I guess there's hope for you yet."   
  
"Brian," Justin said disapprovingly.   
  
"Pardon?" Chandler asked knowing full well what Brian meant.   
  
Brian didn't answer. He just sat back in his chair and looked at Justin with a smirk on his face. Justin shook his head and giggled.  They shared small talk as they ate their dinner and drank their wine.   
  
When they were done, Justin looked at Brian and asked, "Brian, will you dance with me?"   
  
"Here?"   
  
"Yes, please. Come on. It will be really romantic," Justin pleaded.   
  
"You mean, ridicuously romantic, don't you?" Brian asked, remembering the last time they had danced to music other then the techno beat at Babylon.   
  
"Huh?" Justin asked, not understanding the importance of the sentiment.   
  
Brian grimaced at the sharp pain that shot through his heart. "Nevermind. Of course, I'll dance with you," Brian answered, wanting to make a new ridicuously romantic memory.   
  
Justin bolted out of his chair, happy as clam and waited for Brian to join him.   
  
Brian stood up, joined his lover over by the balcony railing and held his hand out to Justin. Justin placed his smaller hand inside the larger one and Brian wrapped his long fingers around it. Brian slid his other arm over Justin's shoulder as Justin draped his free arm around Brian's waist and pressed their bodies together. Justin laid his head against the taller man's chest and closed his eyes. They swayed like that in silence for the rest of the song. When it ended Brian started to pull away. Justin released his hand but then wrapped it around Brian's waist to join the other, locked his fingers together and pulled him closer. "More," he said, never lifting his head from the comfort of listening to Brian's heartbeat.   
  
As the next song started, Brian draped his other arm around Justin's neck and tangled his fingers through the blond hair. Chandler appeared in the doorway, but stopped abruptly when Brian shot him a look that said 'go away'.   
  
Justin was in heaven and oblivious to the near intrusion. He opened his eyes and tilted his head up, silently asking for a kiss. Brian met the waiting mouth with soft kisses. They continued to sway and kiss through the entire song. The song ended but they still stayed together, neither one wanting to move from the embrace. Brian broke the silence first, "This is nice."   
  
"Mmm hmm," Justin purred as he returned his head to its previous resting spot.   
  
The music started again. About ten seconds into the song there was a familiar sound. Brian stopped moving. "What the fuck is that?"   
  
Justin answered instinctively, "It's Mendelssohn's Vio..." His head shot up abruptly when he realized what he was about to say.   
  
Brian released his hold on Justin and said, "I'll be back," then bolted out the door while mumbling something about tortured cats, leaving Justin standing in the middle of the terrace all alone. Brian hadn't been gone but a minute when the music suddenly changed.   
  
Justin was relieved that the music had changed but worried whether it had already ruined the evening. The waiting for Brian to return was extruciating. Brian appeared through the door and Justin quickly observed his face for a sign of Brian's mood. He seemed angry at first but when their eyes locked, Justin was instantly relieved that Brian smiled.   
  
"Did you know that Bing has been standing inside there waiting for us to finish the dance? I told him the change in music wasn't the way to get a healthy tip," Brian said teasingly.   
  
"Brian."   
  
"I'm kidding, Justin. It wasn't Bing's fault. I told Donatien ahead of time about that shit. He apologized. End of story. How about we get back to our dinner?" Brian said almost gleefully as he nodded to Chandler to serve the next course, then moved towards the table.   
  
Justin stood there amazed. Brian had really taken care of everything to make sure their night was perfect. Every detail was addressed, including the 'no violin' music clause. His heart grew in his chest, his dick grew in his pants and he couldn't help himself. He walked up behind Brian and put his arms around the man, squeezing so tight that he couldn't breathe. When his arms loosened their hold, Brian turned around and pulled him up for a crushing kiss.   
  
Chandler walked through the door and stopped, not knowing whether they wanted the interruption or not. Brian broke the kiss before he could leave and pulled away saying, "Oh look Justin, Bing has some cheese. Do you want some cheese? I think I want some cheese." He swatted Justin on the ass, walked back to the table and plopped down in his chair.   
  
Justin smiled while shaking his head and went back to the table to sit down, thinking about how perfect and romantic the date had been so far. Perfect, in that Brian-and-Justin-something-always-goes-wrong, kind of way. And romantic in that Brian Kinney kind of way.   
  
"What?" Brian asked.   
  
"Nothing," Justin replied still grinning. He felt his pants tighten and adjusted himself in his seat.   
  
Brian noticed Justin squirm and grinned back at him with raised eyebrows, causing Justin to blush. He then waved Chandler over, who had been standing to the side, waiting for them to take their seats, signalling him that they were ready to be served.   
  
Chandler sat the cheese tray on the table and glanced at Justin, noticing the slight pink tint to his pale skin. "For cleansing of the palate, monsieur," he said as he picked up Justin's napkin and placed it back in the blond's lap. Again, he trailed his fingers against Justin's cock, this time feeling the hardness. Justin's eyes again widened, then immediately met with the dark-brown ones, just in time to see one of them wink at him. He darted his eyes to the intense hazel ones just in time to see them narrow with anger. 'Ah-oh.'   
  
Chandler picked up Brian's napkin and when he placed it on Brian's lap, the angered man grabbed his wrist and stood up abruptly, his chair falling to the ground. "You're pretty fucking stupid, aren't you, Bing?" Brian barked, walking towards the door, still gripping Chandler's arm, causing him to walk backwards in the same direction. "You need to get a fucking clue, no way in hell am I going to allow your tongue to..." Brian paused then added sarcastically with a scrunched up nose "...cleanse the palate of my partner..."   
  
"Brian," Justin interrupted standing up.   
  
Brian's head shot over at him and his hand landed on his shoulder pushing him back down in his seat. He took another step towards the door. Chandler bumped into the serving cart, causing it to topple over with a loud crash. Brian yanked the door opened, grabbed a hold of Chandler's well-pressed shirt and basically tossed him through the door. "You stupid fuck!" Brian yelled as he swung the door closed behind him. Brian marched over to the railing in the corner, pounded his fists on the railing and shouted, "GODDAMMITT!!"   
  
Donatien came barrelling through the door with horror and confusion written all over his face. Justin quickly scrambled to his feet to meet him before he could ask what the problem was. "Donatien, let me explain....Chandler was flirting with me....and well..." Justin said smiling. "...Brian doesn't like that."   
  
Brian glanced over his shoulder, made a huff and rolled his eyes. He turned around and said as he approached his lover and the shocked maitre d', "That wasn't flirting Justin, he fucking had his hand on your dick..." Justin raised his eyebrows and drew his lips in trying to hold back a giggle. "...You call that flirting? Is that what you train them to do these days, Donatien?"   
  
Donatien tried to speak up, "No Monsieur Kinney, I can assure you..."   
  
Brian waved him off with his arm and returned to the railing pacing back and forth like a wild animal. This was exactly why he didn't do relationships. That ache that you get in your gut when someone wants what you have. He hated it.   
  
"Donatien," Justin said calmly. "Can you leave us alone for awhile?"   
  
"Of course, Monsieur Taylor, the terrace was reserved for the whole evening. I'm so sorry for Chandler's behavior, I don't know..."   
  
Justin interrupted him. "It'll be fine, really," he said ushering him out the door.   
  
"Oui, of course, you call me if you decide to continue with dess...." Donatien said as the door closed, cutting him off.   
  
Justin turned around to look back at Brian, now leaning against the railing. The man was angry and frustrated but with the wind blowing around wisps of his hair, and the spectacular view of the city's night skyline behind him, he didn't appear angry. All Justin could think about was how beautiful he was and how larger than life he looked. Nineteen stories in the air, soaring buildings were merely inches tall beside Brian's 6'3" inch frame. Even though Brian would never admit it, he must really love him to react that way and do all that he'd done to make the night so special.   
  
Justin wanted to feel Brian's arms wrapped around him like they had been in the elevator and when they danced. He wanted to get the evening back on track. To end their perfect date, well...perfectly. He thought back to a dream that he'd had before they'd gotten back together. They were fucking in mid-air. High in the sky with the city below them and this was as close to that dream coming true as they were going to get. It was perfect. Justin's dick swelled at the thought and a wicked grin formed on his luscious lips. He quickly made his way to Brian to put his plan in motion. Standing right behind his brooding lover, he pressed their bodies together. "Brian, kiss me," he said in a low seductive voice.   
  
"No," Brian said harshly.   
  
"Brian, kiss me," he said again as he ran his hands over his lover's back, trying to ease the tension.   
  
"No," he said again, shrugging off Justin's touch.   
  
"Brian," Justin said as he put his hands on his lover's hips.   
  
"No, I'm pissed off, Justin, or haven't you noticed?"   
  
Justin replied, "I noticed you're pissed off and you're jealous." His hands roamed around to the front and undid Brian's belt buckle.   
  
Brian closed his eyes, still trying to fight off that feeling of giving in to the persuasive little nympho that thrived on his jealousy. It took everything he had, but he managed to respond, "Fuck you. I am not."   
  
"Are too, and you know how I can get when you get jealous," Justin said unzipping his lover's pants, snaking his hand inside and wrapping his nimble fingers around Brian's cock.   
  
"I'm not in the mood, Justin," he said, but not very convincingly as he gripped the railing tighter.   
  
Justin never removed his hand but slithered his body under Brian's arm so that he was standing between him and the railing. "You will be, kiss me," Justin said before devouring Brian's mouth with his own and forcing his tongue inside. Brian eventually gave in and returned the kiss, his tongue diving deep into Justin's mouth. Justin pulled away from the kiss first and began stroking Brian's throbbing dick. "Are you in the mood now?"   
  
"No," Brian moaned, still being stubborn.   
  
Justin rubbed his thumb over the sensitive head, smearing the precum that had begun to leak. He heard Brian gasp. "Are you in the mood now?" he asked again as he pumped his hand harder. Justin's lust-filled blue eyes looked intently into passion-glazed hazel orbs, searching for an answer.   
  
The answer came with a kiss when Brian dipped his head down and smothered Justin's swollen lips. Their tongues intertwined and battled as they gnawed at each other's mouths. Brian released his grip on the railing and gripped Justin's ass instead, bringing the boy's groin slamming into his own.   
  
Justin pulled away, to catch his breath. He removed his hand from Brian's pants and shoved it into the pocket to retrieve the needed supplies. Finding the condom and lube, he pulled his hand back out. He placed the foil packet between his teeth and shoved the lube into Brian's hand then busied himself pulling Brian's pants down to his thighs. He quickly ripped open the condom packet and rolled the latex disc over Brian's leaking erection. His chest was still heaving, his whole body was buzzing with the desire that had taken him over.  Justin looked back up at Brian who was standing still, mesmerized by the sight of his lover in such need. Justin smiled at him and then moved in for another crushing kiss. His tongue darted into his lover's mouth and frantically flitted back and forth at a rapid pace as he hurried to unbutton and unzip his pants and push them down and over his thighs. His cock sprung out and bounced in the air at the freedom.   
  
He pulled away from the kiss, leaving Brian dumbstruck at what was going on. Justin smiled at him again and grabbed the lube out of the man's hand. He removed the cap, squirted a generous amount in Brian's hand, threw the lube on the ground and turned around. He leaned forward against the railing, pushed his hips back against Brian's dick, placed his hands on his ass and spread his cheeks apart showing Brian what he wanted.   
  
When Brian didn't react quick enough to his liking, he pushed his hips back again and shouted, "Brian! Fuck me, NOW!"   
  
That got Brian into the game. He moved one hand to Justin's shoulder, the other lubed one to Justin's twitching hole and soothingly rubbed against it before slowly pushing a finger inside.   
  
Justin bucked again. "Harder!"   
  
Brian pulled his one finger all the way out and slammed three back in, palm deep.   
  
Justin moved his hands to the railing and arched his back into it. "Fuck yeah!" he gasped overcome at the roughness. This was what he wanted.   
  
Brian began pumping his fingers hard in and out, finger fucking Justin quickly and harshly. He grabbed a hold of the blond's hair and yanked his head back so that his ear was close his mouth. "Is this the way you like it? Hard and fast?"   
  
"Yes," Justin replied through labored breaths.   
  
"Is this what you want? My fingers jabbing your hole? Or do you want me to shove my dick up your ass?"   
  
"Yes," Justin answered again.   
  
"Yes, what? Tell me what you want," Brian demanded. He kept plunging his fingers deep inside as he waited for Justin's answer.   
  
"I want your dick in my ass," Justin finally said.   
  
"You got it, Sunshine," Brian said. He released Justin's hair, allowing his head to fall forward then grabbed his shoulder again for leverage. He pulled his lubed fingers out, grabbed Justin's cock and squeezed it hard as he drove his dick in balls deep in one painfully swift movement.   
  
"Oh fuck," Justin screamed.   
  
Brian thrusted in and out hard, Justin bucked back into every thrust. Brian pumped his hand in rhythm. The railing vibrated and shook under Justin's tight grip. Justin opened his eyes and found himself looking straight down at the street nineteen floors below, he felt dizzy. He closed his eyes again, but he wanted more.   
  
"Harder," Justin demanded.   
  
Brian obeyed. The railing rattled and the sound of chipping concrete popped in his ears. He released Justin's throbbing cock and grabbed Justin by the waist to pull him away from the side of the balcony. Brian was worried and slowed down the pace.   
  
"NO!!" Justin screamed. "Keep going. Harder." Justin wouldn't let go. He opened his eyes again and stared at the ground. He could feel the wind blowing in his hair. They were fucking in mid-air and he didn't want it to stop. Justin grabbed Brian's hand and moved it back to his dick.   
  
Brian pulled it back to his hip.   
  
"No," Justin whimpered. "Please, Brian." He closed his eyes tight.   
  
"Justin, I can't jerk you off and hold onto you at the same time. The fucking railing is going to give away. We have to back up," Brian tried to explain.   
  
"No! Don't stop!" He thrusted back against Brian. "Harder!"   
  
Brian tightened his grip on Justin's hips and pulled hard enough that it lifted Justin's feet off the ground. Justin's grip tightened on the railing. He refused to let go. "Fuck! Justin!" Brian finally gave in, developing a new urge to fuck him relentlessly. He set his feet back on the ground and pounded into him over and over.   
  
Justin felt his body tense up. He bucked wildly against Brian meeting every thrust. The railing rattled and clanked under his grip. Brian was gripping Justin's hips so tightly it was going to leave a mark. He was overcome with the sheer need of his lover. Fear and excitement made his heart pound harder. The sounds of cracking concrete and howling wind sent shivers down his spine. He was close and needed to end this.   
  
Justin was almost there and knew that Brian was too. He tightened his muscles and slammed back as hard as he could, his cock bounced in the air. "Make me fly! Do it, NOW!!" Justin screamed, leaned forward over the railing and waited for Brian to take him there. He felt Brian's cock pulsate in his ass just as Brian let loose.   
  
"Hold on!" Brian screamed as his orgasm roared through his body and he lifted Justin's hips, leaving his feet dangling in the air.   
  
That was it. He opened his eyes. The euphoria of looking down at the ground from high in the air, the wind tosselling his hair and the warm feeling of weightlessness sent him over the edge and he spiraled into his own mind-blowing orgasm without even touching his dick. He fought to keep his eyes open, to watch the cum shoot from his bouncing cock in pulsing streams over the edge of the building and down to the street below. All he could hear was the wind blowing and the rapid thumping of his heart.   
  
Brian's arms wrapped around Justin, pulling his limp body tightly against his chest. Justin let go of the railing and let his head fall back against Brian's shoulder. They stayed like that as they tried to regain control of their breathing.   
  
"That was fucking hot, Sunshine, but shit, it was so scary. Why wouldn't you let go?" Brian asked, breaking the silence.   
  
"Promise not to laugh?" Justin asked.   
  
"No," Brian answered laughing. Justin elbowed him in the stomach. "Ok, ok," Brian promised.   
  
"Before we got back together, when I was missing you..." Justin explained. He felt Brian tense at the memory. He covered the large hands with his own and intertwined their fingers then went on. "...I had this dream that you had somehow learned to levitate and we were fucking in mid-air."   
  
Brian snickered, "That's kinky Justin."   
  
"I thought it was more like being in heaven," Justin said.   
  
"So that's what you were thinking about? Tonight. That's what it felt like?"   
  
"Uh huh."   
  
"I guess dreams really can come true sometimes," Brian said placing a kiss on the side of Justin's face.   
  
"Uh huh." Justin closed his eyes, content in his lover's arms.   
  
After another few moments of silence, Brian pulled away from their embrace, turned Justin around to face him and started pulling up their pants. He took care of Justin's first, ensuring to tuck and zip carefully, then did the same with his own after disposing of the used condom. When he was done, he pulled Justin in for another tight hug.   
  
Justin spoke, "Brian, thank you."   
  
"For what? Not throwing you over the railing when I had the chance?" Brian asked, placing a kiss on top of the blond head.   
  
"No. For everything. Agreeing to go on a date. Bringing me here. Making all the arrangements. Dancing with me. For making everything perfect."   
  
"You're not going to get all maudlin on me now are you?"   
  
"I might," Justin teased.   
  
"Oh, geesh. I can't take you anywhere."   
  
They stood in silence a few more minutes then Brian and said softly, "Justin, thanks."   
  
"What for?"   
  
"For letting me."   
  
Justin lifted his head so that they were face to face. He searched his lover's eyes and found a nakedness that he had only seen a few times. He lifted up on his toes and placed a loving kiss on the man's warm lips.   
  
Brian pulled away and said, "I think we should probably get out of here. What do you think?"   
  
"Yeah."   
  
Justin took one more look around the terrace before they left. The place had been perfect. They walked into the restaurant and met up with Donatien at the entrance.   
  
"Ah, Monseiur Kinney, is everything alright now?" Donatien asked with concern.   
  
Brian looked down at Justin, smiled and said, "Yep, everything is fine now." He turned back to Donatien, motioned toward Justin with his head and said smiling, "He knows how to turn any bad situation in to a good one."   
  
Justin blushed.   
  
"Well, très bon Monseiur Taylor," Donatien said. "Again, I'm very sorry for Chandler's lewd behavior. I assure you that the matter has been dealt with appropriately."   
  
"Mmmm, Mr. Bing. What did you do with him? Chop off his head?" Brian asked jokingly.   
  
"No, Monseiur Kinney, we French don't do that anymore. This is modern times," Donatien replied laughing. "Let's just say that Chandler is no longer under our employ so you feel free to come back another time without any problèmes."   
  
"Donatien, that really wasn't necessary," Justin said feeling a little sorry for the lewd but gorgeous waiter.   
  
"Oh, on the contrary, Monseiur Taylor," Donatien explained. "We value our reputation among our best customers and Monseiur Kinney has always been one of the very best. The chef wanted to make up for your displeasure with our service this evening so the meal is on the house and we hope that you will give us another chance to make a memorable evening for you."   
  
"Thank you, Donatien, I'm sure we will do this again," Brian said nonchalantly.   
  
Justin smiled, grabbed Brian's hand and gave it a squeeze.   
  
"Bon," Donatien said. "Bonsoir, Monseiur Kinney. Bonsoir, Monseiur Taylor."   
  
"Goodnight."   
  
"Bye."   
  
Brian and Justin walked out of the restaurant arm in arm. They hugged and kissed all the way down in the elevator. They walked outside laughing and smiling then saw Chandler leaning up against the building smoking a cigarette. Brian looked directly at him then back at Justin, wrapped his arm around the blond's neck and pulled his lover, his property, in for a passionate kiss, silently saying 'mine'. He pulled away and looked back at Mr. Bing with a smirk.   
  
Justin knew what Brian was doing and he loved it. He smiled up at him and said, "Brian."   
  
"What?"   
  
"I love it when you get jealous."   
  
"I know," Brian replied and pulled his little nympho toward the parking lot.   
  
As they were getting into the car, Justin suddenly had a thought. "Brian, we didn't get to eat dessert," he whined.   
  
"I know. We'll buy some ice cream on the way home."   
  
"Oooh, I love ice cream," Justin exclaimed excitedly.   
  
"I know."   
  
"I love ice cream on your cock," Justin said seductively.   
  
"I know."   
  
"Brian."   
  
"What?"   
  
"I want dessert," Justin answered while placing his hand on Brian's dick and giving it a squeeze.   
  
This was exactly why he was in a relationship with Justin. That ache that you get in your gut when someone wants what you have. He loved it.

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| --- | --- |
| Brian and Justin stepped into the elevator. The doors closed behind them and Brian pushed the button for the top floor, number nineteen. They were all dressed up in their $1,500.00 newly tailored suits and were about to embark on an evening of fine wining and dining. As the elevator began its accent, Brian straightened his suit jacket and tie. Justin watched Brian primping himself in the distorted reflection of the stainless steel elevator walls and his mind drifted to how incredibly beautiful the tall brunet was. Brian glanced over and smiled. Justin smiled back but seemed to be a little nervous. This was their first "real" date and Brian had made it clear that it would be the only date as well. He didn't do dates afterall. So, Justin wanted to make sure that his one time shot was perfect. "Do I look OK?" Justin asked with trepidation.   Brian approached his lover. He brushed some stray hairs off the blond's forehead, straighened out the suit jacket on his shoulders and tugged on the front. "Are you kidding?" He pulled Justin away from the wall and spun him around. He moved in closer behind him, his groin rubbing up against the blond's ass. He wrapped his arms around him, lowered his head to rest on the boy's shoulder and began lightly smoothing out the invisible wrinkles. "You artist types always dress so sloppy, but look at yourself, Justin, you are fucking hot. That suit fits you perfectly. I can envision every inch your body hiding underneath it."   Justin smiled at Brian's words. He waited for more.   Brian's hands continued to roam around different parts of the suit, loving the textured feel of the fabric. He knew Justin would look hot in it. That's why he had picked out that very one. Just the right shade of blue to bring out his eyes. Pleats and lines cut in all the right places to accentuate some of the boy's best features...a plentiful package in front and a bountiful bottom in back. His hands moved further down, lightly grazing Justin's cock which twitched at the contact and returned the graze. His own responded in like and bumped into Justin's backside. Brian raised his eyebrows into their reflections. "Whoops!" he said as he ground his groin against his lover again.   Justin blushed at their hardening dicks but smiled anyway. "Brian, stop it. Dinner first, then dessert." He turned his head and placed a soft kiss on the older man's cheek. "Besides, you didn't spend all that money to get me this suit just so you could rip it off me and fuck me. You could have done that at home." Justin pulled Brian's roaming hands away from his dick and entertwined their fingers as he crossed their arms around his chest. "I want our first date to be perfect. Romance. Candlelight. Good bottle of wine. Do you think you can restrain yourself long enough for that?"   "Me? What about you? I recall feeling your dick say hello first," Brian replied, acting pissed off but letting his smile give him away.   "Maybe so, but I have restraint and can wait until after our wonderful evening before I attack you," Justin responded, trying to maintain a straight face so that Brian knew he was serious.   "You have restraint? That's bullshit. Who was the one that jumped my bones when we had your suit tailored? Hmmm? That wasn't me, you little nympho." He knew Justin didn't have any restraint. He ground a little harder to prove his point.   Justin's cock twitched again at the memory of their afternoon at Ermanno's and he was starting to feel a little defeated, but he really wanted this date. He quickly shook the memory from his mind. He could wait it out. No problem. "Brian, I'm serious. You promised me a romantic evening and that's what I want right now. Later, OK?" He gave Brian another kiss on the cheek.   "Fine," Brian said with a huff. He released their hands, backed away and staightened his jacket again. "Christ!" he griped as he adjusted his own plentiful package and wiggled his legs to get it to fall back into its proper place.   Justin giggled at the obvious effect that they had on each other. For Brian's sake, as well as his own, he decided to change the subject to something that didn't have anything to do with sexy suits, hot bods or hard dicks. "Brian?"   "Hmmm?" Brian responded with his eyes closed, still trying to will his dick to calm down.   "Tell me about this restaurant. Have you been here before? What's it like?"   Brian opened his eyes finally able to carry on with the evening as planned. He looked over at his lover to find his face displaying a hint of innocence. Justin's nervousness from earlier had returned and he appeared apprehensive. Brian wanted to reassure him. This date was meant to be perfect for Justin, he didn't want him nervous. "Hey, relax. It's just a restaurant. It's a four-star French restaurant with the best chef this side of the Mississippi..." He saw Justin draw in a big breath. "...Hey, I seem to remember you being very well versed in the proper etiquette of fine dining when you were instructing Mikey. You'll do fine. OK?"   Justin just nodded. He wasn't really nervous about the fanciness of the place, he just wanted this evening to go perfectly and every time Brian and Justin were involved in the equation, perfection never seemed to be in the mix. It seemed something would always go wrong.   Brian knew Justin hadn't relaxed yet so he continued talking, "You look hot, I look hot, the restaurant is hot. Everything is hot." That earned him a smile. "Oh, you're gonna love the food. That bottomless pit of yours is going to actually fill up for a change. I already ordered us the chef's sampler for tonight so you are going to be feasting on eight courses of Chef Gras' very best." Brian knew talking about food was the way to get Justin to relax and enjoy the evening and since Justin was smiling brightly again, he was sure he had succeeded. He was also pretty proud of himself for ordering only the very best that the restaurant had to offer. 'Who says I can't do romance?' he thought.   The elevator finally reached the nineteenth floor. The doors opened and Brian started to exit the car when Justin grabbed his arm and said, "Wait."   Brian stopped and held his arm over the sensor in the opened door so it wouldn't close on them. He turned to look at Justin with his eyebrows raised silently asking 'what?'   "So you have been here before?" Justin asked.   Not sure what the question meant, Brian answered immediately, "Of course." The smile that was once shining brightly suddenly disappeared and Justin looked down at the ground. 'Shit,' Brian thought, 'what is this about?' He assumed Justin was thinking that he had brought another guy here and now he was jealous. He took a deep breath, he hated this relationship stuff. 'A fucking rollercoaster, one minute you're up, the next minute you're down. Thank God, I don't do jealous.' He tried to get back into boyfriend mode and say the right thing. "Justin, you know I don't do romance and you know that I don't do dates. I came here with clients. The most important clients only. It was business. Ok?"   "No, yeah, I mean, I figured that," Justin said while he continued to stare at the floor.   Brian was getting impatient. If Justin knew that then what the fuck was the problem? He rubbed his hands across his face. "Look I didn't want to take you someplace that I've never been before. What if it sucked? You wanted this date to be perfect, well goddammit, it's going to be. I've made sure of it. Now can we go and start the fucking romance already?"   "Yeah, ok, sure," Justin mumbled as he started to move out of the elevator. This time Brian grabbed his arm and stopped him.   "Bullshit! What is it?" Brian barked at him.   "Did you fuck the waiter?"   "Fuck! I knew it! Justin, we are not going there. What do you want me to say? If you didn't already know the answer, you wouldn't have asked the question. Now is this really how you want your 'perfect' date to go? Because if it is, then you really suck at romance."   Justin couldn't help but laugh. The situation was far from funny, but the idea of Brian 'I don't do romance' Kinney telling him that his idea of romance sucked, well, it just made him laugh. He figured Brian was right, he was just being stupid. There probably wasn't a restaurant in Pittsburgh that hadn't been christened by Brian so they might as well go inside. Brian was bringing him, Justin Taylor, to this restaurant for a 'date'. That was better than any bathroom blowjob the waiter had received, or given. Whatever. "Yeah, you're right. I understand. Let's go," Justin said. He smiled slightly to show that he was fine with it then pulled Brian out of the elevator.   "That's better," Brian stated as he wrapped his arm around Justin's neck, gave him a squeeze and then kissed the side of the blond head. He leaned down to Justin's ear and whispered, "I know the maitre d', Sunshine, and the tall brunet that sucks at giving head was scheduled off tonight by my strict instructions."   Justin stopped dead in his tracks and looked at Brian with the smile that gave him his nickname then lifted up on his toes and captured Brian's lips in an intense kiss. Ending the kiss with a smack, he pulled away, and smiled again.   "What?" Brian asked acting as if he didn't know what the kiss was for. Justin playfully backhanded him across the stomach. Brian pretended to gasp and double over but he couldn't hold back his own laughter. "Come on, Sunshine, your perfect date awaits you."   As soon as they approached the maitre d' stand, an older gentlemen immediately put his arms out, "Ah, Bonsoir, Monsieur Kinney. Nice to see you again," and shook hands with Brian.   "Bonsoir, Donatien. Have all the arrangements been made?" Brian asked.   "Oui, of course. Everything has been taken care of, just as you requested. Always the best for our best customers. This is going to be soirée très spéciale," Donatien responded as he glanced over at Justin.   "Oh, Donatien, this is my partner, Justin Taylor. Justin, this is Donatien. Anything you want, this is the man to get it for you," Brian said, introducing them.   Justin shooks hands with Donatien, exchanged pleasantries and then grabbed Brian's hand and gave it a squeeze. Brian looked down at Justin to find him staring at him with a silly grin and a glazed over look in his eyes. "What?" he asked.   "Nothing," Justin replied nonchantly. On the outside he was cool as a cucumber, but on the inside, he wanted to explode. This was going to be a great evening.   "Is this your first visit to La Vue, Justin?" Donatien asked.   "Yes, it is."   "Well, Jean-Luc Gras is a great chef. Our Sommelier maintains over 1,400 selections of wine. We have a spectacular view of the city and our waiters are trained to cater to your every need and ensure that your dining experience is nothing less than spectaculaire."   "Ummm, sounds wonderful," Justin responded giving Brian's hand another squeeze.   Donatien continued. "Chef Gras has prepared a special meal for you and Monsieur Kinney and we have set up your table out on our private balcony as Monsieur Kinney requested. If you will follow me, we can get your evening started."   Justin followed Donatien, looking around the restaurant as they walked. The main dining room was softly lit. Justin could see why Brian liked this place. It was very plush, but urban and comfortable at the same time. It reminded him of the decor in the loft. Beautiful artwork hung on the walls, the furniture was modernistic and all the tables were covered with Frette linens. The entire dining room was surrounded by floor to ceiling windows so that every table in the room had a great view of the city. The windows had curtains but they were tied back on both sides. When they reached the other side of the room, Donatien opened two huge glass doors and ushered them out onto the private balcony. There had been no music playing in the main dining room, but the balcony had soft music playing in the background. The terrace was large but only had one table, so Justin assumed that the extra room was for dancing. Everything was perfect. Justin was already blown away at what Brian had set up for the evening and they hadn't even sat down yet.   Donatien pulled out Justin's chair for him and then did the same for Brian. He stood by the side of the table with his hands together in front of him and said, "Monsieur Kinney, Monsieur Taylor, I will leave you now to enjoy your dinner. Chandler will be your exclusive waiter this evening and he will be with you in just a moment. Appréciez!"   Brian nodded his head and Donatien left the terrace, pulling the curtains across after the huge glass doors closed. Their area was completely secluded from the other patrons in the restaurant.   Justin turned to Brian and laughed, "Chandler?"   Brian shared in his laughter. "So what do you think, Monseiur Taylor? Did I do good?"   Justin got up out of his chair, moved to Brian's side of the table and sat down in his lap. He covered Brian's mouth with his own, giving him a very passionate kiss. "Yes, you did great," Justin said pulling away from the kiss. "It's beautiful out here. The view is breathtaking. Thank God the weather cooperated. Doesn't the wind feel good? This is just perfect."   Brian gave Justin a quick kiss then scooted him off his lap. "Well, that's good. There's a lot to think about when planning the perfect date and this was exhausting," Brian said followed by a big dramatic sigh.   Justin swatted at his arm before he went back to his seat. "Brian, nobody said you had to go to all this trouble. I could have done the planning. I just wanted to be here with you. It doesn't matter who makes the arrangements."   Brian sat back in his chair. "Next time, you can do all the work then."   Justin beamed. 'Next time?'   "What?"   "Nothing."   Just then they heard the glass doors open. Brian and Justin both turned to find their waiter, a very handsome young man, walking through the doors and approaching them. The man was tall, with black hair, dark-brown eyes and appeared to be in his mid-twenties. He was wearing a pressed, white, form-fitting tuxedo shirt with a bow tie and very tight black slacks that showed off his entire lower body. He had all the right curves in all the right places. Broad round shoulders, slightly heaving pecs and a bulging package. He was breath-takingly gorgeous. Brian's jaw dropped and thought, 'oh yeah.' Justin saw the same things that Brian did as well as Brian's reaction to them, his jaw dropped and thought, 'oh fuck.' The waiter looked over at the two gorgeous men at the table, used all the willpower he could muster to keep his jaw from dropping and thought, 'fuck yeah.'   The tall, dark and handsome man cleared his throat and walked up to the table. "Bonsoir Monsieurs. My name is Chandler and..."   Justin smiled trying to silent another growing giggle at the name. Brian kicked him under the table.   "...it is going to be my pleasure to be your host for this evening."   During Chandler's introduction, Brian sat back in his chair, moved his hand to his groin, brushed once and then let it settle in place covering his cock like a sheet. It was just a subtle gesture, no straight guy would have even noticed it. Brian watched as Chandler's eyes caught the movement and lingered on the vision just long enough for him to get his answer. He removed his hand and brought it back up to the table. 'Oh, yeah.'   "Good evening, Chandler," Justin said as he returned the favor and kicked Brian under the table.   Brian glanced at Justin. Busted. He turned back to look at Chandler. Chandler was now looking at Justin.   Now Brian cleared his throat then said, "Yeah, good evening, Chandler," with a little extra emphasis on the name.   "Can I start you gentlemen off with a cocktail before your dinner?" Chandler asked to the both of them but never taking his eyes off the radiant blond who was returning the lingering gaze.   Without waiting for a reply from his date, Brian answered for the both of them, "No, I think we would like to start with the wine and the first course." Justin was still staring at Chandler so Brian quickly added, "Right, dear?" That got his attention.   Justin broke eye contact and looked back at Brian smiling. "Yes, that would be great. I'm famished."   "Very well then," Chandler said and made his exit.   Brian and Justin both took a peek as he walked away. The view of the back was as good as the view from the front. 'Nice ass' was Justin's first thought as he felt a twinge in his cock and adjusted in his seat. Justin turned back and looked at Brian who was adjusting in his seat as well. 'Ah-oh,' was his second thought.   Brian grinned quickly and tilted his head. He didn't want to do it, but he just had to ask, "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"   Justin got up from his chair and walked over to Brian. He stood behind him, draping his arms down his chest then leaned in next to his ear. "Brian," he whispered, his hot breath touching Brian's skin and making him slightly shiver, "please don't fuck the waiter. We're on a date."   'Obviously not,' Brian thought. He covered Justin's arms with his hands and rubbed them up and down as he replied, "Justin, I'm surprised at you. Why would you even think that I would do such a thing?"   "Brian."   "Somebody's jealous," Brian teased.   "Brian."   "I'll tell you what. I won't if you won't."   "Good. Because I won't," Justin said, then kissed Brian on the ear before standing back up to return to his seat. "So that means, you can't."   Brian put his hands to his heart as if he had been stabbed and laughed. "You're killing me Sunshine. Just killing me."   "I'm sure you'll survive." Justin rubbed Brian's leg with this foot under the table. "In fact, I'll see to it."   "Ooooh, now you're talking," Brian said with a wink.   Chandler reappeared carrying a bottle of wine and a cork screw. He held up the bottle showing the label and then explained, "To start your meal, our Sommelier has selected Puligny-Montrachet Paul Pernot 1996. Is that acceptable?" After both men nodded their heads, he carefully screwed the utensil in and pulled the cork out with expert precision while Justin watched, fascinated by the movements. Chandler picked up Justin's wine glass from the table, poured about an inch into the bottom of the glass and held it out in front of Justin.   Justin took the glass and removed it from Chandler's hands. Justin knew that the wine tasting was usually offered to the head of the table and wondered why Chandler had given him the glass. He shrugged it off as a mistake, smiled at Chandler, reached across the table and handed it to Brian to do the tasting.   "Pardonnez-moi," Chandler said as he turned his attention away from the blond and towards Brian who was looking at him smugly.   Brian swilled the wine around in the glass, took a sip and nodded his approval. Justin smiled at him and Brian planted his tongue in his cheek.   "Very well, monsieur," Chandler said, then filled their glasses. He sat the bottle down on the cart that was near the door and disappeared inside again.   "That was very sexy, Brian," Justin said seductively then took a sip of his wine. "Mmmm, that's good."   "He's alright."   Justin almost choked on his wine. "Brian! Not him. You."   "Uh huh, just remember our agreement."   "Brian what are you talking about?"   "Chandler," Brian said sarcastically, "he's flirting with you."   "No, he's....."   But before Justin could finish his words, Chandler returned pushing a cart. He came back to the table, removed the napkin from Brian's plate and draped it over his lap casually. He then picked up Justin's napkin and did the same only this time he brushed lightly across Justin's cock with his hand as he did it. Justin's eyes widened at the contact. Chandler went back to the cart.   "...not?" Brian asked, finishing Justin's previous thought for him. Brian scooted his chair closer to the table to prepare to be served. Justin did the same.   Chandler returned with two bowls, placed them on top of the plates in front of them and announced what he was serving. "Chilled Celeriac and Salt Cod Soup with Chive Oil." He then picked up Justin's spoon and held it out for him. His whole hand covered the handle of the spoon.   Justin had no choice but to touch the hand as he took the spoon. "Thank you," he said glancing toward Brian.   Chandler picked up Brian's spoon by the tip of the handle and held it up. Brian looked at him with narrowed eyes and jerked the spoon out of his hand swinging his arm away quickly.   "Appréciez," Chandler said as he left them alone again.   Justin looked at Brian with a worried look.   Brian let out a deep breath and sighed as he looked down at his soup, stirring the spoon around in the bowl. "Story of my life, Sunshine," Brian moaned with a grin.   "What's that?" Justin asked.   "Everyone always wants what I've got," Brian answered, finally taking a bite of the soup.   Justin smiled again and started to eat his soup as well.   Brian looked up. "What?"   Justin didn't answer, he just kept eating with a grin.   They continued to eat and talk as Chandler brought the next few courses. He announced each one, always looking at Justin as he spoke. "Lime Marinated Scallop Ceviche with Scallop Tartare, Avocado and Crème Frâiche Sesame Filo."   Brian was starting to feel invisible and it was pissing him off. He hadn't lied to Justin, everyone always did want he had and he was used to it by now, but usually what he had, that they all wanted, was a great body, a big dick and a reputation for great sex. What he wasn't used to was them wanting the new thing that he had, a beautiful blond twink with a perfect ass. He wasn't so sure that he liked this new development. He no longer wanted to be a good little boy and share his belongings. He reached his hand across the table and held it open. Justin took the hint and placed his hand on top. Brian gave it a squeeze which earned him another smile.   The next course arrived just as they were finishing the last one, "Seared and Poached Foie Gras in a Sauternes Consommé," Chandler said, again directed toward Justin.   "What's that?" Justin asked Brian.   "Goose liver pate," Brian answered in unison with Chandler. Brian's head shot up and gave Chandler a glare. He was getting tired of his flirting.   "Maybe it's better if I don't ask," Justin said with a wrinkled nose but taking a bite anyway.   Brian laughed at Justin's comment. So did Chandler. Brian shot him another glare. Chandler quickly went back to business. "More wine, monseiur?" he asked Justin.   "Yes, please. This is very good."   Chandler refilled Justin's glass then turned to Brian and gestured with the bottle. Brian did not acknowledge the gesture. He wasn't going to tolerate being ignored. Chandler finally spoke up, "And you, monseiur?"   'That's more like it,' Brian thought and decided to answer, "Yes." Chandler filled his glass and left.   Justin noticed that Brian's demeanor seemed off somehow but decided to shrug it off. When Chandler returned with the next plate, Justin knew it wasn't his imagination. Justin decided to watch Brian's reaction to Chandler's presence.   "Roasted Sea Bass with Braised Fennel, Parmesan and Fennel Gnocchi, Green Olive and Vanilla Sauce," was announced by Chandler to Justin, but this time Justin did not acknowledge him. He noticed that Chandler never looked at Brian but Brian hadn't taken his eyes off of Chandler. Chandler left without saying another word. Justin watched Brian's eyes follow the gorgeous waiter out the door. He decided to say something. "Brian, are you having a good time?"   "Of course, aren't you?" Brian answered with another question to turn the attention away from his mood.   "I'm having a wonderful time, but you seem bothered by something." Justin wasn't going to let him off the hook that easily.   "Hmmm, well, I just can't believe the rudeness of the French sometimes."   "Whose being rude?" Justin asked.   "Whose being rude?" Brian said with a raised voice, "Mr. Bing, who else?"   Justin giggled at Brian's nickname for the handsome waiter. "He's not rude, I think he's very polite."   "You would," Brian mumbled.   Justin continued to giggle as he removed his napkin from his lap, pushed away from the table and walked around to Brian's side. Brian pushed his chair back and picked up his napkin just as Justin sat down in his lap. "Ohhh, are you upset that he hasn't pulled you into a bathroom stall yet?" Justin teased as he wrapped his arms around his brooding lover and placed a kiss on his neck.   "Justin," Brian said rolling his eyes.   Justin continued to tease him, "No? Then are you upset that he hasn't dropped to his knees and worshipped your big cock?" Justin continued to kiss all over his neck. Brian's big cock started to respond. Justin kissed up his neck until his mouth was right next to his ear then whispered, "I could do it," before taking a bite on the man's ear lobe.   Brian moaned at the thought but quickly composed himself. He pulled his head back, trying to get away from Justin's mouth and asked, "Justin, fuck, what are you doing? I don't want to drag him into a bathroom stall and I don't want him to worship my cock."   Justin pulled back to look into those intense hazel eyes. "Then what?" he asked. "Tell me."   "No. It's nothing."   "Tell me," Justin said again, tightening his arms around Brian's neck.   "I don't want him worshipping yours either. Ok? There. I told you. Now get off of me before I drag your ass to the bathroom."   Justin's face illuminated the whole terrace just before he covered his lover's mouth in a crushing kiss. His heart was pounding, his blood was racing through his body, he didn't want the kiss to ever end, but the need for air took over and he reluctantly pulled away, leaving both of them panting.   Brian nudged and they both stood up. He took the blond's hand in his. "Bathroom, now!" he snapped, pulling him towards the glass doors. Justin was just about to object when they ran smack into a human wall that had been the topic of conversation.   "Pardon, monsieurs, are you ready for your next item?" Chandler asked.   Justin pulled his hand away from the warmth of Brian's and answered, "Uh, yes, we are. Right, Brian?" He turned and sat back down trying to hide the obvious bulge that had crept up during the kiss.   Brian let out a big puff of air, rubbed his face and agreed before taking his seat as well.   Chandler removed their plates, grabbed a new bottle of wine and returned to the table, a little closer to Justin's side. "The chef has prepared Roasted Best End of Lamb with Aubergine Caviar and Rosemary JusFrench Farm for your main entree' and our Sommelier has selected Cabernet-Sauvignon Fay Vineyards Heitz Cellars, Napa Valley 1975 as its accompanient." He held the bottle in front of his waist allowing his package to peek out just below the bottom of the bottle.   It was practically in front of Justin's face and he couldn't help but notice it. He was already in a horny state from the intense kiss he shared with Brian so he licked his lips unconsciously. The sound of Brian's voice brought him out of his trance.   "That will be fine," Brian said, raising his eyebrows at Justin.   Justin smiled, blushed, and mouthed the word 'sorry' to Brian. He felt bad for noticing Chandler's package when Brian was already feeling jealous, even though Justin knew that Brian wouldn't admit that that had been his problem.   Chandler caught the exchange between the two lover's and smiled as he proceeded to open the new bottle of wine. He poured a small amount into a new glass and started to hand it to Justin but then changed his direction and handed it to Brian instead, with the smile still on his face.   Brian took the glass, did the usual swirl and sip then gave his approval and sat the glass down. He just couldn't help himself and quickly said, "Bing, I guess there's hope for you yet."   "Brian," Justin said disapprovingly.   "Pardon?" Chandler asked knowing full well what Brian meant.   Brian didn't answer. He just sat back in his chair and looked at Justin with a smirk on his face. Justin shook his head and giggled. They shared small talk as they ate their dinner and drank their wine.   When they were done, Justin looked at Brian and asked, "Brian, will you dance with me?"   "Here?"   "Yes, please. Come on. It will be really romantic," Justin pleaded.   "You mean, ridicuously romantic, don't you?" Brian asked, remembering the last time they had danced to music other then the techno beat at Babylon.   "Huh?" Justin asked, not understanding the importance of the sentiment.   Brian grimaced at the sharp pain that shot through his heart. "Nevermind. Of course, I'll dance with you," Brian answered, wanting to make a new ridicuously romantic memory.   Justin bolted out of his chair, happy as clam and waited for Brian to join him.   Brian stood up, joined his lover over by the balcony railing and held his hand out to Justin. Justin placed his smaller hand inside the larger one and Brian wrapped his long fingers around it. Brian slid his other arm over Justin's shoulder as Justin draped his free arm around Brian's waist and pressed their bodies together. Justin laid his head against the taller man's chest and closed his eyes. They swayed like that in silence for the rest of the song. When it ended Brian started to pull away. Justin released his hand but then wrapped it around Brian's waist to join the other, locked his fingers together and pulled him closer. "More," he said, never lifting his head from the comfort of listening to Brian's heartbeat.   As the next song started, Brian draped his other arm around Justin's neck and tangled his fingers through the blond hair. Chandler appeared in the doorway, but stopped abruptly when Brian shot him a look that said 'go away'.   Justin was in heaven and oblivious to the near intrusion. He opened his eyes and tilted his head up, silently asking for a kiss. Brian met the waiting mouth with soft kisses. They continued to sway and kiss through the entire song. The song ended but they still stayed together, neither one wanting to move from the embrace. Brian broke the silence first, "This is nice."   "Mmm hmm," Justin purred as he returned his head to its previous resting spot.   The music started again. About ten seconds into the song there was a familiar sound. Brian stopped moving. "What the fuck is that?"   Justin answered instinctively, "It's Mendelssohn's Vio..." His head shot up abruptly when he realized what he was about to say.   Brian released his hold on Justin and said, "I'll be back," then bolted out the door while mumbling something about tortured cats, leaving Justin standing in the middle of the terrace all alone. Brian hadn't been gone but a minute when the music suddenly changed.   Justin was relieved that the music had changed but worried whether it had already ruined the evening. The waiting for Brian to return was extruciating. Brian appeared through the door and Justin quickly observed his face for a sign of Brian's mood. He seemed angry at first but when their eyes locked, Justin was instantly relieved that Brian smiled.   "Did you know that Bing has been standing inside there waiting for us to finish the dance? I told him the change in music wasn't the way to get a healthy tip," Brian said teasingly.   "Brian."   "I'm kidding, Justin. It wasn't Bing's fault. I told Donatien ahead of time about that shit. He apologized. End of story. How about we get back to our dinner?" Brian said almost gleefully as he nodded to Chandler to serve the next course, then moved towards the table.   Justin stood there amazed. Brian had really taken care of everything to make sure their night was perfect. Every detail was addressed, including the 'no violin' music clause. His heart grew in his chest, his dick grew in his pants and he couldn't help himself. He walked up behind Brian and put his arms around the man, squeezing so tight that he couldn't breathe. When his arms loosened their hold, Brian turned around and pulled him up for a crushing kiss.   Chandler walked through the door and stopped, not knowing whether they wanted the interruption or not. Brian broke the kiss before he could leave and pulled away saying, "Oh look Justin, Bing has some cheese. Do you want some cheese? I think I want some cheese." He swatted Justin on the ass, walked back to the table and plopped down in his chair.   Justin smiled while shaking his head and went back to the table to sit down, thinking about how perfect and romantic the date had been so far. Perfect, in that Brian-and-Justin-something-always-goes-wrong, kind of way. And romantic in that Brian Kinney kind of way.   "What?" Brian asked.   "Nothing," Justin replied still grinning. He felt his pants tighten and adjusted himself in his seat.   Brian noticed Justin squirm and grinned back at him with raised eyebrows, causing Justin to blush. He then waved Chandler over, who had been standing to the side, waiting for them to take their seats, signalling him that they were ready to be served.   Chandler sat the cheese tray on the table and glanced at Justin, noticing the slight pink tint to his pale skin. "For cleansing of the palate, monsieur," he said as he picked up Justin's napkin and placed it back in the blond's lap. Again, he trailed his fingers against Justin's cock, this time feeling the hardness. Justin's eyes again widened, then immediately met with the dark-brown ones, just in time to see one of them wink at him. He darted his eyes to the intense hazel ones just in time to see them narrow with anger. 'Ah-oh.'   Chandler picked up Brian's napkin and when he placed it on Brian's lap, the angered man grabbed his wrist and stood up abruptly, his chair falling to the ground. "You're pretty fucking stupid, aren't you, Bing?" Brian barked, walking towards the door, still gripping Chandler's arm, causing him to walk backwards in the same direction. "You need to get a fucking clue, no way in hell am I going to allow your tongue to..." Brian paused then added sarcastically with a scrunched up nose "...cleanse the palate of my partner..."   "Brian," Justin interrupted standing up.   Brian's head shot over at him and his hand landed on his shoulder pushing him back down in his seat. He took another step towards the door. Chandler bumped into the serving cart, causing it to topple over with a loud crash. Brian yanked the door opened, grabbed a hold of Chandler's well-pressed shirt and basically tossed him through the door. "You stupid fuck!" Brian yelled as he swung the door closed behind him. Brian marched over to the railing in the corner, pounded his fists on the railing and shouted, "GODDAMMITT!!"   Donatien came barrelling through the door with horror and confusion written all over his face. Justin quickly scrambled to his feet to meet him before he could ask what the problem was. "Donatien, let me explain....Chandler was flirting with me....and well..." Justin said smiling. "...Brian doesn't like that."   Brian glanced over his shoulder, made a huff and rolled his eyes. He turned around and said as he approached his lover and the shocked maitre d', "That wasn't flirting Justin, he fucking had his hand on your dick..." Justin raised his eyebrows and drew his lips in trying to hold back a giggle. "...You call that flirting? Is that what you train them to do these days, Donatien?"   Donatien tried to speak up, "No Monsieur Kinney, I can assure you..."   Brian waved him off with his arm and returned to the railing pacing back and forth like a wild animal. This was exactly why he didn't do relationships. That ache that you get in your gut when someone wants what you have. He hated it.   "Donatien," Justin said calmly. "Can you leave us alone for awhile?"   "Of course, Monsieur Taylor, the terrace was reserved for the whole evening. I'm so sorry for Chandler's behavior, I don't know..."   Justin interrupted him. "It'll be fine, really," he said ushering him out the door.   "Oui, of course, you call me if you decide to continue with dess...." Donatien said as the door closed, cutting him off.   Justin turned around to look back at Brian, now leaning against the railing. The man was angry and frustrated but with the wind blowing around wisps of his hair, and the spectacular view of the city's night skyline behind him, he didn't appear angry. All Justin could think about was how beautiful he was and how larger than life he looked. Nineteen stories in the air, soaring buildings were merely inches tall beside Brian's 6'3" inch frame. Even though Brian would never admit it, he must really love him to react that way and do all that he'd done to make the night so special.   Justin wanted to feel Brian's arms wrapped around him like they had been in the elevator and when they danced. He wanted to get the evening back on track. To end their perfect date, well...perfectly. He thought back to a dream that he'd had before they'd gotten back together. They were fucking in mid-air. High in the sky with the city below them and this was as close to that dream coming true as they were going to get. It was perfect. Justin's dick swelled at the thought and a wicked grin formed on his luscious lips. He quickly made his way to Brian to put his plan in motion. Standing right behind his brooding lover, he pressed their bodies together. "Brian, kiss me," he said in a low seductive voice.   "No," Brian said harshly.   "Brian, kiss me," he said again as he ran his hands over his lover's back, trying to ease the tension.   "No," he said again, shrugging off Justin's touch.   "Brian," Justin said as he put his hands on his lover's hips.   "No, I'm pissed off, Justin, or haven't you noticed?"   Justin replied, "I noticed you're pissed off and you're jealous." His hands roamed around to the front and undid Brian's belt buckle.   Brian closed his eyes, still trying to fight off that feeling of giving in to the persuasive little nympho that thrived on his jealousy. It took everything he had, but he managed to respond, "Fuck you. I am not."   "Are too, and you know how I can get when you get jealous," Justin said unzipping his lover's pants, snaking his hand inside and wrapping his nimble fingers around Brian's cock.   "I'm not in the mood, Justin," he said, but not very convincingly as he gripped the railing tighter.   Justin never removed his hand but slithered his body under Brian's arm so that he was standing between him and the railing. "You will be, kiss me," Justin said before devouring Brian's mouth with his own and forcing his tongue inside. Brian eventually gave in and returned the kiss, his tongue diving deep into Justin's mouth. Justin pulled away from the kiss first and began stroking Brian's throbbing dick. "Are you in the mood now?"   "No," Brian moaned, still being stubborn.   Justin rubbed his thumb over the sensitive head, smearing the precum that had begun to leak. He heard Brian gasp. "Are you in the mood now?" he asked again as he pumped his hand harder. Justin's lust-filled blue eyes looked intently into passion-glazed hazel orbs, searching for an answer.   The answer came with a kiss when Brian dipped his head down and smothered Justin's swollen lips. Their tongues intertwined and battled as they gnawed at each other's mouths. Brian released his grip on the railing and gripped Justin's ass instead, bringing the boy's groin slamming into his own.   Justin pulled away, to catch his breath. He removed his hand from Brian's pants and shoved it into the pocket to retrieve the needed supplies. Finding the condom and lube, he pulled his hand back out. He placed the foil packet between his teeth and shoved the lube into Brian's hand then busied himself pulling Brian's pants down to his thighs. He quickly ripped open the condom packet and rolled the latex disc over Brian's leaking erection. His chest was still heaving, his whole body was buzzing with the desire that had taken him over. Justin looked back up at Brian who was standing still, mesmerized by the sight of his lover in such need. Justin smiled at him and then moved in for another crushing kiss. His tongue darted into his lover's mouth and frantically flitted back and forth at a rapid pace as he hurried to unbutton and unzip his pants and push them down and over his thighs. His cock sprung out and bounced in the air at the freedom.   He pulled away from the kiss, leaving Brian dumbstruck at what was going on. Justin smiled at him again and grabbed the lube out of the man's hand. He removed the cap, squirted a generous amount in Brian's hand, threw the lube on the ground and turned around. He leaned forward against the railing, pushed his hips back against Brian's dick, placed his hands on his ass and spread his cheeks apart showing Brian what he wanted.   When Brian didn't react quick enough to his liking, he pushed his hips back again and shouted, "Brian! Fuck me, NOW!"   That got Brian into the game. He moved one hand to Justin's shoulder, the other lubed one to Justin's twitching hole and soothingly rubbed against it before slowly pushing a finger inside.   Justin bucked again. "Harder!"   Brian pulled his one finger all the way out and slammed three back in, palm deep.   Justin moved his hands to the railing and arched his back into it. "Fuck yeah!" he gasped overcome at the roughness. This was what he wanted.   Brian began pumping his fingers hard in and out, finger fucking Justin quickly and harshly. He grabbed a hold of the blond's hair and yanked his head back so that his ear was close his mouth. "Is this the way you like it? Hard and fast?"   "Yes," Justin replied through labored breaths.   "Is this what you want? My fingers jabbing your hole? Or do you want me to shove my dick up your ass?"   "Yes," Justin answered again.   "Yes, what? Tell me what you want," Brian demanded. He kept plunging his fingers deep inside as he waited for Justin's answer.   "I want your dick in my ass," Justin finally said.   "You got it, Sunshine," Brian said. He released Justin's hair, allowing his head to fall forward then grabbed his shoulder again for leverage. He pulled his lubed fingers out, grabbed Justin's cock and squeezed it hard as he drove his dick in balls deep in one painfully swift movement.   "Oh fuck," Justin screamed.   Brian thrusted in and out hard, Justin bucked back into every thrust. Brian pumped his hand in rhythm. The railing vibrated and shook under Justin's tight grip. Justin opened his eyes and found himself looking straight down at the street nineteen floors below, he felt dizzy. He closed his eyes again, but he wanted more.   "Harder," Justin demanded.   Brian obeyed. The railing rattled and the sound of chipping concrete popped in his ears. He released Justin's throbbing cock and grabbed Justin by the waist to pull him away from the side of the balcony. Brian was worried and slowed down the pace.   "NO!!" Justin screamed. "Keep going. Harder." Justin wouldn't let go. He opened his eyes again and stared at the ground. He could feel the wind blowing in his hair. They were fucking in mid-air and he didn't want it to stop. Justin grabbed Brian's hand and moved it back to his dick.   Brian pulled it back to his hip.   "No," Justin whimpered. "Please, Brian." He closed his eyes tight.   "Justin, I can't jerk you off and hold onto you at the same time. The fucking railing is going to give away. We have to back up," Brian tried to explain.   "No! Don't stop!" He thrusted back against Brian. "Harder!"   Brian tightened his grip on Justin's hips and pulled hard enough that it lifted Justin's feet off the ground. Justin's grip tightened on the railing. He refused to let go. "Fuck! Justin!" Brian finally gave in, developing a new urge to fuck him relentlessly. He set his feet back on the ground and pounded into him over and over.   Justin felt his body tense up. He bucked wildly against Brian meeting every thrust. The railing rattled and clanked under his grip. Brian was gripping Justin's hips so tightly it was going to leave a mark. He was overcome with the sheer need of his lover. Fear and excitement made his heart pound harder. The sounds of cracking concrete and howling wind sent shivers down his spine. He was close and needed to end this.   Justin was almost there and knew that Brian was too. He tightened his muscles and slammed back as hard as he could, his cock bounced in the air. "Make me fly! Do it, NOW!!" Justin screamed, leaned forward over the railing and waited for Brian to take him there. He felt Brian's cock pulsate in his ass just as Brian let loose.   "Hold on!" Brian screamed as his orgasm roared through his body and he lifted Justin's hips, leaving his feet dangling in the air.   That was it. He opened his eyes. The euphoria of looking down at the ground from high in the air, the wind tosselling his hair and the warm feeling of weightlessness sent him over the edge and he spiraled into his own mind-blowing orgasm without even touching his dick. He fought to keep his eyes open, to watch the cum shoot from his bouncing cock in pulsing streams over the edge of the building and down to the street below. All he could hear was the wind blowing and the rapid thumping of his heart.   Brian's arms wrapped around Justin, pulling his limp body tightly against his chest. Justin let go of the railing and let his head fall back against Brian's shoulder. They stayed like that as they tried to regain control of their breathing.   "That was fucking hot, Sunshine, but shit, it was so scary. Why wouldn't you let go?" Brian asked, breaking the silence.   "Promise not to laugh?" Justin asked.   "No," Brian answered laughing. Justin elbowed him in the stomach. "Ok, ok," Brian promised.   "Before we got back together, when I was missing you..." Justin explained. He felt Brian tense at the memory. He covered the large hands with his own and intertwined their fingers then went on. "...I had this dream that you had somehow learned to levitate and we were fucking in mid-air."   Brian snickered, "That's kinky Justin."   "I thought it was more like being in heaven," Justin said.   "So that's what you were thinking about? Tonight. That's what it felt like?"   "Uh huh."   "I guess dreams really can come true sometimes," Brian said placing a kiss on the side of Justin's face.   "Uh huh." Justin closed his eyes, content in his lover's arms.   After another few moments of silence, Brian pulled away from their embrace, turned Justin around to face him and started pulling up their pants. He took care of Justin's first, ensuring to tuck and zip carefully, then did the same with his own after disposing of the used condom. When he was done, he pulled Justin in for another tight hug.   Justin spoke, "Brian, thank you."   "For what? Not throwing you over the railing when I had the chance?" Brian asked, placing a kiss on top of the blond head.   "No. For everything. Agreeing to go on a date. Bringing me here. Making all the arrangements. Dancing with me. For making everything perfect."   "You're not going to get all maudlin on me now are you?"   "I might," Justin teased.   "Oh, geesh. I can't take you anywhere."   They stood in silence a few more minutes then Brian and said softly, "Justin, thanks."   "What for?"   "For letting me."   Justin lifted his head so that they were face to face. He searched his lover's eyes and found a nakedness that he had only seen a few times. He lifted up on his toes and placed a loving kiss on the man's warm lips.   Brian pulled away and said, "I think we should probably get out of here. What do you think?"   "Yeah."   Justin took one more look around the terrace before they left. The place had been perfect. They walked into the restaurant and met up with Donatien at the entrance.   "Ah, Monseiur Kinney, is everything alright now?" Donatien asked with concern.   Brian looked down at Justin, smiled and said, "Yep, everything is fine now." He turned back to Donatien, motioned toward Justin with his head and said smiling, "He knows how to turn any bad situation in to a good one."   Justin blushed.   "Well, très bon Monseiur Taylor," Donatien said. "Again, I'm very sorry for Chandler's lewd behavior. I assure you that the matter has been dealt with appropriately."   "Mmmm, Mr. Bing. What did you do with him? Chop off his head?" Brian asked jokingly.   "No, Monseiur Kinney, we French don't do that anymore. This is modern times," Donatien replied laughing. "Let's just say that Chandler is no longer under our employ so you feel free to come back another time without any problèmes."   "Donatien, that really wasn't necessary," Justin said feeling a little sorry for the lewd but gorgeous waiter.   "Oh, on the contrary, Monseiur Taylor," Donatien explained. "We value our reputation among our best customers and Monseiur Kinney has always been one of the very best. The chef wanted to make up for your displeasure with our service this evening so the meal is on the house and we hope that you will give us another chance to make a memorable evening for you."   "Thank you, Donatien, I'm sure we will do this again," Brian said nonchalantly.   Justin smiled, grabbed Brian's hand and gave it a squeeze.   "Bon," Donatien said. "Bonsoir, Monseiur Kinney. Bonsoir, Monseiur Taylor."   "Goodnight."   "Bye."   Brian and Justin walked out of the restaurant arm in arm. They hugged and kissed all the way down in the elevator. They walked outside laughing and smiling then saw Chandler leaning up against the building smoking a cigarette. Brian looked directly at him then back at Justin, wrapped his arm around the blond's neck and pulled his lover, his property, in for a passionate kiss, silently saying 'mine'. He pulled away and looked back at Mr. Bing with a smirk.   Justin knew what Brian was doing and he loved it. He smiled up at him and said, "Brian."   "What?"   "I love it when you get jealous."   "I know," Brian replied and pulled his little nympho toward the parking lot.   As they were getting into the car, Justin suddenly had a thought. "Brian, we didn't get to eat dessert," he whined.   "I know. We'll buy some ice cream on the way home."   "Oooh, I love ice cream," Justin exclaimed excitedly.   "I know."   "I love ice cream on your cock," Justin said seductively.   "I know."   "Brian."   "What?"   "I want dessert," Justin answered while placing his hand on Brian's dick and giving it a squeeze.   This was exactly why he was in a relationship with Justin. That ache that you get in your gut when someone wants what you have. He loved it. |  |

[Hollywood Hiatus](http://www.dannysobsession.com/hollywoodhiatus/hh.html)

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| Chapter 1 – The Departure |  | |
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| When Justin first told Brian about his tryst with Conner James, Brian had been rather proud of him.  It was one thing to nail a movie star and it was something else entirely to nail a guy that was still in the closet.  But Conner was both (and hot!) so that made it an extra special accomplishment for Justin.  Not that Justin had trouble picking up any trick he wanted, but Hollywood wasn’t the Pitts and Conner wasn’t a married businessman sneaking around in executive washrooms.  No, Justin with Conner had been a most excellent adventure indeed.  And Brian had wanted to hear all about it.  In fact, he wanted Justin to show him and that’s exactly what Justin did.  Well, tried to do.  Wanted to do.  But Brian couldn’t move like Conner had because of his broken clavicle and sling so Justin settled for talking about it in great detail as he licked and sucked, tantalizing every inch of Brian’s flesh into a fervent heat before his lips enclosed around Brian’s cock.   Justin was actually relieved for the distraction.  Even if it was only temporary.  Once Brian shot down Justin’s throat and regained his composure, the question came up again.  “So, Justin…” Brian said as Justin lay with his head on Brian’s stomach.   “Hmm?” Justin asked lazily.  He was absentmindedly drawing little circles around Brian’s scar then trailing his finger lightly down between his legs and around his balls before sliding them back up around the scar again.     Brian shoo’d his hand away, unable to comprehend why Justin was constantly drawing attention to his imperfections.  Justin settled the offending hand on Brian’s lower abdomen, pulling softly on the hairs that trailed from his navel to his dick.  It seemed as if Justin’s hands needed to be in constant motion, and annoying as his playing was at times, it was a comfortable annoyance that Brian seemed to cherish these days.    “You never answered my question.  Drawers.  Moving in.  Remember?”   Justin lifted his head, resting his chin comfortably on Brian’s hip and looked him in the eye.  “Yes.  I want to,” he answered with a slight smile.    There was a ‘but’ looming in the air and he wasn’t quite sure how or where to start.  Normally it was no big deal.  He always told Brian everything that was great in his life and the news he had to share, which seemed to be whirling in constant motion within his head was definitely great.  More than great.  And he was very happy about it.  But he was also very happy about Brian asking him to move in.  There just had to be a way that he could do both without Brian thinking he was going to leave him, just like Brian had predicted he would several months ago.  But this wasn’t Justin leaving Brian… this was Justin leaving the Pitts.  For six to eight months.  That’s all.  It wasn’t the end of the world.  Right?  But it sure felt like it.    Brian’s eyebrows furrowed for just a quick second.  He sensed the ‘but’ and knew something was up.  “What?” he asked.   “Huh?” Justin asked in return, still thinking about the twisted irony of it all and how to tell Brian.  It wasn’t that bad of a situation but his aloofness gave Brian the impression that it was.   In his regular self-sacrificing way, Brian decided to make things easier for Justin.  He lifted up and pushed Justin off him.  “It’s okay.  I get it,” he said, struggling to get off the bed.   “No, you don’t get it,” Justin snapped back as he moved out of the way so Brian could get up.   “I said it’s okay.”  Brian stood and made his way to the bathroom.  Justin followed.  Leaning against the doorframe he watched Brian untie the sling and take it off ever so slowly, the obviously painful process accompanied by only one wince.  Justin had already unbuttoned Brian’s shirt in order to kiss his chest and stomach so all the man had to do was remove it.  He peeled it off his good shoulder and jerked his arm free.   Justin walked over and took the shirt in his hands, wanting to assist him with the task of getting it off his immobile arm.  Brian pulled away.  “I can do it.”   Justin smiled and shook his head.  “I know you can.  But I’m the one who took the rest of your clothes off while I was kissing you so it’s only right that I finish the job that I started... see it through to the end.”    Brian relented and let Justin pull his shirt off his injured shoulder and down his still arm.  He stared at Justin’s face.  There was truth in his words and he knew Justin was leading up to something.  “What did you start that you have to see through to the end?  Me?  I don’t want you here out of some obligation to a commitment that was only made half-heartedly.”  He opened the shower door and turned on the water.   Justin chuckled.  “You’re not an obligation.  And that commitment wasn’t half-heartedly made, asshole.  I meant it, just like I know you did.  Since when does Brian Kinney do self-pity?”   Brian glanced at him with that incredulous look then stepped into the shower.  Once his entire body was wet, he picked up the soap, looked at it then held it out to Justin.  “I can do this myself, but it would be much more proficient if you did it for me.  Not to mention quicker.  And quite possibly hotter.”   Justin smiled, stepped into the steamy enclosure and took the soap from Brian’s hand.  He twirled it around in his fingers then began washing Brian’s body, ever mindful of his arm that was bent immobile in front of his chest.  He slid his hand up underneath it carefully to wash Brian’s chest then slipped it in behind to wash under his arm.  They looked at each other the entire time.  Once Brian was sufficiently soaped up, Justin turned him around under the spray to rinse him off.  Brian could have done a lot more than he did, he wasn’t a complete invalid, but he was enjoying the relaxing feeling of letting Justin do all the work.  He didn’t even raise his good arm to rinse underneath it until Justin grabbed his wrist and lifted it up for him.  Once Brian was rinsed off, he turned back around and Justin reached for the shampoo.   “You know, I didn’t ask you to move in because I need your help or I need you to take care of me.  I really just kind of like having you around to annoy me and shit.”   “I know you love me, Brian,” Justin teased with a big smile.   Brian didn’t answer at first; he just rolled his eyes.  “So, then tell me, what’s the obligation and this thing you feel you have to see through ‘til the end?  Did you sign a lease with Daphne or something?”   “Well, yeah, but that’s not it.  I just figured I’d pay my share even though I’d be living here.”  Well that sounded like a yes but there was still that damn ‘but’ and so far, that hadn’t been explained yet.   “Okay.  So what is it then?”   Direct question deserving a direct answer.  So that’s when Justin told him.  Standing in the shower while shampooing his hair.  Brian, of course, was proud of Justin for earning the opportunity.  Same as he always was when Justin’s life took a positive turn.  If he was the least bit upset about the news, he certainly didn’t show it.    “Well you have to go,” Brian told him as Justin gingerly toweled him off.    “I want to.  It’s just… fuck!”   “Fuck, what?”   “I want to go but I want to stay,” Justin said as he hung the towel on the towel bar.  He laughed to himself and rubbed his face.  “Uhhh.  I just can’t believe that the two things that I’ve wanted more than anything else present themselves to me within 48 hours of each other.”   Brian laughed.  “This wouldn’t be considered a problem for most people, Justin.  You gotta grab your dream while you can.  You’re smart.  You know what you have to do,” Brian told him.  “One should never piss on an opportunity.  They don’t always present themselves when things are convenient or when you want them to.  You just have to make the decision that this is what you want and to hell with the rest.  Your first obligation is to yourself before anyone else... and that includes me.”     “I know.  But…”   “But nothing.”  Brian grabbed his sling and walked out of the bathroom.  Justin followed.  “We’ve been over this before.  I know what you’re saying, but it’s bullshit and unnecessary.  The loft as well as yours truly will still be here when you get back.”  He pulled a t-shirt out of a drawer… a drawer that was full of his own stuff.  He looked at it for a minute then reached down, pulled out the rest of the shirts and stuffed them in another drawer leaving that one empty.  “So will the drawers,” he added and Justin laughed.  “Okay?”   “Okay,” Justin agreed, feeling a lot better about the situation.    Taking the t-shirt from Brian he wadded up the outsides, opened it wide and put it over the top of Brian’s head.  Brian snaked his good arm through the armhole before Justin carefully maneuvered the shirt around and through the other arm.  Once it was on, he carefully pulled the hem down under his bad arm and straightened it.  Picking up the sling Justin wrapped it under and around the injured arm then put it around Brian’s neck, finally fastening the ends together.  Brian started laughing.   Justin looked up at him.  “What?”   “You’re just going to California because you don’t want to have to stay here and nurse a pathetic invalid.  I’ll be all healed by the time you get back, you little twat.  Very clever.”   Justin laughed.  “Oh yeah, that’s definitely it, Brian.  You can’t even fuck me properly right now.  So yeah, I’m outta here.”    Oh well, that hurt.  Brian pulled his lips in.   “Selfish bastard.  Always thinking with your dick.”   “Selfish?  Um, who got off a little while ago and who didn’t, again?  It certainly wasn’t me.  You, on the other hand, were well serviced.”   Well that hurt too.  Too bad Justin didn’t know how much.   But Brian shrugged it off in perfect Kinney-style and smirked with a devilish grin and a gleam in his eyes.  He reached his hand out and wrapped it firmly around Justin’s dick, pulling to bring Justin closer.  Justin gasped and took a step forward.  Cheek to cheek they stood, Brian working his magic on Justin’s cock and Justin whimpering at the administrations.    “I may not be able to fuck you properly right now,” Brian whispered in Justin’s ear, “but I’ve still got one good hand and I guarantee, my one hand can make you come harder than any dick in California.”    “Oh, fuck,” Justin gasped at Brian’s words, his fingers digging into the solid flesh of Brian’s bicep.  He wanted to grab the other arm as well but he knew he couldn’t.  Instead, he reached out for Brian’s hip and squeezed, trying to steady himself.    Justin bit his lip and breathed hard through his nose as Brian stroked and teased him.  Before long Justin was a blithering mess, coming hard all over their freshly showered bodies.  Brian had proven his point.  At least he hoped that he had.   Oddly enough, for Brian the hardest part about Justin leaving on his little hiatus to sunny California was exactly what the blond had been eagerly ready to rib him about.  Justin didn’t have to leave for four weeks but his broken bone wouldn’t be healed for at least six, so Brian was unable to fuck Justin properly before he left and that is what weighed heavily on Brian’s mind.  Sure, they had sex.  Justin rode topside and they did other things that were satisfying, even managing to land a couple of those adventures onto the coveted Top Ten list.  But really fuck him, take him, control him, dominate him... nope, he was unable to do that.  And as independent and strong-willed as Justin was, that had always been one of his favorite ways to have sex.  To just be fucked.  It made him feel alive and protected… and loved… and Brian knew it.  He hated that he was unable to give him that before he left, and the knowledge left an uneasy feeling in the pit of his stomach.    Brian took Justin to the airport and put him on the plane knowing that he hadn’t left his mark inside Justin’s body.  And he knew that the first trick that Justin picked up was sure to receive one hell of an explosive orgasm out of him.  It made him ache that it wouldn’t be him.  And when Justin leaned up against him for his goodbye hug and kiss, whispering, ‘I love you, Brian’ and making promises of lots of hot phone sex, Brian considered, if only for a moment, asking Justin to call him while that first one was happening, so he could at least share it with him by sound if not by touch.  But the thought was quickly banished because it would only make him appear jealous and needy, and the last thing he wanted was Justin laughing at him, so instead he just said, “Phone sex is so overrated,” and left it at that.    Justin wouldn’t have laughed, of course, but insecurities can be powerful things and Brian tended to put way too much importance on his sexual abilities when it came to Justin.      Justin rolled his water-filled eyes and Brian asked if he’d remembered to pack his allergy medication… more than eager to change the subject.  Afraid of what might come out next, Brian pulled his lips into his mouth because it was easier to control the words that he felt edging their way toward his lips, words of longing and promise and even love.  Otherwise he might have said something romantic or stupid.    Justin huffed and nodded with a swallow.  “Eck, okay, I’m going,” Justin said as be backed away.  “Later.”  He smiled but it was a weak one.   “Later,” Brian responded, his smile not much better.  No big deal.  Not the end of the world.  Justin turned around and was gone.   On the way home from the airport Brian thought about Hollywood and the fact that Justin only knew two people.  Brett Keller and Conner James.  Justin would never sleep with Brett.  Business relationship and all.  He was going to be his boss, of sorts.  And he’d already had Conner and with their one-fuck-only policy that meant he was out.  Well, he wasn’t ‘out’ obviously, being a closet case, but he would be off the available fuck list.    Besides, Conner, Brian reasoned, was a big movie star in great demand and would probably be away on location somewhere.  Hollywood may be where the big studios were but these days more and more movies were being filmed elsewhere, like Canada and Miami.  Yep.  More than likely, Conner James wouldn’t even be in Hollywood.  For some reason Brian felt a sense of comfort with the knowledge.  He really wasn’t too sure why, he just knew that he did.    Turning on the radio, eager for the distraction, Brian cursed himself for even having those stupid thoughts.  Unfortunately the music didn’t really help and new stupid thoughts crept into his brain.  He really hoped that Justin’s first trick was just some nobody that he’d pick up at club, so that the extent of Justin’s orgasm would be lost and not mean anything.  His stomach started cramping a little and he decided that he must be hungry.  Pulling into the parking space ten minutes later the headache began and he knew he wasn’t hungry.  He hated himself.   “Look Mikey, no hands,” he mumbled as the elevator ascended.  “Huh, huh, huh.  Fucking idiot.”  He pinched the bridge of his nose, but it didn’t really do any good... his head continued to pound.  When the elevator stopped he lifted the gate, stepped out and unlocked the loft door with a sudden realization… no one was going to be there.    Once inside he tossed his keys on the counter and walked to the refrigerator.  Just as his hand touched the handle he saw it... a little something that Justin had left behind.  Brian wasn’t sure of its purpose and figured it was one of two things.  Justin didn’t want Brian to forget him.  As if that could possibly happen.  Or it was his way of marking off his territory.  Because it meant that whenever Brian went to the refrigerator to retrieve a bottle of water, a trick hot on his heels, Justin would be there, or actually JT would be there.  Brian smiled, the little twat.   But the longer he stared at the picture, taped haphazardly to the metal door, the worse things got.  The picture was a drawing of Rage and JT from the comic book.  JT on all fours, ass in the air, fingers gripping pillows or sheets, mouth hung open in sheer ecstasy, and Rage behind him.  Two strong hands - one on JT’s hips, the other holding his body weight - controlling the movements and dominating the scene.  Justin’s favorite position and the very thing that Brian had been unable to do before Justin left.  His stomach churned and his head pounded.  He tore off the sling carelessly and threw it across the kitchen.  “FUCK!” he yelled into the emptiness, cursing his damn broken bone and his own stupidity for why it happened in the first place.    Curving in on himself, pathetic and defeated, he shouted again, his face contorted into a painful twist as he grabbed his inflicted shoulder.  The pain from his little tirade was excruciating.  ‘Fucking idiot,’ he cursed himself.  It hurt like a motherfucker... inside and out. |  |  |

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| Chapter 2 – The “I Miss You” Calls |  |
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| The first phone call from Justin came that very night.    It had been exactly seven hours since Brian had dropped Justin off at the airport.  After his little drama queen episode, Brian had retrieved the sling and put the damn thing back on.  He took a much needed pain pill and laid down to watch some old movies in an attempt to occupy his mind.  By the time the phone rang, he had worked his way to watching Yellow Submarine.  When he saw the area code on the caller ID, he immediately turned it off as if he’d been doing something that he shouldn’t have been doing.  Well, it seemed logical.  He huffed at himself and tossed the remote onto the table as he answered the phone.   “Miss me already?” he asked, forgoing the standard hello.    “I made it,” Justin replied, and Brian could’ve sworn that he was able to hear the self-satisfied smile from across the wire.   “No shit,” Brian said smugly.  Old habits die hard.  There was silence… no response, and Brian pulled the phone away from his ear to make sure the call was still connected.  It was, so that left only one reason for the silence.  He was being an ass.  He cleared his throat and changed his tone, “So how is it?”   “Um, pretty cool,” Justin answered and Brian was relieved that it had worked.  “Brett had a limo pick me up the airport.  It was exciting, but…” Justin paused, his voice trailing off.   Brian was beginning to really hate the ‘buts’.  “Buuuutttt…?” he asked anyway.  That self-sacrificing trait still firmly intact.    “Kind of intimidating, too.  Brett’s driver is British and so proper and stuff.  He opened the door for me and called me Mr. Taylor or Sir.”   “Awww.  Little Sunshine getting treated like the princess he is,” Brian smirked.   “Fuck you.  I’m not a princess,” Justin argued back.   “Okay fine,” Brian huffed.  “Why was Prince Justin intimidated then?”   “His name is Shane and he’s like my age.  And fucking hot.  His looks and the way he talks.  And the car was huge.  You could put twenty of me in there.”   “Oooh, a blond boy orgy.  Do I get an invitation?”   Justin ignored the comment as if Brian hadn’t even said anything.  He was obviously bothered by something.  “I don’t know, it was weird, the whole thing.  The driver, the accent, the etiquette, the car.”   “Hmm.  Hot driver, huge car.  And this was a problem?  For you?  I taught you better than that.  Besides, the etiquette and shit shouldn’t be a problem either.  You were born and bread in gentile, country club suburbia or have you been slumming on Liberty Avenue so long that you forgot your roots?”   “It made me hard,” Justin admitted shyly and Brian laughed.  He was starting to get the picture.  Nerves.   “So you jacked off in the back of the limo?  Christ, Justin, I thought you’d grown out of your spontaneous erection phase ages ago?”  Brian was still laughing.   “No, I didn’t.  I mean, I did.  Shit.  But I didn’t jerk off.  I swear.”  He paused then sighed.  “But fuck, Brian, I really wanted to.  We drove by Venice Beach and god, the men there were all in these really tiny swim suits and their bodies… shit.  It was really hot.  And there were even artists, like real artists, right there on the beach, displaying their work and drawing new stuff.”   “You’re a real artist, Justin.  You got into PIFA… one of seventy, out of how many?  Brett hired you and you have a comic book that’s being… Fuck.  What the hell is wrong with you?  It’s a fucking beach and if those ‘real artists’ were really worth a damn, they’d have your job, not wasting away in the hot California sun, peddling their art on the street corner.  You know how I feel about that shit.”   “Yeah, I know.”   “Well?”   “Then we drove down Hollywood Boulevard and the Sunset Strip.  It was so… just wow.  You know?  Different and unlike anything I’d seen before.  I felt like I did when I first went to Liberty Avenue.  Everyone was either super scary or extremely beautiful.”   “Ah, well you should fit right in.”   “Brian,” Justin scolded.   “What?  You’re not hot?  You’re hot, Justin.  Not to mention the fact that you’re blond… with a great ass.  The perfect California dude, I’d say.”   “Yeah, I know,” Justin admitted and Brian smirked into the receiver.  “But I’m not scary.”   “Bullshit.  Scared the fuck out of me.”  Justin smiled but didn’t say anything.  “I thought I was going to have to hire a fucking security guard.  Terrorized by a teenaged stalker.  It was like a bad horror movie or something.  Ev-ery-where I turned…”    Justin rolled his eyes.  “Shut up, Brian.”   “Fine,” Brian huffed.  “I didn’t really want to talk to you anyway.  Talking is so overrated and I’m right in the middle of watching CSI.”  Brian glanced up at the blank television screen, it wasn’t even on.  He knew what Justin was trying to tell him and here he was, dismissing it.  But he felt he had to.  He had to get Justin’s mind off the fact that he was all alone in a big city with no family and no real friends.  A scary thing for anyone, but especially Justin who was only twenty and had never even lived on his own before.  AND who just admitted that he was feeling like he did that first night.  And Brian knew full well what that feeling was… fucking terrified.  “So they find this woman’s head out in the desert,” he lied.  “I don’t know where the fuck the rest of her body is…”   “Brian… will you stop?” Justin broke into Brian’s ramblings.  “Listen to me.”  Brian didn’t say anything.  “Brian?”   “I’m listening.”   “Oh, right,” Justin laughed.  “I’m staying in Brett’s guesthouse in West Hollywood.  It’s really nice.  It’s kind of small, but it has everything I need.  It actually makes everything more safe and cozy because it kind of encloses around me.  Too much open space and I think I’d feel uncomfortable.  Ehhh, never mind, I’m just being stupid.”   “You were never uncomfortable at the loft,” Brian interrupted.    “That’s because you were there.”  Justin breathed into the silence.  He knew Brian didn’t know what to say.  He swallowed.  “The city’s really big, Brian.”   “More clubs to party in,” Brian sighed, trying to sound uninterested when in actuality he hated hearing Justin like this.  But it was just the first day and he’d only been there an hour at the most.  He knew Justin would do fine.  If he did nothing but sit around that small and confined guesthouse, he wouldn’t experience all that Hollywood had to offer and then he’d be kicking himself for it later.  Brian didn’t want this to be a repeat of Justin’s adventure into New York City where he stayed in the hotel the whole time.  Justin had guts.  Always had.  Of course, he’d never been three thousand miles away from home before.    “There’s a lot of people here but I don’t know anybody.  They’re all strangers.  It’s overwhelming.”   “Um, more men to fuck.  More to choose from.  Unlimited possibilities!”  Brian squeezed his eyes shut.  He wanted to conjure up the Justin that had walked the streets of Liberty Avenue all alone.  The one that stopped under that streetlight and said, ‘I’m going with him.’  The one that applied to PIFA because he believed he was good enough.  The one that banged on the loft door after being released from the hospital.  That Justin.  And get his mind onto something else.  Men.  Fucking.      “Yeah, I guess,” Justin agreed weakly.  “Brian?”   “Yeah?”   “I’m still hard,” he whispered into the phone.   Brian grinned.  “Well, let’s see what we can do about that.”  Fear did have an upside… sometimes.   ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   Over the next week and a half, Justin’s phone calls became more and more informative and less and less melodramatic.  He was telling Brian all about his job, the movie and all the hot gossip that he’d heard about the Hollywood scene.  He was working in the Art Department but it wasn’t at one of the major studios.  Brett’s production company had an office downtown and that’s where Justin went to work everyday.  Things weren’t very organized in Justin’s eyes and it frustrated him.    For one, the script kept undergoing changes and Justin suddenly had a lot more appreciation for the simplicity of Rage getting produced with whatever Michael and Justin had agreed upon.  There wasn’t anyone else sticking their noses in to make suggestions or rather demand suggestions in that Hollywood political way.  That was clearly not the case here.  Changes were rampant and every change meant they had to re-do any storyboards that were effected.  Justin didn’t understand why they didn’t just wait until the script was done and final before they worked on the boards but Brett explained, with a chuckle, that scripts were never done and final.  Not until the scene was actually filmed and even then sometimes things still happened.  “That’s Hollywood,” Brett said.    Justin had a lot to learn and he loved it.  It came through in his voice.  Brian was always amused at Justin’s business musings, but occasionally wondered why he never mentioned going out and having some fun or just getting laid.  He hoped that didn’t mean Justin was sitting around because he was too scared to venture out.   Justin ate dinner with Brett at the main house when Brett was in town and didn’t have other things going on, and because of that Justin was privy to information and progress about the movie that the other members of the Art Department weren’t.  But as co-creator of the comic, Brett valued Justin’s opinion and asked for it often.  This made Justin feel great.  Proud of himself.  And of course, it helped ease him into his new surroundings.   Brian was okay with the dinners for two Justin was having with Brett and he was okay with Brett keeping Justin on the front page of the movie dealings.  Those things didn’t bother him at all.  But there was something different about Justin that he noticed at the end of the second week and Brian feared that there was more to Justin’s sudden change in demeanor than just getting accustomed to the big, bad city and the new job.   Justin was rambling non-stop about the casting announcements that had gone out and how excited he was with this next step when Brian cleared his throat and interrupted him mid-sentence.  “Justin?”   “What?” Justin asked, taking a much needed breath.   “Did you get laid?” he asked with a smirk.   Justin laughed.  “Yeah.  How did you know?”   “You have that freshly fucked tone in your voice and you’re carrying on like a school girl.”   “Oh,” Justin said, clearly disappointed that his own voice had betrayed him.  Not that he was trying to hide anything, he just wasn’t ready to talk about it yet.  But then he smiled… Brian knew him so well.  “I was going to tell you about it after I finished with the movie stuff.”   “Why don’t you tell me now.”   “Okay,” Justin agreed.   “Oh wait, hang on.”  Brian tossed the phone on the bed and stripped off his shirt and pants then lied down, propping the pillows up behind his back.  His sling had been removed two days ago and he was anxious to check the mobility and strength of that arm, see if he could jack off with it.  He squirted lotion in the palm of his hand and grabbed the phone back with the other one.  “Okay, now.  Tell me.  Every detail.  And go slow.”  Justin laughed and blushed.  “And no giggling.”   Justin furrowed his brows then cleared his throat.  “Okay.”   “Wait,” Brian interrupted again.   “Fuck, Brian!  Do you want me to tell you or not?”   “Are you naked?” Brian asked.  His voice deep and sultry and sexy.   Justin shivered.  It got to him every time and he was no longer perturbed that Brian kept interrupting him.  “Yeah.”   “Are you stroking yourself?”   “Yeah.  Are you?”   “Yes.  Close your eyes.”   “Okay, they’re closed.”   “Now.  Tell me.  What’d he look like?”   “I was at the Emerald Club with Brett.  I met some people in the business and there were some that were cruising me pretty heavily but I wasn’t really interested.  Then I saw this guy, god, he was so beautiful, Brian.  He was over at the back bar, leaning against it, and he was looking right at me.  I tried to look away but I couldn’t.  Brownish hair with highlights, cut like yours.  Nice, firm body.  Built like you, strong but not too muscle-y.  Very nice package from where I was standing.  Big light-brown, greenish eyes.  Deep and sultry.  He just stared at me and I got hard instantly.  My ass was twitching.  I swear, I wanted him to bend me over a table right then and there and fuck me… hard.”    Justin was definitely telling him everything in great detail.  It was the artist in him.  It all made Brian tense up and he wasn’t sure why.  This was supposed to be phone sex.    “And did he?” Brian asked softly, surprised his voice was actually working.   “No, uh-uh.  I walked over to him but I didn’t say anything.  He was taller than me so I had to look up at him.  And when he looked at me with those eyes, shit, I knew he wanted to fuck me and he knew I was gonna let him.  It was so hot.  He leaned over and whispered in my ear, his hot breath gave me tingles.”    Brian swallowed and squeezed his eyes closed tighter.  He was able to work himself up by picturing Justin jacking off on the phone.  He was desperately trying to remove this mystery man from Justin’s story and replace him with his own likeness.  “What did he say to you?”   “I want to fuck you,” Justin whispered into the phone.  “Then he added, ‘All night,’ and he punctuated the “T” with his teeth against my ear lobe.  I almost came in my fucking pants.”  Justin breathed heavily into the phone and stroked himself a little faster.    Brian bit his lip, hating that he couldn’t be right there, beside Justin.  But he had to know, this was going to be that first fuck and he just had to know… every… stinking… detail.  “So you left with him?”   “Yes, he stroked my cock through my pants all the way back to his place.  I was panting and so hard.  It’d been two weeks.  You know that?  Fuck, I was so horny.  I didn’t even know how much until that very moment.  I swear I was leaking into my underwear.”   “Mmmm, what color?”   “Huh?”   “Your underwear.  What color?  The Calvin Klein’s?”   “Yeah.  The black ones.”  Justin knew Brian was getting into it, hell, he was too.  “And my balls were so full and my cock was so hard inside them that they were really tight, almost strangling, adding to the pressure.”   Brian pictured Justin’s hard cock pointing upward, tenting the front opening and poking at the elastic waistband of his tight Calvin Klein’s.  He’d tried to improve Justin’s taste in underwear but he continued to opt for the CK’s, stating that they were more comfortable.  If Brian told the truth, he liked Justin in the Calvin’s too… his ass molded perfectly inside the soft cotton.  He pulled on his dick a little harder and let out a moan.   Justin continued.  “I was making a wet spot on the front and he just kept stroking me.  My dick was aching inside my jeans.  It was throbbing.  I needed release so bad.  I was moaning and gasping and gripping the door handle.”   “Shit.  Stop,” Brian ordered and Justin fell silent.  He had a thought and took a deep breath.  “What kind of car did he drive?”   Justin chuckled lightly.  “A ‘vette… a classic, like yours, but cobalt blue.”   “Niiiice.”   “Uh-huh.  The leather was hot against the back of my legs and my ass.  I was on fire.  So we finally get to his place and go inside.  He slammed the door shut behind me and pushed me up against the wall.  I hit it hard, with a loud thud, and my dick jumped.  He wanted me… so, so bad.  I could feel his hot breath on my face.  He leaned in to kiss me...”   Brian tensed and squeezed his cock.   “…but I turned my head and he ended up sucking on my neck.”  Brian panted as he released his held breath.  “It sent shivers down my spine but what I really wanted was to be kissing you at that moment.  It’s just not the same… without kissing.  You know?  I wanted to kiss him like it was you.  I wanted to.”  Justin sighed.  “But, I didn’t.”   Brian wanted to tell him it was okay, but he just couldn’t.  It wasn’t about the rules.  They didn’t have any rules anymore, not really.  But both had decided on their own that kissing was out.  They wanted that to remain special.  And as much as Brian wanted to tell Justin that it was okay, they didn’t have those old rules anymore, that kissing was just a part of sex, just like fucking and sucking and everything else... he just couldn’t.  So he changed the subject.   “Then what’d he do?  Did he suck your cock?”   “Yes.  Mmm.  He did.”   “Did he suck you good?  Make you cum down his throat?”   “His mouth was wet and warm.  Other than that, I didn’t care.  It did feel good though, so I guess he was okay.  But he wasn’t as good as me.”  Brian smiled into the phone.  “I didn’t want to come that way so I pulled him off me.  When I did, he grabbed my arm and dragged me across the living room.  My pants were around my thighs still so I couldn’t really move very fast.  He pulled me hard and pushed me against the couch.”    “He was being rough with you?”  Brian’s heart started racing.    “Yeah, a little rough but he wasn’t hurting me.  He was just needy.  It made my heart pound and it echoed in my ears.  I needed to be fucked as bad as he needed to fuck me.”    Brian’s heart was beginning to pound hard too.  And just like Justin described, he could hear it echo in his ears.  This was definitely going to be that sex that Brian had been concerned about.    “He bent me over the couch, yanked my pants down the rest of the way, put on a condom, slapped me with some lube and drove into me in one fluid motion.  I held on to the edge of the sofa and bit my lip.  I wanted to scream.”   “How big was his cock?”   “Big.  Like yours.  I was so tight.  It’d been so long.  It hurt but shit, it felt soooo good.  My body was electrified.  He slid in and out of my ass.  I could feel it in my toes.  In and out.  In and out.  Just like you do it.  Oh god, Brian.”   “Stroke faster, and keep talking,” Brian encouraged.  They were both almost there.  Brian focused on the image in his head of Justin stroking himself faster and faster and blocked out the image of this other guy fucking his Justin the way only he was allowed to do.  It was hard to do but he managed. Of course Justin’s descriptions of what he looked like was helping tremendously.  He knew early on in the conversation what Justin was telling him.  And it helped.  It definitely helped.  Smart little fucker.    “I felt my balls draw up and a tickle go down my spine.  It started and he just kept fucking me.  It’s starting now!  Building and building.  And it came hard and with such force.  Brian, NOW!  You there?”   And when Justin came, screaming Brian’s name into the phone, Brian let loose with his own fury.  And as hot as it had been, he still vowed that from now on Justin could tell him about his exploits, they just weren’t going to use them for masturbatory material anymore.  Brian handled things better when Justin came because of his sexual creativity, not someone else’s sexual reality.   After a few minutes of heavy breathing and relaxing sighs, Brian spoke first.  “Phone sex is overrated.”  He grabbed some tissue and wiped up his mess.  Pleased that he could jack off left handed again, he bent his arm out in front of him and raised it up and down, checking the agility in his shoulder.  It was still somewhat stiff and probably would be for a little while longer, but for the most part he had full-range motion back.  He smiled.   “Yeah, it is.”  Justin grinned on the other end of the phone line as he grabbed the towel he’d brought with him to bed and cleaned off his hand and stomach.   A few more deep sighs, then, “So, cobalt blue, huh?  What’s wrong with dark green?”    “Nothing.  The green matches your eyes.  It’s perfect.”   “Then why blue?”   Justin laughed.  “Cobalt blue would match MY eyes.  My fantasy, I get to pick the car color.”   “Well, where were you when I was picking out the damn color, then?”  And he regretted saying it the minute it tumbled out of his mouth.   A quick second of silence followed, but to Brian it felt like an eternity had lasped before Justin finally said something.  “Allowing you to make your own choices… just like you did for me.”    “Ah,” Brian responded with relief.  But he just had to be sure.  “So, what did this guy really look like?”   “I don’t know.  Hot, I guess.  Every time I looked at him, all I saw was you.  It was just like you said to me that first night.  No matter who I’m with, you’d always be there.  I don’t know if it was the power of suggestion or what, but that statement has never been truer than it was last night.”    Brian smiled.  It made him feel good that Justin had been thinking about him but at the same time he wanted to laugh.  He had absolutely no idea why he’d said what he had that first night.  But at that exact moment, he was glad he did.    “These last two weeks, I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind.  It’s like I got a disease, like some overbearing cancer or something.  One without a cure.”  And then it was Justin’s turn to regret what he’d said.  “Ugh,” he groaned, rubbing his face with his hands.  Brian had been too quiet and Justin thought he might have really upset him.  “Brian?”   “It’s a song.”   “Huh?” Justin asked confused.   “I got a disease.  It’s a song.  That Rob something guy.”   “Rob Thomas.  Matchbox 20.”   “Yeah, him.  He’s hot.”   “Yeah, he’s hot.”  Justin sighed.  “Brian, I’m sorry, I must miss you a lot more than I thought.”    Brian smirked.  “You know what you’re problem is, Sunshine?”   “Yeah, I’ve got Brian on the brain.”   “Yep,” Brian replied smugly.   “How pathetic is that?”  Justin covered his face with his hands in embarrassment.   “Pretty pathetic.  But you can’t help it.  Once you’ve had the best, there’s just no topping it.”   Justin laughed.  “Oh, you can top it.  Just only on those rare occasions when an itch needs to be scratched.”   “Or when it’s deserved… like as a gift.”   Justin rolled his eyes.  “You’re such a liar, Brian.”  He heard Brian huff through the receiver and there was a long silence.  “So… Monday… they’re starting the casting process.  I can’t wait to see who they get to play Rage and JT.  I’m so excited.”   So that’s how the rest of that conversation went.  Brian was relieved that things were still fine and extremely pleased that Justin had allowed him to be there with him for that critical first one, even if it was because he had come down with the Dreaded Brian Disease.  It didn’t matter.  That first one was the one he was worried about, the rest would be a piece of cake.  Brian thought he might have to go to the baths to celebrate then realized he hadn’t been the whole time Justin’d been gone.  He shook that thought away and blamed it on the injury.  Yeah that was it.   But Brian wasn’t nearly as excited about the casting as Justin was.  Could Justin resist someone that would be so much like Brian?  Could Justin resist fucking someone that looked himself… a little tasty JT twink?  Brian sure hadn’t passed on the opportunity when it presented itself at the Rage party.  So yeah, getting to the casting negotiations had its downside.  The upside was that they were one step closer to Justin coming home.    Brian smiled.  He figured that maybe, if he kept that thought in mind… one step closer… one step at a time… yeah, then everything would be okay.  Just a few more million steps to go.  Fuck, he thought, and closed his eyes, still listening to Justin’s voice from so far away.  One step at a time… | |  |  |

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| Chapter 3 – The Casting Calls | |  | |
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| Brian and Justin called each other often when they could and when they weren’t able to, well, that was alright, too.  They were easing into the separation without too much of a problem.  There really wasn’t any rhyme or reason as to when they called each other, it just sort of happened.  Whenever there was something in particular to say or when they simply missed each other, the phone would ring.    Of course, for Brian, it seemed like he always had a reason to call Justin, even if that reason was explained away as, “So, I’ve got this really hard problem that I thought you could help me with.”  And of course Justin always had the Kinney translation guide close by, readily interpreting it to mean that he was missed.  Brian would tell him that every so often, but it was never the reason for the call.  Even though really, it was.   Every late night phone call, Brian laid in the bed, listening to every word Justin said, tracing circles over his body lightly like Justin used to do.  He remembered how much it had annoyed him and how he’d always shoo Justin’s hand away.  So when he caught his own hand making circles around his navel and softly tugging at the hairs, he rolled his eyes at himself and stopped, bringing that offending hand to his face and pinching the bridge of his nose.  But he eventually found himself doing it longer and longer before he’d stop.  One night in particular, when Justin was really feeling lonely and the conversation seemed to go on forever… not that Brian was complaining… he’d found that with his eyes closed and Justin’s rambling voice in his ear, it was if Justin was lying there beside him and not on the other side of the continent.  So Brian suddenly found himself doing it all the time.    As the weeks passed by, Justin’s “I just missed you” calls got further and further apart.  He always had something in particular to say.  Brian tried not to let that get to him and there was no way that he would actually say anything about it, but he liked it when Justin called just for the hell of it.  But now it appeared that Justin was settling into his environment, and while Brian had wanted him to do that, it left him feeling weird.  He wasn’t jealous or worried, he tried to convince himself.  He was just being his typical narcissistic self and making it all about him and his own needs.  And what he hated the most was the fact that hearing Justin tell him that he missed him had become a need.  When did that happen?   The progress of the casting seemed to always be a highlight for both of them.  They found it amusing to discuss the people that could possibly end up playing “them”.  And oddly enough, or understandably enough, the more they talked about the potential Rages and JTs, the more they ended up talking about themselves.  They were able to say things without really saying anything because, you know, they weren’t really talking about Brian and Justin, they were talking about Rage and JT.    First it was Rage…   “Brett is pushing for Colin,” Justin told Brian one night, which inevitably made him laugh.   “He does want this movie to actually sell tickets, doesn’t he?” Brian asked sarcastically.   “Oh, come on, Brian.  He’s one of the hottest actors right now.  Very much in demand.  That’s what Brett says anyway.”   “He can’t play Rage.  He has a scrawny ass.”   “And you’re point is?” Justin asked with a grin.   “Hey, I’ll have you know that my ass is quite sought after.  You, of all people, should know that.  Everyone wants a piece of me.”   “Uh, Brian.  They want your dick, that wonderfully bee-u-ti-ful dick… not your cute little ass.”   “Yeah, well.  Whatever.”  Brian had to agree… probably… but he still twisted around, trying to catch a glimpse of said ass over his shoulder.  Cute or not, he didn’t have a scrawny ass.  Did he?   “No, you’re ass isn’t scrawny,” Justin appeased him through the phone and Brian held it out to look at it with furrowed brows.  How did Justin know he was checking it out?  Little shit.  “It just isn’t all that plump and rounded.”  Justin giggled.   Brian huffed.  “You mean, like yours?  At least I can… Oh, never mind.  I’ll spare you my razor-sharp wit.  I kind of like your ass plump and round.”   Justin laughed.  “Good, and I like yours as well.  Even if it is scrawny.  Just a little bit.”    Brian rolled his eyes.  “Are we having phone sex here, because it’s really doing nothing for me.”   “No,” Justin smirked.  “We’re talking about Colin playing Rage.  Brett says that all the women love him.”   “Oh well, that’s always an important factor for consideration when one is casting the lead for a movie about a gay superhero.  What about what we think is hot?  You know, WE, as in queers.  The people this movie is being made for.”   “I don’t know.  Brett says the girls will bring their boyfriends and husbands,” Justin tried to explain.   “Well, there you have it.  If Brett says…”   “Brian.”   “What, Justin?  All I’m saying is you’ve got to appeal to the masses.  First rule in advertising.  And really, whoever the star is, has to appeal to the masses.  And since Rage is a gay superhero, then the masses should include gay men first and foremost.  Besides, we’re known to have impeccable taste, right?  If we say he’s hot, so will the girlies.”   “Okay, I get it.  So who do you suggest then?”   “Tom Welling,” Brian answered immediately.   Justin broke out into a fit of laughter.  “The guy from Smallville?”   “Yeah, why not?”  Brian was serious.  “He’s tall, good-looking and if he’s good enough to play Superman, then I’d say he’s good enough to play me… I mean Rage.”   “I knew it!” Justin replied smugly.  “Your narcissism is taking over your brain again.”   “When is it not?” Brian smirked.   “True,” Justin agreed.  “But he’s already got a superhero gig.  He might be afraid it would typecast him.  And this is a gay role with nudity.  And Colin’s already shown that he’s not afraid of either one of those aspects.  This Tom Welling guy might not be so open with the man-on-man stuff.  You know?”   “Oh please!”  Brian’s forehead wrinkled at Justin’s naiveté.  “He’s already starring in one.  Clark and Lex are soooo doing it.”   “Whaaaat?” Justin asked scrunching up his face.  “They are not!”   “Gotta read between the lines, Justin.  I mean, come on.  Lex is good-looking, wealthy and very intelligent.  Why the fuck would he be hanging out with Clark, who is a fucking kid, for Christ’s sake, if he wasn’t slipping him the old greaser from time to time.”   Justin’s jaw dropped in shock.  He watched that show.  He certainly didn’t see things that way.  “That doesn’t mean anything.  You liked hanging out with me, whether you admit it or not, and in the beginning, I was just a teenager.  And you were intelligent and successful.  It didn’t stop you.”   “And we were fucking,” Brian added, matter of factly.  Justin didn’t comment.  “I rest my case.”   “Oh, right,” Justin said softly.  “Okay, I see your point, but if Welling is playing a teenaged Clark, then wouldn’t he be too young to play Rage?  I mean, you know, Rage is like 29 or 30.  We gotta have someone older to play him.”  Justin grinned into the phone and wished he were right next to Brian so he could see his face.   It wasn’t pretty.  Brian was grimacing.  And if he could’ve reached through the phone to strangle Justin, he would have.   “We need someone like Tom Cruise,” Justin turned the knife a little more.   Brian’s mind raged.  “He’s like fucking 40 or 80, Justin!” he yelled into the phone.  Justin started laughing, unable to hold it in any longer.  “Fuck you, you little shit!”   “Brian, I’m kidding.”  Justin curled his lips in, trying to hold the laughter inside and stop the smiling.  Justin had to spend the rest of the phone call stroking Brian’s bruised ego and promising over and over that whoever Brett chose to play Rage would be perfect, because Justin wouldn’t give Brett a moment’s peace if he wasn’t.  And Brian knew that to be true.  Justin could be quite persistent when he wanted to be.   Brian had mixed feelings about the whole thing.  He wanted the perfect person to be cast as Rage.  Someone that wouldn’t embarrass him and someone that would make the movie a huge success.  If it wasn’t a huge success then Justin being gone would have been all for nothing.  There was a purpose for their separation and that was for Justin to help to make Rage into a blockbuster.  Whoever was cast to play Rage had to be able to draw in the audience… for the movie.  And had to be the hottest thing ever… for Brian’s ego.  The problem was someone that met that criteria might turn Justin’s head.  That thought drove Brian crazy.  He couldn’t help it even though he knew he was acting like a ridiculous lesbian.   ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   And then a few days later there was JT…   Everyone knew JT stood for Justin Taylor, but there was another Justin with a last name ending with a ‘T’ in the world who thought he’d be perfect to play JT.  Brian thought it was worse than Brett’s Colin idea.   “Hey, get this… Justin Timberlake wants to play JT.”    “Whaaaat?” Brian practically squeaked out.  Justin had to have been trying to yank his chain.   “He wants a real controversial role in order to break into acting with a bang or some shit like that.”  Nope, no chain here.  Justin was serious.  Dead serious.    Brian was appalled and almost choked on his words.  “He wants to break into acting by playing a gay character?  By making out with a man?  Naked.  And by simulating getting fucked in the ass?”  Brian couldn’t believe it.  “I knew Britney and Cameron were beards.”    Justin laughed.  “Yeah, I told Brett, no fucking way.”   “Well did he listen to you?  Fuck this is worse than Colin.  Christ!”   “Oh, he didn’t have to listen to me.  He was never considering him at all.  He just told me because it was funny.  Can you believe it?”   “Well, thank god, somebody’s got some scruples.  Justin Timberlake would not make a good JT.  It’d be an atrocity.  He doesn’t even look like you.  He’s a sissy boy.”   “Hey!  After I shaved my head, you called me Timberlake.  You said I looked hot!  You never said I looked like a sissy boy!” Justin yelled in a huff.    “Oh fuck, get over yourself.  It was the same fucking haircut for cryin’ out loud,” Brian explained.  “Besides you were being a fucking brat at the time.”   “I was not.”   “Hmmm.  Let’s call your mom and ask her then.  I think she would side with me on this one,” Brian said smugly, knowing it would shut Justin up.  But then it hit him about the same time that Justin started laughing.  “Fuck!  Did I just say that we should call your mom?”   “Uh-huh,” Justin answered, still laughing.  “Better make sure your dick is still there.”   “B-R-A-T!”  Brian spelled out and Justin laughed until he got the hiccups.   “Sh-it,” he said in the middle of one.   Brian smirked.  “Aw, see?  If you were here, I could stick my dick, which is still attached to my balls, by the way, in your mouth and take care of those pesky things for you… but alas, you’re there and I’m here so you’ll have to deal with them all on your own.”   “Now who’s being a br-at?” Justin asked with another hiccup.  “Shit.”   “Bend over and put your head between your legs.”  Justin laughed.  “And stop laughing or they’ll never go away.”   “I can’t he-lp it,” Justin said, his voice muffled since he had his head between his legs.  “I saw on this website once… this guy was bent over and suck-ing his own dick.  Can you imagine?”   “How pathetic would you have to be to want to suck your own dick instead of someone else doing it for you?”  Brian bent his head down and held his dick straight up.  Uh, no.  That guy must have been pretty-damn-limber.    “Pretty damn pathetic, if you ask me.”   Justin sat back up, somewhat positive that the hiccups were gone.  “You’re just jealous because you can’t do it.”  He knew Brian would try.  He had when he’d seen the picture.  Who wouldn’t… at least try… you know?   Brian furrowed his brows and looked around the ceiling.  “I don’t do jealous,” he said, making a mental note to check for live internet feeds.  The little shit.   “Oh, that’s right.  I keep forgetting.”   Silence.  The conversation had come to a stand still.  They listened to each other breathe for a few moments.  Brian got up from the bed and went to the refrigerator to get a beer.  He saw the JT and Rage picture and smiled.   “They need somebody hot,” Brian said breaking the quiet.  “For JT.  Don’t let them forget that.  And that’s not you being narcissistic or anything.  It’s about Rage.  Rage would never have looked twice at JT if he wasn’t hot.”    Justin blushed but smiled.  Brian’s honesty with stuff like that always meant so much.  It was too twisted to be a bunch of false pleasantries.  But Justin always had to push.  The age-old dilemma.  Love vs. just fucking.  They never agreed.  “I like to think that Rage’s attraction for JT was more than superficial… even in the very beginning.”    “Uh, no.  Think again, blond boy,” Brian disagreed.    “Brian.”    “Jusssstin,” Brian mocked.  “When Rage first saw JT standing under that street lamp… it wasn’t his ability to carry on a conversation and quote public service announcements that got him to cross the street.  He was hot and he wanted to fuck him.  It was about sex.  Period.”    Justin smiled and shook his head.  “I see your point… but…”    “But what?”    “Rage didn’t meet JT under a street lamp, he met him because he was being gay-bashed in an alley and Rage saved his life.”  Justin couldn’t quit grinning.  Brian was just so adorable sometimes.    “Well, same fucking difference,” Brian snapped, realizing what he’d said and that Justin’s head had probably swelled three sizes by now.  “He didn’t take him back to his lair and fuck his brains out because of his creativity and intelligence.”    Justin kept snickering.  “I agree.  It was his vulnerability, sweetness and light.”    Yep, definite head swelling had occurred.  “Fuck that, Romeo!  He wanted to stick his dick in between those full, pouty, suckable lips and inside that round, tight, fuckable ass.”  Brian paused and swallowed.  “Yeah, that’s what it was.”  Of course, now he had head swelling… between his legs.  Fuck.   “You’re so sweet, Brian.” Justin said with an amused sigh.    There was silence.  Brian was still thinking about those suckable lips and that fuckable ass.  “Then no fucking Justin Timberlake as JT,” Brian whispered as almost an afterthought as he stroked his hardening cock.    “We’ll find the perfect JT, I promise.”  Justin waited and despite the muffled slapping sounds, he asked anyway, “Brian?  Are you jacking off?”    “What do you think?”    Justin grinned, settling back on the bed and pushing his hand under his towel.  Closing his eyes, he whispered into the phone, “I think, yes.”    Brian closed his eyes.  “Ssshhh.  Don’t talk.”  He listened to Justin breathe into the phone, it made him feel like he was right there with him.  Close enough so he could touch him, not on the other end of the phone, three thousand fucking miles away.  “Just let me hear you breathe.”   ‘Oh god,’ Justin thought, a slight whimper escaping from his throat.  His dick hardened immediately.   ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   When the first contract was signed, Justin was excited.  He thought the final choice was perfect to play Rage.  He had all the right elements.  He was tall and somewhat muscular.  Not overly so like the steroid cases but enough to look like a superhero and of course, fill out the tights in all the right places.  A strong jawline, which was critical for Rage to have, at least according to Brian.  And those eyes… deep, sultry bedroom eyes that were an important feature for Rage to have since so much of Rage’s communication was through his looks.  He was handsome and debonair.  Overall, strikingly gorgeous… same as Brian, yet in a different way.  Oh yeah, it was a great choice and he was overjoyed.  Hell, he wouldn’t have gone home with him the last time he was in California if he hadn’t had that certain something.  Justin didn’t just sleep with any ole troll, after all.  He had standards.  And while no one ever really stood up against Brian on the Kinney-scale there were some that came close.  And well, Conner James was one of them.  Not to mention that he was a huge action movie star, loved by all and a guaranteed box office draw.  What a coup this was for the movie.      Besides, Justin had already slept with him so he knew the guy could move.  Not as well as Brian, but no one moved inside Justin as well as Brian, so that wasn’t really a negative.  In his own right, Conner was pretty damn good.  He’d make a good Rage.  And since Justin knew him… intimately… he’d be able to work well with him on what it would take to be a great Rage.  In fact, Conner had already called him and asked him to do just that.  He wanted to learn everything there was to know about Rage.  And that made Justin even more positive that Conner was the right choice.  He wanted to do research… he cared about Rage, at least enough that he wanted to do him justice.   Justin couldn’t wait to tell Brian.  ‘What are the odds?’ he thought to himself.  The only big time actor he fucked in Hollywood was going to be Rage and he would be working closely with him on the movie.  ‘Gotta be one in a million,’ Justin assumed.  He hurried home to call Brian.   “You busy?  You going out tonight?” Justin asked.   “Busy… yes.  Going out… no.  I have some work to do on a new account,” Brian sighed.  “When you own your own company, the work is never ending.”   “Good,” Justin said breathlessly.   “I’ll chalk that one up to a Freudian slip.  What’s got you all worked up?”   “You won’t fucking believe this.  They signed Rage!  I’m still in shock.  He’s gonna be good, Brian.  You’re gonna be happy.  You are.  This is so great.  I can’t believe it,” Justin rambled nonstop into the receiver.  As soon as he paused to take a much needed breath, Brian was finally able to chime in.   “You’re babbling like a schoolgirl again.  Did you get laid or something?” Brian asked amused, standing at his desk and pulling his work for the evening out of his briefcase.   “No!  This is better!” Justin answered back excitedly.   “Better than getting laid?  Have I taught you nothing?” Brian smirked.  He heard Justin huff at him but he still didn’t say anything.  “Well?  Save the fucking drum roll dramatics and tell me who it is that’s got your panties all in a knot!”    “Conner.  Conner James!”    Brian dropped the papers in his hand.  Dead silence.  Fuck.  Tricks are tricks.  You’re sure as hell not supposed to then start working with them!  On a fucking movie!  When your boyfriend, partner, whateverthefuck was on the other side of the fucking planet!  What are the fucking odds?  His heart felt like it was being twisted and squeezed.  His head started pounding and throbbing.  He walked to the kitchen counter, combing his hand through his hair then grabbed the bottle of beam and removed the lid.  He held it in his hand, his fingers gripping the neck of the bottle, strangling it, his fingertips turning white.  And why the fuck wasn’t Conner already committed to some other movie and out on location, like in Zimbabwe or something?  In his twisted imagination that’s where he was.  He certainly wasn’t in fucking Hollywood.  Where Justin was.  And Brian wasn’t.  Fuck.    This had to be a cruel joke.  Right?  But why?  He played everything over in his mind.  He’d been good.  He didn’t deserve this shit.  He took a swig of the alcohol and held it in his mouth, using the burn on his tongue to remove the pain in his chest and head.  He closed his eyes.  Waiting and thinking… if he just didn’t say anything then sadistic, evil Vic would appear and remove the vices that’d been so maliciously placed on him and he would wake up from this nightmare.  Was this his punishment for not begging Justin to stay and not go to California?  It couldn’t be, could it?  That would have been wrong.  He knew he did the right thing.  So why the torture?   “Brian, did you hear me?  Conner James!”   And Brian knew.  This wasn’t some sadistic nightmare where poor old dead Uncle Vic liked to torture him.  It was worse.  This was reality.  He swallowed the burning alcohol knowing it wouldn’t do any good to hold it any longer.  The pain was really there.  He took the few steps to the bedroom and sat down on the platform, setting the bottle down and pinching the bridge of his nose.   “Brian?” Justin asked confused.  Did Brian not see the cosmic connection?  Did Brian not appreciate the odds?  Did he not see how great this would be for the movie?    “I heard you.  That’s great,” Brian said flat.   “You don’t seem very happy about it.  I thought you’d be pleased.  He’s got the looks, the body and the reputation.  In a weird kind of way, he’s a lot like you.  Everybody wants him.”  Yeah, Justin had wanted him… once.  Did he want him again?  He pinched his nose harder trying to squeeze the headache out.  “Conner James is to Hollywood what you are to Liberty Avenue.  You know what I mean?  Hell, I wouldn’t have…” Justin’s voice trailed off.  “Ohhhh!”   That made Brian perk up.  The last thing he needed was for Justin to know how he was feeling about this bit of tragic news.  The gods must really hate him.  “What do you mean, ‘ohhhh’?”   “Somebody’s jealous…” Justin sing-songed.   “Fuck you.  I don’t do…”   “Jealous,” Justin finished for him with a smirk.  “Yeah, I know.  Well then what?  What’s wrong with Conner playing Rage, besides the fact that he fucked me?”   “It has nothing to do with the fact that he fucked you, Justin.”  Brian’s face grimaced merely from the words and his headache got worse.  He got up, taking the Beam with him as he headed into the bathroom.  Pulling a bottle of extra strength Advil out of the cabinet, he paused, he had to think.  If it wasn’t because he was jealous, then what?  He shoved four Advil into his mouth and washed them down with a big swig of liquor.  Think fast.  Hurry.    “Because he’s a closet case.”  Yeah, that’s it.  Brian looked at his reflection in the mirror then quickly looked away.  He believed in honesty, damn it.  He hated it when he had to lie.  But he told himself, it wasn’t really lying.  It was simply disguising the truth.  He grabbed the bottle and went back to the bed.   “Whaaat?” Justin asked, his voice raising several octaves.  “You always said that it’s not lying if they make you lie.”   “I know what I said,” Brian snapped, the self-disgust making him sick to this stomach.  No one was making him ‘disguise the truth’, so yeah, it was fucking lying.  But he couldn’t go back now, he had to stick with it.  “This is different.”   “I don’t see how it’s different.  Michael didn’t tell the truth at work because it could have kept him from getting promoted.  Well, maybe Conner feels that if he tells the public, it could keep him from getting the big roles or keep people from going to see his movies.  Same thing, in my book.”   Oh, so that’s what Conner had told Justin.  Great, they talked.  He should’ve known.  Justin just can’t seem to fuck and keep his mouth shut.  He has to converse and get to know people.  Christ!  “Oh, is that what he told you while you were sucking his dick?  And it was a big dick, if I remember right.”    And that gave it away.  Justin knew the truth now and he knew that no matter what he said, Brian was going to fight this.  But he forged ahead.    “Brian look.  Let’s say you’re right and I’m wrong.  Then wouldn’t Conner taking this role be a huge step in righting that wrong?  He’s making a huge sacrifice by doing this, don’t you think?  People will begin to suspect and scrutinize his every move.  He could lose everything.”   Justin had a point and Brian hated him for it.  He laid down on the bed and closed his eyes.  The image of Conner and Justin plastered on the backside of his eyelids.  He opened them to remove the image.  His blood boiling at Justin’s last words.  Making sacrifices and putting it all on the line for the greater good.  Conner must have taken this role for Justin.  To prove something to Justin.  Had Justin said something to him before that had made him think less about himself?  God knows Justin’s idealism had made Brian feel like shit numerous times.  And before he could stop himself, the words just tumbled out.    “Is that what you told him while he was plowing your smooth, tight ass?  Amazing what sacrifices some men are willing to make when their conscious has been massaged by a hot piece of blond boy ass with an intelligent tongue.”   “You’re a fucking asshole.”  And Justin hung up.    Yeah, he was.  He knew he was.  Vic’s malicious vices tightened and suddenly Brian felt like going out and getting his dick sucked after all. |  |  |  |

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| Chapter 4 – The Reality Calls | |  | |
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| Brian pulled up in front of Babylon, the same thing that he’d done the last three nights, but he didn’t turn the engine off.  He sat and looked at the entrance, watching all the guys make their way inside.  He knew he could go in there and just like thousands of times before he could get some hot piece of ass to suck his dick, all thoughts of how much of an asshole he was fading away.  At least temporarily.  But that really wasn’t what he wanted.    Three days and four nights now without talking to Justin and it was driving him crazy.  He knew Justin wasn’t going to call him.  At least not yet… Justin would make him wait.  So if he wanted to talk to him, jack off with him, laugh with him… he would have to make the first move or they could go on like this for the rest of Justin’s stay in Hollywood.  Fuck.  He didn’t want that.  Especially not with Conner James sniffing around.  Double fuck.  There he went again.  He hated feeling like that.  He hated that damn feeling of jealousy.  And most of all, he hated to apologize, but he knew he had to.  He put the car in reverse and headed home, preparing himself for the worst.  Justin would probably make him grovel.  And deservedly so.  Why’d he have to be such a piece of shit sometimes?   “Hello?”   “Hey,” Brian said as if nothing was wrong… and he hadn’t said some awful things… and Justin hadn’t hung up on him… and it hadn’t been days and days since they’d last talked.  He glanced at the bottle of Beam sitting on the counter.  He’d told himself to do this sober, without any assistance, but as soon as Justin answered the phone he wished he’d had a little something, just a sip, to take the edge off and help him get through it all.  He looked away from it.  No.  It would mean more if he did it straight.   He heard Justin take a deep breath, as if in preparation for this inevitable phone call.  “Hey,” Justin responded with a hint of a sigh.   “Um, so how’s it going?”  Brian rolled his eyes.  That was lame and he wondered if he sounded as much like Ted to Justin as he did to himself.  How fucking pathetic could he be?   “Fine.  What about you?” Justin answered and asked, a little flat and uncaring.  Gee, great.  But at least he didn’t hang up on him.  That was something.   “Fabulous.”   And then the silence.  A loud, booming silence that made him want to plug his ears.  Pleasantries were out of the way.  Now what?  Brian took a deep breath and brought a cigarette to his lips.  He had to get it over with.  He flicked his lighter, sucked in a big drag, blew the smoke out quickly and inhaled another one, as if the second one would give him what the first one didn’t.  Of course it didn’t and he turned to the bottle again, staring at it but not touching it.  Convincing himself he was strong enough to face Justin without it.  Why did it all have to be so hard?  It was funny on Happy Days when Fonzi struggled with it, but this was just pathetic… and in no way was it funny.   “Brian?” Justin interrupted his thoughts.  “What do you want?”  He knew damn well what Brian wanted… for him to make this easy on him.  But Justin didn’t really feel like it, even though he was dying to get it over with himself.  He was pleased that it only took four days for Brian to call, but on the other hand, those four days had felt like four months, and he’d missed Brian terribly.   Brian chuckled softly.  “You know what I want.  You’re onto me, remember?”   “Yeah, I’m onto you alright,” Justin agreed but then fell silent.  Waiting.   “But you’re gonna make me say it anyway.  Aren’t you?  Even though you know.”   “I deserve to hear it.  Don’t you think?”    Yeah, he did.  Damn.  This separation thing sucked.  If Justin were there then Brian would just look him in the eye and let his face tell him all the things that his mouth never could.  But then again, if Justin were there, he wouldn’t have said the shit he did in the first place.  Brian took one more drag, crushed the cigarette into the ashtray and exhaled the last of the smoke from his lungs.  It was now or never.    “Okay.  I’m sorry.”  A pause and a slight relief.  “There.  I said it.”  He was rather proud of himself and, unlike Fonzi, he didn’t even stutter.   Justin laughed, making fun of his so-called courage to apologize.  “Sorry’s bullshit, remember?  It means nothing.”  He had no intention of making this easy for Brian.  None.   Brian winced.  He hated it when Justin threw his own words in his face.  But at least he was laughing.  Humor was good.  Even if he was making fun of him.  He could build on that.  All hope was not lost.   “But since you decided to break your own code and say it…” Justin added.  “I’ll accept it on one condition.”   Fuck.  A condition.  Brian was sure that meant groveling.  “Uh oh.  Blond boy making demands.  Never a good sign.  You might as well just throw the rope over the tree right now and get it over with.”   Justin smiled, knowing that Brian would do anything to fix this.  “Not yet.  I haven’t made up my mind as to what your punishment will be or that it’s even necessary for it to be that severe.  So before I impose sentencing is there anything you would like to say on your behalf?  Like, maybe explain just what exactly you’re apologizing for?  That’s what’s important here.  I have to know that you understand.  What are you sorry for, Brian?”   For being an ass, oh wait, for being a fucking asshole.  Yeah, that’s what he’s sorry for, but he knew that’s not what Justin wanted.  Groveling.  That’s what he wanted.  Brian swallowed, it wasn’t gonna be easy.  He knew that he’d better be convincing.  He cleared his throat.  “I’m sorry for what I said.  It was cruel and uncalled for.  You didn’t deserve it.  I was being childish and immature.  I was being…”   “You were being a twat,” Justin interrupted, smiling into the phone.   Okay, Brian deserved that.  He called Justin a twat on more than enough occasions.  And yes, that’s what he was being.  A childish and immature twat.  Brian sighed, relieved that at least one of them was being mature now.  Justin deserved an apology and was demanding one before he would forgive and forget, but he wasn’t lashing out.  They weren’t fighting and he got a feeling that Justin was actually getting a thrill out of this.  But Brian pushed that away.  As long as Justin wasn’t being like he had been to him, then they were making progress.  But still, he knew the little shit was smiling, damn it, and as much as it killed him to agree, he had to.    “The probability of that is unimaginable, I know, but I guess in this case, yes, that’s what I was being.”  He picked up his cigarettes and lit another one.   “And… you were being a jealous boyfriend,” Justin pushed smugly.  He loved it when Brian was jealous.  But he didn’t like him being jealous so far away.  It made his mind go crazy and say stupid, hurtful things.  It was much different than when Justin was there, where Brian could act on his feelings and Justin could make it all better.  It was the distance and Brian’s feelings of helplessness.   “No. I wasn’t.” Brian disagreed.  But very weakly.    “Yes.  You were.”  Justin was adamant.   “Okay.  Yes,” Brian finally admitted, grinning as he imagined the smirk on Justin’s face.  “I was vindictive and acting out on irrational fears and unfounded jealousy.”    Justin laughed.  “You can’t recycle your apologies, Brian.”   “Why not?  It worked pretty well the first time,” Brian smirked.   “Because you have to mean it, you dickhead.”   “I do mean it.  But at the same time… I believe that the fears weren’t so irrational nor that the jealousy was that unfounded.”   “Oh no?  How come?”   “Because I know what you’re capable of doing to people.”  Yeah, making people want to be a better person.  His stomach flipped over.  Making people change everything about their lives, make them want things that they never thought they did.  Yeah, he knew first hand about Justin’s amazing capabilities.  And why would Conner James be any different than him?  Someone being immune to Justin’s charm was highly unlikely.  Brian picked up the bottle and went to the bedroom, setting the bottle on the nightstand, he plopped down on the bed.   “You’re so full of shit, Brian.  But if you seriously believe that, then we have a bigger problem than you just being a twat and a jealous boyfriend.”   “What could possibly be a bigger problem than that?” Brian asked cockily.   “Because then that means that you’re trying to justify your reaction.  Brian, there is no justification for the shit you said to me.  And if you think you were justified, even if by just a small part, then you might be inclined to let it happen again.  Conner is still going to be in this movie.  He and I will still be working closely with each other.  How are you going to deal with that?  I don’t like what you said, Brian.  It really hurt.”   Brian winced again.  He hated that he’d hurt Justin.  Again.  “I’ll deal with it.  It’s my problem.”   “If you lash out at me, then it’s our problem.”   “Hmmm, well then, we’ll deal with it.  Together.”  There was silence so Brian figured it was the end of it.  “Am I forgiven now?”  He heard Justin huff on the other end of the phone.  “I missed you, you know.”   “I figured as much.  Me, too,” Justin whispered sweetly before getting serious again.  “Brian, don’t do it again.”   “I’ll try,” Brian said laughing.    “You better do more than try, Brian.”    “I won’t… I mean, I won’t do it again.”   “I’m serious.  Jealousy is based on insecurity and lack of trust.  You have no reason to not trust me anymore and you have no reason to feel insecure about how I feel about you.  I’m not going anywhere.”   “Good.”   “But that doesn’t mean you will get away with that kind of shit again.”   “It’s not that I don’t trust you.  I know that you know there’s no one better than me for you…”   “Oh my god,” Justin said, rolling his eyes.   “It’s Conner.  I’m almost sure that that’s a fact that he is unaware of and therefore he may try to…”   “Brian!  Would you listen to yourself?  What the fuck difference does it make what he wants?  I had him.  Done.  It was a fuck.  It meant nothing.  I barely remember it.”   Brian started laughing.  “That sounds familiar.”   Justin laughed too.  “Yeah it does.  I guess I picked up a few things along the way.  But the point is…”   “I know the point.  I taught you the fucking point.”  Brian stopped when he realized his voice had risen.  He didn’t want it to turn into something else.  Conner wanted Justin.  No doubt about it.  He was sure of it.  But that wasn’t Justin’s fault.  He couldn’t help the fact that he was irresistible.  This was about the awful things Brian had said to Justin and his apology.  He grabbed the bottle off the nightstand and twisted off the lid.  “Forgiveness… now.”   “Okay fine.  You’re forgiven,” Justin said sweetly.   “Well, thank god.”  Relief and anguish poured through Brian’s body.  He had gotten through it without taking a drink.  And now they could move on to more important things.  He brought the bottle up to his lips and poured some into his mouth.   “I do kind of like it when you’re jealous though,” Justin admitted with just a hint of horniness in his voice.    Enough of a hint that Brian’s dick heard it and stood up to hear more.  “I know,” Brian said, rubbing his hand over his pants.  Christ!  He took another drink, returned the bottle to the nightstand and leaned back against the headboard.  “So… I have this really big problem and you’re just what the doctor ordered to take care of it.”   Justin laughed, knowing full well what Brian’s big problem was.  If truth be known he was in the same predicament.  But he wasn’t quite ready to go there yet.  It had been four agonizing nights since they’d talked and well, Justin had a lot to tell him.  “Is that why you called, Brian?  For me to take care of you little problem?” Justin asked, teasing Brian and smiling into the phone.   “Big problem, I said.”   “Okay, big problem.  Is that why you missed me?”   “Yeah, Justin.  That was the only reason because you’re the only guy in the fucking entire world that can take care of my hard-ons.  If I wanted a quick off, I would’ve gone back to Babylon tonight just like I’ve done for the last four nights.  You know that place where there is always a willing ass to play with.”   Justin wrinkled his nose.  “Yes, I’m familiar with the place.  Anything worth mentioning?”  He didn’t really want to know but a smart part of him did, and that’s the part that forced the words out of his mouth.   “Not really.  They served their purpose,” Brian answered nonchalantly and Justin was relieved.  “So… my problem is still a problem.  Can we move on now?”   “Yeah, we can move on.  They found a guy to play JT,” Justin said changing the subject.   “That wasn’t exactly what I had in mind,” Brian sighed.  “But okay, tell me about him.”   “His name’s Rupert Harris.  He’s an unknown.  Very hot and very sexy but with an innocent quality.  He’s 24, but looks young enough to be convincing as a 17-year old.  And get this, he’s from Ireland.  Talks with an accent and everything.”  Justin stared at Rupert’s bio in his hand.  The guy was definitely hot.   “Hmmm, well.  He does sound hot.  The Irish always are,” Brian added smugly and Justin laughed.   “Yeah, I would agree.”   “So what’s his deal?  If he’s unknown, why are they convinced that he can pull this off?”   “Well, his bio lists all this stuff.  Acting academy, he’s got a degree in Theatre and Dance…”   “Dance?” Brian asked incredulously.  “Is he a fag or what?”   “Yeah, he is actually,” Justin said thoughtfully.  Oh great.  Could he not catch a fucking break?  “His bio says that he’s been out since he was 17.  Wow.  That’s pretty brave.  You don’t see that too often.”  And Justin was impressed with him.  Shit.   “You came out at 17.  Or should I say, came on, came in, came under, came all over the fucking place, if I recall correctly.”  Justin laughed.  “You were pretty fucking brave, if you ask me.”   “Well yeah, but I’m just some guy from the Pitts.  He’s like an actor, trying to get a job in the public eye.  Being gay is not usually the acceptable thing to be.  I just think it’s admirable.  And the way you reacted to Conner to being in the movie and being in the closet, I thought you’d think so, too.”   And there it was.  Brian’s proof that his jealousy hadn’t been unfounded.  Justin did admire those that were out and Brian was even more sure now that he’d probably said a very similar thing to Conner about Rupert.  And maybe even said something again about it since Brian’s little tirade.  This was just fucking fabulous.  But they had moved on, he tried not to think about it.  “Hmm.”  Brian wasn’t sure about this.  “So he’s a dancer?”   “Uh-huh.  That’s what it says.  Ballet.”   “Christ!”  Brian smirked.  “That’s just about as stereotypical as one can get as far as the public’s concerned.”  Brian sighed.  “On the plus side though, I’d wager a bet that he’s extremely limber.”    “You think?” Justin asked.    “Yeah.  I imagine he won’t have any problems bending his knees to his ears like JT does.  All.  The.  Fucking.  Time.”    “I guess…” Justin’s voice trailed off as he stared at the picture on the actor’s bio, thinking about what Brian was saying.  Very limber.  Yep, he’d bet he was.  And he kind of wanted to find out.  That could be hot.    Brian cleared his throat, sensing that the image he’d just invoked of JT folded over, ass in the air, had sent Justin’s mind reeling.  “Sunshine’s getting some wicked ideas in that pretty little head of his.  Isn’t he?” Brian sing-songed.   Justin laughed.  “Well, he is hot!  You wanna see him?”  Justin went to his computer desk and pulled up the website listed on the bio.   “Awww, how sweet of you!  You gonna gift wrap him and send him to the Pitts?  Just for me?”    Justin snorted.  “No!”   “Why not?” Brian asked.  “I AM the real Rage.  I could teach him what it’s really like to be fucked by him.”   Justin rolled his eyes.  “He’s gay remember.  I’m pretty sure he won’t have any issues simulating man-on-man sex.  But I wouldn’t mind checking it out though.”  Justin grinned.    “Down boy.”   Justin laughed.  “You’re just jealous because I have this vast field of play out here and you’re still stuck with the same ole, same ole in the Pitts.”  Brian huffed.  No, that wasn’t it all.   “Hey!  What happened to ‘the city’s really big, Brian, it’s overwhelming’?” Brian grinned into the phone.  He was happy that Justin was comfortable now, if he could just get over this feeling of uneasiness about Justin actually working with these guys that he was fucking.  Don’t piss where you sleep, you know.    “I guess I grew some balls,” Justin smirked into the phone.  “Here’s the website for Rupert.  Check him out.”   Brian groaned and got up from the bed.  “Fine, I’ll check out the little JT guy.  By the way, Justin,” Brian said as he sat down in front of his computer.   “What?”   “You’ve always had balls.  Big ones in fact.  What’s the address?”   Justin snickered.  “I like to think so.  Oh, you ready?  Okay, it’s www.rlipmanagency.com/rupertharris.html What do you think?  Hot huh?”   Brian typed in the address and hit go.  “Well hang on.  Impatient little shit.”   “Brian.”   “You sound like my parents when you do that, only they didn’t say my name, it was usually ‘piece of shit’ or some other closely affectionate term.”   “Brian,” Justin said again and Brian smirked.  The web page popped up and Brian’s eyebrow arched immediately and a little rumble escaped from his throat.  Justin knew he’d seen him.  “What do you think?”   “He’s alright,” Brian said with his traditional response.  But the guy would definitely be worth a fuck.   “This movie is going to be so fucking hot, Brian.  Can you picture him and Conner going at it?”  Actually, yeah he could picture it.  He could also picture Justin doing it with him.  And himself.  “Shit.  Jaws will drop.  I get hard just thinking about it.”   “Well, it should cause for some moist panties, alright.  Guys and girls.  You think he’s got a big dick?”  Brian got up from the computer and went back to the bedroom to get ready for what was surely about to happen.   Justin laughed.  “I sure hope so,” he replied, licking his lips.  “Brian?”   Brian closed his eyes and rubbed his hand over his cock, waking it back up.  “Hmmm?  Gotta problem there, Sunshine?”   “Yeah,” Justin said throatily.  “You?”   “Do you need to even ask?”   ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   Things were back on track after the fated phone call.  Amazing how a shared orgasm could put your life back into perspective.    Justin continued to work on story boards in the art department but he was also asked numerous times to give input elsewhere.  Overall look and feel of the sets.  Wardrobe for the costumes.  He told Brian all about it and Brian loved the excitement in his voice when it came to the movie and how much Brett was depending on Justin’s input.   Justin also continued to tell Brian everything else, and that included his time spent with Conner.  That was hard for Brian but he listened and kept his mouth shut.  Justin didn’t need to know that it was making his blood boil.  He couldn’t seem to get past the fact that Conner had ulterior motives for wanting to learn Rage’s mannerisms and be the best Rage he could be.  It was logical, of course, for any actor to do research, but when the little green-eyed monster was eating away at you, logic just didn’t stand a chance.   Justin and Conner were together three or four nights a week.  Some nights at the studio, which Brian didn’t mind too much since others were always around but some nights were spent in private inside Justin’s tiny guesthouse (where Brian knew that the bed was in the same room as the living area).  That shouldn’t have mattered, it’s not like you need a bed to fuck, but it did matter.  More of that lost logic.  It mattered, and it bothered him tremendously.  He couldn’t help it.  He was doing a stellar job, however, of not letting Justin know.  No more uncontrolled outbursts.  He just bit his lip, squeezed his eyes shut, listened and gave the occasional ‘uh-huh’, ‘really’, ‘no shit’ and ‘that’s great’.  He actually thought about how his acting ability was blossoming so well that maybe he should be the one playing Rage, and then there wouldn’t need to be a Conner at all.  Of course, logically, Brian didn’t have the box office draw that Conner brought to the table.  Okay, so one slight drawback.    And then there were other nights where Justin and Conner were together at Brett’s or going out with Brett, and even though Brian had some respect for Brett since his intentions toward Justin seemed to be honest, he couldn’t understand why Brett kept creating situations where Conner and Justin would be together.  Weren’t they together enough already?  It made him leery and uncomfortable.  And not being there to see what was really going on left him feeling helpless and without control.  He hated that most of all.  How was he supposed to protect Justin if he wasn’t there?  It made him crazy.   “You know how you can raise one eyebrow but not the other?” Justin asked him one night.   “Uh-huh,” Brian answered.   Justin started laughing as he began to recite his story.  “Well, I told Conner it’s very important that Rage do that.  I explained to him that Rage is a man who believes that incessant talking isn’t necessary as a means to communicate and that his facial expressions are what tell the story.  That that look, as well as many others, is what JT uses to see the real Rage.  The man behind the mask.  It’s how he knows that Rage loves him even though he refuses to say it.”  Justin laughed again, obviously remembering something that he hadn’t shared with Brian yet and Brian smirked.   “Really.  Is that so?”  Brian knew it was so.  That’s exactly how Justin had him all figured out.  It never mattered what Brian said… Justin always knew the truth.  The little shit.  But it was also that fact that caused Justin to not know what was really going on with Brian now.  Kind of hard to look for facial expressions over the phone.  With that kind of distance between them, all they had to rely on was words and well, even though Brian was a man that didn’t speak them often, he was also a master at using words to sell stuff, even if what he was selling wasn’t the truth.  He didn’t like himself for doing it, but his technique of refusing to say things didn’t work too well in long distance relationships.  You kind of had to talk to communicate.   “Yep,” Justin answered smugly.  “Anyway, Conner can’t do it.  He tried over and over and it was cracking me up.  Both eyebrows kept going up together at the same time.”   “No shit,” Brian added trying to sound uninterested when in reality he was grinning like a Cheshire cat that Conner couldn’t do it.    “So I was helping him by holding one down as he practiced.”    An image of Justin sitting on Conner’s lap and holding his face popped into Brian’s mind.  He shook his head and rubbed his eyes trying to make it disappear.   “It was so funny, Brian.  I couldn’t help but laugh.”    And Justin was laughing now.  Still laughing about cute little Conner and his eyebrow arching inabilities.  Brian felt sick.    “But he finally got it.  Now he can do it without my help.  And it’s like he’s so proud, or is afraid that he’ll forget how to do it, but he does it all the time now.”   “That’s great.”  Brian combed his fingers through his hair then reached for a smoke.   “Yeah, I’ll look over at him from across the room and he’ll raise one eyebrow at me and I just laugh at him.  Last night we were at Emerald and he did it while I was taking a drink.  I nearly choked on an ice cube then spewed my drink all over this guy’s shirt.  Fucked up my chances to score with that dude, but oh well.  God, he’s so pathetic.  I can’t wait for you to meet him.”   Oh yeah, that made Brian feel better.  Now Conner was thwarting Justin’s attempts at getting laid.  Just fucking great.  “I can hardly wait,” Brian mumbled with a cigarette dangling from his lips.   Justin also told him about Rupert.  On one rare occasion when Rupert joined the Three Musketeers on a night out to the clubs… Rupert had accompanied Justin back to his place.  Brian’s body tensed at first but for some reason that Brian didn’t quite understand, this scenario didn’t make him all that jealous.  In fact, Justin’s acute sense for detail and animated ways of storytelling turned this chapter of Justin’s Hollywood adventure into a rather hot interlude of phone sex, despite the slight twinge in Brian’s gut.  Just the sheer thought of Justin fucking his alter ego made Brian hard and Justin took full advantage of it.  Brian even wished that Justin had had this same reaction when he saw him with Rage all that time ago… but of course, bad timing had prevented that.  They were in such a different place back then.    But now, it was okay.  Oddly enough.  And Brian thought about it constantly.  Justin would be working closely with Rupert to teach him all of JT’s mannerisms… just like he was doing with Conner.  Why was he not totally freaking out?  Why did Conner make him nuts and yet Rupert didn’t?  And Rupert was gay, like really gay.  Out and everything.  And closer to Justin’s age.   The more Justin talked about Rupert, the more he began to understand what it could be.  Maybe it was because of Rupert himself.  Yes, he was a hot, sexy, blond with a kick ass body that should make any human being alive jealous and insecure but there was more.  Other than their initial tryst, Rupert seemed completely uninterested in Justin.  Justin told Brian that Rupert was a really quiet guy and wasn’t much into partying and the more Justin talked to him, the more uncomfortable and insecure Justin felt.  Evidently Rupert was this ultra-intelligent guy who liked to read intense novels and rather loathed the promiscuous gay lifestyle as a state of being.  He participated in the occasional one-night stand but for the most part, he was a nester and saw the ‘fuck anything that moves’ attitude as childish and immature.  Of course, that made Brian laugh.    “He doesn’t know what he’s missing.  Obviously he’s never been fucked properly,” Brian told Justin.    “Oh and you think you could change that?” Justin played along.   “Of course.”   “Sorry.  But I doubt it.  The guy’s a stick in the mud.  Besides, I told you all about our little adventure so you know damn well he was fucked thoroughly and properly by yours truly.  Not to mention the fact that he already sucks cock like a Hoover.”   But the clincher for Brian was what Justin told him after they’d had dinner one night… after their torrid sex affair… when Rupert asked all kinds of questions about JT’s motivation for chasing Rage around.  Justin tried to explain it the best he could and Rupert seemed to understand.  He was getting in touch with the character and all seemed fine.  But then Rupert ended the conversation with a comment about JT and Rage’s relationship being totally dysfunctional and one-sided.  Justin didn’t like that very much and grimaced at him.    “He reminds me of those snobby, pretentious assholes that Ethan hung out with,” Justin said casually.  “It’s too bad really.  Blond, gorgeous, built, big dick, great ass.  All wasted.”   Brian decided then and there, Rupert was not anyone he needed to worry about.  He was already secure in his gayness, had a strong sense of himself and who he wanted to be.  Justin’s idealistic charm wouldn’t work on Rupert.  So no, even though Rupert was hot as hell, he didn’t need to worry about him.  Just Conner.  Conner fucking James.  The one who was living a lie.  The one who was probably just insecure enough in his choice to live the way he was living, that Justin’s idealistic values, intelligent banter and gargantuan balls could have an impact on.  That Conner. |  |  |  |

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| Chapter 5 - The Tequila Calls |  | | |
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| It was four a.m. Pittsburgh time when the phone started to ring.  That first ring hadn’t done much other then penetrate Brian’s subconscious.  The second ring began to stir him from his slumber.  The third ring brought about a growl and he rolled toward the annoying noise.  He reached his hand out and swatted at the alarm clock, knocking it to the floor.  He heard it break apart but he didn’t care because he was relatively sure that he’d just gone to bed only moments before.  In actuality it had been three hours but when you’re in the middle of a deep sleep it always feels like it’s only been a few minutes.  The fourth ring made him open one eye with the realization that obviously the alarm clock attack had been unwarranted.  It was the phone.  He reached for it haphazardly and pushed the talk button as he brought it to his ear.   “This better be fucking good,” he croaked into the receiver.   “Hey,” a very enthusiastic Justin said.   Brian groaned.  Justin.  Calling.  It was starting to register.  “Don’t you know what fucking time it is?”  Brian was never very nice when he was awakened.   “Um, yeah.  It’s a little after one.  Why?”  Justin was chipper and wide awake… the exact opposite of Brian’s current state.   “Why?!  Justin!  What the fuck?”  Brian rubbed his eyes then slipped his hand under the sheet and scratched at his groin.  His limp dick flopping around as his nails raked through the thatch of hair.   “I went to a party tonight!”  Well, that explains it.  Justin was tweaked, high, drunk, something.  But definitely too intoxicated to remember the fucking time difference.  “It was…” Justin started to tell his story just like he always did when he called.   “Justin!” Brian yelled into the phone, cutting him off.  Brian was pissed at being woken up and was not in the mood to hear another chapter of the amazing adventures of Alice in Wonderland.   “What?” Justin asked sheepishly.    Brian pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed.  “Justin.  If it’s one o’clock there, that means it’s four o’clock here.  Four o’clock in the fucking middle of the fucking night!  And I have to work in the morning, you know, like at a real job!”  Brian scratched at his belly then rubbed over his chest before his arm plopped out to the side, limp and void of any further energy.    There was no further comment and Justin was silent.  That had been uncalled for.  Justin was working at a real job and if Justin had been sober he would have hung up on him again.  But he wasn’t so the insult barely registered in that way.  He had other things on his mind.  Justin furrowed his brows, but of course Brian couldn’t see that he’d done it.  Justin was hurt.  Why didn’t Brian want to talk?  Why didn’t he understand what Justin needed?  Then he remembered.  He hadn’t explained it to him.  Yeah, that’s it!  “But Brian, it was a Mexican Siesta Party,” Justin said sexily and wiggling those same eyebrows.  He thought that little gesture mixed with what he said would explain everything.  But again, Brian couldn’t see him doing it, so basically it didn’t explain shit.    “And I’m supposed to give a shit about this?  When it’s four o’clock in the fucking morning!”  Brian sniffed and stretched his legs out.  He kept his eyelids closed, wanting nothing more than to go back to sleep, and if he kept them shut then, he reasoned, he wouldn’t really fully wake up and he could return to his slumber much faster.   Brian was about to hang up when Justin continued, trying desperately, again, to explain the purpose of his call.  “Well, we were drinking margaritas...”    Brian’s eyes popped opened.  Suddenly, he was very much awake.  Justin’s voice was erratic and Brian could hear his tongue lightly slurping spit and his lips gently smacking every time Justin licked them.    “…and, and, I drank a lot.”  Justin opened his mouth wide to stretch his lips then ran a finger over the bottom one.  Yes, it was still there.  “I-I-I don’t really know how many, but… well… you know.  Don’t you, Brian?”    Yes, Brian knew.   “Um, yeah,” Brian smirked.  “I vaguely recall being exposed to the Taylor Tequila Titillation a few times.”   Justin kind of half-heartedly laughed in relief.  Brian understood now.  He was in quite a predicament.  He licked his lips again then swallowed with a gulp.  “I can’t feel my lips and my mouth is watering and my tongue feels really fat and it’s throbbing… and aching and… oh god.”  Justin was rambling anxiously.  “It’s needs… I need… I just really wanted to…” His voice trailed off.  He was suddenly feeling stupid for calling now.  There really wasn’t any way for Brian to help him.  Not when he was three thousand miles away.  He sighed in frustration.   Brian slid his hand back under the sheet.  His dick was beginning to harden at the thought of what Justin needed.  “Tell me what you need, Justin.  What do you want?” he asked, his voice husky and sexy.   The question bounced around in Justin’s ears and he felt for the one not covered by the phone.  It was still there.  But now that he’d touched it, it began to itch.  He scratched nervously at the upper shell of his ear then the skin behind it then ruffled his hair.  He couldn’t quit touching himself.  He felt his lips again and stuck his finger inside as he replayed Brian’s question over and over in his head.  The tone of Brian’s voice making his dick harder and amplifying what he needed.  He swallowed around his finger then pulled it out and dragged it lazily over his bottom lip, making it wet and shiny and feel so good.  He closed his eyes and softly moaned at the weird sensation, lost in his thoughts and his touches.   “Justin?” Brian asked to bring him out of his reverie and make him verbalize his thoughts.  “Tell me.”   Justin instantly started talking as if on auto-pilot.  “Mmm, I-I need to kiss.  To slide my tongue around with yours.  To taste your mouth.  Suck your tongue.  Yeah.  I want to breathe your air.”  Justin paused, his breaths vibrating loudly into the phone.  His hand crept down his body.  His fingers wrapped around his hard cock.  “I want to feel your stubble on my lips.  Burning me.  Scratching me.  Tickling my face.”  A pause again and Brian smiled as he stroked himself too.   Justin always had a thing for tequila and it had a very bizarre effect on him… tequila seemed to enhance and magnify Justin’s oral fixation tendencies.  On those rare occasions when Justin had consumed a staggering amount of shots or margaritas all night, Brian was always treated to a lengthy kissing marathon.  Justin could never get enough of Brian’s mouth when he was like that.  But that wasn’t all.  The kissing was followed by a thorough full-body tongue bath.  Justin leaving saliva trails all over him.  His skin pulling tight against itself when the air dried it.  It always made Brian shiver and feel so alive.  Then after all that, Justin would top it off with one of those incredibly wet and spit-soaked blowjobs.  The carnivorous kind with extra loud slurping noises.  Brian knew how Justin was feeling and it killed him that he wasn’t there to receive the benefits of Justin attending a margarita party.   “I want to lick all over your body and mmm…” Justin moaned as he swallowed again.  “…suck your toes.  Each one of them like they were teeny-tiny cocks.”    ‘Fuck,’ Brian thought, his toes curling instinctively under the covers.  “Yeah, go on.”   “I want to lick around the hard bone in your ankle and nibble the soft flesh behind your knee.”  Brian heard a gasp and he wasn’t sure if it was his or Justin’s.  Then he heard another sweep of Justin’s tongue over his lips, this time louder… a gentle smacking.   Justin swallowed the pooling spit that kept filling his watering mouth.  “Oh god, Brian.  I want, I need your big, thick, perfect cock in my mouth.  To fill it up.  Slide its smoothness against the bumpy texture of the roof of my mouth and press down on my tongue to make room for it.  It’s so big and hard.  I-I’m aching for it.”    Brian heard Justin’s breaths getting heavier and quicker.  His voice becoming choppy.   “I want to swallow it and lick it and kiss it and, and, suck it… yeah, suck it… until, until…”    Brian knew Justin couldn’t finish.  He’d been doing so well all on his own but now Brian was going to have to help him.  Take him the rest of the way, so he continued where Justin left off.  “…until I cum, shooting my silky jizz against your throat and all over that fat and throbbing tongue.”   Justin approved.  He groaned.  “Uh-huh.  Yeah.  Cum in my mouth.”   “Then what?” Brian asked in a whisper and Justin whimpered, not wanting to say anything.  He wanted Brian to do it and he intended to.  “You gonna let it trickle out of the corners of your lips?”   “No, no, no.  I won’t,” Justin answered right away.  He was panting heavily.   “How are you going to stop it, Justin?”  Brian egged him on.  “Because I’m coming now, Justin.  Can you feel it?”    Justin nodded quickly.  ‘Yes, yes, yes,’ he thought.   “It’s a lot and it’s filling your mouth.  It’s still coming, Justin.  What are you going to do?  It’s oozing…”   “I’ll swallow it,” Justin interrupted excitedly.  Gushes of air breezed into the phone from his deep pants.  “I’ll swallow it all.”  Justin groaned and whimpered, needing release.   Brian took pity on him, finally.  “Then do it,” he ordered.   There were a couple of grunts and loud sighs and lots of loud swooshes of air directly into the mouthpiece of the phone.  Brian smiled, closed his eyes and stroked himself as he listened to Justin’s orgasm, envisioning Justin’s hand pumping himself to climax, his back arched off the bed and his head thrown back.  The loud air swooshes quieted to heavy breathing then after a few minutes the heavy breathing evened out into regular breathing.  There was a soft sigh and a muffled rustling sound then all became quiet.  Brian waited, still smiling.   “Brian?”  Justin asked softly.   “Yeah.”   “Thanks.”   “Feeling better now?”   “Yeah.”   “Good.”   “Sorry I woke you.”   Brian grinned bigger and rubbed his fingers through his hair briskly.  The orgasm must have sobered Justin up a bit.  “Well, you should be, you little shit.  Stay away from the fucking tequila.  Don’t you know that stuff’ll kill ya?”   Justin huffed.  He knew Brian wasn’t really mad, he liked him when he drank the stuff.  But then again, Brian wasn’t there to benefit from the effects so maybe he really was miffed.  He opened his mouth wide a few times.  The feeling in his lips was coming back.  And it had woken him up.  Maybe he should let Brian get back to sleep.  “Goodnight, Brian,” Justin said out of the blue thinking a quick goodbye would be appreciated.   “Hey! Asshole!”   “What?” Justin asked confused.   “Set your alarm for three hours.”   Huh?  What the hell was Brian talking about?  “Why?”   “Because mine’s on the floor in at least three pieces and I’ll need a wake up call… at seven!”   Justin thought, trying to come to terms with what Brian was saying.  Then it hit him.  “But on my time, that’ll be four o’clock in the morning,” Justin complained.    Oh, so now he remembers the time change.  “Exactly.  Even intoxicated, your know your numbers,” Brian said smugly.   “Oh.  Ugh,” Justin groaned.  “Punishment?”   “Yes.  Now go to sleep.  Three hours, Justin.”  His tone menacing and Justin pictured him looking at him with one arched eyebrow, challenging him to not do as he was told.  And as much as Justin hated it when Brian did that, he figured this time, he needed to follow through.  Seeing how Brian’s alarm was now broken and it was all Justin’s fault.  But Brian wasn’t sitting there with a raised eyebrow… he was actually grinning as he waited for Justin to accept his punishment.   “Okay, Brian.  Later.”   Brian hung up without saying anything.  He dropped the phone and rolled to his side.  With a grumbling sigh, he reached for the lube and squirted a very generous amount into his hand.  ‘Fucking twat,’ he thought, laughing to himself.  He squeezed his eyes shut and concentrated on remembering one of those fantasticly wet, tequila-induced blowjobs, determined to take care of his hard-on as quick as he could in order to get at least some peaceful sleep before his wake up call.    ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   When seven o’clock came the phone rang again.  Brian had fallen asleep with the phone right by his head and it jarred him instantly.  He grabbed it.  “FUCK!” he yelled into the receiver.   “Bwian,” Justin said through a big yawn.  “It’s seven.”  Brian growled but didn’t say anything.  There was silence except for their shallow breathing.  “Brian?  You awake?”   Brian rubbed his face and grumbled, “Yeah, I’m awake.  Just tired.  Some horny little shit woke me up last night.  Seems he had a problem he couldn’t manage to take care of himself.”   Justin huffed and yawned again, running his fingers through his hair.  Brian threw back the duvet and scratched his balls.  “This isn’t exactly how I like you waking me up in the morning.”   Justin laughed.  “I know,” he said, a little embarrassed.   “No need to blush, Sunshine.”  Brian sat up, placing his feet on the floor.   “I’m not,” Justin lied.   Brian smirked.  “So… what kind of sorry-ass party was this that you couldn’t find someone to help you with your little problem last night?”  He got up and walked to the bathroom to take his morning piss.   Justin rubbed his eyes.  “Eh, the party was cool.  It’s just that everyone was paired up.  There were only two of us there that didn’t come with anyone.”   Brian stood over the toilet and sniffed.  “Let me guess, he had a small dick.  Can’t say that I blame you.”   “No, huh-uh,” Justin corrected him.  “He’s got a big dick alright.”   “Well then, what was the problem?”  He pinched the bridge of his nose, he was so tired.  The urine just starting to trickle out.   “Um,” Justin hesitated.  “It was Conner.”   Brian’s body jerked and he reached for the wall to steady himself.  In full stream, he’d missed the toilet in his stumbling and ended up pissing on his foot.  “Fuck!” he yelled, dropping the phone on the floor.  It’d missed the toilet bowl by only a few millimeters.     “Brian?  What happened?  Brian?”   Brian finished up, threw a towel on the floor and scooted it around with his foot to dry up the mess.  He flushed the toilet and picked the phone back up.  Justin was listening to all the commotion, when he heard the whooshing sound of the phone coming to Brian’s ear, he asked again, “Brian?”   “Yeah, what?’ he barked into the phone.  ‘Fucking Conner James,’ he thought.  ‘I’m sick of this guy.  And why the hell does Brett keep inviting Justin and Conner to all the same functions?  Together?  Did this guy not ever bring a fucking date anywhere with him?’   “What happened?” Justin asked.   “Nothing.  I dropped the phone.  Shit, can’t a guy take a piss?”   Justin scrunched up his face at Brian’s sudden change in mood.  He heard the muffled sound of water and knew Brian had turned on the shower.  He yawned and stretched.  “Well okay.  I’ll let you go.  You need to get ready for work and I need to go back to sleep.  I’ve got an early meeting.”   “What’s on the agenda today?”  Brian asked, trying to make up for his outburst.   “I gotta work on the storyboards for JT’s attack.”    Brian fell silent and stared at the floor, all he could see was that fucking bat.    “I’m not really looking forward to it.  It shouldn’t be a big deal, but…”  Justin paused, shaking his head and Brian closed his eyes to will the image away.  “…anyway,” Justin continued.  “Then I’m meeting with Conner again this evening.”    Well that removed his agonizing thoughts of Chris-fucking-Hobbs.  Conner-fucking-James.  Brian shook his head and pulled his lips into his mouth.    “And Brett invited us to his place for dinner.  He said he wants to make some kind of announcement.”    Yeah, I fucking bet.  Brett-fucking-Keller.  His stomach turned over a couple of times.  “Sounds like a full day.”  He bit his bottom lip to keep from saying anything else.   “What about you?” Justin asked to change the subject.   “Me?  Oh, nothing as exciting as you.  I’ll start the day by pissing off Cynthia.  Then find a way to make an ass out of Ted, which is relatively simple as well as somewhat amusing at times.  I’ll dazzle my clients with my brilliance… as usual.  Put on my hottest ‘you know you want me’ outfit.  Go to Babylon.  Dance.  Get thoroughly drunk.  Turn down a couple hundred trolls vying for my attention.  Remind some phony uber-top what side of the road he really stands on by making him bend over in a matter of seconds.  Fuck his brains out.  Shoot my load up his ass and leave him begging for more.  Meet Mikey at the diner.  Annoy the shit out of Deb.  Smart off to Ben.  Then go home… alone.  Fall onto the bed and pass out in dramatic fashion.  Just the usual boring life that us yokels live in the wonderful land of the Pitts.”   “Sounds great,” Justin said laughing.  “I’ll call you later tonight.  Okay?”   “If you can manage to tear yourself away from the Con-man, I’ll try to make myself available.”   Justin rolled his eyes.  “Brian, really.”   “I’ll be waiting with bated breath.  Is that better?” Brian asked mockingly.  He didn’t know why he was acting this way.  Well, he did know why.  He just hoped that Justin didn’t know why.   “Actually.  Yes, it is.”   “Well, unless you think this phone is waterproof, I have to go.  You’re cutting into my shower time and since you’re not here to take care of certain morning rituals, I’m finding that it takes a little longer to get ready for work these days.”  He really missed Justin.   Justin grinned.  “I miss you too, Brian.”  He yawned again.   “Go back to sleep.  You need you’re beauty rest.”   “Okay, later.”   “Punishment’s over.  Later.”   Brian pushed the button to disconnect the call and threw the phone across the bedroom and onto the bed.  He turned to the mirror and leaned in closely, checking his eyes for wrinkles or crows feet.  Once he was satisfied that there wasn’t anything visible to worry about, he made his way into the shower, grumbling under his breath, “Fucking Conner James.” | |  |  |

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| Chapter 6 – The Change of Plans | |  |
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| It was 2:00 am when Brian looked at the clock for the fourth time since he crawled into bed.  He’d gone over to Lindsay’s apartment for dinner, then to Woody’s for a quick game of pool and purposely made an early evening of it.  He told himself and Michael it was because Lindsay had put him in a bad mood with her incessant whining about missing Melanie and the baby (as if he didn’t understand how much it hurt to miss your partner) but that wasn’t really true.  The truth was he was anxious for Justin to call.    He wanted to know what Brett’s big announcement was.  The big announcement that he had to share with Justin and Conner… together… at the same time… over dinner… at his house.  Justin had said just dinner so he figured that would mean around ten o’clock California time, so he was home by one Pittsburgh time.  All tucked in bed and waiting.  He called it, ‘just relaxing and thinking’ because waiting around for your boyfriend to call was what a lesbian would be doing, not Brian fucking Kinney.  So no, he was just thinking, he certainly wasn’t waiting with bated breath.   The more he stared at the ceiling, the more he realized that Justin was obviously unable to tear himself away from the Con-Man, just as he had feared, and the more cigarettes he smoked, the more he began to hate Lindsay.  There wasn’t really a connection between Justin not calling and Lindsay that he could figure out in his irrational mind, he just knew that it was now 2:20 am and Lindsay was a lesbian and the fucking phone wasn’t ringing.  By 2:45, he hated Mel too and by three, that ballsy bitch, Tannis, from the GLC.  He hated them all and everything they stood for.   Brian crushed the last cigarette out in the ashtray and rolled over onto his side, his back to the merciless clock that kept ticking away and the vengeful phone that wouldn’t ring.  He wanted to go to sleep but his heart was pounding a little too erratically and his breathing was slightly too labored for that to happen.  He ignored the physical signs of his body and blamed it on the pillow.  He punched it in an attempt to get it to cooperate with him.  It had this lump in the middle that he didn’t remember it having before.  He moved his head over a few inches to try a different spot but that didn’t help.  He just couldn’t get comfortable.  After fighting with it, and losing, for a whole three minutes (that felt like three hours) he pulled it out from underneath him and tossed it to Justin’s empty side of the bed.  He grabbed Justin’s pillow, scooted it under his neck, smacked it dead center then plopped his head down into the indention that his fist left behind.   He was asleep in a matter of seconds.   When the alarm went off, he showered, dressed and arrived at work on time.  It was a normal morning, a normal day… the events or non-events of the night before long forgotten.  He pissed off Cynthia as expected then found a way to make an ass out of Ted, which was, as usual, relatively simple.  It wasn’t amusing though.  Not this time.  He just wasn’t in the mood to laugh at Ted’s misfortune.  Because of that, Ted knew something was wrong but Brian shrugged him off and told him that he was nuts, that he was indeed still fabulous.    He worked and dazzled his clients with his brilliance… as usual.  Everything was as usual.  He never even thought about Justin and the missing phone call or what the little stahhh could have been doing with Conner fucking James to prevent him from picking up a fucking phone and dialing eleven measly numbers.  Nope, didn’t think about it because he wasn’t a pussy or a lesbian so those kinds of acts of neglect from your partner never registered with Brian and never upset him.  Those thoughts never entered his mind.  Not even once.  Unless you count the small mention that he made to Cynthia telling her that he was too busy to take any calls and that included any from Justin.  She opened her mouth to say something but snapped it shut, thinking better of it when she saw Ted shaking his head like a maniac and waving his arms frantically behind Brian’s left shoulder.  Brian saw her look at something and he turned around.  Ted dropped his arms and stilled his face.  “What the fuck is your problem?” he asked.   “Nothing,” Ted piped up immediately.   “Then get back to work,” Brian snapped.  Ted just nodded and headed out of the room.  As he reached the doorway, Brian stopped him.  “Want to go to Babylon, tonight?”   “Me?” Ted asked, shocked.   “Well, who the fuck do you think I’m talking to?”   Ted stuttered and spit trying to speak.   “I’ll take that as a yes,” Brian said.  “Ten o’clock.  Meet you inside.”   Still unable to say a coherent word, Ted gave Brian a weak thumbs up and crooked smile before leaving.  Brian pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed.  “Why do I surround myself with idiots?” he asked to no one in particular.   “To make yourself appear superior?” Cynthia answered.  The phone rang and she answered it quickly, preventing Brian from issuing a witty reply.  He just shook his head and went back to his office.   He worked late then around nine, headed home, giving himself enough time to eat, shower and change for his night out at Babylon… with Ted.  He refused to admit that that thought alone made him miss Justin even more.  He was putting on his hottest ‘you know you want me’ outfit when the phone rang.  He saw the number on the caller ID and refused to admit that his heart leapt in his chest, choosing to blame it on indigestion instead.  The fact that it also made him slightly happy, he couldn’t explain as easily.   He answered, “Nice of you to call but I’m on my way out.  Meeting Ted at Babylon.”   “Oh, I just wanted to tell you about the dinner last night, you want me to call back later then?” Justin asked, wondering about the chilly tone.   “Oh, that’s right.  You had dinner plans with Conner at Brett’s.  I’d forgotten all about that.”  Brian looked at his bare wrist to check the time, his watch still on the bathroom counter.  “I guess I have a few minutes, if you talk fast and don’t bore me with the details.”    “I bore you?”   Brian huffed, ignoring Justin question.  He wasn’t in the mood to placate.  “So how was your date with the great movie star at the great director’s house?  Have fun?  Party allllll night long?” Brian inquired in full snark-mode.   Justin laughed.  “It wasn’t a date.  And I wouldn’t say it was fun.  It was more informative and interesting.  And exciting, actually.”   “Sounds fascinating.  Sorry I missed it.”   “That’s why you’re lucky that I’m going to tell you all about it then.  Isn’t it?”  Smart ass.  Apparently Justin was onto Brian’s attitude.   “I can hardly wait,” Brian mumbled, sounding bored and uninterested.  But instead of continuing to get dressed, he sat down on the bed and propped his feet up to get comfortable.   “So we got there and I finally get to meet Harry.  What a geek that guy is.”   “Harry?  Who the fuck is Harry?”  There was a Harry there?  It wasn’t just Brett and Conner and Justin, the Three Musketeers?   “Oh, didn’t I tell you that yet?  Fuck.  Anyway, you know, Harry Glows, that dorky comedian on that entertainment show.  He got the part of Zephyr.”   “What?” Brian asked exasperated.  “You mean, Harry Blows!  What the fuck was Brett thinking?”   Justin giggled.  “Yeah, I know I thought the same thing but I guess some people think he’s kind of cute and his body’s not too bad and all.  Besides, he does have that boy next door quality about him, just like Michael, I mean Zephyr.”   “Fuck.  Michael’s going to shit.”   “He already knows.  He didn’t tell you?”  Justin smirked.  “Why do I find that fact very telling?”  As if he didn’t know why.   “I can’t wait until I see him.  This will give me food for thought for weeks, hell, maybe even months.”   “Be nice, Brian.”   “Fuck that.  This is too good to pass up.  Fucking Harry Blows.”   “Well, I think the ‘blows’ is completely inaccurate.  He made it very clear to all of us that he is straight.  He told Rupert and I about hundred times last night.  I think JT, I mean Rupert wanted to punch him.”   “Ahhhh, art imitating life?” Brian mused.  Thinking.  Rupert was there too?  He combed his fingers through his hair and lit a cigarette.  Brett, Conner, Justin, Rupert and Harry.  Sounds like all the principles of the movie were invited to this dinner.  Hmmm.  Fuck.  A business dinner?  Shit.  Had he been freaking out for nothing?  Why did he keep doing this shit to himself?    “Hey, there’s only been one time that I’ve ever wanted to punch Michael.  Oh, well maybe twice.  But still I never did it.  Unlike YOU.”   “True.  So maybe this guy just wanted to make sure that you horny fags didn’t try to jump his bones or something.  You know what they say… gays think about sex like every nine seconds or something.  That can put fear into any respectable straight man.”   Justin laughed.  “Yeah.  As if.  We homos have taste, remember, I don’t know what he’s worried about.”   Brian chuckled in return.  “Worried that your gaydar may be broken.”   “I’ll be sure to tell him that I checked my batteries.”   “So did you all initiate him into the wild and crazy gay club scene?”  Brian’s subtle way of finding out when Justin got home and why he didn’t call.  Because dinner meeting or not… business affair or not… the little shit should’ve called when he said he was going to.  And not out hob-knobbing with the boys from ‘the movie’.  Fuck, now he sounded like a jealous housewife.  This California thing was going to be the death of him.    “No, uh-uh.  Brett just wanted to make his announcement to all of us at the same time, and then we went home.  Shit.  I was so tired that I was in bed by eleven.  Tired from the night before, you know.”  Justin grinned at the memory of his drunken needs.  “Weren’t you?”   “Not really,” Brian lied… again.   “Oh well, I thought you would be, that’s why I didn’t call.  The time change is fucked and since I woke you up last night, I just thought I’d let you sleep and try you tonight when it wouldn’t be so late.  Despite what you say, you’re still recovering and need your rest.”   “I see,” Brian said through clenched teeth, a cigarette hanging from his pursed lips.  Shaking his head, he wanted to kick himself for overreacting and for actually feeling relieved that that’s all it was and not what he imagined it was.  He was so lost in his displeasure in himself that Justin’s gentle reminder of his health and inadvertently, his age, didn’t seem to even register.  Good thing, because his imperfections and weaknesses were the last thing he needed to be reminded of in his current state of insecurity.   “You weren’t waiting up for me to call, were you?” Justin asked innocently.   Brian huffed, blowing the smoke out in a quick puff.  “Of course not,” he said, scrunching up his face and furrowing his brows.  He scratched between his eyebrows with the back of his thumb and continued to lie, “Just as well you didn’t call.  I wasn’t here anyway.”  He couldn’t believe how easy it was.  ‘I believe in fucking… it’s honest.’  ‘It’s not lying if they make you lie.’  But what if it was yourself that was making you lie and not someone else?  Was it still lying or merely disguising the truth?    “You weren’t?” Justin wondered out loud.  “What’d you do?”   And they just kept coming.  “Made a night of it, I guess you could say.  Went to Lindsay’s for dinner and spent some time with Gus then I went to Woody’s with Michael.  I actually forgot you were going to call.  And we were there pretty late.  He needed to get out and have some fun.  The whole father/husband thing can be so boring.”   “Yeah, I can see that it could be… to some people.”  Justin rolled his eyes.    “So it was just like old times… Rage and Zephyr, together again.”   “Well not this Zephyr,” Justin snickered.  “He won’t be hanging out with this Rage.  Oh wait, maybe he would.  Conner can go to the gay bars with Rupert and the straight bars with Harry.”   Brian, relieved at the change of subject, laughed.  “Christ!  Brett sure did cover all his bases, didn’t he?”  It was so much easier to talk about the movie than himself.   “What do you mean?”   “He cast an out and proud fag, a closeted and/or undecided possible bi, and an adamant straight.  How very a` propos of him.”    “Ah, well funny you should mention being politically correct.  Oh, did you need to go?  We’ve been on the phone a long time?”   “Ted can wait.”   Justin chuckled.  “Okay.  Well, that was actually the purpose of the dinner.  Brett’s been nominated for a GLAAD award…”   “For what?”  Brian choked on his own saliva.   “For being gay.  For being gay friendly.  For being out.  I don’t know.  I just know it’s supposed to be this big honor.  You know, like the hero award you got for saving my life.”  Brian rolled his eyes.  “He said it’s like a special award given to an individual to recognize him for their work toward eliminating homophobia in the entertainment industry.  The Stephen Kolzak Award.  He was some big casting director in Hollywood a few years ago.  Anyway, he wanted to tell all of us about it because he wants us to go to the awards thing with him.”   “Safety in numbers?” Brian asked with a smirk.   “Nooo.  He’s going to announce the production of Rage during his acceptance speech.  Tell everyone about how he’s making the first mainstream gay movie about a gay superhero based on a gay comic.  He thought the GLAAD awards would be the perfect place to tell everyone.  So he wants us all there, the three leads and the creators, so he can introduce us.  You know, TO THE WOOOOORLD!” Justin added excitedly, sounding a lot like Jack as he stood on the bow of the Titantic.   “Awww, how sweet.  Little Sunshine’s having a coming out party.”   “Shut up, Brian,” Justin scolded.  “This is a big deal.  Everyone’s gonna hear about Rage.  It’s even going to be on TV!!  Which means that I’LL be on TV!  Fuck!  I don’t even know what to say.  Oh, and you know the sales on the comic will go up.  Through the fucking roof!  This is so huge!”   Brian smiled.  Justin was so excited and Brian wished he could be there with him.  “I always knew this would be a big success for you.”  And that much wasn’t a lie… Brian really was proud of him, almost as much as if it were Justin getting the stupid GLAAD award instead of Brett.   “Yeah, but it’s not just me.  Michael’s invited too.  Brett was supposed to call him today.”   Of course.  Brian huffed.  “Mikey’s going to Hollywood.  I never would have believed it possible.”   “Oh, that reminds me.  I need my Armani suit.  We’re supposed to dress up.  It’s a formal awards dinner banquet.  Can you make sure that Michael brings it with him?”   “So I’m responsible for your wardrobe now?”   “Yep,” Justin answered smugly.   “Oh well,” Brian said pressing his lips together.  “I guess you’re getting everything you’ve ever wanted then.”   “Well, almost everything,” Justin said sweetly and Brian didn’t respond.    They talked for a while longer and it was after eleven when Brian finally disconnected the call.  Deciding he’d lost the desire and/or the need for Babylon, he picked the phone back up and dialed Ted’s cell.   “Brian?” Ted yelled into the phone, plugging his exposed ear with his hand so he could hear.   “Change of plans.  I’m not coming.”   “What?  Why?  You know I’m not supposed…” Click.  Brian hung up and left Ted finishing his sentence to dead air.  “…to be here by myself.”  Ted stood in the middle of Babylon rolling his eyes as well as head and slumping his shoulders… annoyed and confused as to what the hell just happened.  A drugged-out twinkie with a fake smile shoved a vial of white powder in his face and Ted high-tailed it out of there, cursing Brian the whole way.   ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~      Brian went to the comic book store for lunch the next day.  He had some humiliation to inflict upon Michael and he wasn’t about to waste any time getting started.    “Harry Blows?” Brian asked as he walked in with a smirk.   Michael rolled his eyes and huffed, slapping his arms against his sides and looking away.  “His name is Harry Glows, not blows.  And shut up.”   “Ooooh, touchy.  I wonder why that is.”  Brian snatched up the magazine Michael was reading.  It just happened to be an article about Mr. Glows.  “You’re so pathetic, Michael.”   “I’ll have you know, he’s a very funny comedian, a great actor and people find him adorable.”  Michael snatched the magazine back from Brian’s hands.   “People?”   “Women.  Okay?  Women find him adorable.”   “Well that’s always important when the character is supposed to be GAY!”   “What do you want, Brian?  I have inventory to do and if all you’re going to do is poke fun at me, then you can just leave.”  Michael crossed his arms over his chest and stood strong.   Brian furrowed his brows.  “Whaaaat?  I always poke fun at you and you never actually DO inventory, Mikey, you just like the way it makes you sound important.”   “Fuck you.”   “Man, who pissed in your Captain Crunch this morning?” Brian asked, flicking Michael’s ear lobe.   Michael batted his hand away.  “No one!”  He looked off to the side and Brian waited.  One eyebrow went up in anticipation of Michael’s dramatic flair for waiting a whole twenty seconds before breaking down and saying what was on his mind.  Eighteen.  Nineteen.  Brian counted in his head.  Michael turned back to him and opened his mouth.  Brian nodded.  Twenty.  “This guy for one.  Why not someone hot?  Did you see the guy that’s playing JT?  And fuck, Conner James playing Rage!  And Zephyr gets Harry whatever the fuck his name is.  I just don’t get it.”  Brian opened his mouth to speak but Michael wasn’t done yet.  “And Brett called yesterday wanting me to go to California ‘cause he’s being given an award by GLAAD or some shit and as co-creator of Rage, he wants me there.”   “Why is that a bad thing, Michael?  Going to Hollywood!  Come on, Mikey, it’s what you’ve dreamed of.”   “Well things change.  I can’t go.”   “What do you mean you can’t go?  Come on, Maryann, tell the Professor you’re going.  He can’t hold you back.  That’s not what partners do.  And Christ, it’s only for three days, not a three hour tour that turns into forever.”   “No, it’s not Ben.  Not exactly.”   Brian sighed and put his hands on Michael’s shoulders.  “Well, what, not exactly?”   “I have a family now and it’s not like this is part of the movie thing.  It’s just Brett getting an award.  I don’t want to go.  I have responsibilities.”   “Well, it’s not just Brett getting an award.  He’s going to announce the production of the movie.  The movie made from YOUR comic book.  But, I have to say, your responsibility is to yourself first.”   “I know.  And for myself.  I don’t want to go.”   “Then don’t go.”   “But Brett said…”   “Who gives a fuck what Brett says?  Who the fuck is he anyway?”   “Brian, duh!  He’s like the dude that’s making my comic book into a movie.  Aren’t I kind of obligated to go?”   “He’ll get over it.  But on the other hand…”   “On the other hand, what?”   “You were supposed to take Justin his Armani suit when you went.  It’s a formal thing and all he took was his typical twinkie casual shit and a few fuck me outfits.  Now how’s he supposed to get it?  Fuck.”   Michael rolled his eyes.  “Oh well, if Justin needs his suit, then I guess I better go home and pack right away,” Michael said sarcastically.   Brian glared at him.  And then grinned.    “What?” Michael asked.   “Justin needs his suit.  I guess I better go home and pack.  Right away.  I could use a three day trip to Hollywood, not to mention a decent blow job.”  And not to mention it was a chance for him to show Conner fucking James who Justin belonged to.   “Spare me the details.”   Brian smiled and kissed Michael on the lips with a loud smack.  “See ya, Mikey.”   “Great.  See ya.  Have a great… time,” he yelled as the door slammed shut.   ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   Brian went back to the office and with Cynthia holding his calendar, he began rearranging his schedule and moving deadlines.  He had ten days before the awards banquet to tie up all his loose ends and since it was only for three days, it was relatively simple to free himself up.  He didn’t tell Justin right away, in fact his initial plan was to just show up in Michael’s place to surprise Justin but the gay-gossip mill beat him to it.  Michael called Brett and told him he was declining the invitation and of course, Brett then told Justin.    Brian listened to Justin bitch about Michael’s ungratefulness for five days in a row and then bit his lip during an entire twenty minute one-sided conversation where Justin instructed Brian on how to get him his needed suit.  Justin was so sure that Brian would forget to box it up and take it to the post office and he went on and on about it.  Brian maintained his secret but once Justin suggested that maybe he should just call Daphne or his mom to come to the loft and pick it up so they could take care of it for him, Brian lost it and spilled the beans.   “I won’t forget to ship it, you little twat, because I’m bringing it to you in person.  Now would you just shut up about the fucking suit?”   And Justin did shut up.  He was absolutely speechless.  Stunned.  Dumbfounded.  Then overly emotional with joy.    “You’re coming?  To see me?” he asked meekly.   “Well, you need your suit don’t you?” Brian asked, masking the real reason for the unexpected trip.  “That was an expensive suit, Justin, do you really want to trust its transport to the psychopaths that work in the postal system?”   “You miss me,” Justin said, smiling into the phone.   Brian rolled his lips in then back out, glad that Justin could see through his bullshit.  As long as Justin didn’t believe his lies then maybe they weren’t really lies.  “I may miss your blow jobs.  I haven’t had a decent one since you left.”  At least that was the truth.   “Oh, I see,” Justin smirked, shaking his head.   “Don’t be smug.”   “You sooooo miss me,” he sing-songed.   Brian rolled his eyes.  Yes, he did.  “Whatever.  So I’m coming in on Friday.  You think you can pull yourself away from all the Hollywood stars to pick me up or should I arrange for my own transportation.”   “Are you fucking kidding me?” Justin screamed into the phone.  It had all become so real all of a sudden.  “I may rape you right there in the airport as soon as you get off the plane!”   “It’s not considered rape if the other party is a willing participant, you know.”   And Justin huffed.  “I guess not.  Oh my god!  How will I ever survive the next few days?  I can’t fucking believe this!”   And Justin went on and on for another hour telling Brian every little thing he was going to do with him once he got there.  (Airport rape aside.)  In addition to the multiple sexual positions and all the places around the famous city that Justin wanted to blow him, one of the things on the list was for Brian to meet Conner, Rupert and Harry.  Conner was the only name that stuck in Brian’s mind though.  He definitely wanted to meet Conner James.  After all, besides the fact that he did, in fact, miss Justin and wanted to see him, Conner was the only other reason for the trip.  He had to make sure that the actor knew, in life as well as in Justin’s mind, that there would only be one Rage, and Brian was it.  No well-practiced, single-arched eyebrow would change that fact.  Not if Brian had anything to say about it.  And he had plenty to say about it.  Or do.  Whatever.  Yes, once the three day visit was over, Brian would have firmly established his place in Justin’s life and put Conner where he belonged… on the outside looking in.  Preferably from as far away as Zimbabwe.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Chapter 7 - The Arrival |  | | |  | | | | Justin was at LAX, standing at Gate B69 where Brian’s flight was supposed to arrive at 4:20.  Flight 24 from Chicago where Brian had changed planes for the non-stop flight to Los Angeles.  His hands were in his pockets, idly playing with the loose change in one hand and rattling his keys in the other.  His right leg was moving out of control as it jiggled.  His heel moving up and down and his knee bending in and out, both at a rapid pace.  He definitely had ants in his pants.   He looked up at the big clock on the wall… 4:19 and the plane wasn’t there yet.  His heart pounded harder.  Then the announcement came… “Those of you awaiting Flight 24 from Chicago will be happy to know that it is within range and should be arriving at the Gate B69 in approximately ten minutes.”   Justin gasped.  “Fuck, come on already,” he whispered to himself.  He was about to explode with excitement.    A little old lady standing next to him looked up and smiled.  “Young man, you must be waiting for someone really special on that plane.”   Justin glanced down, smiling in return.  Finally realizing that his leg was moving, rather obnoxiously, he placed a sweaty palm on his thigh and stilled it.  “Yes, I am.  My partner.”   She nodded slightly.  “Been away from each other for awhile?”   “Yes, three months, but it feels like a lifetime.”   Smiling again she touched his arm, patting it softly.  “Well, it won’t be much longer now.”  Justin nodded.  She let go of his elbow and looked at the entrance of the jetway.  “Young love,” she sighed.  “I remember when I would be anxiously waiting for Bob, that was my husband, to come home from the war.  It had been a long time.  Being apart is very hard.  I know.”  She looked back up at Justin just as he turned back to look at her.  He didn’t really want to talk to this stranger but she was being very nice and he found it was helping him deal with the wait.  Once he turned to meet her eyes, she smiled again, and he couldn’t miss the slight twinkle in her eyes, an equal mix of devilishness and innocence.  “But the reunions can be so much fun.”  She winked and Justin blushed three shades of red.   “I sure hope so,” he laughed.  “So who are you waiting for?”   “My grandson.  He’s coming to visit his poor old grandma.”   “All by himself?”   “Yeah, all by himself.  And we didn’t even have to make him,” she laughed.   “Well, that’s great.  He must love you very much.”   “Oh, I’m sure he does.  But I have a sneaking suspicion it’s not his love for me that brings him here so often.”   “Ah, I bet that’s not true, but what do you think it is?”   The little woman smiled.  “I live near the ocean.  A few miles or so north of Venice Beach, south of Santa Monica.  You know the area?”   “Yes, I do.”  Justin grinned.   “Well, my grandson seems to love the ocean and the sand and spends a lot of time at the beach.  The one just down the way.  He loves that beach.”  She paused then looked up at Justin.  “There’s lots of men there.  He’s like you, you know?”   Justin laughed.  “Yeah, I figured that.”  Justin thought for a moment, a frown began forming on his lips.   “What’s the matter?  I didn’t offend you or anything, did I?”   “Oh, no.  You didn’t.”  Justin stammered, trying to hide what he was thinking.  But he couldn’t hold back, he had to ask.  “Your grandson wouldn’t be flying in first class would he?”   “Yes, why do you ask?”   Justin’s stomach hit the floor and his leg started moving again.  Now he was more anxious than ever.  “Shit,” he mumbled.   “What?” she asked.   “Oh, it’s nothing.  My partner is flying in first class too.”   “Well that’s great!”  She smiled.  “Maybe they got to talking just like us.  Wouldn’t that be funny?”   Justin forced himself to give her at least a half-smile.  “Yeah, talking.  Maybe,” he said but inside he was thinking, ‘Oh, I’m sure they did.  Fuck.’  He turned back to the door of the jetway.  A flight attendant pushed back on the door and propped it open.  He could hear the roaring of the plane’s engine as it pulled up to the gate.  He had relaxed some during his talk with the lady but now his heart started pumping again.  Any second now Brian would be walking through that door and despite his best effort to not make it all about sex, a tingling stirred in his pants and he began to harden.    “Ah, I guess they’re here now.”  She pushed on Justin’s back.  “Go get him, young man.”    Startled, almost forgetting that he was talking with the lady, Justin smiled as he stepped away.  “It was really nice talking to you.”   “You too.  But try to make it out to the parking lot before the reunion gets too far out of hand.”  She winked at him again, and again he blushed.  There was just something really wrong about the insinuation of sex coming out of the mouth of a little old gray-haired lady, even though she seemed really cool… and hip.   “I’ll try, but I don’t think I’ll be very successful.”  Justin replied, and the woman just laughed.   Justin turned back to the jetway and there he was, the very first person to walk out.  His heart leapt.  Brian came out from around the roped off area and Justin lunged into his arms.  “Oh my god!  Hey!”   “H..!” Brian started to say in return but was silenced when Justin’s lips came smashing against his for a kiss.    It was an affectionate kiss but close-mouthed.  Justin didn’t push it too far because he knew how Brian was about public displays of affection.  So he controlled what he could.  He just had to have a little something.  He stood up on his toes and his arms squeezed tighter around Brian’s neck.  Brian was just standing there, his garment bag over his shoulder, holding his toiletry bag in one hand and Justin’s shirt in the other as Justin hugged and kissed him.  Justin finally broke the lip-lock but Brian leaned forward and recaptured his lips, this time, prying Justin’s closed lips open with his tongue.    As their tongues touched for the first time in what felt like forever, Justin got dizzy and lightheaded and slightly swooned off balance, his toes giving away.  Brian’s hand snaked around Justin’s waist, got a firm hold and he stood up straight, lifting Justin up off his feet.  Justin gasped into the kiss and thought he might pass out, he never expected Brian to return his affectionate hello.  Not to mention how great it felt for Brian to lift him in the air, something he hadn’t been able to do since before the stupid accident.   Actually Brian hadn’t planned on such a display either but the feel of Justin’s lips on his caused him to lose himself and he just couldn’t get enough.  He needed more and he needed it right then and there.  He had a fleeting thought about the fact that it might actually be kissing Justin that he’d missed the most and he didn’t want the kiss to end.  He never wanted to be without his lover’s intoxicating taste for so long ever again.    Justin pulled away from their heavy kissing first, leaving Brian to slowly recall the fact that they were still in the airport.  Brian smiled as he thought about their conversation, Justin telling him what he was going to do when he arrived.  Justin dotted Brian’s face with tiny pecks before hugging tighter, pressing them together cheek to cheek.  Their bodies molded together as well, dick to dick, and Justin hardened even more when he felt Brian growing against him.     “Oh my god,” he said again into Brian’s ear, his feet still dangling in the air.  “I’ve missed you so much.”   Brian set him back down, pushed Justin’s forehead with his own and closed his eyes with a sigh, hoping his body was saying all that his mouth was unable to.  He didn’t really want to break the connection, but he wanted to get the hell out of the airport before their conversation actually came true.  He half-heartedly pulled away and opened his eyes.     Justin let go and stood back, but they were still just inches apart.  “No sling,” he said with a smirk and wiggling eyebrows.   Brian grinned.  “Your car have a back seat?” Brian asked, pulling his lips into his mouth.   “Uh-huh,” Justin answered, his lips curling up on both sides.   “Good.  Come on.”  He slung his previously injured arm around Justin’s neck and headed for the airport exit.  Justin looked back over his shoulder to see his new friend.  There she was, hugging a very good-looking young man at the gate with a smile on her face.  She waved at Justin and he smiled back.  When the grandson pulled away from the hug, he looked up to see who his grandmother was waving at and saw the good-looking man from the plane with his arm around a very lucky blond.  He glared at the back of Brian’s head and Justin grinned even bigger.   “What’d you do?  Let him suck you off then dismiss him?”  Justin asked with a smirk.   Brian looked at Justin then behind them.  “Oh, him?”  He laughed.  “He’s just pissed because I dismissed him without letting him suck me off.”   “Why not?”  Justin couldn’t stop smiling.  He had Brian in his arms!   “I told him I was saving myself for you.  He didn’t like that too much and tried to explain to me that it’s just sex and wouldn’t mean anything.  I couldn’t help but laugh at him.”  They had been walking for what felt like forever.  Gate 69 was a long way from the front door.  “Fuck, this airport’s big.  How much further?”   “You did?” Justin asked sheepishly looking up at the gate number… B11.  “Not much further.  You saved yourself for me?”   “Why would I want a blowjob from some inexperienced kid that’s only half-way decent looking when I know I’m about to get one from the best?”    “Pretty sure of yourself there, Brian.”   “Yep.  Where’s the fucking car?”   “I like that you think I’m the best.  ‘Cause I am.”  Brian smirked.  “I’m right out front.  Want to run?” he asked with a big smile.   “Yes.”  Justin started to take off but Brian pulled him back.  “But, no.  We’re not a couple of teenagers… anymore.  Show some maturity… and restraint.”   “No, we’re not.  You’re right.  We’re grown-ups.  We have control,” Justin agreed, making a yoga-type gesture with his arms and taking a deep breath.  He squared his shoulders and slowed down his pace to a casual walk.    There was the door, just about fifty feet ahead and Justin was walking painstakingly slow, like taking a leisurely stroll on a Sunday afternoon.  It was driving Brian crazy.  He flexed his arm around Justin’s neck and pulled.  “Come on.  You little shit.”  He picked up the pace and with his longer legs, Justin had to double-time it to keep up.    ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   They walked outside and the first thing they saw was a very long, very black and very hot limousine and Justin headed in that direction.  Brian stopped dead in his tracks.    “Now that’s what I call a fucking limo!”   Justin laughed.  “It’s Brett’s.  The same one that picked me up when I got here.”   “Ah.”  Brian nodded his head in better understanding now of one of many things that had intimidated Justin so much upon his arrival.  This wasn’t just any limo… it was a stretch corvette limo.  Brian was beside himself.  Maybe Brett was a cool guy after all.   “I knew you’d like it.”  Justin grabbed Brian’s hand and pulled him toward the car.   “Wonder what the great director’s tryin’ to compensate for with this obscene display of an automobile.”   Justin glared at him.  “Mmm, same as you, I’d imagine,” Justin said dryly.  “You’re actually a lot alike.  You and Brett.”   Brian huffed.  Justin knew him too well for his own good.  “Well, I do tend to get a hard-on for the obscene.”   “Yeah, but you were hard before you saw the car.”  Justin gave him a smug grin.   Brian just rolled his eyes.  No point in arguing because it was true.  He’d actually been sporting an uncomfortable stiffness since somewhere over the Rockies.   As they approached, a guy jumped out of the driver’s seat and ran around to open the door to the back.  Brian stopped and looked at Justin with a smirk.  “Now, that’s what I call a backseat.”    Justin laughed again.  “Get in.”   Brian looked up at the driver.  Young, tan, sandy-blonde hair, big beautiful smile, white shiny teeth, broad shoulders.  He looked like a surfer dude.  This must be the Shane.  Brian smiled at him and held out his bags.  “You must be Shane.”  The driver took the bags but Brian didn’t let go.   “Yas, Sir,” Shane answered, standing up straight and tall.   “British, eh?  Accents always make me hard.  What about you, Sunshine?”  Brian asked, teasing Justin about his LA/limo/hot driver hard-on of three months ago.   Justin hurriedly nudged him through the doorway with wide eyes.  Pinkish tint to his flushed cheeks.  “Thanks, Shane,” Justin said to the driver with a smile.    “Yer welcome, Sir.”   “Take the long way home.  Okay?”   “As ya wish,” Shane nodded with a wink.  After a pause he added.  “Mr. Taylor.”   Justin huffed as he got in the car.  Before he even had the door shut Brian was already getting undressed, unbuttoning his shirt and kicking off his shoes.  He smirked at Justin.   Justin attacked him. Pressing his lips against Brian’s and forcing his tongue inside.  Brian let him of course and they finally were able to have that kind of kiss that Justin had been aching for without the prying eyes inside the airport.  He hummed and moaned and crawled on top of Brian’s lap so he could kiss him better.  Deeper.  And from just the right angle.    Shane loaded Brian’s bags into the trunk then slammed the lid shut.   Justin placed his hands on either side of Brian’s face and tilted it, plunging his tongue into the very depths of Brian’s mouth.  He wanted, needed, to taste every part.    Brian grabbed the hem of Justin’s shirt and pulled it apart.  The buttons flew off and Justin jerked away from the kiss.    “Oh fuck!” Justin gasped.  Their open mouths rested against each other, both breathing heavy breaths against the other.  “You ripped my sh…”  But Justin stopped his complaining as soon as Brian’s hot hands touched his skin.   “I know,” Brian whispered, his fingers roaming freely all over Justin’s smooth back.    Justin shivered into it and kissed him again with a “hrmph”.   Shane opened the front driver’s door and got in.  He slammed his door and Justin pulled away from kiss.  “Shit!”  He turned around and Shane was smiling at him in the rear-view mirror.  Justin smiled back and crawled off Brian’s lap toward the opened divider.  “Sorry Shane,” he said with a grin as he pressed the button to raise the darkened window.   Once the window was up he turned back to Brian.  Brian was smiling at him with ‘that’ look.     “What?” he asked.   “Did you give the young and hot proper Englishman a blowjob, Justin?”  Brian pushed his tongue into his cheek and raised his eyebrow as he resumed his earlier task of getting undressed.   “No,” Justin replied, getting on his knees in front of Brian and helping him with his clothes.   “Tell the truth.”  Brian unbuckled his belt, flicked at the snap and yanked on the zipper.   “I am.”  Justin grinned.  Brian lifted his hips and Justin tugged his pants down.  “HE gave ME one!”   Brian laughed.  “Ah, I see.  Making the servants service you.  How very vainglorious of you.”   “I learned from the best.”   “Brett?”  Justin gave him a look.  “No?”  Brian thought.  “Let’s see.  Someone vain.  Who could that be?”  His eyes widened.  “Ah-hah!  Ted!”   “Briiiann.  You!”  Justin tossed Brian’s pants over his shoulder.   “Ahh, well.  See then?  Nothing to worry about.  I told you you’d fit right in.”   “Uh-huh,” Justin nodded.  “God, aren’t you horny?”  He slipped his hands under the waistband of Brian’s underwear.  “Up.  Hurry.”   “Me?  Never!” he responded with a chuckle.  But he lifted his hips again quickly and Justin pulled his underwear off.  His dick was hard as a rock and flopped onto his belly, flicking a drop of pre-cum into the depths of his navel.    “Shut up, Brian.”  Justin wrapped his fingers around the hard cock and sighed at how it felt inside his clutches.  Brian gasped at the touch and was immediately silenced.  Justin looked at the throbbing member in his hand, stroked it a few times and licked his lips as a new droplet formed on the tip.  He ran his thumb across the slit, smearing the liquid around the head.  Brian was watching him play with it, his fingers digging into the seat at how it felt.  He scooted down to get closer.   “I’ve waited so long to have this again,” Justin murmured and leaned forward with his mouth open.   Brian placed his hands on either side of Justin’s face, stopping his descent.  He lifted it up to look at him.  He wanted to memorize every inch of Justin’s face.  He looked exactly the same.  He hadn’t changed.  His hair was a little longer, his skin had a little more color, but other than that, he was the same.  Same slight smile.  Same eyes shining brightly, but glazed over.  He even smelled the same.  And Brian was relieved.  So very relieved.  He’d missed him so much.   Justin returned the gaze as he continued to massage and play with Brian’s dick.  His breathing heavy.  His pulse rapid.  He wanted that dick in his mouth but Brian was just staring at him.  “What?” he asked with a blink, panting.    “I’ve missed this,” Brian said.   “Missed me sucking you off?  Then let me do it.”  His voice was soft.  Begging.  Pleading.   “No.”  Justin furrowed his eyebrows and whimpered.  “Yes,” Brian corrected, stumbling over his words.  “I mean… I’ve missed this.  You.”   Justin’s smile returned and his eyes lit up.  “I love you too, Brian.  Now, let me do it.”  He pulled away and engulfed the head of Brian’s cock into his mouth.  Brian actually grunted, fighting the urge he instantly had to cum or spontaneously combust.    “Oh shit,” he breathed, his head falling back against the seat, his hand making its way to Justin’s hair.  Intertwining.  Gripping.  Yeah, this was so much better than some random guy on the airplane.  He was so glad he saved himself… for this… for Justin.   Justin gently massaged it with his tongue.  Slowly, but assuredly.  Swirling around the smooth head and licking up the bumpy shaft.  He was lavishing attention on Brian’s cock but not bobbing into a full-fledged blowjob.  He wanted to reacquaint himself with it and make Brian feel as he did.  To relish in them being together again.  And if the moans of pleasure emitting deep from inside Brian’s throat were any indication, he was succeeding and Brian didn’t mind.  Of course, he didn’t.  He’d waited an agonizing three months to have Justin sucking him like this.   Justin moved down, sliding the thick shaft into his mouth until it hit the back of his throat.  Then back up for some suckling.  He probed the slit with the tip of his tongue and rubbed his bottom lip under the cap.  Brian pushed on his head every so often in appreciation for certain movements, but for the most part he just let Justin play.  Justin had missed sucking on his cock as much as he’d missed Justin doing it so there really wasn’t a rush to get to completion.   Justin went deep, swallowing hard, his throat muscles constricting around Brian’s dick.  Brian gasped and Justin did it again.  He slid off and took it in his hand, stroking the wet, slicked shaft against his palm and fingers.  His nose nudged at the base, inhaling the familiar smell of Brian… his mouth sucked in a ball.  The right one was always first, always had been and Brian could still feel it and was grateful for the sensation.    Justin’s tongue massaged it as it rolled around in his wet, warm mouth.  Brian’s fingers flexed and gripped in Justin’s hair.  His breathing sped up.  Oh, how he missed this!   Justin pulled back and let it slide off his tongue and out of his mouth.  His nose nudged at the sac, taking another strong whiff then he sucked the left one in.  Brian jumped slightly.  Justin never let him feel like he was anything less than what he used to be but when Justin did those things, Brian always noticed.  He wasn’t to the point of forgetting yet, if you ever actually completely forget.  But to Justin’s credit, he never shied away from it.  He accepted that fake ball just as he had accepted the one that was no longer there.  And even though the sensation wasn’t quite the same to Brian when Justin sucked on it… and even though it did make Brian jump a little… Justin still sucked on it because it was still a part of Brian.  He treated them equally the same.  Tongue baths and gentle rocking.  And Brian was grateful for that too, if he was honest with himself.    A few minutes went by and Justin pulled back.  His lips loosely closed, the plastic, fake ball still inside.  The sac lifted up and the scrotum stretched.  Brian’s grip on Justin’s hair got tighter, unsure of what Justin was doing.  Justin looked up.  Brian was watching.  Ball still in his mouth, he continued to pull back… softly, slowly… he tilted Brian’s dick in his hand to the side so Brian could get a better view of his mouth and Brian’s eyes shifted down.  Those lips wrapped around his fake ball.  Those blue eyes staring at him, shining with pure pleasure and happiness.  And suddenly it didn’t matter which one was being sucked on or how it felt or didn’t feel exactly.  It was the vision of it that caught in his throat.    “Fuck, Justin,” Brian whispered.    Justin eventually tugged a little more and the ball slipped between his lips and fell down, slapping against Brian’s ass as it landed.  Before Brian could say another word, Justin engulfed his dick again and sucked with a purpose.  He pulled up with tight lips and pushed down with a circling tongue.    Brian arched up and pulled at Justin’s hair to pull him off of him.  He was about to explode and he didn’t want it this way.  “Stop, shit.”  He fought with him, trying to grab his dick away from him.    Justin swatted his hands away and wouldn’t let go.  He wanted him to cum, in his mouth, so he could swallow it all.  He craved the taste of Brian.  He’d waited three months for this and he wasn’t stopping.  Brian sat up higher in the seat to get away, but Justin just readjusted, never missing a beat.  He bobbed faster with his head, his hand pumping low on the shaft.  Brian groaned.  “Stop!  I’m gonna cum.”  But Justin didn’t.  It encouraged him and he sped up.  He hummed around the head, vibrating it, and shook his head, ‘No.’   Brian’s breathing got hard.  Short, loud pants.  He grabbed Justin’s hair and held on... there was no stopping now.  Justin knew exactly what to do and he was doing it.    “Uh,” he grunted.  “Oh,” he groaned.  He threw his head back in ecstasy and arched up into Justin’s mouth.  “Uhhhhhh,” he moaned as the orgasm rocked his body.    Justin tightened his suction, drawing out and swallowing every last bit of the white, milky substance.  He continued to nurse on it even after the orgasm had passed.  Even as Brian’s body jolted in reaction to the hypersensitivity.  Even as it softened and became limp and bendable.  He looked up.  Brian was watching him again.  Their eyes showing each other that this was what they had missed – without the need to say it.    Justin pulled back, allowing the softened cock to slide through his lips, all of it except the shrunken and pliable head.  He sucked more.  Gentle sucks.  His cheeks moving in and out.  Brian started laughing at the sight and how much Justin loved to suck on his cock.  Justin smiled around it in response.  A little devilish grin like a puppy looking playfully up at its master with his favorite toy hanging out of its mouth.  If Brian hadn’t just had an orgasm, he would of hardened again just from that.    Justin straightened his face back up just enough so that he could pull off Brian’s cock as he sucked.  It sprang free with a pop and flopped down on Brian’s stomach totally spent.  Justin grinned again and had to say it.  “I missed you.”   Brian huffed.  “Yes, I could tell.”  Then almost as an afterthought, he sighed and rubbed his face.  “Shit, you give great head.”    “The best.  Right?” Justin asked, fishing for compliments.   Brian didn’t answer.  He pulled Justin up off the floor and onto his lap.  He tilted his head up and they kissed for a long while trying to make up for lost time.  Lazy, deep, wet kisses that felt so good and tasted so right.  A sweet mixture of Brian and Justin’s natural flavors underneath and slightly masked by Brian’s cum.  An array of tastes that Justin loved and couldn’t get enough of.  He pivoted his hips on Brian’s groin and Brian broke the kiss with a smirk.  “Hey, I told you to stop.  You’re gonna have to wait a few minutes now.”   “Ohhhhh, no fair,” he pouted, but he never stopped grinding against him.   “I should punish you, you know.  Make you wait it out.  Torture you,” Brian teased, gripping Justin’s ass in his hands and kneading the ample cheeks.   “Isn’t you torturing me by withholding sex, detrimental to yourself as well?” Justin asked, leaning forward and rocking his hard-on against Brian’s stomach.   Brian pretended to think.  “Um, that would be a yes.”  And he lunged up, gripping Justin’s ass, flipped them around where Justin was in the seat and Brian was on his knees on the floor in front of him.   “Whoa,” Justin said surprised, his body jerking to and fro as Brian roughly tugged to remove his clothes.  He lifted his hips, sat back down then lifted his legs.  His pants went flying, hitting the divider window before landing on the floor.  He did it again for the removal of his underwear.   “Ahh, the blue ones,” Brian said approvingly just before he tossed them over his shoulder.  They hit the door window then slid down, one leg hole getting hung up on the door lock, so they hung there and swung back and forth every time the car went over a bump.    Justin laughed.   Brian placed his hands on Justin’s hips and pulled him toward him.  Justin’s ass squeaking on the leather interior as it moved to the edge of the seat.  Brian positioned him with it slightly hanging over, Justin’s shoulders, neck and head pressed against the back.   Justin wiggled his eyebrows and grinned.  Brian couldn’t help but laugh.  “Condoms?” he asked and Justin flipped open a little compartment on the side.  It was full of every kind imaginable.  “Ah, a real fuck-mobile,” Brian drawled.    “Uh-huh.  Just like YOU drive.  I like to think of it as a Rage-mobile,” Justin mused.   “Well it will be when we’re done with it,” Brian added, grabbing a condom and ripping it open.    Brian never believed that things happened for a reason or had some cosmic meaning.  But seriously… Brian was Rage, Justin created it, Brett was making it into a movie and Brett’s limo was a fucking corvette.  Out of all the limos in the world, he picked out a ‘vette.  And Brian drove one.  And that wasn’t supposed to be some kind of something?   But Justin decided he had more important things to think about just then.  Something physical.  He just rolled his eyes and lifted his legs, placing his feet firmly in the crooks between Brian’s chest and arms.  His knees falling apart, leaving him splayed wide open.   “Jesus Christ,” Brian mumbled at the sight, causing Justin to huff in amusement.  He rolled the condom down his hard-again cock and asked for lube.   Justin shook his head.   “No lube?” Brian asked and Justin shook his head again.  Grinning, Brian said, “I thought you’d come prepared.  I’m very disappointed.  What kind of boy scout are you?”   Justin’s smile got bigger but he didn’t answer.   “Trying to assure yourself one of my fantastic rim jobs.  Is that it?”  Brian quirked an eyebrow waiting for a reply but already knowing he was right.    Still no answer.  A slight shake of his head and a sexy grin.  That’s all Brian was getting.    Brian furrowed his brows in confusion, then realizing finally, he smiled again.  He brought his fingers to Justin’s hole and found it slick and relaxed and two fingers slid right in.  Justin’s body jerked involuntarily at the intrusion.  “Ahhhh, so you did come prepared?”   Justin just kept smiling.  Brian pushed in further, sliding his fingers deeper and Justin gasped.  He wiggled them inside and teased the swollen bump that sent shocks through Justin’s body.  Desperate for more and desperate to have Brian inside him after all this time, Justin pushed with his feet and lifted his ass.  “Come on,” he demanded.   “Oh yeah?” Brian asked, gritting his teeth and pulling his hand away sharply.    “Yeah,” Justin answered in just the same way.   Brian lifted up on his knees, guided himself to target, touching and grazing the outer sensitive skin but not pushing in.  Not yet.    Justin hissed his complaint and braced himself, gripping the edge of the seat with his fingers.  Brian watched his face with a grin as he continued to toy and tease him.  Justin kept using his feet to pivot around, trying to get close enough to get Brian inside.  His chest rose up and down as he panted from his efforts.  “Brian,” he breathed out in aggression.    Brian pushed just a little, easing the head inside with a snap and Justin begged for more.  He pulled back out.  Justin whimpered from the dull ache.  Brian pushed in again.  Again, just the wide head.  Justin squeezed his ass together hoping to hold onto it tight enough that Brian couldn’t pull back out.  His outer rings had a death grip just under the cap rim, but Brian pulled back anyway.  This time with a slight sound of broken suction.    Justin growled at him.  “Quit fucking teasing me!”    Brian’s tongue made its way into his cheek as he tried to hold back a smirk.  He wrapped his hands around Justin’s thighs firmly and pushed with his hips as he pulled with his arms.  He buried himself to the root in one swift motion as Justin arched off the seat.  “Yesssss,” he hissed, his knuckles turning white from their tight grip on the seat’s leather.   “Is that what you wanted?” Brian teased, loving the look of Justin’s wanton body splayed out all open for him.   “Yes,” Justin hissed again, rocking his hips up and down.  “Been so long.  Go.  Fuck me.”  He pulled his bottom lip into his mouth, biting it in anticipation.   And that’s exactly what Brian did.  Thrusting his hips in and out as Justin moved up and down, using his feet on Brian’s shoulders as leverage.  Slow then faster.  Justin’s legs and Brian’s chest sweating from the intense workout, becoming slick and slippery.  Brian had to keep re-adjusting his hold as his hands kept sliding up to Justin’s knees and Justin’s feet kept slipping off Brian’s shoulders.  It was hot, the air thick from the heat and smell of sex.   Brian eventually gave up and let Justin move on his own.  Besides he had other tasks to attend to… like Justin’s hard, straining dick and plump balls that were jiggling practically right in front of his face, calling out to him for some attention.   He held on with one hand as his other hand reached for the knob of the air conditioner’s fan.  He turned it on high and adjusted the vent to blow right on them.  “Fuck,” he barked but Justin didn’t pay any attention, he just kept moving, faster and faster, slamming harder and deeper every chance he got.  Droplets of sweat forming on his forehead.  His blond hair becoming darker as it dampened.   Brian moved his hand to caress and fondle Justin’s balls.  Justin’s cock pulsating up with every squeeze, aching and begging for a touch.  Brian held out as long he could because he knew that would be the beginning of the end.  But with its every bounce, his willpower weakened and he just had to feel it.  He ran his finger up its length and looked up at Justin, who immediately opened his eyes.  Eyes that were glassy and dark and heavy lidded.  The vision of Brian that Justin was watching began to close in.  Darkness, starting on the outer edges, moved toward the middle and Brian started to disappear.  Brian raked his thumb across the slit, smearing the pooling liquid around the head.  Justin groaned at the feeling then blinked to recapture his view.  Another groan, another blink and Brian knew he was there, right there in that place where all you need is a little push and you’re gone.    He was there too.  In fact he was pretty amazed that they’d lasted this long.  Three long fucking months.  It was the longest that they’d ever gone without fucking each other, well except for that one time.  But that was a time long forgotten so it didn’t count and without it, this was the longest that they’d ever gone and it was wrecking havoc on their bodies.  Release was imminent.   Brian removed his hand, licked the palm, getting it good and wet then grasped Justin’s shaft and squeezed, not tightly, just firmly and Justin threw his head back and closed his eyes in anticipation.  “Oh god,” he cried out, spreading his legs open wider and readjusting his feet.   Justin rocked and thrust as Brian stroked him then he grabbed Brian’s hips, pulling him deeper inside, filling him up at the very moment his orgasm swept over him.  His feet slid behind Brian’s head at the final impact and his soft, cushiony, anal walls clamped down and pulsed around Brian’s cock, milking it and drawing the climax out of Brian’s balls, up his shaft and into the condom just seconds after he’d spilled out into Brian’s hand.    Justin recovered first, oddly enough, and as Brian came down from his high, Justin pulled out a cloth and tossed it on top of Brian’s hand that was still wrapped around his flaccid and drenched cock.  He painfully lifted his weak and spasming legs off Brian’s shoulders and encircled them around Brian’s waist, locking his ankles and pulling him forward.  “Don’t pull out yet,” he whispered as Brian bent over him, flopping his head on Justin’s shoulder.   “I have no intention of it,” Brian sighed with heavy breaths into Justin’s neck.  Brian leaned slightly to the side, released Justin’s dick and wiped his hand off on the cloth, tossed it aside then flattened back out on top of Justin’s chest.  “Fuck.”   “Yeah,” Justin agreed, using his fingers to sweep Brian’s sweaty hair off his forehead.  Brian raised up.  “Don’t,” Justin pleaded.   “I’m not,” Brian answered with a smirk.  They looked at each other for few seconds then Brian tilted his head up and kissed him, holding it and deepening the soft kiss until the intercom interrupted them.    “Almost home, Sir,” Shane said over the speaker.   Brian broke the kiss.  “I’m gonna have to now.”   “Ohhhh,” Justin complained but he unwrapped his legs anyway.    Brian kissed him again quickly and smiled.  “You’re such a bottom boy.”   Justin squinted at him.  “Lucky for youuuu,” his voice trailing off as Brian pulled out.  “Shit.”   Brian smirked as he removed the condom, tied it off and looked around for somewhere to put it.  “Don’t worry, Sunshine.  That’s where I intend to spend to the next three days.”  Justin took the condom from him and placed it in a hidden trash compartment that he pulled out from underneath the stocked bar.  Brian reached for his pants, sat back on the seat and put them on.  “We have a lot of time to make up for.  I mean A LOT!”   Justin eyes got big.  He too, reached for his pants.  “But what about all my plans?  I thought we’d go to Rage tonight.  It makes Babylon look like Woody’s.  And Brett made lunch reservations for us tomorrow at Spago’s.  You never know who you’ll see there.  Not to mention the award’s banquet tomorrow night.  You bring my suit?”    Justin rambled on about their plans as he fastened his pants and put his socks on.  Brian finished dressing as well, intermittently glancing at Justin in amusement.    “And you have to go to Santa Monica with me.  They have a gay beach and it’s just beautiful.  The sand and the men!”  Justin elbowed Brian.  Brian rolled his eyes.  “And we can eat champagne brunch on Sunday at one of the ocean side restaurants in Marina Del Rey.  Very romantic.  Or we could drive down to Laguna Beach.  It’s about ninety miles south of here.  Huge gay beach there.”    Justin pulled his shirt closed but without buttons that was all he could do.  He shrugged, grabbed his shoes, sat back in the seat and took a much needed deep breath.   Brian shook his head.  “You finished?”  Justin glared at him.  “Yes, I brought your fucking suit.  And I don’t care about Rage or Spago’s or beaches with sand or romantic champagne brunches.  All I need is your mouth, your dick and your ass and I’m fine.  I came here to see you, not a bunch of Hollywood assholes and tourist traps.”   Justin stopped tying his shoes and looked up at Brian.  “I thought you only came to bring me my suit.”  Brian rolled his eyes, buttoning his shirt.  “You soooo missed me.”  Justin grinned.   Brian stopped.  “I said that, didn’t I?”   “Yes, you did,” Justin answered, leaning over and giving Brian a kiss on the cheek.    Brian didn’t say anything else.  They finished dressing then worked on each other’s hair, trying to reduce as much of the fresh-fucked look as they could.  But with dried, sweaty hair, it was really hopeless.  They both just shook their heads and leaned back against the seat, waiting for the limo to come to a stop on the driveway of Brett’s mansion. |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Chapter 8 - The Visit |  | | |  | | | | Shane pulled up in front of the guesthouse, unloaded Brian’s bags and drove off, leaving Justin and Brian all alone.  Just the way they wanted it.  The next twenty-four hours went by in a whirlwind.  The minute they walked inside the tiny house, Brian dropped his bags in the doorway, kicked the door shut, grabbed Justin’s belt loops and walked him backward toward the bed that was the focal point of the small house.   “Don’t do anything,” he said, as he peeled Justin’s shirt off his shoulders, flicked on his snap and yanked on his zipper.  He jerked his pants over his slim hips followed immediately by his underwear.  Justin’s breathing picked up because he knew by the look on Brian’s face that this was going to be fast and hard.  Brian pushed him down on the bed and his body bounced on the mattress.  Brian grabbed his feet and yanked his shoes off, tossing them over his shoulder one at a time then tugged off his jeans and underwear in one quick swoop.  They also went flying as he carelessly flung the denim aside.  Brian leered down at him like an animal about to devour his prey and Justin’s breath caught in this throat.   “Brian,” he murmured, deep and whispery, indicating his own aching need.   “Don’t say anything,” Brian quieted him, informing Justin of his intentions… it was to be his show.  “Roll over.”   Justin obeyed and Brian retrieved a condom from his pant’s pocket before freeing himself from his own clothing.  Justin heard the familiar tearing and crinkling of the foil packet and he almost wanted to cry he wanted this so bad.  Needed it so bad.    Brian sheathed himself, grabbed Justin’s ankles and spread his legs open, climbed onto the bed on his knees between Justin’s open legs then gripped Justin’s hips and lifted him up so that his ass was in the air.  Justin got up on his hands, straightening his arms and looked over his shoulder.  Brian placed his hand in the middle of Justin’s back and pressed down.  “I said don’t do anything.”    A small moan escaped from deep inside Justin as he collapsed his arms and mashed his face into the comforter.  “Oh, god,” he whimpered.  His want and need intensifying tenfold.   “Sssshhh,” Brian quieted him again, dragging his hand down Justin’s spine, over the cleft of his ass and along his crack.  He wrapped his fingers around his cock with one hand, Justin’s hip with the other and pressed in, sliding all the way.  Justin bit his lip and moaned again as he pushed back.  He couldn’t help it.  It was just his body’s natural reaction but Brian scolded him anyway.  “Don’t move.”  And Justin huffed in desperation.    Brian’s two strong hands restrained Justin’s hips to control and dominate then immediately started fucking him good and proper… just the way Justin liked it… just the way Justin had drawn it on the picture of Rage and JT hanging on the refrigerator door back home… and just the way Brian had been unable to do for so long.  Before Justin left for California and before he broke his fucking clavicle on the Liberty Ride.  It had been forever it seemed.  And he missed it.  Oh, how he missed it.   Justin’s arms flung about trying to find something to hold onto.  He cried out every time Brian angled just the right way to pummel his prostate.  His body quivered from the electrified shockwaves coursing up his spine.  He growled when Brian picked up speed and force.  He had missed this too.  For so long.   Brian grunted and groaned with every thrust.  His fingers burying themselves deeper into Justin’s skin in order to get a hold on the small hipbones, using them as handles to push and pull Justin’s lithe body forward and back.  Moving him around at will and taking total control.  His fingers pressed harder, ten little circled bruises were sure to form under the tight grip.   Everything that they’d missed so desperately about doing it so primal and needy came crashing back into their minds, their bodies responding from the lost memories, their orgasms ripping through them with an explosive force, leaving them physically and emotionally drained.  They collapsed on the bed, limp and exhausted, unable to move another muscle, panting and sweating with only one coherent thought between them.   “Fuck.  That was amazing,” they said at the same time then they chuckled at their dual expressions.   “I sooo needed that,” Justin admitted, turning on his side and curling up next to Brian.    Brian huffed again, unable to admit that he’d needed it too.  Even though he surely did.    Justin’s hand began making those familiar circles on Brian’s lower abdomen.  Around the navel, down the trail of soft hairs, circling the tiny scar, up and over the thicker patch, through the crease where Brian’s leg connected to his body then up and around the navel again.  Oh, how some things never change despite time and distance.   Justin’s hand descended again and Brian let him finish the path, secretly relishing every inch of the soft touch.  When Justin headed down for a third time and reached his scar, Brian reacted like he used to… but instead of shoo’ing him away, he covered Justin’s hand with his own and interlaced their fingers.  A more subtle and less harsh way to occupy Justin’s habitually busy fingers.    “Do you realize how long it’s been since you were able to fuck me like that?”    “A few days at least,” Brian teased, unable to admit that he knew how long it’d been.  Even though he wouldn’t let himself forget.  Four months, three weeks and two days.  He didn’t know how many hours or minutes because, hell, that would make him a total wimp, wouldn’t it?   “Well, however many days, it’s been too long.  Much too long,” Justin sighed with contentment.  A few minutes of calming silence then Justin’s head popped up.  “Hungry?”   Brian laughed, totally pleased with another thing about Justin that hadn’t changed.    After recovering from their hot, primal fuck, Brian unpacked his bags and hung up the Armani suit while Justin made them a couple of turkey sandwiches to take the edge off their hunger edge, or at least off of Justin’s hunger.  Brian finished with his task first and met up with a still naked Justin in the small two-counter kitchenette.  He picked him up and planted his ass on the opposite counter of where Justin was making the sandwiches and proceeded to give him one hell of an unexpected blowjob, with Justin still holding the mustard covered butter knife in one hand and a dry piece of rye bread in the other.    Justin had almost forgotten what a talented tongue and mouth Brian had.  He was quickly reminded, of course.  The slice of bread ended up a mushy dough ball pressed inside Justin’s clenched fist, the mustard all in Brian’s hair and splattered on his back, the knife falling out of Justin’s hand and clanking onto the floor as he shot his load into Brian’s mouth.   Brian held onto it, swirling it around with his tongue before he swallowed.  Justin’s distinct taste… he missed it.  And he planned on doing everything he missed at least once before he had to leave.  Maybe even throw in a few new things to carry them through the remainder of Justin’s stay.      “Look at the mess you made,” Brian teased, licking his lips, and Justin threw the squished mass of dough at him in retaliation.  Brian dodged it and kissed him.  Kissed him hard and deep, sharing his taste with him, sucking his breath away and leaving him panting when he pulled away and swatted his leg, telling him to hurry up with the sandwiches.    They ate their turkey sandwiches and washed them down with a couple of Dos Equis’, sitting at the little two-seater dining room table with mustard still splattered and drying all over Brian’s back.  The gooey glob in his hair was still clinging to clumped strands, trying to hang on.  Justin wasn’t much better… his sweaty hair, now dry, had plastered itself stiffly to his head.  They both smelled of sweat and stale sex.  They were quite a mess but they sat there anyway, eating their psuedo-dinner, drinking their beers and grinning at each other with tiny glances.  And Brian didn’t even feel stupid doing it.  He actually liked it.   He saw a small poster laying on the table and picked it up.  “That’s the ad for the movie that Brett’s going to run in the industry publications after he makes the announcement tomorrow night,” Justin explained.    “It doesn’t look like your work,” Brian noticed.   “Mmm, it’s not,” Justin said with a mouthful of turkey and bread.  He swallowed and took a drink of his beer.  “I work in the Art Department on the story boards for the movie.  Not in the advertising department.”   Brian nodded in understanding.  “His advertising department sucks.  It’s not very imaginative.”  Brian shoved it aside and downed the rest of his beer then clanked the empty bottle on the table.   Justin shrugged.  “I agree.  But it’s not the real advertising, like for when the movie comes out.  It’s just for the trades.  And those are just regular head shots of the guys.  Not in costume or make-up or anything.  So it’s okay for now.”  Brian looked at him with a blank face.  “You want the account?  What you did for the comic book was great.  I could talk to Brett, but I think the studio has their own staff or something.”   Brian shrugged.  “What I want is a shower.”  Like he needed Justin to get him accounts.  He was doing just fine by himself, without Justin putting a good word in for him and without Brett’s help.  No, this movie thing was all Justin’s deal.  And Mikey’s.   ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   The one thing the little guesthouse had that was worth mentioning was an awesome shower and tub combination.  It was a hexagon tub with high tiled walls on all sides but three.  Those three contained glass.  Two outer immobile panels and the middle one, a door.  It had removable dual showerheads, one on each side of the tub with a large drain in the middle.    “Leave it to a queer to put a two-person, fancy-ass shower enclosure in a house with living quarters that aren’t even big enough for one person, let alone two,” Brian said sarcastically when Justin showed him the bathroom.  Justin backhanded him lightly on his stomach and moved to turn on the water.  “What?” Brian asked.  “This is a fuck-pad.  Don’t try to tell me you didn’t figure that out already.”   Justin rolled his eyes and stepped into the enclosure, holding the door open for Brian to join him.  Once Brian was inside he shut the door and turned Brian around under the spray to wash away the dried mustard.  “I figured it out.”  Brian turned his head and looked over his shoulder.  “And I checked for cameras.”  Brian’s eyebrow went up.  “There aren’t any.”  Brian laughed.  “You’re so skeptical Brian.  Brett’s not like that.  You don’t know him.”   “That’s what you said about The Sap.”   Justin tilted the nozzle and it accidentally sprayed in Brian’s face.  He jerked his head out of the line of fire and coughed.  “Sorry,” Justin said with a wicked grin.   “Yeah, right.”  Brian grabbed his removable sprayer and aimed it at Justin.  “I’m not the only skeptical one, you know,” Brian yelled over the water.  Justin held his hands up to block the spray and turned his head from side to side to get away.  “You said you looked.”   “Okay!  Okay!  I looked,” Justin screamed, grabbing his nozzle as well.    It was an all-out water fight.  Arches of water flew high, splashed on the ceiling and cascaded over the glass door.  The entire bathroom was drenched with water.    They fought and fought until Brian grabbed Justin around the waist with his free hand and pulled him towards him.  Justin sprayed Brian in the face one last time before stopping instantly with a deep moan when he felt Brian’s showerhead shooting water up onto his balls and ass from underneath.  Brian blew the last of the water out of his mouth then leaned in for a kiss.  Playtime was over.  At least water-fight playtime was over.    They kissed… water droplets dripping off their bangs and sliding down their faces, wetting their lips and filling their mouths.  Justin opened his legs and Brian pressed the nozzle against his ass.  His balls jiggled from the force of the pulsating spray.  Brian broke the kiss and reached between them, wrapping his hand around Justin’s cock, stroking it softly while the nozzle continued to pummel Justin’s ball sac and wash away the remnants of used lube.  “You like that?” he asked, pressing his forehead against Justin’s.   Justin nodded and returned the favor.  Spraying his showerhead underneath Brian’s ass and stroking his dick.  “You like that?” he asked in return with a grin and Brian smiled back.   They sprayed and stroked each other off that way.  Standing in the middle of the hexagon tub, foreheads together, eyes open and locked.  Justin came first, Brian a few strokes after.  They dropped the nozzles at the same time.  Standing there, holding each other up, breathing in each other’s face, Justin swayed heavy against Brian’s chest and Brian took a couple of steps backward, pulling Justin with him as they leaned against the wall, trying to regain their faculties.   Justin lifted his head.  “You want to go to Rage?  Please!  Just for a few drinks, and then we’ll come right back.  I really want you to see it.”   Brian pushed him away with a frown and reached for the showerheads, placing them back on the hooks on the wall.  He grabbed a bar of soap, handed it to Justin and turned around.  “Wash my back.”  He didn’t really understand Justin’s need to want to go out.  He was dead serious about the staying in and fucking thing.   “Brian.”   “Why do you want me to see it?  I don’t care.”   “Because you have to.”   “Why do I have to?”    “It’s called Rage!  I mean that’s some kind of kismet or something, you know?  We have to go there.”   Brian was getting the feeling that Justin had a reason, a purposeful reason that he hadn’t divulged yet.  And that reason had nothing to do with the name of the club or kismet or any of that shit.  He turned around and looked at him.  Justin was smirking.  “What?  Spill it.”   “I’ve heard things about their backroom but I haven’t been back there.  I want to go… with you.”   “Ah, how romantic.”  He laughed and Justin smiled.  “Fiiiiine” Brian said, finally giving in.  At least it was something that Justin hadn’t wanted to go back there with Conner, of all people.  Justin grinned bigger, kissing Brian on the mouth and turning him back around so they could finish their shower.  It was already getting late.   They went to Rage, drank one drink, danced two songs, downed a shot of Chivas Regal then Brian dragged Justin to the backroom where he turned him around, pushed him up against the wall, rimmed him good and proper then fucked the daylights out of him, just like he did in the backroom of Babylon.  Another thing Brian missed.    They were in the most crowded part of the packed room and Justin struggled to keep his eyes open, looking around to see who was watching them.  Voyeurism was one of the allures, after all.  Each new set of eyes that turned to look at them sent tingles to his ass and he got more vocal which made Brian fuck him more vigorously which brought about more curious onlookers, more grunts from Justin, and harder thrusts just like a building storm of epic proportions.  When Justin finally came, his eyes squeezed shut, a loud series of grunts escaped his throat, shooting stars zoomed across the back of his eyelids, and shivers waved across his ass cheeks.  Brian came again shortly after him.    Exhausted and sweaty Brian pulled out, leaning into Justin, his forehead resting on his back in the middle of his shoulder blades.  “You ready to go home?” Brian rasped through his labored breathing.  Justin nodded, exhausted as well.  Brian pulled his pants up for him but Justin zipped himself up as Brian removed the full condom and tucked his dick away.   Justin grinned at the onlookers as they left and his grin stayed plastered on his face all the way back to his temporary home.  Once inside, they undressed and collapsed on the bed.  Rolling onto their sides, facing each other, they fondled and fingered the other trying to arouse their dicks for another round.  Both of them had their eyes closed as they softly licked and kissed each other’s lips.    “It’s really nice to have you in my bed with me,” Justin whispered, nuzzling closer as Brian slipped his arm underneath Justin’s neck.  Purring into the soft caresses on his shoulder and dick was the last thing Justin remembered before falling asleep, wrapped in his partner’s comforting embrace.    ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   He woke up the exact same way the next morning… Brian stroking him and kissing him into awareness.  He yawned and stretched, growling as his arms pushed out over his head, his knees locked straight and his toes splayed out, pointing to the ceiling.    “Good morning, Sunshine,” Brian sing-songed, stroking a little harder on Justin’s already hard cock.  One more thing he’d missed terribly and one more thing to scratch off the list of things to do to Justin in his short three day visit.   “Mmmmorning,” Justin mumbled, smiling at waking up with Brian beside him.   A lazy and loving bout of morning sex ensued then another shower to cleanse and refresh.  Stupid grins, rolling eyes and gentle elbowing and pushing accompanied them as they brushed their teeth, shaved and fixed their hair inside the cramped single vanity bathroom.   Brian made coffee and they lounged around in their robes as Justin began his coercing to talk Brian into actually getting dressed and leaving the tiny guesthouse so he could escort him to Spago’s for lunch.  It took a well-practiced blowjob, but Justin finally convinced him.  Brian, of course, called it a sacrifice.  A sacrifice that Justin would have to make up for later, which he agreed to do with a roll of his eyes and a shake of his head.   Since Brett had given Justin full access to Shane and his limo while Brian was in town, the British chauffeur picked them up and drove them to Spago’s in star style.  Brian noticed how cool Justin seemed to think it was.  They got right in with Brett’s reservation and were seated at a table dead center in the middle of the main dining room.  Justin kept craning his neck to see who was there and gasped every time someone he recognized was spotted.  Brian kept smirking at him.  He was like a kid in a candy store.  It was cute and sweet but worrisome at the same time.  How would the mundane life with him in Pittsburgh ever compare to this?  Something that life with Conner James would ensure.   “Isn’t this fun?” Justin asked.    “Loads,” Brian replied, acting uninterested, trying to play down the thrill and excitement of eating in such a famous place.  But he couldn’t help but be a little intrigued by the surroundings himself.  It was more than he was used to as well.  His eyes traveled to the doorway, spotting someone in particular.    Justin looked over his shoulder to see what caught Brian’s attention.  He gasped.  “That’s John Travolta!” he squeaked in a loud whisper.   “Hmmm,” Brian agreed with a slight nod.   “You know, the guy from Pulp Fiction!  I loved that movie!”   Brian snorted.  “You mean the guy from Saturday Night Fever and Grease.  Those are the movies he’s famous for.”   “No way.  Those movies are soooo old.”  Justin wrinkled his nose.  He looked over at Travolta again, then back to Brian and saw the disapproving look on Brian’s face.  “Oh my God!  Please tell me you did not have one of those white suits!”   “Whaaat?  Fuck you, Justin!  I was like five when that movie came out.”   “Oh, sorry.”  Justin ‘eeked’ his jaw and Brian glared at him.   “I might have had the leather jacket though.  Many, many years later… of course,” Brian added, pushing his tongue into his cheek.   “Of course,” Justin smirked.   They finished their lunch and while standing outside waiting for Shane to pull up, someone called out from down the sidewalk.   “Justin!”   Brian put his arm around Justin’s neck possessively then they turned around to see who was calling his name.  “It’s Harry,” Justin said quietly to Brian.   “Well, it sure is,” Brian said with grin.  “The infamous Blows.”   Justin backhanded his stomach.  “Brian behave.”   “Me?”   “Yes you!” Justin turned back to Harry who was approaching them with a woman right by his side.  Big poofy blonde hair with darkened roots, ample breasts accentuated by a very low-cut and tight t-shirt, hip-hugger Capris pants that showed off a naval piercing and spiked high heels.  She could barely keep up with his rapid pace.  “Hey, Harry,” Justin called out.   Once Harry approached he looked at Brian then back to Justin, assessing the relationship.  “So what brings you down here?” Harry asked.    Brian tensed and squeezed his arm tighter around Justin’s neck causing him to lean into him and almost lose his balance.  Justin chuckled.  “We were having lunch at Spago’s.  Harry, this is my partner, Brian Kinney.  Brian, this is Harry Glows.”  Brian reached his hand out to shake Harry’s… the same hand that was attached to the arm that was around Justin’s neck.  That caused Justin to bend over a little from Brian’s outstretched arm pushing on the back of his head.  He grimaced.  What was Brian’s problem?  He’d been so relaxed at the guesthouse and at Rage but Harry shows up and Brian gets all caveman on him.   “Nice to meet you,” Harry said, looking at Brian and then instinctively pulling the female toward him.  Right up against him almost as if she was protection.  From Brian… who smirked at the gesture.   “Mmmm,” Brian grunted unceremoniously, pulling his hand away and looking at the blonde.   “Uh, this is Tiffany… my girlfriend,” Harry introduced her, over-emphasizing the word ‘girlfriend’.   “Hi, Tiffany,” Justin said, smiling at her.   “So you going to the banquet tonight for the big announcement?” Harry asked.   “Yeah, we’ll be there.  You?” Justin replied.   “Um, yeah.  I’ll probably make an appearance,” Harry said acting rather bored about the whole thing.   Brian smirked again but Harry ignored him.  Brian knew that Harry was notorious for scamming all the face time he could get.  There was no way he wasn’t anxious to get his mug on stage, much less on television.  Shane pulled up right at that moment so Justin used that as an excuse to whisk Brian away before he said something mean or degrading.  “Okay well, our car’s here so I guess we’ll see you tonight.”  Justin slipped out from underneath Brian’s arm then grabbed and pulled him towards the car.   “Yeah, see ya tonight.”   “Will we be seeing you later tonight as well, Tiffany?” Brian asked the blonde bombshell.    She giggled and nodded her head.  “Uh-huh.”   “I can hardly wait,” Brian flirted, taking her hand and kissing the back of it.  She blushed with a giggle.  Harry elbowed her and she straightened her face, pulling her lips in to stifle her smile.  “Later, Harry,” Brian drawled in a falsetto voice then added a very obvious wink.  Harry dropped his jaw in exasperation and Justin raised his eyebrows, pushing Brian through the car door.  Once Justin followed him inside and shut the door, Brian lost it, cracking up.    “What the fuck was that?” Justin ordered to know.   “My Size Barbie?” Brian asked with a shrug.   “Not her!  You!”   “Oh, come on.”  Brian looked at Justin in confusion.  Did he not think that was funny?  What was his problem?  He just glared at him, intensely, waiting for an answer.  Brian furrowed his brows and stared back, then cracked up again.  “You jealous?”   Justin folded his arms over his chest and looked straight ahead.  “No.”   Brian laughed harder.  “Yes you are.  How pathetic are you.  Jealous of a girl?  I think the sunshine has fried your brain, Sunshine.  Would you think about that a minute?”   Justin thought then his cheeks turned two shades of pink.  He started laughing too and covered his face with his hands, growling loudly.  “I’m such in idiot!”   Brian shrugged in agreement and Justin slapped his arm.  “Ow!” Brian exclaimed, holding his arm.   Still laughing, “Did you see the look on Harry’s face when you winked at him?  I think you scared the shit out of him.”   “Yeah, maybe.  He may not even show up tonight now,” Brian teased.    Justin’s eyes got big as saucers in full panic mode.  “No!  Brett will kill me.  You.  Someone.”   “Relax, Sunshine.  He’ll be there… with Barbie… for protection.”  Brian sprayed spit as he tried to contain his giggle with pursed lips.  His shoulders shaking violently.  He looked over at Justin innocently.  When Justin laughed, Brian couldn’t hold it in any longer.  Harry with that chick was just absurd.  She was a blinking beacon.  A red and white roadway caution sign.  ‘I’m straight!  I’m not gay!  Stay away!’   Justin shook his head.  “God, what was up with that chick?  Straight guys really find that kind of woman attractive?”  Justin shivered his shoulders and scrunched up his face.   “Sure, all men want a pretty blond on their arm.  It’s a status thing,” Brian answered seriously.  “Why do you think I keep you around?”    That earned him another slap to the arm.  “Ow,” Brian said laughing.  “My Size Ken!”    And he grabbed Justin’s wrists before he could slap him again.   Justin glared, fighting to break free.  “Asshole.”   Brian pushed him down sideways on the long back seat and spread out on top of him.  “Speaking of which…” |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Chapter 9 - The GLAAD Awards |  | | |  | | | | With Brian’s tongue in his mouth, Justin was unable to say anything else the rest of the way back to Brett’s.  Once Shane announced their arrival, Brian ended their make-out session, sat up and pulled Justin up with him.  Tingling from the roughness of Brian’s afternoon stubble, Justin’s cheeks and chin sported hundreds of tiny red dots, his lips were dark pink and swollen, his arousal evident under the tent of his dress slacks.  Instantly Brian remembered the margarita phone call and Justin wanting his feel his stubble scratch his face.  He had definitely fulfilled that wish.  Justin’s chest heaved with want for more.  He looked freshly fucked and Brian reveled in the fact that he could still do that to Justin when all he’d done was kiss him.  Albeit, very hungrily.   “What am I going to do with you?” Brian asked, grinning and shaking his head as he ran his thumb over Justin’s lips, his eyes following the movement.   “If you have to ask then we have one hell of a big problem.”   “Such delicate skin,” Brian mused, lost in the soft touch of Justin’s cheeks.  He stroked them gently, his eyes twinkled… and Justin found it to be rather… um… romantic?  He leaned into it then narrowed his eyes, staring at Brian, trying to understand where his real partner had gone and who this stranger was.  The one caressing his face with tender loving care.  And he wondered why this pod-person seemed to be undaunted by the fact that they were sporting twin stiffies and they were at the house and could get out of the limo at any time to go inside and take care of those said stiffies.  First caveman.  Now lovesick puppy.   Then he saw it.  A tiny little wrinkle on the right side of Brian’s mouth.  It was very small and it faded quickly, but he did see it.   He batted Brian’s hand away.  “Asshole.”   Brian snorted and opened the door.  “That’s twice you’ve called me that.  Makes me think you have something on your mind, Sunshine.”  He pulled his lips into this mouth and waited as Justin got out of the car.   Justin leaned up, kissed him quickly and swatted Brian lightly on the butt.  “Maybe I do.”   “Such a creative and intuitive mind… your mother should be proud.”   Justin scrunched up his face.  “Did you have to bring my mother into this?”  Brian laughed as they went inside.   They had less than three hours to get ready for the GLAAD Awards Banquet and Justin used them wisely.  The first thirty minutes were spent undressing Brian ever so slowly, kissing every inch of the newly exposed skin as he went.  By the time Brian was completely naked and sprawled out on the bed on his stomach, his whole body was sprinkled with the same tingling red rash that Justin’s face had shown just moments before.   Justin grinned at his artwork as he spread Brian’s ass cheeks open and dove inside.  And Brian flashed back to their first year when Justin would lather his baby face up and shave standing right beside him, but not really needing to.  Those days were obviously long gone and it made his body feel alive.  Every single tiny red dot pulsed on his flesh, reminding him that the Justin that had his tongue up his ass was no longer that dependent boy but a full-fledged man now… independent… living on his own… with a promising career… in California… three thousand miles away from him.  And as much as he hated the distance between them, he couldn’t help but wonder if it was that mental fact that made him uncontrollably cum onto the already soiled sheets beneath him without ever touching his dick or the physical fact that he’d taught the once seventeen year old virgin how to give masterful rim jobs.   He was shaken from his musings when Justin, the man, plopped down beside him on the mattress with a self-satisfied grin on his face that screamed immature brat.  Brian couldn’t help but snort at the little shit’s conceited audacity.    “Good, huh?” Justin asked with all the confidence in the world and Brian snorted again.    Yes, it was true that Justin was the only one that could make Brian cum without some kind of dick massage, Brian knew it and Justin knew it, but still, the fucker didn’t need to rub it in his face.  Brian knew he’d have to deal with it though because along with the art of rimming and everything else, he’d also taught the boy about bold arrogance.  He had to be proud of him, right?  But he also had to rectify the situation and bring him down a few pegs.   “You need to shave.  It was like being rimmed by a Brillo pad.”   Justin just smiled and kissed him without saying anything because sometimes that was the best way to deal with Brian and his issues, and he knew that his comment was simply Brian trying to save face from the fact that he’d just cum from a rim job like an inexperienced teenager.  Besides, now that they were together, face to face instead of just on the phone, they could once again return to their silent mode of communication.  Brian lifted up on his elbows and rolled his eyes.  A move that clearly was calling Justin a twat for the condescending kiss.  Justin just kissed him again.  The nerve.  Brian shoved him away and got up.   “Just for that, you can take care of that by yourself,” Brian said pointing to Justin’s straining hardness.  “I’m taking a shower.”   Justin huffed and followed Brian into the bathroom, confidant that within the next thirty minutes to an hour, Brian would most certainly be the one to take care of that for him.  And of course he did, reciprocating the rim job that he’d received on the bed, in the shower, making sure that Justin kept his hands flat against the tile so as to not allow him to touch his dick.  Turnabout’s fair play, after all.  He was determined to get him off with no other stimulation except the sheer pleasure of his tongue up Justin’s ass and the erotic tingling of his scruffy chin on Justin’s delicate skin.  And once he had, Brian couldn’t help but be pleased that Justin hadn’t lasted as long as he had.  Brian still had some things over on his younger partner.   Afternoon orgasms complete, they could now concentrate on getting ready for the banquet.  Well, Justin concentrated… Brian kept getting distracted as Justin shaved right beside him.  Justin shifted his eyes a few times from his razor’s reflection in the mirror over to Brian and wondered why Brian seemed so mesmerized by his shaving technique.  When Brian caught him noticing he would go back to shaving his own face like it had never happened.  The last thing he needed was for Justin to know he’d gotten all melancholy over past memories (of  Justin shaving for fucking cryin’ out loud) or that those past memories were making his heart flutter.  His vow to spend more time with Gus meant he was spending more time with Lindsay.  This was all her fault, he decided.    After the third time, when their eyes locked in the mirror, Justin grinned one of his patronizing grins.  Brian pushed him on the side of his head and Justin smirked.  Smart little fucker.    Primped, shaved and smelling good, Brian pulled their suits out of the makeshift closet and laid them out on the bed.  His was black, white shirt.  Justin’s navy blue with a royal blue shirt.  Brian loved that suit on Justin, he was hot as hell in it, and he knew he’d picked out the right one when he’d bought it for him.  The only problem for Brian was, he was very well aware of the fact that everyone on the planet seemed to also think Justin was hot as hell when he wore it, and he knew Conner would too.  His stomach tightened and he hoped that the in-the-closet-movie star would bring a female companion with him to the banquet.  If he was having to act straight all night then he would keep his mitts off Justin and Brian could show him just how deeply he was planted in Justin’s life.  Brian shook it off.  He had to think about Justin’s big night.  He smiled as an image of the two them together all spiffed up crossed his mind.  Maybe there was something to be said about men liking a good-looking blond on their arm.  He couldn’t help but laugh.   “What’s so funny?” Justin asked, coming out of the bathroom in nothing but his Calvin Klein underwear.  Brian didn’t answer, but he picked up Justin’s shirt and held it open.  Justin smiled and slid one arm in then the other and turned around.  He watched Brian’s face, a little confused, as Brian buttoned it for him.  Once he was done, he looked Justin in the eye like this was nothing, reached for Justin’s pants, held them open at the waist and bent over.  Justin, even though he felt rather strange about it, stepped into them.    Brian pulled them up over Justin’s ass and tucked in the shirt, wiggling the tip of his finger over the tip of Justin’s dick as he did so which made Justin jump.  He smirked then zipped them up and hooked them.  Brian smoothed the pants and shirt out and stepped back.  “Turn around,” he instructed.    Justin did and Brian smoothed out the back as well then grabbed Justin’s shoulder and turned him back around.  He smiled at him and kissed his nose.  Justin furrowed his eyebrows.  What the fuck?  Brian picked up a pair of socks off the bed and held them at Justin’s chest until he took them from him then moved, reaching for his own clothes.   “What the fuck, Brian?” Justin had to ask.   “What?” Brian asked in return as he buttoned up his own shirt.  “I can’t dress you?”   “It’s just that you never have before.”   “Sure I have.  That first morning.”  Justin grinned, remembering how good that felt.  “Your birthday.”  Justin frowned.  “Well, anyway,” Brian continued, changing the subject from that incredibly bad idea.  “You’re going to be on TV, you have to look hot.  This is your big night, right?”  Justin quirked his head with a slight nod to agree.  “Alright then.  As your partner, and as someone with a keen sense of style, it’s my job to make sure you’re dressed appropriately and as well-fashioned as any respectable homo should be.  Wouldn’t want the Fab Five to disapprove, would we?”    Justin laughed.  “Oh, please.  Heaven forbid I make Carson cringe.”   “Exactly.  And well, cargos and belly shirts – while perfect for twinkiness – just aren’t conducive to the up and coming Justin Taylor, co-creator of Rage.”   Justin grinned again as he reached for his suit jacket and slipped it on.  “You just wanted to touch my cock.”  Brian shrugged but didn’t argue when Justin took his pants from him and held them open for Brian to step into them.  He mirrored Brian’s movements, pulling the pants over Brian’s hips, tucking the shirt inside and included the gratuitous finger grazing which earned him the gratuitous Brian Kinney bored eye roll.  “I’m having a ‘franks and beans’ flashback,” Justin said as he yanked up Brian’s zipper.    Brian jumped back, swatting Justin’s hands away and fastened the hook himself.  Justin laughed at him as Brian glared in return.  He put his jacket on and they both sat down to put on their socks and shoes.  Brian couldn’t help but notice how domesticated the entire scene was and he wondered just when things had gotten that way.  He wasn’t so sure he could pinpoint it to a particular time, it just kind of happened.  Poof.  Out of nowhere.  And it didn’t feel all that weird.  Not like he thought it would.  It was actually kind of nice.   With a few extra straightening motions on each other after they stood, they were ready to go.  Their suits were very formal but they dressed them down by not wearing ties.   Sexy-formal.  Sophisticated casual.  Whatever you want to call it, but they both looked very hot.  Brian approved.   ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   Shane picked them up and drove them to the Kodak Theatre.  Justin was in awe.  Their limo got in line with all the rest and they inched their way up to the red carpet.  This happened at the Oscars and the Emmys, he had no idea that it happened at the GLAAD Awards too.  The closer they got, the more tense he got.  There were stars everywhere.  He gulped.  Brian took his hand and gave it a squeeze but didn’t say anything.  It was all just so weird.  They were going to get out of the limo and walk down the red carpet past all the reporters just like all the Hollywood stars were doing and they were nobodies.  Just two guys from Pittsburgh.  It was overwhelming and he didn’t think that they belonged there.    When the limo came to a stop and an usher opened their door Justin froze, unable to move.  Brian got out and extended his hand.  Justin didn’t take it so Brian reached in and took his, pulling him out.  “Relax.  They’re just people.  It’s no big deal,” he whispered, wanting to calm him.   “Yeah, I know,” Justin lied trying to be confident while his insides were churning and his nerves were ablaze.   A woman wearing a headset and carrying a clipboard approached them.  “Mr. Taylor?” she asked.   “Huh?” Justin stammered in confusion as to how she knew who he was.  Brian pushed him toward her and she smiled.      She was obviously used to the Hollywood virgins, so to speak, so she answered his silent question right away.  “You’re Co-creator of Rage and personal guest of Mr. Keller’s?”   Justin, still stunned, was speechless.  “Yes, he is,” Brian spoke up, pinching Justin on his waist to snap him out of his daze.   The woman immediately pushed the button on her belt and recited Justin’s name into the headset then paused.  “And you?” she asked looking at Brian.     “That’s Brian.  My partner,” Justin answered finally getting with the program.   “Welcome back,” Brian whispered into Justin’s ear, making him giggle as the woman pushed the button again.  This time she gave his name, added ‘and partner’, then gave his credentials about Rage.  She held out her arm, motioning for Justin and Brian to follow the red carpet that was lined on either side with photographers and reporters.  Justin noticed that a man wearing a headset was walking slightly in front of them and as they got closer to the swarm of media, he began leaning into people and stating Justin’s name and credentials, just as the woman had done into the headset.  Now Justin understood how all those reporters on those award pre-shows knew who everyone was all the time.  Everyone, including people that were generally obscure to wide-spread fame.   They made their way through with only two reporters stopping Justin for questions.  But that was two more than he thought would stop them.  The questions were all about Rage, the comic, of course, since the making of the movie wasn’t common knowledge just yet.  One of them even asked Justin if he was disappointed that Rage hadn’t been nominated for GLAAD’s Best Comic Award.  Justin didn’t even know there was such an award but he handled himself very well, telling the reporter that Rage was still new and finding its audience and that there was always next year.  Brian was impressed.  Justin was good at the whole ‘star’ thing, easily fitting right in.  He coughed into a clenched fist to dislodge the lump that was building in his throat.    He didn’t even seem to mind the fact that the interest was all about Justin and not him.  He stood behind him, quiet and silent, and other than a few seductive winks and nods from two very cute camera guys and one well-known television show interviewer, he was completely ignored.  And that was okay.  It was the gritting fact that he thought it was okay that he wasn’t so okay with.  Brian Kinney, a loving and supportive partner willing to take a back seat to his lover?  Fuck, his head hurt.  Way too much thinking… and he really needed a drink.    Once they got through the main doors Justin’s professional composure fell and he turned to Brian, leaning into him, his body jittering with excitement.  Brian knew Justin really wanted to jump and down and hug him but he maintained.  “Did you see that?  Oh my God.  That was so cool.”   “Yeah, pretty cool,” Brian agreed, pulling Justin beside him and slipping his arm around his neck.  “Just don’t let it go to your head, little boy.”   Justin elbowed him.  “Do you really think that Rage could win an award like this someday?”   “I don’t see why not.  It’s gay and these are gay awards.  So yeah.”  Justin looked up at him blankly.  “Besides, it’s fucking good.”    That made Justin smile.  “Yeah, it is.  Isn’t it?”  Brian shook his head.   ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~   They ended up sitting at a big table with the whole sordid gang.  Harry and his girlfriend, Tiffany.  Brett and an older woman who they later found out was his mother (the typical unpartnered gay man’s date, Brian mused).  Rupert and his date (a man who was older than Rupert, mid-thirties maybe and while friendly seemed kind of uppity in Brian’s opinion).  Conner.  And a bunch of others in Brett’s entourage from his production company.    Wait.  Conner.  Alone.  Where was his date?  Brian tensed.  Was Justin’s charm already working?  Was Conner embarrassed to bring a woman to the nationally televised event, an event where if he was to perpetuate his straightness he should damn well have a woman with him?  Why wouldn’t he?  Because Justin would be there?  Brian’s mind began racing with all kinds of reasons for Conner coming stag.  He looked at Justin.  The blond on his arm, while small and pretty on the outside, packed one hell of a punch.  He’d been hit by that jab more than once and it was obvious now, Conner had gone a few rounds with him as well.  He needed to sit down.  He knew it.  He just knew it.  He could hear Vic laughing… loudly.  And if the man wasn’t dead already, he’d kill him.   Justin did introduce Brian to everyone but other than that they were only able to carry on the usual small talk.  Brian and Justin both stayed relatively quiet, preferring to sit back and take it all in.  Besides, Brian had things to think about.  A few things for sure that Brian sized up rather quickly about the stunning group were...   One, Conner kept looking at Justin as well as him.  Ideas flitted through Brian’s mind.  There were possibilities there that he wasn’t quite sure how he felt about.  Possibly bad ideas.  But then again… maybe not.  That could be the way to achieve his goal.  He’d have to think some more to be sure.   Two, Rupert was a very intense young man and hard to figure out.  He kept looking at Brian, tilting his head one way and then another.  He licked his lips a couple of times but Brian wasn’t sure if it was from arousal at what was known in his own circles back home as his sexual magnetism or simply dry lips.  The California sun could be brutal after all… but then again, so could his allure.  Whatever it was that was going through the young Irishman’s mind, Brian was definitely being scrutinized.  He knew that much for sure.  And the fact that Rupert would periodically whisper in his date’s ear as he stared at Brian unnerved him to no end.   Three, Harry was an obnoxious idiot and Brian didn’t like him.  He talked non-stop about stupid stuff and was desperate to be funny.  More than half his jokes were about women.  The man was nuts.  He was sitting at a table with a bunch of gay men and he thought they’d find women jokes funny?  They were so bad and demeaning that Brian actually found himself feeling sorry for Tiffany.  Why, he didn’t know.  She was obviously just there because he was famous so she deserved what she got.  But still…   And four, he had obviously made quite an impression on the living, breathing Barbie doll the day before.  She seemed unable to take her eyes off of him so he winked back and offered up some of his best ‘you know you want me’ looks.  The more she squirmed in her seat the more fun he was having.  Of course, he was only doing it to piss off the Glow-worm and it was working in spades.    On at least one occasion that Brian noticed, Conner quirked one eyebrow at Justin from across the table, making Justin laugh.  Brian looked at Justin, rather disturbed about that and raised an eyebrow at him to show his displeasure of the little display.  It backfired though.  Since that was the very thing that Conner had practiced so hard at doing, and obviously perfected by now, Brian doing it in retaliation of Conner doing it just made Justin laugh even harder.  Brian didn’t find it funny at all and turned that raised threatening eyebrow toward Conner.  He had played his hand.  He hadn’t meant to do it this early in the evening but Conner hadn’t given him much choice.  They squared off with looks.  Justin’s eyes darted between them.  Uh-oh.  Conner broke first, his eyes softening with… something… lust?  Brian jolted.  Ummm, maybe his idea wasn’t such a bad one after all.   Brett had been watching the whole thing and when he chuckled out of nervous concern, Brian turned to him and smiled his ‘I’m sweet’ smile.   All these Hollywood yo-yos, ‘pack of wolves’, Brian thought, as he glanced over at the unsuspecting lamb sitting next to him.  He slipped his hand under the table and between Justin’s thighs to protect him.  Justin looked up at him and smiled sheepishly at the loving gesture… then reminded him to behave.   When they announced Brett’s award he made his way up to the stage, shaking hands with everyone along the path just like all good Hollywood producers should.  Brian knew Brett was going to call the gang up to the stage and he could feel Justin’s legs tensing.  They were squeezing his hand so hard his fingers were becoming numb.  He struggled to free his hand then shook it out, stretching and flexing his fingers under the table.  To minimize Justin’s nervousness he leaned over and whispered in his ear, “You look hot.”  Justin smiled without looking at him, calming somewhat until he heard Brett call their names.    Brian pushed him up out of his chair and he followed Harry toward the stage.  Conner fell in behind Justin, placing his hands on Justin’s shoulders as if they were best buds and pushed him forward.  Brian didn’t like it and didn’t like what Conner was trying to insinuate.  If this display was to show camaraderie for the movie then Conner should have his hands planted firmly on Rupert’s shoulders, his Rage’s JT, and not Justin… who was his.         Luckily for Justin, he didn’t have to say anything while on stage.  It was just an announcement of what was to come, so the four of them just stood there and waved as Brett introduced them.  Seeing Justin up on the stage squelched Brian’s thoughts of Conner, and he focused on Justin’s big debut.  He couldn’t help but laugh and shake his head at what he was thinking.  Justin was freaking out enough, but Michael… he would have been a total drama queen.  And that made him think of Deb.  Christ, she probably had the show on the TV at the diner, turning up the volume when Brett went on stage and sshhing everyone in the place to keep quiet.  Brian just knew, that the very second that Justin’s name was said and he smiled that Sunshine smile and waved, Deb would be screaming, “Oh my God, there’s our little Sunshine!” at the top of her lungs, pulling Mikey’s head into her bosom to squeeze the life out of his remaining brain cells then smacking him upside the head for not being there himself, thus depriving her of seeing her kid on television.  A little bit of him wished he could see that, but that would mean he’d be in Pittsburgh and the rest of him was most assuredly more happy to be seeing Justin’s wave up close and personal than Deb’s drama.    When Justin came back and sat at the table, he leaned into Brian saying, “Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!”  Brian smirked and kissed his temple. |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Chapter 10 - The After-Party |  | | |  | | | | After the award’s dinner, Justin dragged Brian to the after-party.  He balked the whole way telling Justin that he had decisively better plans for the evening for his debutante’s official coming out, but Justin didn’t waiver.  He was completely unaffected by Brian’s charm and Brian wondered when that had happened.  But then Justin reminded him that he was expected to go and besides, Conner, Rupert and Brett would be there and they didn’t really get to know him at the banquet.  So Brian finally shut up.  Thoughts of mingling with Conner and Rupert could be interesting.  He had business of sorts with Conner and well, date or no date, he thought he’d give Rupert a more up close look at him, since he couldn’t seem to quit staring at him all evening.      As soon as they arrived, Justin excused himself to go the bathroom.  Brian tried to follow but Justin stopped him and said he really needed to piss and there would be no fucking at the party.  Brian huffed.  “Where’s you sense of adventure?” Brian asked acting crushed.   “Once you’ve fucked in like fifty bathroom stalls, it kind of loses its appeal.  Don’t you think?”    Brian shrugged.  No, he didn’t think but he didn’t push the issue.  Justin told him to go get them drinks while he was gone and turned on his heels.  First he was responsible for his wardrobe and now he was to get their drinks.  Justin was such a princess and playing the dutiful boyfriend was becoming exhausting.  Justin would owe Brian a hundred blowjobs after this trip, Brian mused as he made his way to the bar.  He was pleasantly surprised to find Rupert there… alone.   He sidled up next to him and leaned in.  “Where’s your date?”   Rupert turned to face him completely unphased by Brian’s close proximity.  “Mingling.  Yers?”   “Pissing,” Brian answered, noticing the accent.  He’d almost forgotten the guy was Irish.  “You don’t mingle?”   “Nah,  I like ta observe.”  Rupert gave him a slight smile.  Tease.   “Ah yes, I noticed.”  Brian pulled his lips into his mouth, his eyes shifting down Rupert’s body.  “You were observing me all evening.”   Rupert smirked.  “Jus tryin’ to figure somethin’ is all.”   The bartender approached and Brian order two Chivas Regal’s then turned back to the young actor.  “Trying to figure out whether you wanted my dick in your mouth or up your ass?”    Rupert laughed.  “Well I can’t deny that both entered me mind for a quirk of a sec, but that wasn’t what I was tryin’ to figure out.”   “Well, that’s too bad because I’m sure both could have been arranged.”  Rupert laughed again and shook his head.  Brian was beginning to think his laughter was at him and not with him.  “So what was it then?  Maybe I could help.  What were trying to figure out?”  Brian wasn’t quite ready to let it go just yet.  He could play games with the best of them.   Rupert leaned in right next to Brian’s ear and whispered, “What makes ya so special.”  Then Rupert pulled away, self-satisfied, condescending little grin on his face.  The same fucking one Justin uses some times.    Brian worked hard to be unaffected and maintain his steely glare.  He was just about to say something witty when Justin walked up and reached between them to grab his drink.  Brian took a step back to make room.  “So, I see you found Rupert,” Justin said to Brian.  “Hey,” to Rupert.   “Uh-lo, Justin,” Rupert responded as Brian picked up his drink, taking a big gulp.   Justin looked from Brian to Rupert then back to Brian, assessing the situation.  All talk had ended when he walked up and he wondered if Brian had been making moves.  He hoped not.  He knew Rupert would turn him down flat.  He tried to explain that to Brian but by the look on Brian’s face it appeared that he didn’t heed the warning.  “What’d I miss?”   Brian huffed and Rupert laughed.  “Yer boyfriend’s quite interestin’,” Rupert said with a smile.   Oh, and Justin knew.  “Yes, he is,” he replied, grinning and giving Brian a kiss to minimize the damage.   Rupert nodded, touched Justin’s elbow and kissed him.  “I’ll see ya later, Justin.  Nice chattin’ with ya, Brian.”   “Same here,” Brian said as smugly as he could and Rupert walked away.   Justin put his drink down and slipped his arms around Brian’s waist.  “What was that about?”   Brian looked down at him with a crooked grin.  “Eh, the boy was having trouble trying to decide whether he wanted to suck my dick or let me fuck him.  But alas, you thwarted my action.”  Brian sighed.    Justin kissed him again.  “Well, I guess I’ll just have to make it up to you then, won’t I?”   “You got that right.”   Justin pulled away, picked up his drink and they both leaned against the bar looking out over the crowd of party-goer’s.  Justin spotted Conner across the room and pulled on the sleeve of Brian’s jacket.  “There’s Conner, come on.”   Brian grimaced toward the back of Justin’s head as he followed.  It was game time and Brian needed to see just what Conner’s intentions were where he and Justin were concerned... especially Justin.  He had a pretty good idea what the intentions were for him.  Same as every other gay man with decent taste.  Excluding Rupert, obviously.  Even though he was pretty sure he could’ve capitalized on the ‘quirk of a sec’ if he’d had more time.  As they approached, Justin called out, “Con!”    The actor immediately discarded the couple he was talking with and turned around.  When his eyes locked on Justin, his face lit up and his arms went out.  Brian felt a slight twinge in his stomach.    “Jus!” he responded, wrapping those outstretched arms around Justin.  ‘Con? Jus?’ Brian thought and rolled his eyes.  When Conner kissed Justin on the lips, Brian’s stomach tightened even more.  All this Hollywood phony bullshit was making him sick.  At least that’s what he wanted to be the cause of his nausea.  He squared his shoulders and told himself that it was just the obligatory Hollywood hello kiss.  He looked around the room and saw others doing the same thing then realized that Rupert had kissed Justin good-bye and it hadn’t even phased him.  So Conner shouldn’t have either.  Even though it did.  He really needed to stop this if he was to go ahead with his plan.  It wasn’t doing anyone any good, most of all him, to keep reacting this way.  He relaxed a little and told himself he had the upper hand… had a plan.  But that didn’t mean he couldn’t still have a little fun at Conner’s expense first.   Justin pulled back from the embrace with a smile and grabbed Brian’s arm.  “Conner, this is Brian.  Brian, Conner.”   Conner smiled and took Brian’s hand, shaking it vigorously.  Smiling, “Ah, a more personal introduction this time.  I’ve heard a lot about you, Brian.  Brian Kinney.  The man behind the inspiration and the real Rage.  I’m honored.”   Brian smirked.  “And I’m touched.”  He looked at Justin for a quick second then turned back to Conner.  “I’ve heard a lot about you as well.  Conner James.  The man behind the image and the cheap imitation Rage.”   “Brian,” Justin whispered disapprovingly.   Conner laughed, looking Brian right in the eye and squeezing his hand tighter.  “It’s fine, Jus.  I am the imitation, yes.  But cheap?  I think every studio in town would have to disagree with that assessment.”   “That’s true, Brian,” Justin said in Conner’s defense.   Brian and Conner ended the handshake at the same time and turned to Justin.  Brian was in shock.  “Con’s one of the highest paid actors in Hollywood.”   Brian put his arm around Justin’s shoulders and pulled him closer.  “Is that so?”   Justin looked from Brian to Conner then back to Brian again.  ‘Uh-oh,’ he thought, narrowing his eyes.  He was worried about what Brian was going to do but there still was that small part of him that was tingling just the same and he smiled slightly at Brian staking his claim.  In all their phone conversations, he knew Brian didn’t like him working with Conner… someone he’d been with physically.  And if Justin was to be honest, that’s exactly why he had continued to tell Brian all the sordid details.  He had to get over it.  Deal with it.  So he chose not to sweep it under the rug.  He had to be able to share everything with his partner.  But now… he was worried at what Brian might do or say.   “So.  Conner.  I’m actually a little surprised to see you here.  Isn’t this a function where they recognize those individuals that are out and proud thus positively helping to expunge homophobia?”  Justin was horrified.   Conner laughed.  He was onto Brian now.  Obviously Justin had told him about the two of them and he understood where it was all coming from.  “Yes it is.  As well as those individuals who are straight but still support the cause.”  Now it was Brian’s turn to laugh as he looked at Justin.  “Besides, seeing as I’m the lead in Brett’s new movie, I managed to garnish myself an invitation.”   “Oh, that’s right.  The movie.  Of course.  I don’t know why I keep forgetting about that thing.”  Brian pushed his tongue into his cheek and Justin bit his lip.  This was exactly what Justin was afraid of.  Brian… being a smart ass.  “And no date?  You better be careful, Conner, people might start to think you’re gay.”  Brian smirked and so did Conner.   “I don’t worry about those things.  I’ve got a really good agent.”  He winked at Justin.  “But just to make his life easier, I had a date all lined up.”   “Your sister?” Brian asked and Justin nudged him.   “No, Angelica Berry, actually.”   “Oh my god!” Justin gasped.  “She’s like really famous!”   Brian and Conner both laughed.  It’s not like it really mattered who she was.  Conner was gay.  “Yeah, well even the really famous get sick.  So I’m stag.  Rumors be damned.”   “Ah,” Brian responded.  And he wanted to kick himself again.  Conner wasn’t stag because of anything Justin had said.  Or so it seems.  Brian wasn’t sure what to believe anymore and he felt his gut instinct was letting him down.  He really needed to quit thinking so damn much and just go with the flow.  And the flow was telling him to stick with the plan.      Conner cleared his throat and locked eyes with Brian again.  “Jus here has been working with me on Rage’s mannerisms.”  Conner gestured with his head in Justin’s direction.  “How he moves.  How he touches.  Facial expressions.”  Then Conner pushed his tongue into his cheek just like Brian had done.   Brian knew Conner was trying to egg him on.  Or was he?  Interesting change of subject on Conner’s behalf.  “I’ve heard,” Brian replied.  “Jus-tin told me.”  He made sure to place special emphasis on using Justin’s full name.  He didn’t want Conner to think that Justin himself hadn’t been telling him everything because that would imply there was something going on and that Justin had something to hide.  Which he didn’t.  At least he hoped he didn’t.  Nah, he didn’t.  And just to let Conner know he was privy to the Hollywood bullshit and he wasn’t going to play.  At least not in that way.  His name was Justin, not Jus.  He was worth the extra millisecond of time it took to say the second syllable.   “And Con’s been doing great,” Justin added with a smirk.  Brian made a mental note to get Justin back later.   “Yes, you’ve told me that, too.  More than once.  And I can see.”  Brian gestured to Conner’s face and Conner pulled his tongue out of his cheek with a grin.  Brian looked pointedly at Justin so he decided not to push the issue.   “Right.”   “But now I have the opportunity to see the man in action and learn for myself,” Conner interjected.  And there it was.  Brian thought he was leading up to something.  He wanted to laugh.  He thought this might actually take some coaxing.  But Conner laid the bait.  All Brian had to do now was shove all his mixed feelings aside and take it.  And make sure that Justin was game.   “Well, I always say, one should never piss on an opportunity.  Isn’t that right, Justin?”    “Yeah, that’s what you always say.”  Justin looked up at Brian and saw that he was giving Conner that look.  Here he was so worried that Brian might make a scene that it never occurred to him that that wasn’t what he should be worried about.  Things had suddenly turned around.  So fast that Justin had to look between them to catch up.  Conner was giving Brian that same look right back.  This had never occurred to him.  Well, it had, but he never thought in a million years Brian would be willing to participate, considering how he felt about Conner, so he never would’ve been the one to bring it up.  Brian would’ve read way too much into it if he had.    He swallowed the mixture of emotions that were churning in his stomach and erupting from his throat.  Worry about what Brian was getting them into.  Curiosity about what Conner was up to.  Arousal.  Yeah, mostly arousal.  Definitely, arousal.  He shifted his stance, which didn’t go unnoticed by Brian.  He draped his arm lower around Justin’s neck, his hand dangling in front of Justin’s chest.   “Great,” Conner said with a slight grin.  “We’ll have to get together before you leave then.”   “I’m sure that can be arranged.”    Brian lightly raked his nails over Justin’s right nipple and made him shiver.  He looked up at Brian and saw that he had his lips curled into his mouth.  He knew the light scratching was to get his attention and he knew Brian was trying to tell him something.  As if he hadn’t already figured out what was going on.  Brian was cruising Conner now.  He shifted his eyes to Conner to see if it was working, even though he knew it was.  Conner had the same look in his eyes that he’d had the night they’d hooked up at the Emerald club.  ‘Oh shit,’ Justin thought.   Conner shifted his gaze to Justin.  “With Justin, of course,” he added, winking at him again.    Justin grinned which Brian saw.  “Of course,” he agreed, tightening his hold around Justin’s neck.  Justin swallowed again.   “Unless that’s against the rules,” Conner smirked.   Brian leaned back and looked at Justin with that now infamous arched eyebrow.  Justin had told Conner about their one fuck only policy.  So Conner had tried for seconds.  He knew it.  All those times that Justin had told him that Conner had been behaving himself.  Justin gave a tiny shrug of his shoulders and Brian bit his lip to keep from saying anything.  There had been something Justin was hiding.  He didn’t like that.  Not one bit.      Conner laughed.  “Well, I’ll let you two enjoy the rest of the party.  There’s some faces here that I need to schmooze with.  Gotta keep up appearances, and that image, you know.”   “Of course,” Brian agreed never taking his eyes off Justin.   “Work out the when and where, Jus, and I’ll be there.”  Conner put his hand on Justin’s shoulder, gave it a squeeze while looking at Brian then walked away.   Once he was gone, Brian removed his arm.  “So, he has been trying to get in your pants again.  Not that I blame him.”   “Brian.  I just didn’t want you to keep worrying about it.  I told you it doesn’t matter what he wants.  I can take care of myself.”   “I know you can.  And I wasn’t worried.”   “Oh please,” Justin grinned.  “You were so consumed with jealousy, it was making you pout.”   “I don’t pout!  And I don’t do jealous!”  Brian defended himself even though he knew damn well Justin was right.  He was almost crazy with jealousy and any knowledge of knowing, not just thinking, but knowing that Conner was on the make, and he probably would have pouted.  More than he already had.  Or at the very least gotten on an airplane and flown three thousand miles across the country to make sure Conner knew who Justin belonged to.  And here he stood.  Shit.  Ready to do that very thing.   “Right.  I forgot.”  Justin rolled his eyes and turned around so they were side by side.  Brian looked down at Justin out of the corner of his eye and saw him with that condescending smirk on his face.  Christ!  He was marking his territory.  And Justin knew it.  And Justin loved it.  The little shit.   They made their way back to the bar and got another drink.  Leaning against the padded edge of the bar, they stood in silence.  After a few moments, Justin finally asked the question that had been bugging him ever since Conner had walked away.  “You gonna fuck him?”   “No,” Brian answered matter of factly and Justin let out the breath he’d been holding.  “We are,” Brian added which caused a stir in Justin’s pants.   Justin looked at Brian.  “But I’ve…”   “Already had his dick up your ass?” Brian finished for him, shifting his eyes to him and raising his eyebrows.  When Justin didn’t answer, he looked back out at the crowd.  “Eh, semantics.  Besides, he hasn’t had yours up his, and probably no one else’s either by my guess or it’s been a very long time if he has, and how else are we to properly show him how Rage fucks JT if we don’t actually show him?”   “True,” Justin agreed smiling.  “He wasn’t all that great really.”   Brian laughed.  “Well, you gotta know how to take it before you can learn how to give it with outstanding success.  So it’s up to us to make sure that Mr. James learns how to fuck like Rage.”   Justin grinned really big and kissed Brian which made him frown.  “Try to control your enthusiasm, Sunshine, no one’s fucking you but me while I’m here.”   “I wouldn’t want it any other way.”   “Then why the beaming smile?”   “We’ll have an audience.”   Brian laughed.  “Perverted little twat.”   “I prefer exhibitionist.”   “That too.  Too bad ole Rupert was a real killjoy.” Brian said looking across the room in Rupert’s direction.  The Justin look-a-like was still ‘observing’ him.  Fucker.  “We could’ve had an even bigger audience.”  Justin giggled.  “Watching you fuck yourself would’ve been really hot.”   “Now who’s the pervert?”  Justin wrapped his arms around Brian’s waist and looked up at him.   “I prefer sexually creative,” Brian said just before slinking his arms around Justin and leaning down for a kiss.  A kiss that started off light but grew quickly as Brian pulled Justin’s body against his own, opened his mouth and snaked his tongue between lips and past teeth to twirl and tangle with Justin’s.  Justin kissed him back with a quiet gurgle from his throat, both forgetting where they were until a boisterous “Jus!  Bri!” came from across the room.   Brian broke the kiss with a growl and Justin smirked, burying his blushed cheeks into Brian’s chest to gather himself together.  He posed his face with a practiced plastic smile, pushed away from the security of Brian’s arms and turned around just as the interrupter reached them.  “Brett!  Hi!” he said enthusiastically as he and Brett hugged and lip-pecked in Hollywood style and Brian wondered when Justin had gotten so good at this shit.  At pretending.   “Brian, great to see you,” Brett said shaking Brian’s hand with both of his own.    “Brett,” Brian responded seemingly uninterested, pulling his hand away and looking around the room.  Brian could pretend too.   “You enjoying the California sun so far?”   Brian looked at Justin with a grin then to Brett.  “Yes, definitely enjoying the sunshine.”  Brian turned back to Justin.  “Haven’t seen much of the sun though,” he added then pushed his tongue into this cheek.   “Brian,” Justin said blushing once again.   Brett laughed.  “Jus, I know you were missing your boyfriend, but you should really try to show him around.”   Brian raised his eyebrows.  “Yeah, ‘Jus’, you should at least attempt to keep your mind off your dick long enough to take me on a tour.”   Justin furrowed his brows and backhanded Brian’s stomach.  Brian knew damn well, while they had stayed in quite a bit at Brian’s insistence, not Justin’s, they had managed to go to Rage and to Spago’s.    Brian and Brett both laughed.  “Well, I’m glad he let you out of the house long enough to escort him to the banquet and come to the party.  I really appreciate you both being here.  Has Justin been filling you in on all the movie progress, Brian?”   “Mmm, yes.  All the sorted details.”   “Justin’s a great asset to the team.”   “I’m sure he is.”    “He’s very talented.”   “That he is.”   “We’re damn lucky that he decided to come out here.”   “Yes.  You are.”   Justin’s eyes had been shifting between Brett and Brian like he was watching a tennis tournament.  “Hello, I’m right here,” he said, feeling uncomfortable that they were talking about him like that.  When it came to Justin’s talent and career, Brian and Brett were exactly alike.   Brett turned to Justin.  “Make sure you bring him by the studio so you can show off your work.”   “I will.  I definitely will.”  Justin stepped closer to Brian and slipped an arm around his waist.   “And give him a better introduction to Conner, Rupert and Harry.”  Justin coughed and Brian laughed.  Brett seemed to understand their reaction.  “Well, I’m not even going to touch that one.  But don’t you worry, Brian.  They are all really good choices.  You’ll see.”  Brian nodded.  Brett squeezed Justin’s shoulder and stuck out his hand to Brian.  “Glad you made it out here, Brian.”  They shook hands.  “Enjoy the rest of the party.  I’m gonna go remind Colin what a loser he is for passing on the role of a lifetime.”   Justin giggled.  “See ya, Brett.”   As soon as he was gone, Brian pulled Justin closer to him.  “Where were we?”  He leaned down for a kiss but Justin dodged his lips.   “Why don’t we get out of here?”  Now, Justin was talking.  Rupert’s curiosity figured out and business with Conner set up for later, Brian was more than willing to get out of there.   “Just can’t keep you mind off your dick, can you?” Brian smirked.   “No,” Justin smirked back.   “Fiiiiinnne,” Brian said rolling his eyes.  “I guess I can give up my only chance to mingle at a Hollywood party.  The sacrifices I make to keep you happy.”   “Ohhhh, poor baby,” Justin said in baby talk.  He placed a quick kiss on Brian’s lips.  “I’ll go get Con.”   Brian grabbed his arm to keep him from leaving.  “No need, Jus,” Brian mocked.   “But I thought…” Justin said confused.   “You thought right but Conner’s been watching us all evening.  He’ll know we’re leaving.”   “What?” Justin asked looking around for Conner to see if Brian was telling the truth.   “Come on,” Brian said, pulling Justin toward the door.   Once outside, they summoned for Shane and waited.  Justin was skeptical.  “Are you sure he knows what you meant and that you meant tonight?”   Brian laughed.  “He wants you again.  And I intrigue him.  He won’t pass this up.  Never piss on an opportunity.  And I’m leaving tomorrow.”   “Brian, he doesn’t want…”   “He’ll be here,” Brian insisted.   “Brian.”   “Justin.”   The front door to the house opened and without even turning around to see who it was, Brian arched his eyebrow and smirked.  Justin lifted up on his toes to look over Brian’s shoulder then grinned.  Shane pulled up, jumped out and opened their door.  Brian smiled, put his arm around Justin’s neck and pulled him with him toward the car.  He pushed Justin inside then called out to Conner over his shoulder as he got in himself, “You coming?” |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | Chapter 11 - The After-After-Party |  | | |  | | | | Shane held the door and Brian and Justin waited inside.  After a few short seconds, Conner was sliding in and parking himself on the opposite seat.  Shane shut the door and they were off.  Silence loomed heavy as Brian and Justin both sat staring at Conner while touching themselves.  A less confidant man might have been intimidated but Conner held his own, literally as well as figuratively.  He stroked his own growing bulge as he stared right back, wondering which one he was going to fuck first.  From their earlier conversation at the party though, he knew that Brian was being overly protective of Justin so he figured there would be rules and he’d better find out what they were.  “Are there rules?  Limits?” Conner finally broke the silence to ask.    “Just one,” Brian answered looking Conner right in the eye.  “And I’m sure you know what that is.”    Conner nodded as he glanced over at Justin.  He did know.  He had a feeling that one would exist and he was glad he asked.  No expectations to be disappointed about now.  But on the other hand, it did change a few things.  If Justin was off limits, at least in that way… then… he looked back to Brian and held his gaze trying to read him.  Conner’s ass twitched and throbbed of its own accord as the realization of what was to be the events of the night hit him.  His body wanted something that his mind hadn’t been aware of yet.  He quickly got used to the idea, stroked himself again and blinked his agreement.  This new thought also gave him reason to think that he might actually get answers to questions that’d been plaguing him ever since he started reading the comic book and more so since he met the creator… what was it about this Brian that inspired this Rage?  What was it about this Rage that had JT so in love with him from that first night?  Well, he was about to find out.  He shifted in his seat and felt the pulsing throb intensify.  How many people were actually lucky enough to experience first hand what makes a fictional couple that they’d read about, what they are?  Not many, he guessed.  Not many at all and it made him harder just thinking about it.      Brian was thankful for Conner’s quick understanding.  He didn’t want to have to spell it out… Conner’d had Justin once, he wasn’t getting him again and he sure as hell wasn’t getting Brian.  That wasn’t part of the plan.  For Brian, this was about marking territory and showing Conner that even though their relationship was unconventional and undefined, there were still boundaries.  Boundaries that Conner needed to understand because they would never be crossed.  Boundaries that weren’t drawn because of physical rules… rules that could be easily broken… but boundaries made out of an emotional commitment... a commitment that no one could ever break.  It was too strong.  Or at least Brian hoped it was.  No, he knew it was.  He just needed to make sure that Conner knew it was.  Yeah, that’s it.  That was the plan.  And if Conner happened to get a little jealous of what he and Justin had, then so be it.  Brian grinned.  “Everything else is free game.  Right, Justin?”    Justin smiled at Conner, oblivious to all these thoughts running through the minds of the two men looking at him.  His own thoughts much more devilish in nature than theirs.  He turned to Brian still smiling.  “Right.”    Brian turned back to Conner.  “You know what this is about.”    Conner laughed.  “I’m getting the picture.  Research?”   Brian smirked.  “If that’s what makes you comfortable… sure.  Best fucking research you’ll ever do on a movie.  You should be paying us.”  Silently, Conner actually agreed.  Part of him felt just like Justin… two hot guys at the same time.  Fuck yeah.    Justin smiled at Conner again taking Brian’s hand and pushing it between his legs.  He leaned his head back and closed his eyes as he guided Brian’s hand into caressing him.  Thoughts of being the meat in a Rage sandwich danced around in his head and he began to stiffen.  He and Brian had had many threesomes before and they were always hot, but this was going to be top on the list of their all time great sex adventures.  He just knew it.  The added element of JT having sex with twin Rage’s was sending his imagination into overdrive.  Anxious to get things underway, he wiggled his hips, rubbing his cock against the palm of Brian’s hand, pushing him down onto him harder for more stimulation.  His breathing ragged, he wished that Shane would hurry the fuck up and get them home.    Brian and Conner both focused on Justin, each one sporting one raised eyebrow.  It would have been humorous to Conner and infuriating to Brian had either one of them noticed, but Justin had their full intention so it went undetected.  Conner knew this was going to be one hell of a night.  Brian knew Justin was hornier than a horny toad.    Suddenly, Justin’s head shot up, “Oh…” he remembered, “…no…”   But Brian stopped him with a pinch to his inner thigh.  He leaned over, put one hand on Justin’s face, his mouth right next to his ear.  He breathed against him and rubbed his thumb along Justin’s lower lip.  “We shouldn’t hold that back.  Not tonight.”   “But…”   “We’re together.  It’s part of it.  This time.  For the research.  Besides, it might be kind of hot.  If you want.”    Brian hoped that Justin didn’t misinterpret his intentions in foregoing the unspoken kissing rule but he remembered their phone call and how desperate Justin was to kiss the trick he’d been with imagining it was Brian.  During their months apart, that had really been the hardest part for them.  Kissing is the emotional connection between them that can’t be supplemented by an anonymous trick.  And Conner wasn’t an anonymous trick.  All three of them had a purpose for what they were about to embark on.  Brian and Justin were together… and despite their very different aspirations of what they’d get out of the evening, this was a joint venture so really, what would it matter?  Maybe it would be hot to watch.  Besides, technically speaking, this was for Conner’s research of Rage and JT and kissing was a very big part of how they explained what they felt about each other... Conner needed to be exposed to it to truly understand.  And well, Conner having that understanding wouldn’t only help him play Rage, it would also ease Brian’s mind after he went back to Pittsburgh, leaving Justin alone in Hollywood to continue to work closely with Conner.   Justin pulled back, stopping to brush his lips against Brian’s.  Brian used his hand to bring their faces even closer together and they had a full kiss right there in front of Conner.  It got deeper and more intense, swirling tongues, small gasps, slight moans and Justin had to fight his desires in order to break free.  Catching their breaths, forehead to forehead, Justin nodded.  “Okay.”  He turned back to Conner.  “Nevermind.  Everything else is free game.”   The party was only a short distance from Justin’s place so they got there rather quickly.  Brian jumped out first, before Shane even had the chance to get the door opened for them.  Conner followed, then Justin.  Brian headed straight for the door while Justin took a quick pause to let Shane know that Conner would need a ride later.  Shane got back in the car to wait, turning the engine off, pulling his cap forward over his eyes and reclining back into the seat.   By the time Justin walked inside, Brian had already shed all of his clothes and stood naked watching Conner as he took his jacket off.  “You don’t waste any time, do you?” Conner asked.   Justin chuckled behind Conner as he shut the door.  “Brian’s not much for small talk when sex is on the agenda,” he explained, walking around Conner and approaching Brian.   “Fine with me.  Let’s get started.”  Conner followed Justin toward Brian.   Before Justin could say anything else, Brian grabbed him around his neck and took his mouth - forcing it open with firm lips and invading it with a determined tongue.  It was a seductive and hot kiss that chased away all remaining coherent thoughts leaving Justin where the only thing he could think of was, ‘Oh my god.  This is really going to happen and it’s starting right fucking NOW!’    Brian’s hands pulled at Justin’s tucked-in shirt, slid underneath it, touching hot skin.  His strong fingers began their trek down Justin’s body, pressing sternly against his chest.  Justin gripped Brian’s biceps to keep from falling over.  Brian touched hard, taut nipples with the pads of his fingers and Justin sucked in a gulp of air in anticipation.  But Brian didn’t stop to pinch or pay attention to them.  They folded over and flicked back involuntarily as Brian’s fingers passed over them and it drove Justin crazy.  The teasing pressure continued south, pressing against jutting rib bones, flexed abdominal muscles, cushioned hips and sensitive inner thighs.  Justin’s body lit up all over, the tiny hairs on his ass stood up, and he pushed his tongue in deeper with a hungered moan.  He muffled a gasp into Brian’s hot mouth as those same hands grazed over his hardening groin on the way back up.    Brian pushed Justin’s hands off his arms and gripped the lapel of Justin’s jacket as he broke away from the kiss, leaving Justin with his mouth hung open and grappling for oxygen.  Giving in to his body and giving permission to Brian to do with him as he wished, Justin went lax and his head fell backward, landing softly on a muscled chest that was now right behind him.  Swiping his tongue across Justin’s exposed teeth and swollen lips, Brian slipped the jacket off Justin’s shoulders while his eyes gave a silent signal to Conner to join in.    Conner’s fingers combed through Justin’s hair, gripped the longer strands to tilt Justin’s head to one side and nibbled on the flesh of his neck, tracing his pointed tongue along the rapidly pulsing carotid artery.   At the same time, he slid his other hand around Justin’s slim waist and began unbuttoning his shirt.  Conner was turned on instantly when Justin’s body quivered, his erection bumping against Justin’s ass in response.  Once Conner had the last button undone, Brian clutched the collar in his hands and yanked it off Justin’s shoulders as well.    Justin’s mind began reeling… two strong men on either side of him, undressing him together as if he was a gift to both.  He sighed at his thoughts and needing to once again play with something with his tongue, he lifted his head, freeing his hair from Conner’s clutch and attacked Brian’s mouth.  Even though they had agreed that Conner’s was not off limits, it was habit for Justin to want Brian and it never occurred to him that the mouth that was actually closest to his was there for the taking.  Kissing Brian was what was natural and since Justin was barely thinking, simply acting on impulse, Brian’s mouth was the one his sought out.  His tongue twisted and spun around Brian’s as comic book images flashed across his closed eyes… JT being ass-fucked by Rage, “defender of queers”, and face-fucked by his alter ego, “cold-hearted ad exec”, at the same time.    He felt fingers fumbling with the hook of his slacks and excruciatingly slowly pulling at the zipper.  Warm lips kissed down his spine and thumbs pressed into his hips just before cool air tickled his ass cheeks as his pants and underwear were pushed down.  When teeth nipped on the newly exposed flanks of flesh on his backside, a sighful grunt vibrated from his throat and his body slightly jerked forward, propelling his raging rod to brush against the underside of Brian’s.      The sudden touch jolted through Brian’s body and he stepped back, withdrawing his tongue from Justin’s mouth.  Justin whimpered at the broken contact and opened his eyes, begging for more.  “Someone’s got too many clothes on,” Brian explained placing one more tiny kiss on Justin’s swollen lips before hinting for Justin to turn around by a slight nudge on his shoulder.   Justin spun quickly, his hard-on slapping Conner on the cheek before he reached under his arms and pulled him to his feet.  Conner stood in front of him and Justin looked up, connecting their gaze.  Conner’s lips began to curl upward as he leaned down for a kiss.  When his mouth was mere centimeters away from their target, Justin tilted his head back onto Brian’s shoulder, and Conner’s grinning lips landed on his Adam’s apple.  Justin inhaled sharply as Conner’s wet tongue traced a circle around the wobbling nodule.    Brian’s hand graced Justin’s face and cupped his chin, holding it up and against his chest to give Conner access.  He maneuvered his thumb into Justin’s mouth and Justin immediately latched on, sucking it greedily like a baby does a bottle.  Brian pushed his thumb in further, wishing it was his cock that was getting such treatment.  The more Conner sucked Justin’s neck, the more Justin slurped and sucked Brian’s thumb.  As good as it felt, other parts of his body needed attention, the overwhelming urge to move along gripped Brian’s groin and he couldn’t take it anymore.  He withdrew his hand and Justin instinctively lifted his head, pushing Conner back at the same time.   Justin met Conner’s eyes, reached for Conner’s buttons and started to unbutton them, one at a time.  Holding Conner’s attention he spun them around, placing Conner in the middle, his ass up against Brian’s cock.  Justin suppressed a grin as his eyes darted back and forth from Conner to Brian.  He knew what was coming next and he hoped Conner didn’t freak out.  Once all the buttons were undone he eased the shirt off and glanced down at Conner’s well-toned and flexed pecs.  He wiggled his eyebrows at Brian and leaned in, kissing Conner’s muscled chest.    Brian began working on his back and now it was Conner’s turn to be the main object of affection.  Dual lips kissing his front and back.  Dual tongues licking his hot flesh.  Dual hands deftly removing his pants and briefs as those lips and those tongues traveled down his body at the same speed and pace.  It was amazing.  A lick to his navel at the very second there was a lick to his lower back.  The timing was perfect and Conner couldn’t help but muse about how in tune they were with each other.  He actually wondered if they were just experts at having threesomes or if they were two bodies with twin souls, and how awesome that would be if it were true.  He was brought out of his thoughts when one of those dual mouths engulfed his cock at the same time the other one captivated his normally unattended to asshole.  He almost keeled over at the dual sensations and had to reach out and steady himself by seizing Justin’s hair in one hand and Brian’s in the other.   Brian rimmed Conner like he’d never been rimmed before and that coupled with Justin’s talent of giving the most gratifying oral stimulation he’d ever felt had Conner teetering on the edge of pure delirium.  He barely noticed when Brian pushed on one leg at the same time that Justin pushed on the other.  Their synchronization was so natural that it scarcely registered at all.  All he knew was, there were gentle nudges on his legs and he was suddenly widening his stance.     Delirium turned to euphoria quickly after his legs were further apart.  Justin pulled off his cock, dragging his tongue down the underside of his staff.  Brian withdrew from his ass, dragging his tongue down his soft pliable perineum.  Dual tongues trailed their route with wetness and hot breaths and Conner gasped and swayed, tightening his hold on their hair.  Then the euphoria… he felt nibbling and nipping on his balls from both sides and he lifted up on the balls of his feet, his body begging for more.  “Oh fuck!” he cried out.   Brian and Justin worked their way down his dangling balls, massaging them with their tongues until they found each other’s mouth and came together in an unexpected kiss, unable to be that close to one another and not take advantage of the opportunity to mash their mouths together, to do what they so much loved to do.  They kissed and kissed under Conner’s legs while their noses jostled his sac.  Justin’s forehead inadvertently stroking the underside of Conner’s shaft.  A drip of pre-cum falling into Justin’s hair.  Conner had never felt anything like this before, he wanted to scream and even though his calves were built from rigorous workouts, they started quivering, straining from the weight of his body and being up on his toes.  He whimpered from the burn, needing to give in to it but desperately not wanting to.  Unable to hold it any longer, he flattened his feet with a grunt and the sudden height change broke the kiss going on underneath him.    Brian bit Conner’s ass in retaliation, making him jerk and grunt again then whispered to Justin that it was time to get the supplies.  At the same time, they swatted Conner’s hands to release the grip on their hair.  Conner would’ve laughed - this was almost getting freaky now - had he not been in such a state of intense covetous for them to give him more.    While Justin retrieved the needed items, Brian swirled his tongue over Conner’s quivering hole a few more times, then pushed in, bringing all of Conner’s thoughts directly to his asshole, making him think about the inevitable.  Brian stood up, the peculiar taste and unique smell of Conner still on his lips and tongue, gripped Conner’s hips, pulled them back sharply, crashing Conner’s ass against his hard and dripping cock.  He positioned his cock at Conner’s hole, his chin on Conner’s shoulder and turned Conner’s his face to the side, their lips just a hair’s width apart.  Brian snaked his tongue out, licked across Conner’s lips and left the taste of him behind.  “Taste yourself,” Brian told him and Conner hesitated.    Hearing Brian’s command, Justin looked up and had to fight the overwhelming tingling in his balls to shoot his load just from watching and listening Brian tease and taunt Conner.  It was fucking hot and he loved it.    “Do it,” Brian ordered him again and after a few more seconds of uncertainty, Conner did.  Dragging his tongue over his own lips with a small whimper.  “You like that?” Brian teased with a hoarse whisper.  Conner didn’t answer, he didn’t need to.  Brian knew, Conner knew and Justin knew… at this point in the game, Conner would have done anything Brian told him to.  They were all so achingly hard, they could feel the sex in the air.   Brian pushed his tongue out again and slowly dragged it along Conner’s jaw line to his ear.  “I’m going to fuck you like Rage fucks JT.”  Brian’s voice was decisive yet raw, dominating yet needy.    Conner wasn’t used to this and never thought he’d be this turned on at the prospect of being fucked but here he was, his body overwhelmingly yearning for what his mind had been denying it.  He heard himself gasp, felt his ass twitch and his dick bounce.    “You ready for that?” Brian rasped.   Conner’s mind was fearful and nervous but his head nodded and his hips bucked against Brian… all on their own.  He squeezed his eyes shut and wondered if he even had control of his own body anymore.  It certainly seemed to be acting as a separate entity every time Brian touched him or talked to him.   “Take notes and pay attention.”   His head nodded again.  He wanted to smack himself for being such a sniveling slut, but he couldn’t seem to make his arm move and he couldn’t seem to talk.  Brian pushed on his back and he bent over willingly with a “Hrmpf”.  His arms caught his descent (odd that they seemed to work fine now) and his palms flattened against the mattress of the bed.  His hips rolled and wriggled against Brian’s cock then finally his mind began to catch up with his body.  Never in his life had he wanted someone’s dick up his ass so badly, but all he could think about, all he could focus on was getting fucked, and getting fucked hard, by this Brian, this person who had inspired the creation of the very next character he’d be acting as.  Things like this just didn’t happen.    Soliciting want and need was what Brian did best.  That was what he was trying to show Conner.  And it was working.  Justin watched Conner’s body react and his reacted in the same way.  He had certainly been on the receiving end of that play before and knew exactly how Conner was feeling.    Conner moved his hips again and felt the smoothness of a cock head bump against his aching hole, a loud moan reverberated in his ears and he knew it was his.  Oh how badly he wanted to beg for more, but he just couldn’t bring himself to give Brian that much power.  It didn’t matter though, it was already too late.  A quiet chuckle echoed from above.   “Easy,” Brian smirked at achieving his goal.  As if he had a doubt.  He backed up a step and rubbed Conner’s back with one hand and his winking hole with the other.  He was still slick with Brian’s spit from the rimming and Brian used it to sooth and relax him.  He knew this may not have been Conner’s first time but it was obviously not something that happened very often, despite his current state of practically begging for it.    Justin returned, ripped the packet open and kissed Brian again as he sheathed Brian’s dick.  They pulled apart, both grinning at each other.  Justin stroked Brian a couple of times then released him, squirted lube onto his fingers and Conner’s ass then slid his fingers inside the warm heat, stretching him, relaxing him, preparing him for what was to come.  Brian kneaded the toned flesh of Conner’s butt, Justin greased him up, getting him ready and they kissed, their tongues dancing in rhythm with their hands until they heard a begging moan and felt Conner writhing about.   Brian gripped Conner’s hips steadfast and Justin withdrew his fingers.  Conner hissed against the emptiness so Justin rubbed his back with his other hand to calm him.  He wrapped his lubed fingers around the base of Brian’s dick and guided it to the entrance.  Holding Conner’s head firmly against the mattress, Justin stuck the tip of his index finger inside his ass, lifted it up and Brian squeezed in underneath it, popping the wide head through the outer ring.      “Holy fuck!” Conner cried out at the initial pinch.  Justin removed his finger and the elasticity of Conner’s muscles snapped shut around the remaining intruder sending a sudden surge coursing through his body.  He relished the feeling, strange and bizarre yet utterly electrifying at same time.   Justin stepped back and stroked himself as he watched Brian’s cock disappear into Conner’s ass then emerge to only sink in again, deeper each time.  He watched Conner’s face mold into sheer ecstasy.  Watched Brian’s hips pivot with purpose.  Watched Brian’s face loosen, his mouth open, his head back, his eyes closed.  Watched as they fucked and it seemed vaguely familiar.  Thoughts and images flashed in his brain and his hand stopped stroking.  This was Brian fucking Rage.  More images and he scrunched his face, his eyebrows furrowing.  This was not supposed to happen.  He rubbed his eyes with the heels of his palms to erase the memories.    Brian sensed the tension mounting in the room and worried as to where it was coming from, he stalled his hips and opened his eyes.  He caught Justin with his hands over his eyes and his dick no longer standing at attention but bending over like a dying flower… he wondered what the hell was going on.  Conner pushed back but Brian didn’t reciprocate the movement, he looked over his shoulder and found Brian looking off to the side, seemingly deep in thought.  He bucked his hips again.  “Hey!” he snapped.   Justin jerked his hands away instantly and blinked to clear them.  Brian watched his face, he had seen that face before… through a makeshift chain link fence… and he knew.  As Justin’s eyes came in focus, he found Brian looking at him with concern.  They stared.  Conner twisted around the other way.  What the fuck was going on?  He watched Brian and Justin as they held each other’s gaze.  Something was wrong.  He started to dislodge himself when Brian slapped his ass.    “Stop!” he ordered, grabbing Conner’s hips and impelling him again.  Conner dropped his head back into the mattress like a punished child.  “Justin, come over here,” Brian said softly, holding his hand out.    Justin approached him and as soon as he was within arm’s length, Brian tunneled his hand through his hair, settled it on the back of his neck and pulled close, kissing him lovingly to let him know that he was right there and that he knew.  “You wanna stop?” he asked still holding Justin’s neck and caressing the soft new hairs.   Justin shifted his eyes from Brian to Conner then back to Brian and shook his head.   “Okay then.”  Brian yanked him closer and kissed him again to get Justin back in the game.  Soft then hard then frenzied.  Once Justin started practically eating his tongue and he felt a returning hardness bump his leg, he knew Justin was coming back.  To instigate and provoke that animalistic drive that he knew Justin had from time to time, he pushed him away abruptly, bent over, wrapped his arms around Conner’s chest and picked him up as if he was a limp rag doll.  He held Conner close to him, pistoned his hips, jabbing into him, forcing him to groan uncontrollably.   Conner grabbed Brian’s thighs and held on.  His head rested against Brian’s shoulder.  Brian rocked in and out of him and pinched and twisted his erect nipples.  He moaned with jagged breaths, the sharp, savage stings jolting his groin.  His big, hard boner pointed outward and swayed tauntingly with every thrust and he secretly thanked God that the night wasn’t going to end just yet, figuring that whatever had just happened had passed quickly.    Justin licked his lips and stroked himself as he glanced at the bobbing hardness.  Brian watched him then nudged him around in front of them.  Justin never took his eyes off Conner’s dick as he repositioned himself.  With one arm still secured around Conner’s chest torturing his tight buds, Brian’s other hand encircled Conner’s cock, stroked it, holding it up and pointing it at Justin’s ravenous mouth.   “He’s got a big, beautiful cock, doesn’t he, Justin?” Brian taunted him, stroking it suggestively.    “Yes,” Justin hissed and licked his lips again, his mouth watering for a taste.    “Long and thick,” he teased.  “You like big dicks, don’t you?”    “God, yessss,” Justin hissed again.  His own pull and tug sped up as he jacked off more roughly and Brian followed suit, pumping his hand harshly on Conner’s dick, more determined than ever to provoke Justin.   “Fuck!” Conner gasped, digging his nails into Brian’s thighs.    Continuing to pummel Conner from behind as well as the front, Brian ignored him and maintained his focus on Justin.  “You like this one, don’t you?”      The tone of Brian’s voice was seeking a reaction, Justin looked up and met Brian’s eyes trying to read his expression but got nothing.   “You want this one, don’t you?”  Brian pressed, looking at him pointedly.    Justin’s eyes darted back and forth.  He knew what Brian was doing but he couldn’t bring himself to answer.  His eyes pleaded for Brian to stop it.  It was a game.  He remained silent but he still was craving that cock in front of him and Brian kept waving it about, teasing him.   “God, Justin, take it,” Conner broke the silence, begging to have Justin’s mouth on it again.  Brian plunged his cock deeper into Conner’s ass and covered his mouth with his hand to quiet him.  Conner whimpered a groan and Brian had to suppress a grin that Conner was turned on by it.  It was supposed to have been a punishment not a reward.  He rolled his eyes and refocused on Justin.      “Answer me,” he insisted.    Justin’s breathing intensified and swooshed out his nose like a charging bull.  He could play this game, better than Brian could actually, and he glared right back at those intense hazel eyes.  He smacked Brian’s hand off Conner’s mouth, stood up on his toes… “Yes, I want it,” he answered… grabbed Conner’s face in his hands and kissed him.  Kissed him hard.  Invading his mouth with strong vicious thrusts of his tongue and pulling back, kissing open mouthed, their swirling tongues clearly visible.  Conner panted in Justin’s face and Justin swallowed the extra air hungrily, alternating the kiss between deep voracious lip-locks and open tongue battling.  During the last intense closed mouth kiss, Justin opened his eyes.  He and Brian stared at each other and Justin deepened it even more, pointing his tongue and searching for the back of Conner’s throat.    Brian’s dick throbbed in Conner’s ass as he watched Justin kiss another man.  It was hot and carnal and sexually stimulating, just like he knew it would be and he thought that he might cum right then if he didn’t get control of himself.  It was only kissing.  Even though it was more to them as a couple, it was still just part of sex as he’d told Justin so it shouldn’t have had that effect on him, but it did.  He’d only seen Justin kissing someone else a few times and he remembered it being hot and sexy, or was it.  Maybe it had made him twinge with jealousy.  Just a little bit.  Nah, he didn’t do jealous.  He kept watching and… suddenly his chest tightened.  The last time that he’d seen this very thing, it hadn’t been just sex, it had meant something.    The gigantic green hand of the Incredible Hulk punched through Rage’s rib cage and clenched his lungs in a tight fist, forcing the air out so he couldn’t breathe.  Then it squeezed his heart, making it ache and tremble as it pumped for mercy.  Jealous terror took over Brian’s body as Rage fought against the green-skinned monster and a rush of blood swarmed to his dick.  It was hot but he hated it.  He was pained but impassioned at the same time.  He watched them with lustful anger… he fucked Conner harder and growled, never taking his eyes off Justin’s… trying to maintain and hide his jealousy.    Justin blinked and deepened the kiss again.   Unaware of Rage’s inner battle with the angry green giant, Conner’s voice emanated a low rumble and he kissed Justin back with the same want and need.  When Justin’s own vocal chords began vibrating and sending out their own sounds of pleasure, Brian couldn’t take anymore… he forgot all about the ass he was fucking, grabbed Justin’s hair, pulled him off of Conner’s mouth and took him himself.  He kissed Justin over Conner’s shoulder, passionately and fiercely and with intense meaning.  Frantic to get inside and stay there, he pushed his tongue deep into Justin’s mouth.  Justin looped one arm around Conner’s neck, trapping it inside the crook of his elbow as he grabbed Brian’s face in return.  Justin kissed him back with the same vigor but Brian dominated the kiss until he felt Justin’s body go limp indicating his knees were ready to buckle underneath him.    Once Brian was satisfied that he’d kissed Justin better than Conner had and his lips had reclaimed their place in Justin’s life, Brian pulled away from the kiss abruptly leaving Justin heavy-lidded and slack-jawed and his body slumped against Conner’s chest as he panted to catch his breath.  He looked down at Justin’s swollen lips and part of him wanted to kiss them again, softer and lovingly, but the part of him that stood proud and tall with his foot on the chest of the defeated monster couldn’t help but smile that he’d won.   Justin opened his eyes when he felt the smoothness of hot skin and the searing warmth of hot fluid skate across his leg.  He looked down and saw the gorgeous dick that had started the whole silly game, and he couldn’t help but still want it… he really did.  He looked back at Brian, his eyes pleading.   “Suck him off,” Brian demanded, giving him what he wanted in the guise of barking orders.    Justin crawled onto the bed on his hands and knees just as Brian whispered into Conner’s ear, “Enjoy it because you won’t be getting it again.”    Conner sighed at Brian’s message but when Justin engulfed his cock at the same Brian bit down on his ear lobe and thrust into him deeper, his sigh quickly turned into a moan.  Their fucking timing was turning him on more than he recollected ever being before.  He gasped out loud, digging his fingers into Justin’s hair and grasping Brian’s ass with the other to pull him closer and deeper.  He fought with everything he had to not shoot down Justin’s throat right away and humiliate himself.    Brian’s mouth worked its way down from his ear to his neck and ravished it with all that he had.  He gripped Conner’s hips and bent his knees out slightly, angling his dick upward and a little off-center.  Conner followed suit, widening his stance, positioning himself lower to accommodate their equal heights and Brian’s aim turned downward again, sending massive jolts through his body as his prostate was nudged and jabbed with every thrust.    Having more room, their balls slapped together and swayed erratically underneath them until Justin grabbed them, fondled them then locked his fingers tightly around their scrotums, tugging and pulling them lightly as one, helping to stage off any impending orgasms.      All of Conner’s senses were heightened by the sight in front of him.  Justin’s face ravaging his dick, his smooth, long back out in front dipped down, arched inward, his ample, beautiful butt sticking up and wiggling about, presumably humping some imaginary object.  An object that Conner felt the need to provide.  He had to touch him.  Feel him.  Give him something that it appeared to be craving for.  He leaned forward, giving his ass more to Brian behind him and inadvertently pulling away from Justin’s mouth.  Justin lunged forward to cover the distance as if nothing had happened.  Conner trailed his fingers down Justin’s back, smoothing them over the curvature of his ass then back up his spine.  Justin’s back arched up following the sensual touch.    Conner moved his fingers along the side of Justin’s cheek and pushed them into Justin’s mouth along side his cock.  Justin pulled off the throbbing member and sucked the fingers.  Looking up at Conner, he gave him permission to do what he intended to do with them once he got them slicked up and wet.  As soon as they were removed from his mouth, Justin went right back to task on Conner’s pulsing and neglected dick.  Conner leaned over, stretching and reaching, not touching until he was right on target.  One at first and Justin pushed back on it, wanting it deeper, tightening the suction in his mouth, pulling Conner’s dick into his throat and constricting his muscles around it, still kneading the joint balls in his hand, re-gripping scrotums and keeping them from drawing up.  Brian held still and watched, placed his hands on Conner’s shoulders and waited for perfect timing.  Conner’s finger lunged, Justin’s throat swallowed and his hips bucked.  Brian synchronized with them.  For every action Conner did to Justin’s ass, there was a reaction by Justin in the blowjob and reciprocal action by Brian to his ass.    It was almost a game.  One finger replaced by two, still slick and wet, pumping in and out… in and out.  An ass bucked harder backward.  A dick plunged harder forward.  A mouth gobbled hungrier on head and shaft.  A skilled hand fondled intermittently on four sensitive balls.  Grunts and groans echoed through the tiny guesthouse.    Conner was the first to crack and couldn’t take it anymore, he needed more, wanted more of Justin.  That beautiful body moving and bucking and writhing about on all fours.  He wanted what was underneath, hidden away, untouched and ignored.  He withdrew his hand without warning and grabbed Justin’s ankles.  Surprised by the break in rhythm, Justin released his hold on Conner and whimpered at the emptiness.    Conner didn’t waste anytime explaining his action… he flipped Justin over in one dominating swoop and was rewarded with an appreciative groan.  It was times like that when Justin secretly loved being smaller in size.  There was something about being manhandled, from time to time, that turned him on immensely and he showed his appreciation immediately by scooting to the edge of the bed, hanging his head over the side and sucking Conner’s dick back into his mouth.  The new angle opened Justin’s throat and the large up-turned cock slid back into the deep recesses… his bulbous head constricted snugly by Justin’s pillowy throat.   Conner bent over to get at Justin’s so far neglected cock, but Brian pulled him back by the shoulders before he could reach his goal.  Conner sighed, afraid he was going to be denied access to it.    Brian grabbed his face and tilted it, his mouth expelling hot breath against his ear.  “You want his dick in your mouth?” Brian asked, sliding his thumb into Conner’s mouth for a sample of his talent.  Conner nodded his response, swirling his tongue around the appendage.  Justin grunted at Brian’s question, planted his feet and lifted his hips, pumping his dick in the air and getting Brian’s attention.  Brian saw it and smirked.  “I think he wants it.  What do you think?”    Conner nodded again.  Brian released him, pushed him down as he said, “Don’t let him cum.  I’ve got plans for his cock and he needs to be hard.”  Justin groaned knowing he’d have to hold back.  Not an easy task when you’re so into what’s happening.  He knew it would be very hard to do.  And when Conner’s warm mouth engulfed him, he whimpered at the strain to not explode right then and there.   Oddly enough, Brian wasn’t so in control.  Justin’s whimper sent a spark straight to his dick.  His spine tingled and his balls fought to tighten and draw up inside Justin’s clutched hand.  He couldn’t hold back, he had to let it go… he grabbed Conner’s hips and thrust one more time – just in time - hard and deep as he reached between them, wrapped his hand around Justin’s that was still around his and Conner’s balls and squeezed and pulled with him, massaging his balls into eruption.  He buried his forehead into the back of Conner’s neck, bit into his shoulder blade and came with intense force.  He growled and grunted through it, his dick pulsated in Conner’s ass as it pumped his juices into the condom and it set off a chain reaction... Conner felt it inside and moaned, his rumbling vocal chords vibrated around Justin’s dick, making him moan and return the same vibrating stimulation right back to Conner.  The rumbles shot up through Conner’s dick and shook his anal walls, vibrating them against Brian’s orgasming cock.    Brian had been the only one to get off yet all three of them experienced it together.  It was so good.   After Brian got himself together, he turned his attention to Conner and Justin.  He pulled Justin’s hand off their coupled balls, pulled his weakening dick out of Conner’s ass and pulled off the condom, tying it up and tossing it to the floor.  He knelt down beside Conner, gripped his balls with one hand, gently tugging and milking them.  Two fingers of the other hand slipped in his still open hole to keep his muscles loose and relaxed while he squeezed his ass cheeks with his palm, thumb and remaining fingers.  He pushed in and withdrew his buried fingers at the same rate and rhythm that Conner had set fucking Justin’s mouth.   He watched as Conner’s massive cock slipped in and out of Justin’s mouth.  Watched Justin’s cheeks draw in and out as he sucked.  It was so hot.  Brian licked his puffing cheek and whispered, “Make him cum, Justin.  Show him how good you are.”      Permission granted to finish Conner off, Justin picked up speed and sucked with determination.  Conner’s scrotum fought in Brian’s hand, signaling the impending reaction… “Now,” he told Justin.  He shoved the entire length of his fingers, knuckle deep, up Conner’s ass and set him off.  Conner grabbed Brian’s head and held on as his orgasm poured out of his body and into Justin’s mouth.  Brian watched Justin’s Adam’s apple bobble as he swallowed Conner’s cum and waited for Conner’s body to pump out the last drop.  As soon as Conner’s tangled fingers quit pulling his hair, Brian yanked his fingers out, pushed Conner over a step, grabbed Justin’s head in both hands, held it up since it was hanging off the bed and kissed him… darting his tongue inside to share the taste of Conner.  Justin deepened the kiss, moaned hungrily and Brian knew he was about to get off… Conner was fast at work on him to return the favor and Justin couldn’t fight it.  Hell, he didn’t want to anymore, no matter what Brian wanted.  He wanted to cum.   Brian broke the kiss and jerked away, trying to push Conner off Justin’s dick.  “No, Justin.  Stop it.”  Justin arched up, shoving his dick deeper into Conner’s mouth.  “Shit!” Brian yelled still fighting Conner, who was latched on too tightly for Brian to be forceful without hurting Justin.    Justin came with a vengeance unable to hold it off.   Conner swallowed it all and with one last shove from Brian, rolled to the side gasping for air and panting.  Brian hurriedly turned himself around and crawled on top of Justin, took both of their dicks in his hand and stroked them together.  “Stay with us,” Brian coaxed then pressed his lips to Justin’s, kissing him passionately.    Conner turned his head and watched, wondering what the hell Brian was trying to do.    Brian kissed Justin deep and hungrily so he wouldn’t calm down.  Justin squirmed at the sensitivity on his cock but Brian didn’t let him go, he kept enticing him, kept working on him.  Conner rolled to his side and propped himself up on his elbow, watching them closer and admiring the fact that Brian knew what to do to get Justin geared up again so quickly.  He stroked Brian’s back and ass to encourage him, still wanting to be a part of what was going on.    Justin started to relax, his cries became moans.  Brian broke the kiss, leaned his forehead against Justin’s and they smiled and panted into each other’s face.     “Okay?” Brian asked, still stroking their dicks to hardness.    “Uh-huh,” Justin responded.    “Impatient little shit,” Brian chastised him with a grin.    “I couldn’t help it,” Justin replied meekly.  Conner turned around and laid back down so his head was at the same end as Brian and Justin.    “Couldn’t help it, huh?”    “Uh-uh,” Justin shook his head.  Brian kissed Justin again then pulled back with a smirk.    “I think somebody needs to be punished for not following instructions.”  Justin nodded, agreeing with Brian.   Conner grinned thinking they were going to punish Justin but Justin and Brian knew better.  Brian told Conner to not let Justin get off, he should have stopped… but he didn’t.  He would have to be punished.  Justin grinned and he and Brian turned their heads at the same time to ominously stare at Conner.  He gulped and raised his eyebrows realizing they were talking about him.    “I think a spanking is in order Brian, don’t you?”    “Sounds good to me.  What about you, Con?”    Brian rolled off Justin and reached for a condom.  Justin got up, pushed Conner down face first and straddled his thighs.    “Ugh,” Conner grunted as his face hit the mattress.  His body stiffened in anticipation.    “Come on Con, relax, I won’t hurt you…” Justin teased then leaned right next to his ear and added, “…too bad.”    “Oh fuck,” Conner gasped, the excitement swirling around in his brain.    “Um, yeah.  That too,” Justin said with a smirk then he whacked his ass with a stinging slap.  Conner bucked at the burn, almost throwing Justin off him.  Justin clamped his thighs together to hold on.  “No!  You take it like a man or Brian’ll have to hold you down.”  Justin’s voice was harsh and domineering, a direct contrast to the boy that he’d so easily flipped over and maneuvered earlier.  The game had definitely switched gears.    Conner gritted his teeth.  He was gonna take it alright.  The last thing he wanted was for Brian, or Justin for the matter, to think he couldn’t take what they were dishing out.  “Go for it,” he demanded.    Justin sat back up, scooted down, tightening his thighs around Conner’s knees and rubbing away the dulling sting from the previous slap.  Conner relaxed, hearing the tear of a condom, thinking that was all that Justin was going to subject him too.  Of course, he was wrong.  Another hard whack landed right on the meaty flesh.  He grunted with surprise.  Then another whack on the other side.  He bit his lip to keep from shouting.    Justin marveled at the handprints rapidly appearing and he wanted more.  Two more whacks came down fast and furious.  The stings burned Justin’s hands and his ass tingled with the memories of being on the receiving end of what he was administering.  He brought them to his mouth and coated them with spit to heighten the sensation seemingly unaware of Conner’s tensed body or what Brian was up to until Brian slipped a condom on his cock then kissed him.  They pulled away from the kiss smiling at each other as Justin soothed Conner’s stinging ass with his wet hands.    The sound of a second condom wrapper being opened wafted to Conner’s eardrums and he opened his eyes to see Brian rolling it down his own shaft.  His eyes shifted and he saw Justin already sporting one.  Justin leered back at him with a lustful grin, bent down and bit into his left ass cheek as he slapped the right one again.    “Oh god,” Conner shouted, unable to hold it back any longer.  The realization that he was about to be the bottom slice of a Justin sandwich hardened his dick and it pressed into the mattress searching for room to expand even more.  With Justin sitting on top of him there was absolutely nothing he could do to accommodate its growing size.   Justin inched forward to make room, Brian got behind him, straddling Conner’s knees.  He squirted lube in his hand, greased up Justin’s cock then his own.    Conner heard the sound of the lube splattering out of the tube and was practically relieved that a burn in his ass was about to replace the one on his ass.  But not yet.  Another slap made contact.  It stung and he hissed.  He didn’t think he had ever wanted to be fucked so badly before and he never thought that he’d actually be turned on at having his ass tortured.   “You like that?” Justin teased Conner.     Conner nodded, not wanting to be a wimp.  He heard another slap, but he didn’t feel it…   Justin yelped, “Hey!”    Brian smirked.  “You like that?”   Justin furrowed his eyebrows at Brian as if he’d been betrayed but Brian knew better.  He knew that Justin was continuing to spank Conner because Justin loved the tickling sting himself and he kept spanking Conner trying to feel it.  It was like it hadn’t registered in his lust-crazed brain that you wouldn’t feel it if it was you spanking someone else.  But Brian’s thwack on Justin’s backside seemed to cure him instantly.  He didn’t spank Conner again.  Good thing, the abused mounds were already bright red.   Justin lifted up on Conner’s hips.  Conner struggled to get up as Justin gently licked and caressed both of his cheeks.  He felt fingers poking at his hole, slipping inside and back out again but he knew both of Justin’s hands were on his ass.  He shivered at the thought and the wet tongue tracing the reddened handprints on his ass.    Fingers retreated then something blunt and slick nudged against the pulsing outer ring.  More fingering.  A hard nudge.  Brian was obviously guiding Justin’s dick inside him and it turned him on even more.  That was so fucking hot, Brian and Justin were quite the pair, working together as one, it was like someone with four arms was about to fuck him.  Fingers and hands everywhere.  All over him.  He pushed back and Justin’s breath hitched.  Brian swallowed the breath and kissed Justin as he led his cock to Conner’s already relaxed hole.  It slid in with ease… slowly, but all the way.  Justin closed his eyes and sighed as his dick was enveloped in the cushy warmth.   Not wanting to waste any time moving things along, he leaned slightly forward to expose his own hole and demanded Brian’s attention.  “Get me ready Brian.”   Brian smacked his ass again because he was about to do just that.  Justin jerked inside Conner from the slap and Conner grunted from the impact.    “Impatient little shit,” Brian barked.  “Give me a fucking second.”   “Come on Brian!”  Justin pulled out and eased back into Conner for stimulation.  Conner ached and reached underneath himself to get his squished cock.  Justin spanked him immediately.  “Not yet!  I’ll tell you when,” he ordered.  This was definitely not the sweet Justin that Conner had come to know.  This was a dominating sex ringmaster.  Similar to how Brian had been earlier.  He actually liked it.  He did wonder, however, if Justin was able to be that way with Brian or more importantly if JT was that way with Rage.  He didn’t remember them being like that in the comic book.  In fact, he didn’t recall JT ever topping Rage in the comic book.    Just then Justin’s hips jerked and Conner knew Brian had started working on him.  Justin thrust in again, slowly but deeply, staying mostly buried and circling his hips, working his dick in Conner’s ass and his ass on Brian’s fingers.    “Ready?” Brian asked.    “Yes!  God, yes!” Justin cried out.  Brian pushed in, pushing Justin into Conner deeper.  “Oh my god,” Justin gasped.  “Yes!!!”    “Feel good?”    “Fuck yeah.”    “You lead.”    Justin nodded and set the pace, not wasting any time getting up to quick movements.  Brian pulled him back to him and they kissed as they kept fucking.  Conner looked over his shoulder and even though he felt great and even though he had Justin’s dick up his ass he couldn’t help but think that he wasn’t really involved in what was going on.  When things started picking up, he felt drips of sweat landing on his back, searing his skin, and Justin’s thighs quivering against the back of his legs, he ached to touch himself.  He arched his back and stuck his ass up in the air to relieve the tension on his cock that had been buried into the mattress.    He felt one of Justin’s hands on his back, scratching down his spine, he looked back, Justin’s other hand was up and wrapped around Brian’s neck, pulling him to him.  They were still kissing and moaning, tongues waggling in the air from the awkward angle.  Conner grunted and groaned and Justin squeezed his cheek with his hand.    “Justin, fuck,” he begged and Justin and Brian broke the kiss.  Justin leaned forward over Conner and from the added weight and the muffled “hrmf” from Justin, Conner knew that Brian had followed him and was leaning on Justin.  Brian rocked deeper in Justin and took over the lead, pushing Justin into Conner on every in stroke.  It got faster and harder and Conner didn’t know if he could keep holding all the weight.  He strained to keep his hips up, pushing against Justin with every thrust.  His dick rutted against the soft fabric of the comforter and responded to the stimulation but it was cold and impersonal and it was really just aching for some human contact.   He groaned louder, begging, pleading Justin to do something or allow himself to.  “Oh guh!”  He placed his hands flat on the mattress and tried to push himself up.  He felt a hand slide underneath him and wrap around his cock.  Finally.  Thank god.  He sighed a hefty moan.  Relief.  Three quick tugs and that was it.  His toes curled, his thighs flexed, his anal walls clamped down, his eyes slammed shut.  “Oh, fuck!” he yelled into the mattress as his body convulsed.    The warm fluid spilling into his hand and the added pressure surrounding his cock sent Justin reeling.  His legs tensed and his hand clenched Conner’s pulsating dick harder.  “Brian,” he mumbled, trying to inform him that he was about to let go.     Brian reached between him and Justin, fondling their balls together, holding them, tugging them.  Their balls drew up and Brian readjusted his grasp.  One last squeeze at the top of their scrotums and one last hard thrust from Brian into Justin, pushing them down, his dick deeper into Justin’s ass and Justin’s dick deeper into Conner’s and they both came with dual shout, spilling their semen into the condoms.  Justin’s body shook in between his two Rage’s, his orgasm so extremely powerful that the entire bed vibrated.   Brian collapsed first, his sweaty body sliding against Justin’s and going lifeless.  Justin relaxed to calm down his heart rate, his added dead weight putting more pressure on Conner’s strong physique.  Conner’s hips finally succumbed to the load he was holding up and collapsed back into the mattress.  His dick and Justin’s hand getting crushed underneath the three of them – Brian’s hand getting squished between him and Justin.    They were a tangled, sticky mess of sweat, cum and limp limbs.  Brian pulled his hand out, squeezed it in between Justin and Conner, took hold of the top of the condom and rolled sideways, pulling Justin out of Conner but keeping himself still buried inside Justin.    Conner gasped at the freedom and flopped over onto his back, his chest heaving, trying to catch his breath.  He glanced over at Justin and Brian… they were laying on their sides, spooned together.  A look of joy and contentment on Justin’s face.  His eyes closed, his cheeks flushed, his hair wet and stuck to his forehead in clumps, his lips pressed together in a gentle grin and little sighs escaping his throat with every deep breath.  He always thought Justin was a beautiful man but this particular freshly-fucked look somehow intensified his beauty.  He didn’t remember seeing that from Justin when they had been together before.   Brian pulled Justin’s condom off and tied it in front of them, tossed it to the floor, then wrapped his arms around Justin and pulled him close.  Justin had never moved as Brian took care of the dirty after sex deed for him.  And Conner found that to be beautiful too.   “That was aaaaamazing,” Brian said in between breathy sighs and kissing Justin’s neck just below his ear.    “Uh-huh,” Justin agreed, his gentle grin turning into a small smile.  Conner continued to watch them and again felt like a third wheel.  A third wheel that was experiencing something that he shouldn’t be privy to.  It was supposed to have been just sex, a hot three-way fuck between three very sexual people, but he was getting the feeling that sex with Brian and Justin was anything but just sex.  And if he knew what Brian was about, which he was pretty sure he did, then that was the one thing that Brian had intended on him realizing.  That was what this escapade had been truly about.  And despite Brian’s ulterior motives to lay claim on the beautiful blond co-creator of his next project, it would help with his role in the movie.  He needed to figure out a way to convey all these emotions in his scenes with Rupert if he was to do the story justice.    Conner rolled to his side facing Justin and stared and studied and thought.  He reached up and ran his fingers down Justin’s cheek and Justin opened his eyes.    “Good?” Justin asked.    “Amazing,” Conner answered using Brian’s same choice of descriptive word.  Brian lifted his head, looked at Conner then huffed as his head plopped back down.    Brian pulled his hips a little, reached between them, holding the condom.  His bottom arm that was underneath Justin wrapped in front of his neck and he grabbed Justin’s shoulder to hold him steady and Justin knew what was about to happen.  His anal muscles had locked flexed after his intense orgasm and were tightly gripping Brian’s shaft like a vice.  It was not going to be easy on him for Brian to break free.     “Hang on,” Brian told Justin.    Justin put one hand on Brian’s arm and one on Conner’s, bracing himself.  He locked eyes with Conner as Brian slowly pulled out, his fingers dug into their arms, his eyes blinked and his breath gasped at the instant loss.  “Fuck,” he growled.  His hole instantly started throbbing and aching as it struggled to regain its natural size.    Brian tied that one up just like he’d done with the other and tossed it in the same direction.  To help soothe Justin while his body adjusted, he massaged Justin’s ass cheeks vigorously until Justin sighed and closed his eyes again.    The three of them stayed that way, sated and content, for a while.  When Justin felt the bed move and Conner’s arm pull away from underneath his hand, he opened his eyes once again to find Conner lying on his back staring at the ceiling.  He leaned over, kissed Conner softly on the shoulder then turned over on his other side to face Brian.    They looked into each other’s eyes, reading each other and Justin blinked his happiness.  Brian brought his lips to Justin’s and they kissed quietly, slowly making out, hands rubbing and caressing cooling skin.    Conner turned his head to watch their post-coital actions but when he saw their hands disappear between their bodies and reach for each other’s cock, he assumed they were going to go again.  It actually excited him.  They were being deliberately slow and loving and now that he’d been involved in a wild fuck session with them, he was more than willing to also be a part of a more intense and slow fuck.  He needed to be… for the role and all.    He rolled up behind Justin, started kissing his back softly, gracefully tracing light touches across his hips and running his fingers gently along his ass crack.  Justin moaned into his touches, his tiny body hairs standing erect, his skin becoming gooseflesh and it felt sooooo good.  He deepened the kiss with Brian in reaction.    Brian, still a little possessive and not liking Justin reacting so positively to Conner’s touch, broke from the kiss, leaned his forehead against Justin’s and smiled… “You want to tell your friend that the party’s over, or shall I?”   Justin smirked and stroked Brian’s cock softer, teasing it into fullness.  “Hey Conner,” Justin called out.    Conner rested his chin on Justin’s shoulder, looked at Brian lustfully and covered Justin’s hand on Brian’s cock.  Moving in time with Justin’s strokes, he and Brian locked gazes.  “Yeah,” he answered, taking a soft nibble on the flesh of Justin’s rounded shoulder.    “I’ll see you Monday,” Justin said matter of factly, his forehead still pressed against Brian’s.  Still holding Conner’s gaze, Brian tilted his chin up and kissed Justin again.    Conner pulled his hand away and rolled onto his back with a huff.  Getting any more from them was obviously going to be an impossibility… he would be on his own with the rest but he figured he had enough insight to improvise whatever else he needed.  He just hoped that Rupert would respond accordingly and he made a mental note to try and make sure that they spent some time together away from the set.  Brian cleared his throat and Conner took the hint, getting up and reaching for his pants.   As soon as Conner had removed himself from the bed, Brian shifted himself on top of Justin.  He kissed his neck, and gently sucked the sensitive spots, Justin moaned and wrapped his arms and legs around Brian tightly.  Conner watched them as he got dressed.  Justin was in sheer ecstasy, his head tilted back, giving Brian access to his throat as his hands danced delicately over Brian’s ass.    Sensing that he was being watched, Justin looked over at Conner as Brian continued to kiss his chest and tease his nipples with a pointed tongue.  “We had a great time.  Thanks,” Justin said in a raspy voice.  His breath already becoming jagged.    Conner laughed.  “Yeah, same here.  You guys are something else,” he admitted, shaking his head as he slipped his shoes on.    Brian snickered and bit Justin’s side making him laugh.  “Yes,” he squealed as Brian tickled him again with another bite.  “We are.  Shane will drive you back to your c-ar,” Justin said, gasping on the last word, trying to fight off Brian’s version of torture.    Brian grabbed his wrists, brought them over his head and held him down, continuing to nip at his sides.  Brian knew all of Justin’s weakest spots and was making sure to hit every one of them.  Justin bucked and writhed to make him quit.    “Stop!  Stop!  Or I’m going to ask Conner to stay and help me get even!”    Well that did it.  Brian stopped immediately and sat up straddling Justin’s thighs.  He definitely didn’t want Conner to stay.  As Justin panted for oxygen, Conner laughed and slipped his jacket on.    “Later, Con,” Brian said dripping with sarcasm, smiling wickedly at Conner.  Then he turned a threateningly quirked eyebrow at Justin.    Justin’s eyes went wide.  “I think he better stay,” he mumbled.  Brian pinched him.  “Okay, okay,” Justin gave in.  “See ya, Con!”  And Brian’s smile returned.    “Yeah, later guys.”  Conner left, grinning and shaking his head.  It was unbelievable that they were going to go at it once again.  They were insatiable, that’s for sure.   Once the door was shut, Brian leaned over, grabbed the lube and another condom.  “I’m leaving tomorrow,” he said calmly.    “I know,” Justin whispered, his sadness evident in his voice.  He reached up and touched Brian’s face.  He didn’t want him to go.  It felt like he’d just got there.  One weekend just wasn’t enough time, he didn’t think.  He tried to fight against getting emotional, but the lump in his throat was quite persistent and seemed to be putting so much pressure on his eyes that they threatened to water.  He blinked a few times, holding each one closed a little longer to gain control.      Brian knew and while he felt the same way, that wasn’t what he wanted them to experience right then.  There was one more thing he needed before he went back to Pittsburgh, alone, without Justin.  He leaned over, pressed his lips against Justin’s and kissed him, invading Justin’s mouth with his tongue.  Soft at first then more hungered and intense.  When he felt Justin harden underneath him and his cock head bump against his ass, he broke their tongue entanglement and licked a wet trail with his tongue across Justin’s jaw to his ear.  “You better make this good,” he breathed.    Justin shivered from the words and the hot breath on his neck.  “Oh, god.”  He gulped in anticipation of what Brian was about to say.    “It’s gotta last me three more months,” Brian added matter of factly as he pushed the lube and condom into Justin’s hand.    “Okay,” Justin agreed, willing to give Brian whatever he needed and trying desperately not to make a big deal out of it.  He pivoted his hips making his dick nudge against Brian’s backside.  He swallowed the gasp that was creeping up his body from the touch.       Appreciating Justin’s efforts to understand what he needed, Brian covered his mouth again for another kiss.  This time, the kiss was more passionate, more urgent, more needy.  Brian rolled them over and Justin took it from there. | |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | Chapter 12 - The Office | |  | | |  | | | | | At the beach there’s crashing greenish-blue waves, golden sparkling sand, and the brightest blue sky that you’ve ever seen.  Much brighter and bluer than the skies in Pittsburgh.  And it’s weird that Brian even notices these things, that’s usually Justin’s department.  But for some reason this time he does notice them.    He notices Justin too.  No shirt.  Cargo pants with the legs rolled up to his knees.  He’s running and it appears that someone is chasing him.  He’s laughing but he’s screaming for the person to stop.  That’s when Brian realizes that the person that’s chasing Justin is him.    Brian’s splashing him, kicking the water up with his feet.  Justin kicks back.  Water and sand lands on Brian’s thin white button-up shirt that’s not buttoned.  It was blowing in the wind but now wet it clings to his body, the white material turning slightly pinkish-beige as it molds to his skin.  His white jeans are heavy from the weight of the water being absorbed by the denim.  It makes it harder to run and splash but he’s bound and determined to catch Justin so he continues on.    It’s all so sweet and fun and silly and Brian’s smiling and laughing.  It reminds him of the opening sequence of Grease, which doesn’t sit too well in his twisted brain.  They are not Danny and Sandy by any means and he totally hated that movie anyway.  He must stop Justin from making him do these idiotic, lesbianic things.  Damn it.  Maybe that’s why he’s chasing him and maybe that’s why Justin is running… but he’s not exactly sure.  One more hefty sprint and Brian nabs him.  The sheer force of the lunge lands both of them on the wet sand… Brian on top, Justin pinned underneath him, panting like crazy.  Brian lifts Justin’s arms over his head and holds him down, pressing the back of his hands into the wet crystallized shell dust that lines the beach.  They kiss and a big wave rolls in, cresting over the top of them.  Justin’s hair fills with sand as does the inside of his pants, his waistband not tight enough around his pumping belly gasping for breaths as Brian kisses him relentlessly.  Their conjoined fingers disappear under the mock quicksand and when the wave retreats their hands are buried and packed tight in the constricting muck.  Brian pulls them free, releasing his locked grasp at the same time.  Justin wraps his arms tightly around Brian’s neck, still kissing, more intently now, and they roll.  Making out and grinding their hips in unison.  It’s getting really hot and they’re aroused and want to have sex.  Right fucking now!    No one else is around, which does seem strange for what Brian assumes is a public beach, but he dismisses it without too much thought.  It’s just them, so they could, Brian thinks, as his hand plunges into Justin’s pants.  His cock is covered with tiny granules and it scratches as Brian starts to jerk him off.  Justin moans with a little discomfort but he’s too turned on to really complain.    It’s all so fucking romantic and Brian has flashes of the famous beach scene in From Here to Eternity.  And that has to be the weirdest thing ever.  He never even saw that movie.  What the fuck?  Justin writhes beneath him, pumping his dick into Brian’s fist.  He squeezes Brian’s neck tighter.  Their cheeks are pressed together and they’re nibbling each other’s ear lobes.  Another wave engulfs them and Justin uses the force of the water to arch his back and flip them over.  A sharp intake of Justin’s breath sizzles in Brian’s ear and as the air is pushed out, the words, “Fuck me,” go along with it.  Brian growls with relief because he snaps back to reality.  They are still Brian and Justin.  Not Lancaster and Kerr and this is a California beach, not Hawaii.  But just for safe measure, he decides that he’s not going to let Lindsay pick the movie for them to watch on the nights he spends with Gus anymore.  She is obviously melting his brain and confusing his heart while he’s weak with Justin away.  Bitch.  Taking advantage of him like that.  But that’s par for the course, Brian muses.  They become more frantic.  Tearing at wet, clingy clothes.  Their bodies getting pummeled by the stinging, swirling sand with every crash of the tide.  Gurgling, salty seawater kisses ensue and all Brian can think about is fucking Justin right there on the beach.  Peering eyes and fucking sand and classic romantic movies be damned.  He flips them over during a particularly hot kiss.  Justin moans into the kiss then grunts when Brian plops on top of him.  Brian pulls back on his hands and knees and stares at Justin.  He’s panting, his cheeks flushed pink from arousal and the biting surf.  Bits of seaweed cling to his hair, clumps of sand attach themselves to his eyebrows.  Right beside Justin’s head, a shell appears through the sand after the wave slinks away and it’s odd, Brian realizes, but the shape of the shell is molded exactly like Justin’s perfectly shaped outer ear.  Justin smiles at him as Brian stares.  The drying sand around his mouth falls off as his lips curl up and Brian wonders briefly if he’s ever seen anything more beautiful.  He sits back on his haunches and lifts Justin legs to his shoulders before leaning back up.  He uses the next wave to wash the sand off his dick and Justin’s ass the best he can.  The fact that their pants have somehow magically disappeared without either one of them removing them doesn’t register at all.  It’s as if that kind of thing happens all the time.  He drops down for another kiss, presses his forehead against Justin’s and closes his eyes as he positions himself and nudges at Justin’s opening, telling him to relax and let him inside.  Justin gasps.  “Oh, God, you’re gonna fuck me raw!”  His voice quivering from the excitement.  Shocked, Brian’s eyes popped open… but instead of looking down at Justin’s sky blue eyes, he finds himself staring at very blurry strands of short blond hair.     He blinked and realized that he wasn’t on a California beach about to fuck Justin, skin against skin, but rather in bed with him… sleeping… and dreaming.    Fucking dreaming… about fucking Justin.  The only thing worse than actually carrying out the horridly romantic and stupid acts that he’d been so close to doing on the beach was dreaming about said horridly romantic stupid acts.  It was a fucking nightmare!  And it was to only get worse.  As he regained his faculties piece by piece from the horrendous, yet surprisingly and noticeably peaceful sleep, he began to become aware of the placement of his body in conjunction with Justin’s.  Brian was on his side, head resting along side Justin’s and sharing Justin’s pillow, for cryin’ out loud.  His chin on Justin’s shoulder, his nose pressed into Justin’s ear.  One arm underneath Justin’s neck, the other draped carelessly over Justin’s stomach, his top leg bent at the knee… thigh across Justin’s upper thighs and flaccid dick, his ankle on Justin’s left shin and if all that wasn’t bad enough, his toes that were attached to that ankle were tucked snugly under Justin’s calf.  His body had Justin’s all wrapped up like a fucking birthday present.    How he’d gotten into that position, he just couldn’t understand.  Brian was not a snuggler when sleeping and they usually slept on their own sides of their giant king size bed once their post-coital sex snuggle had gone on long enough for their breathing to regulate and their hearts to beat normally.   Justin certainly wasn’t draped all over him.  The little shit was sleeping just like he always did… all stretched out, flat on his back.  Both legs straight out, toes up, left arm out to the side all by itself, his right arm straight down the length of his body, wedged between their tightly pressed bodies.  Actually, if it wasn’t for the fact that Justin’s hand was nestled palm-side up, right under Brian’s balls and his thumb resting on top of Brian’s dick, Justin probably wouldn’t be touching him at all.  Once the realization completely occurred to him that he was indeed snuggling, he groaned inwardly.  First a romantic dream of them frolicking on the beach… Yes!  Frolicking!  And now snuggling!  Christ!  Brian often thought that their little separation would be the death of him because he always blamed it on his stupid insecure tendency toward jealousy, certainly not his secret desire for mushy love stuff.  He had to pull away before Justin woke up or he would never live it down.  He quietly and slowly untucked his toes, lifted his arm and leg and rolled onto his back.  His arm under Justin’s neck was imprisoned and there was nothing he could do about that so he didn’t even try to set it free.  He could just blame that on Justin after all.    The skin underneath all the heated contact points where their bodies were touching had become damp and clammy.  They’d obviously been positioned that way for quite awhile.  He felt the cool air brush over him as he rolled, his body keenly aware that it was no longer snuggled, yes snuggled, against Justin.  The tip of his nose that used to be buried in the shell of Justin’s ear got cold… the little spot on his chin that rested on Justin’s shoulder pulled tight as the goose bumps raced to the area.  The inside of his leg and the under side of his arm that’d been draped over Justin’s body both chilled to the bone at the loss of contact.  His whole body shivered as the draft of the air conditioner blew on his damp skin.  He’d tried really hard to remove himself from Justin without disturbing him and it appeared that he’d been successful, but then those nasty goose bumps marched right to his balls where they had been warmly encased in Justin’s hand earlier and to the small strip of skin that had been the touch point for Justin’s limp thumb.  His dick started to stand, stretching up his belly in search of warm skin and tight confinement.  He fought his body and stretched and twisted the best he could to retrieve the tangled bed sheet at the foot of the bed while his other arm was still trapped.  That’s when he noticed…  Justin’s shin and thighs and stomach were like goose flesh and he actually watched the soft, unblemished skin change right before his eyes like a wave.  Brian gasped.  He should have known.  If his body reacted to the lost touch then of course Justin’s would too.  And probably wake him in the process.  Shit.  It would only be a matter of seconds now.  Brian laid back down slowly for fear of disturbing the event and watched mesmerized as it happened.    Justin’s previously squished hand twitched as the blood rushed back into its fingers.  His dick fattened and grew.  His outstretched arm lifted and landed haphazardly with almost a slap on his right ear, his fingers dug around then scratched his right shoulder.  Brian almost laughed but he contained it.  Justin’s body was reacting to all the clamminess just like his had.  Justin’s eyelids fluttered and Brian turned to his side, reached for his dick, softly stroked it, waking him completely.  This way Justin would only think that Brian woke him from jerking him off, not because he’d been snuggling.    Justin smiled and stretched his arms above his head as he opened his eyes.  “Mmmm, I woke up like this yesterday.”  Brian huffed and tried to remember the previous morning.  Had he done the same thing then, too?  Oh fuck.  “It’s nice.  You’re gonna spoil me and then leave me.”  He swiveled his hips around in small circles.    Brian removed his hand and yanked his arm free from under Justin’s head as he rolled onto his back on his side of the bed once again.  “Well, we wouldn’t want that, would we?”     Justin followed, turning to his side, closing in on the space between them and covered Brian’s cock with his hand, gently caressing it.  “Please.  Come on.  Spoil me.”  Brian rolled his eyes as he turned to his side.  “Fiiiine,” he drawled, seemingly to appease only Justin and not himself.  But if truth be known, which Justin was fully aware of, he wanted to spoil Justin in that manner.  In fact, he had every intention of spoiling Justin six ways from Sunday from then until it was time for him to leave.  He had nothing else on his mind and nowhere else he needed to be except right there… spoiling Justin rotten… and of course having a few orgasms of his own.  Just one of the perks of being a dutiful boyfriend.  Justin did have other places he wanted to take Brian to before he left and they did enter his mind.  But there would be plenty of time to devise a plan for that later.  At that moment, he had other things to contend with… like a nine-inch cock in his hand.  They jerked each other off and kissed hungrily.  Sharing morning spit, cum-tainted with remnants from the night before.  But neither one of them minded.  Knowing it was their last day together, every minute needed to be cherished, so bad breath and all, it was perfect.  The best wake-up hand-job ever.     Afterward, they relaxed into a sticky and sweaty and stinky pile of body limbs and bed sheets.  And that’s exactly the way Brian wanted to stay until it was time to leave for the airport.  Nothing was as important to him as just being there and savoring every possible second with Justin… naked… and in bed.  Of course the naked Justin recovering from his orgasm beside him had other plans and after kissing Brian’s cheek, he sprang out of bed, swatting Brian on the thigh.  “Get up.”  “Justin, fuck, let’s just stay right here.  It’s cold out there,” Brian groaned rather enticingly.      Standing by the side of the bed, Justin pleaded, “Briiaaann, come on.  We’re in California, for fucks sake, and it’s warmer outside than inside.  And since it’s your last day here, take advantage.  Get your lazy ass…”   Brian glared, brow raised in warning.  Smiling apologetically, Justin amended… “Your purr-fect ass out of that sticky, disgustingly ripe bed and into the shower so we can actually leave here before the day’s over.”    Ah, to be young and full of vigor.  Fuck that, Brian thought as he growled and rolled to the edge of the bed to grab Justin and hurl him back onto the mattress.  But Justin knocked his outstretched arm to the side and jumped out of the way, leaving Brian’s upper body hanging half on and half off the bed.  His tired arm fell lifeless to the floor, his knuckles scraping the carpet.  “Noooo,” Brian growled again with a hint of a whine.    “Yes,” Justin argued, running his fingers through Brian’s matted hair, dried crunchy from sweat and God knows what else.  “Come on, old man.  We have things to do.”  Old man?  Brian wrapped his arms around Justin’s thighs and to Justin’s surprise, used his newfound bit of strength to flip him onto the bed then scrambled on top of him, holding his arms down and straddling his body.    “I’m not old and worn out, little boy.”  Justin laughed and fought to get Brian off of him.  It was no use, even tired, Brian was stronger.  “We need to shower.  And the bed stinks,” Justin grumbled through clenched teeth, still struggling.  “I want to take you to see my office.”  “Well, I want to fuck,” Brian said, before covering Justin’s mouth for a kiss.  Justin relaxed and kissed him back, a slight moan vibrated in his throat as he started to succumb to Brian’s ministrations.  But then Brian made a fatal error in judgment when he broke the kiss on Justin’s lips and moved his mouth to Justin’s neck.  It gave Justin’s mind enough of a jolt to snap him out of the excitement of sex and back to his original plan of getting Brian out of bed and into the shower so he could take him to his office.  “Brian, please?  It’s important to me,” he finished with a slight hitch in his breath from Brian nibbling on the sensitive spot just below his ear.    Well how could Brian resist now?  He let Justin go and plopped down on the mattress.  Knowing Brian had just given in, Justin kissed his cheek.  “Besides, my ass needs a rest.  As it is, I’m not gonna be able to sit down for a month.”  Hopefully three months, Brian smirked to himself.  “And your point is?”  Not that Brian wanted to really physically hurt Justin, but the idea of putting his ass out of commission for the rest of his stay did have a certain appeal to it.    “Brian.  Seriously.”   Blue eyes gazing down at him, Brian groaned loudly in typical overly dramatic fashion.  “Okay.  Finnne.”  He dragged his tired body up and out of bed, his feet landing with a thud as they hit the ground.    Smiling brightly, Justin grabbed Brian’s hand and pulled him toward the bathroom, Brian dragging his feet the entire way.  Justin laughed, plans of a reward for his weary lover’s sacrifice swirling around in his head.  Once inside the glass-enclosed shower Justin eagerly dropped to his knees, taking the swollen head of Brian’s cock into his mouth, watching as Brian’s other head tipped backward and silken beads ran down his sleek, beautiful body.  The sight was Justin’s reward.  ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~  The ride to the studio didn’t take that long, something that Justin was grateful for.  Even though the little treat in the shower had taken the edge off of Brian’s mood, having disrupted his plans of staying in for the remainder of his trip, he still had his usual Kinney charm at work… and that was something that Justin was always happy to avoid.   Of course Brian’s indifference was just an act.  He really was interested in seeing Justin’s office.  He wanted to be able to envision Justin in all the places that Justin would talk about once he was back home and they had to return to phone calls to communicate.  Meeting the principal players and seeing Brett’s house and the guest house where Justin was living had been accomplished so Justin’s office was logically the next on the list… if he had such a list… which he didn’t.  Not one that he would admit to anyway.  So even though he hid his enthusiasm, where Justin worked everyday was something he needed to see so he could envision Justin sitting at his drawing table.  He just wished there was a way for him to do both… see where Justin worked and still have his way with him.  Hmmm, maybe, Brian thought.  Just as they were pulling into Brett’s assigned parking spot at the studio’s office building, Brian turned to Justin and grinned.    Justin returned the smile.  “What?”   “Nothing,” Brian answered, opening the door before Shane even had a chance to put the limo in park.  He hopped out, eager to get inside, pulling Justin along with him.  “Let’s go see how movies are made.”  Justin stumbled to get his footing and tried to shut the car door behind him but Brian was pulling too hard, so when he swung his arm it missed the door entirely.  Justin laughed and was extremely pleased that finally Brian’s mood had changed.  Once they reached the door, Justin was practically tossed up against it as his forward momentum came to a screeching halt.  “Jesus, Brian.”  Justin fumbled in his pocket for his keys, unlocked the door and went inside.  Brian was right on his heels.  As they wound their way through corridors lined with offices on one side and open pits of cubicles on the other, Justin explained what each section was and what they did for the movie.  Brian glanced around, following Justin’s pointing finger, nodding and occasionally giving Justin an, “Uh-huh.”    At the end of the hall, Justin stopped in front of a closed door and stuck a key into the lock.  “This is where the art department is.”  He turned the key and opened the door.  It was a big room, a huge table in the center with poster boards strewn about all over it.  Brian huffed and shook his head.  Artists were never very neat in their work space, he knew that from his own art department at Kinnetik.  Sometimes he hated to go in there.  He never could understand how people could work like that.    Individual drawing tables lined the walls on both sides and Justin made his way to a station at the back in the far corner.  “And this one is mine.”  The neatest and most organized one of the bunch, Brian noticed.  Maybe his anal retentiveness for everything having a place was rubbing off on Justin.  He smiled at the thought.    “Well?” Justin asked, eager to know what Brian was thinking.  Brian just shrugged as he stared at all the drawings on Justin’s table.  A bulletin board was hung on the wall just above Justin’s station, issues of Rage and pencil sketches of various villains were thumb tacked vicariously to the cork.  And in the lower left hand corner, one drawing in particular caught his attention.   A pencil drawing of him that Justin had obviously drawn long ago, before the bashing and the injury to his hand that prevented him from drawing in such detail anymore.  He liked the drawing and liked the fact that Justin had pinned him there.  He smiled again and looked at Justin.  Justin smiled back, his cheeks flushed a slight pink.  “I drew that a long time ago.  I guess I never showed it to you.”  Brian shook his head.  “No, you didn’t.  It’s good.”  “Yeah?”  Brian nodded, his lips curling into his mouth as he mussed with Justin’s hair.  Justin huffed and batted his hand away.    Brian continued to look around, picking up storyboards and admiring the rest of Justin’s work before tossing them back down.  Justin stood in front of his drafting table fiddling with the various pencils.  “It’s nothing spectacular or anything, but what do you think?”  Brian pulled open drawers, snooping to get a feel for Justin’s day.  In the top drawer, thrown vicariously in the back among the colored pencils and erasers was a tube of lube and a string of condoms.  Brian’s eyebrow went up.  “It appears to have all the necessities of a brilliant artist.”    Justin smirked when he saw what Brian had found.  “Always be prepared, right?”  “Hmmm,” Brian agreed… though somewhat reluctantly.  He could have done without that thought.  ”Well?  You like it?” Justin asked again, eager to get Brian’s thoughts about his office.  Brian walked up behind him, pushed his lips into Justin’s hair, snaked his hands around Justin’s waist, popped the snap and unzipped his pants.  Justin’s breath caught in his throat and he grabbed the edges of the table.    “What I like…” Brian began as he tucked his thumbs inside the waistband of Justin’s pants and underwear and slid them down together, until they were bunched around his ankles.  “…is your pants around your feet.”  Justin knew that song and it made his dick hard immediately, just like every time he heard it on the radio.  He’d often thought about what it would be like to hear Brian say those same words to him in that sexy, seductive way that only Brian could do justice to.  A little moan escaped his lips as the next line of the song played in his head.  Justin turned his head and looked up at Brian, playing it out for him, and begged with a slight hint of passion, “Please.”    Brian pulled his lips in and grinned in appreciation that Justin played along with his corniness instead of laughing.  He pushed Justin’s upper body down, bending him over the table then stepped back and took in the sight, Justin bent over, bare ass begging him, pants trapping his ankles.  “Shit, that’s fucking hot.”  Justin gasped at Brian’s words.  Brian ran his hand up and down the smooth contours of Justin’s back as he pulled open the side top drawer and retrieved a condom and the lube.  He placed them on the table in front of Justin’s face to let his intentions be known and Justin let out a groan.  “You’re gonna fuck me right here in my office?” he asked, panting already at the idea alone.  Brian undid his pants and pushed them down around his thighs.  “Uh-huh.”  He grabbed the condom, ripped the packet open with his teeth, blew out the torn piece, pulled the condom out and rolled it over his cock.  “I think it’s only fair, since I’ve fucked you in my office.”  Justin was a goner.  The anticipation was too much and his whole body twitched.  Brian kissed his way down Justin’s back and nipped at his ass.  Justin’s shoulders shook as a chill ran up his spine.  Brian lightly ran his fingers over Justin’s butt cheeks, feeling the soft, downy hairs that were standing straight up from Justin’s gentle shivers.  Brian could never get enough of Justin’s ass... how it looked… how it felt… and how it reacted to his every touch.  He grabbed the sides of Justin’s hips and squeezed as he turned his head and pressed cheek against cheek, reveling in the soft skin and wishing secretly that he could stay there, just like that, forever.  He didn’t want to let go but he wanted more… he dragged his lips over the smooth flesh and nipped again then released his grip, wrapped his arms tightly around Justin’s thighs to readjust his hold and just breathed, taking in Justin’s familiar aroma.  The scent permeated his brain like a security blanket.  It was something he couldn’t get enough of and something he was trying desperately to sear into his brain.  Turning his head from side to side to feel every inch, the prickliness from his whiskers scratched tiny red lines onto the pale, white skin and made Justin shiver again.  “Brian,” Justin rasped between panting breaths.  He knew what Brian was doing and he didn’t really want to end it because he so loved that Brian wanted to take him all in, bombard his senses with him, but sometimes it was just so hard to remain patient as Brian explored his body and reacquainted himself with all that was Justin.  It was times like these that words were completely useless.  No words could ever penetrate his soul as much as this.  He reached behind him and threaded his fingers into Brian’s hair.  Brian stood up, reached for the lube and leaned over Justin’s back, pressing his forehead against Justin’s temple and placing his mouth right next to Justin’s ear.  He squirted lube onto his fingers and dropped the bottle at their feet.  “Spread your legs,” he whispered.  Justin had learned long ago that when Brian was like this, it was best to remain quiet to give Brian the freedom to tell him how he felt without saying anything.  Justin reciprocating the feelings with words would shut Brian down, so he did as he was instructed and Brian slicked him up then positioned his cock at Justin’s opening before taking both of Justin’s hands in his own and pulling them to the top edge of the table.  “God, I want to fuck you.”  Still not wanting to say anything, Justin nodded the best he could with Brian’s head pressed against his then hooked his fingers over the side just as Brian slid inside.  He paused and they panted in unison, each one trying desperately to regain control so it could last.  Brian pushed in further.  “Christ,” he mumbled.  He had been in the same place over a thousand times, yet for some reason, it felt so different.  He thrust a few times, working his way in deeper and deeper.  Once he found the perfect depth for maximum pleasure he began pivoting his hips in tiny circles, relaxing Justin’s anal walls and awakening all the tiny nerve endings.  Justin moaned and rotated his hips in time with Brian’s.  “Hold still,” Brian told him and Justin let out a groan as he forced his body to quit reacting.  Brian pressed inward, angling his cock in a perfectly straight line so it rubbed over Justin’s swollen prostate at one point then bumped the base of his dick from the inside once he was all the way in.  Justin’s breathing sped up, his chest heaving against the cold surface, his hard dick that hung in the air below the table bobbed up and down with every gentle, interior nudge.  Justin’s mind began reeling… thoughts of his dick fitting over Brian’s like a glove entered his mind.  He knew that wasn’t physically possible but the way his cock felt with every hit from the inside sure made it feel like it was.     Brian was relentless and repeated the motions over and over again, wanting Justin to feel everything, to feel what he was trying to tell him in the only way he knew how.  “Oh, God,” Justin whimpered.    “You feel that?” Brian said, still whispering with hot breath right into his ear.  Justin nodded.  “Yessss,” he breathed.  “I want you to feel every bit of it and remember it...”  “Brian,” Justin cried out softly.  He was so overwhelmed with emotion, his fingers gripped the table tighter under Brian’s strong grasp to ground himself.      “…remember what it feels like when I’m… right… there...”  Brian bumped the head of his cock against the base of Justin’s again… once… twice… to accentuate each word.  “…so that when you’re sitting here creating and making Rage all that it’s meant to be, you’ll feel me… right… here...”  Brian jabbed with each word again, this time spending a little more time crossing over Justin’s prostate.  Getting into the sound of his own voice and the words he was speaking to Justin, Brian’s balls twitched and he gasped.  “Oh, God,” Justin moaned into the electrifying jolts of ecstasy.  Brian took a deep breath and held it to calm himself, never stopping the motion of his hips… in and out… in and out, slow and definitive.  Finally back in control of his body, he continued, “…and know you’re not alone.”  He panted and rolled his head to the side, resting his cheek against Justin’s ear.  “Ummmphf,” Justin grunted, unable to form a coherent word.  He pulled his hand free, wanting to give his aching dick some relief and commiserate Brian’s declaration.  Just as he was about to grab it, Brian realized what he was doing and grabbed his hand, bringing it back up to the table.    “Brian, please,” Justin begged, his breaths short and shallow.  Sweat forming on his forehead from the strain of needing release.    “No, just feel it.  Relax and let it happen.”    “Ummmph,” Justin was a whimpering mess.  He did indeed feel it.  He felt every rub, every nudge, every bump, every bob of his cock.  He felt it all.  Including how much Brian loved him at that very moment.  And how much he’d missed him while they were apart.   The sex they’d had all weekend was like making up for lost time… loving, yes, but still urgent and needy.  But this… this was so different.  He would never forget this one and what it meant.  He would remember it and he would remember exactly how it felt when Brian was… uh… right… fucking… there.  He felt it… the familiar tingles marching right down his back and he couldn’t stop it.  He couldn’t stop moaning and gasping and panting either.  “Yeah, that’s it.”  Brian took his earlobe between his teeth and nibbled softly.  He relaxed and just let Brian’s feelings for him wash over him.  Relaxed so much that his cushy anal walls clamped down.  Brian tensed from the extra tightness and fought to continue the thrusting at the same angle and depth.  “Don’t hold back,” Brian breathed, his fingers digging into Justin’s.  “Let it go.”  And he let it happen… all over the floor under his drawing table, the last little drop falling onto Brian’s shoe.  “Christ, Justin,” Brian mumbled as Justin’s throbbing ass milked his cock, making him unable to stop himself from letting it happen to him as well.  Brian’s body went heavy and squished Justin into the hard surface below him.  “Fuck, I love you,” Justin said with a heavy sigh.  Brian squeezed his eyes shut and pulled his lips in, relieved that Justin had heard and felt all that he was trying to say.      Justin smiled, struggled to fill his lungs with air under Brian’s weight and when he couldn’t completely, he let out a tired laugh.  “That was fucking amazing.”  Brian had to agree and he had wanted it to be.  He just wasn’t expecting it to be that intense and he was completely spent, not so much physically, because they’d done far more energetic things when they had sex, but emotionally, he was flat worn out.  “Yeah.  It was,” he agreed with a tiny hitch in his voice.    “You’ll have to do that again sometime.”  Brian growled and struggled to lift himself off of Justin’s limp body.  Placing his hands flat on the table on either side of Justin, lifting his torso and turning his head so that his forehead was in between Justin’s shoulder blades.  “Yeah,” he grunted, pushing up with hands and off with his forehead, breaking that last bit of contact as he reluctantly stood up.  He shook his head to clear the fog and pulled out with a quick jerk.  “I will… when you get home.”  He patted Justin’s ass softly and smirked.  “Give you something to think about until then.”  Justin planted his arms beside his body and pushed himself up as he rolled his eyes and huffed.  “Asshole.”    Brian smiled and Justin grinned, standing up on his toes to kiss him.  “I can’t wait,” he whispered.  Exactly what Brian wanted to hear… needed to hear.  He smiled, wrapped his arms around the slim waist and kissed him back.  “Good.”    Yeah, going to see Justin’s office had been a pretty good idea. |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | Chapter 13 - The Departure II | | |  | | |  | | | | | | Pulling out of the studio’s parking lot, Justin refused to tell Brian where they were headed next.  He pouted and grumbled but Justin ignored him and held strong, determined to get his way.     Once they made the final turn, Brian knew where they were going and he gave Justin a squinted glare.  Justin just grinned and tilted his head with a shrug of his shoulders.  “You can’t come to California and not go to the beach.”  Brian rolled his eyes.  He didn’t really care about landscaping, he’d gone to California for two reasons only.  To see Conner and make sure he understood his place.  And to see Justin to make sure that he understood his place.  As in Brian’s place.  In his life.  In his heart.  In his loft.  And in those empty drawers that were still waiting to be filled.  Brian had fulfilled both of those objectives so he didn’t need anything else.  Looking at the ocean was not going to complete his trip or be the one thing that considered it a success.    As the limo rolled to a stop, Justin began removing his shoes and socks.  Well, that wasn’t a good sign.  “What the fuck are you doing?” Brian asked.  “Beach.  Sand.  What the fuck do you think I’m doing?”  Smartass.  Obviously it wasn’t what Brian usually thought when Justin kicked off his shoes.  Besides, Brian knew what he was doing… the more appropriate question was really why he was doing that.  “You’re getting out?” Brian surmised.  His voice almost squeaking from the impending panic.  Justin huffed.  “No.”  Brian was almost relieved, but Justin didn’t give him a chance to be before he added the two most threatening words in the English language, “WE are.”  No longer an impending threat but a real-life actuality, panic gripped his heart.  This cannot be happening.  “We are?” Brian asked, not really to clarify but to waste time.  He felt like a child being told he was going to the doctor.    “Yep, come on.  Take off your shoes and socks.”  “No.”  Brian was adamant.  This was not going to happen.  Unaware of what Brian’s real problem was, Justin just thought he was being a princess.  “Brian, you’ll get sand in your shoes.”  Yeah, that should work.  A label queen like Brian would rather have sand on his bare feet than in his Prada shoes.  Brian just looked away.  He didn’t figure he’d get sand in his shoes since he had no intention of getting out of the car.    Shane came around, opened their door and stood aside.  Justin meticulously cuffed his pant legs then folded them up again and once more for good measure.  Brian’s eyes widened in horror.  It was getting worse by the second.  And Justin was wearing cargo pants!  Just like in his dream.  Fuck.  And he was rolling them up… to his knees… and he was barefoot!  Double fuck.  Nope.  No fucking way was he getting out.  No fucking how was Justin going to make him do it.  He was NOT going to frolic on the fucking beach like some hetero couple in a Broadway musical.   Fuck the damn dream.  And fuck the fact that the damn movie from the damn dream starred the very same actor that they’d seen yesterday at Spago’s.  Fuck all this kismet and fate bullshit.  It was merely a coincidence or power of suggestion.  John Travolta was in his dream because he saw him at the restaurant.  He did not see him at the restaurant because he would then dream about him.  It all meant nothing.  Damn it!  But regardless of whether it was whateverthefuck it was… he was not getting out of the fucking car.  And that was that.  Period.  End of story.  Justin got out and leaned back into the doorway.  “Come on, Brian.”  “I’ve seen it.  Okay?  Now, can we go?  Wouldn’t you rather be sucking my dick or something?”  Justin huffed again.  “Fine.  Be that way.”  And Brian thought for just a millisecond that he’d won.  Justin never turned down an opportunity to give him a blowjob.  But the millisecond ended and Justin left him there to head toward the water.  Stunned, Brian watched him go then glanced up at Shane who was still standing by the door.  He was grinning.  The little shit.  What was it about him that seemed to always amuse the blond-haired twinks?  Brian growled and grumbled to himself.  “Nope.  Not doing it.”  He’d decided that if he stayed inside the car, he was safe from doing anything stupid or romantic like in his dream.  He was weak after all, knowing that he would soon be leaving Justin again and in that kind of condition, he just couldn’t risk it.    He continued to watch Justin, walking in the sand, sashaying his hips with a little twist to really get the sand in between his toes.  He couldn’t go to the beach and not experience the joys of bare feet and sand.  It felt great against his skin.  The top layer of sand was hot from the sun but as his foot pressed inward from each step, he felt the cooler, wetter sand underneath.    Brian continued to watch, unable to peel his eyes away but still not moving from the safety of the car.  He did start to think, however… maybe, just maybe he could go out there.  He was leaving soon and he hated that he was in the car and Justin was out on the beach.  In their last moments together, they should be together.  So really, he thought, as long as he didn’t do anything stupid, what harm would it really do to indulge Justin in something he so obviously wanted to share with him?  It was just sand and water and birds.  Sand that probably had fleas.  Water that was full of seaweed and fish shit.  And birds that like to poop on everything.  He could walk out there, hold Justin in his arms for a few minutes and earn huge partner points that Justin would eventually have to pay back in some form or another.  And Brian liked it when Justin was indebted to him sexually.  So why not?    Once Justin was halfway across the beach, to the edge of the dry sand that marked the point where the water had rolled up to, he stopped and buried his feet in the cold, packed sand.  He stood, all alone, looking out at the crashing waves.  The wind came off the ocean and blew his hair.  Chirping seagulls echoed in his ears and swooped overhead, circling around where Justin stood.  The salty sea air filled his nostrils and he tilted his head back to breath it in.    Well, that did it.  Brian had seen enough and couldn’t fight it any longer.  “Oh, fuck,” he muttered as he stepped out of the car.  He glared at Shane, daring him to be amused.  Shane immediately looked away and straightened his face… at least until Brian wasn’t looking at him any longer then it came right back as he slammed the door shut.  Justin heard the door and turned around with a huge smile.  He knew Brian wouldn’t let him down… or rather he’d hoped he wouldn’t.  Besides, Brian never could resist his wiggling hips and loved it when his head fell back because of something he enjoyed.  Justin’s smile turned into a hearty chuckle as he watched Brian approach him.  With his socks and shoes still on, Brian was lifting his knees high with every step and shaking the sand from his shoe, cussing and bitching the whole way.  It appeared like he was in the military, marching into battle, or with that silly foot wiggle, maybe he was a Rockette doing a line kick.  But whether he was a soldier or a dancer, he was obviously afflicted with a bad case of Tourette’s Syndrome… explicatives were flying out of his mouth at an alarming rate.  Justin shook his head, scrunched up his face, pushed out his bottom lip and groaned an, “Awww” at his pitiful and stubborn partner coming towards him.  As soon as Brian was within arm’s length, Justin reached out to him and opened his mouth.  “Don’t say it,” Brian barked and Justin’s mouth snapped shut.  “Take off your shirt,” he demanded, holding his hand out and snapping his fingers at Justin.  “Huh?”  Justin was confused about the request that seemingly came out of nowhere, so the fact that Brian was being a shit went by without a response.  “Give me your shirt.”  Justin looked around the beach and folded his arms in front of his chest.  “Brian, there’s people around.”  Brian smirked, shaking his head.  The same guy that splattered the wall like a rocket in the backroom of Rage, turned on more than ever because he was being fucked with his pants around his ankles and his bare ass hanging out was now suddenly shy about taking his top off?  “You are a myriad of contradictions.  Did you know that?”  “Me?”  Justin was flabbergasted.  Wasn’t that the pot calling the kettle black?  Brian was the master of contradictory behavior.  “Who the fuck else?  Now, give me your shirt.”  Justin didn’t move to take it off.  He still didn’t get what the hell Brian wanted his shirt for.  “You dragged my ass out here, but there’s no way in hell that I’m sitting directly in the sand, which is full of sand fleas you know, and since someone…”  Brian arched an eyebrow pointedly at Justin.  “…didn’t bother to bring a towel or a blanket… I need your shirt.  Gimme.”  Brian snapped his fingers again.  Justin glared at him, but what the hell?  He was happy that Brian got out of the car so he wasn’t going to argue about it.  He lifted the shirt over his head and pulled it off his arms.  “Here,” he said, handing it over.  “But don’t stand there and act like I dragged your ass out here, you came of your own free will.”  Brian snatched the shirt out of Justin’s hands.  “And I love you for it,” Justin added with a grin.  Brian looked up at him then nodded in defeat.  He turned around, holding the shirt by the shoulders and whipped it in the wind like a beach towel.  He knelt down and just as he was placing it on the sand, the wind folded over the hem.  He reached over to straighten it and his hand kicked sand on it.  Justin smirked but Brian ignored him.  He picked the shirt up again, this time by the hem, shook it free of the menacing sand, whipped it up and back down.  The wind cooperated and this time, he had his makeshift beach mat all laid out.  Justin folded his arms over his bare chest, his lips rolled into his mouth, trying to contain his laughter.  He knew what was coming next.  Brian turned back around and as his knees bent and his ass got closer to the ground, his feet shifted, flicking sand on Justin’s once-clean shirt just as his butt landed on it.  Justin bust out laughing and Brian glared at him, unaware that his little show had been for nothing.  “What the fuck is so funny?  You think I’m getting these $500 pants anywhere near this sand, you’re crazy.”  Justin laughed again as he dropped to his knees in front of him, kicking even more sand onto his label-queen pants.  “Hey!  You little shit,” Brian barked, brushing his pants off.  “Brian, you’ve got to be the biggest drama queen I’ve ever met.”  “Hi, Kettle, I’m Pot… and you’re black.”  “Hmm, maybe so.”  Justin shrugged.  He knew that was a correct assessment even though he was sure that Brian was more of one than he was.  Justin leaned forward, placing a soft kiss on Brian’s lips.  Brian kissed him back then pushed him away.  “Okay.  Move.”  Justin frowned until he saw Brian reach for his shoes, then he grinned and stood back up.  He sooo loved this man even if he was a contradictory drama queen… it was part of his charm.  Brian took his shoes off one at a time, pouring the sand out of one before removing the other.  He glared up at Justin as the sand poured out as if it was all his fault that it had gotten in his shoes in the first place.  Of course, if he’d just taken them off when Justin told him to, he wouldn’t be having that little problem.  Justin crossed his arms again and swung his foot back and forth in the sand, letting it squish between his toes with each stroke.  Brian pulled his socks off, beat them against his leg, rolled the socks up into a ball and shoved them into the toe of his shoes.    “Are you done?” Justin asked.  As he vigorously brushed off his pant legs again, Brian looked up.  His hands slowed to a stop as the sight caught him off-guard.  Justin… cargo pants… rolled up… bare feet… and now… no shirt and he was kicking the sand!  He stared, unsure whether to rejoice in the fact that the vision was as beautiful in reality as it had been in his dream or throw up and run screaming from the apparent “fate” of the situation.  It was just a coincidence.  Damn it!  “Brian?” Justin said, pulling him from his thoughts.    Brian went back to brushing the rest of the sand off.  “We’re not frolicking on the fucking beach, Justin!”  “Huh?  I didn’t say anything about frolicking.  Jeez, Brian.”  “No, but you were thinking it.”  Brian was sure of it.  It sure as hell wasn’t his own influence making him dream such bullshit.  It was all Justin’s fault.  “I was not.  I just wanted to know if you were done so I can sit down with you.”  Oh.  Well, okay then.  That was safe.  Brian opened his legs and held his hand up.  Justin took it and turned around, sitting down in front of Brian, in between his legs.  He leaned back against Brian’s chest with his head on Brian’s shoulder and wrapped Brian’s arms around him.  And once again, he was filled with the smell of sea air, the sound of circling seagulls, the echo of crashing waves, and the feel of the ocean breeze.  He sighed.  “Ah, isn’t it beautiful here?”  Brian looked around trying to find the beauty of which Justin spoke about.  Several guys in small swimsuits were walking behind them.  They were beautiful, that was for sure.  Justin craned his neck around to see what Brian was looking at.  “Not them.  The ocean.”  Brian huffed.  “Beats a back alley in the middle of winter back in the Pitts.”  Justin elbowed him.  “What?”  “Can’t you be serious?”  “Justin, I am being serious.”  Brian brushed the hair off Justin’s forehead.  Gently caressing it then tilted Justin’s head to his lips and kissed his forehead.  “Once you get a taste of this, who would ever want to go back to the doom and gloom of Pittsburgh?”  Justin pulled free and twisted around in Brian’s arms so they were facing each other and locked his eyes on Brian’s.  He placed his hands on both sides of Brian’s face and kissed him.  “Me.”  Brian rolled his eyes and looked away but Justin tapped his cheek to pull his gaze back.  “Brian… me.”    Brian pulled his lips into his mouth and nodded.  He really did want to believe it.  Then it finally occurred to Justin why Brian had been so reluctant to see and experience all that Los Angeles had to offer.  He didn’t want to know how much better Rage was than Babylon.  He didn’t want to see how great the weather was.  He didn’t want to hear about the things that were better here than back home.  But Brian had forgotten one crucial thing that the dull and dreary Pitts offered Justin that the bright and shiny California couldn’t… Brian.  Justin squirmed back around and leaned against him, staring out at the beauty of the vast ocean.  The wind whipped their hair and a chill ran over his bare chest.  He tightened Brian’s arms around him and thought about how he could say it so that Brian would understand.  “You know what, Brian?”  “Mmmm.”  “There’s something to be said about those back alleys back home, in the middle of winter with snow on the ground and puffs of hot breath rolling out of your mouth.”  “It fucking sucks?”   “No.  Bare ass against the freezing cold bricks while a warm, hot mouth sucks on your dick.  That’s an amazing feeling.  And you just can’t find that here.”  Brian just huffed even though he knew exactly what Justin was saying and it had nothing to do with a back alley blow job in the middle of winter.  “I am coming home, Brian.”  Brian didn’t respond but Justin was pretty sure that he had heard him because his arms tightened around him and that was enough.  They sat on the beach for a while, not talking, just soaking it all in.  The rolling waves, the swooping birds, a few waders and some scantily-clad well-muscled beach bums gave them plenty to gawk at.  Brian eventually tired of the scene and laid back, pulling Justin with him, who twisted around and stretched out on top of him.    Justin looked down at Brian and licked his lips.  Brian watched the magenta tongue as it poked out and swept across the plump bottom lip until he was unable to resist any longer and lifted his head up to capture it, sucking it inside, massaging it with his own tongue.  And before he knew what had happened, they were making out on the beach without a care in the world and without any regard as to who might be watching them.  Everything just vanished and it was just the two of them inside a black void… no sound, no nothing.  Just lips upon lips and tongues playing with tongues.  One little grind of Justin’s hips bumped their cocks together and solicited a moan out of Brian.  It was that soft, muffled noise that made him once again hear the churning water, squawking birds, far away laughter and chattering of passersby.  He pulled away, laying his head back in the sand with a hrmphf and a groan.  He closed his eyes as to not look at the face of the person breathing above him.  “You know what this reminds me of?” Justin asked, brushing his fingers along Brian’s cheek.  “No,” Brian answered flatly.  “That movie…”  Brian almost choked.  “And I don’t want to know,” he quickly added to interrupt him.  And he really didn’t.  The fear that the movie that Justin was about to name would end up being some really old WWII film or some silly musical was just too great to risk it and Brian didn’t think he could take another strange coincidence.  They were already adding up to insurmountable numbers, jabbing at him from all different sides.  It had to be the sea air.  Justin crinkled his nose and he squirmed upward so he could reattach himself to Brian’s mouth.  If he couldn’t tell him what it reminded him of, he could certainly show him.  But Brian stopped his ascent with firm grips on his shoulders.  “What?” Justin asked and Brian opened his eyes.  Swollen, shiny, wet lips were right there for the taking.  Just a fraction of an inch separated them.  Shit.  His cock hardened in response to Justin’s movements.  Brian so badly wanted to roll them over, kiss him some more and grind against him.  No.  He couldn’t… wouldn’t.  He pushed Justin off of him and plopped back down on the sand with a groan.  He heard a faint chuckle and he shifted his eyes to the side with a pointed, arched brow.  Justin was looking at him as well out of the corner of his eye and was sporting a grin.  The little shit knew he had gotten to him.  “If you start singing, I’m leaving,” Brian threatened.  Justin scrunched his eyebrows and turned his head to look at Brian completely.  “Huh?”  He didn’t know why in the world Brian would think he’d start singing.  The man had obviously gone certifiably nuts.    Brian didn’t explain himself, he just laid there trying to regain his composure and remind his dick that this was not the time nor the place for one of their exhibitionistic adventures.  He absolutely, positively was not going to act out that stupid dream!  Just a few more deep breaths and he’d be fine.  He tried to concentrate on awful, horrible things and not the smooth skin on Justin’s back or the rounded flair to his ass or the brightness of his eyes when he smiled or those lips… those swollen, shiny, wet lips.  No.  Stop it.  He growled and tried again as Justin grinned up at the sunshine poking through white puffy clouds.  Awful, horrible things.  Ellen DeGeneres.  Rosie O’Donnell.  Brian coughed.  Oh, well that worked.  “Brian?” Justin asked in his sweet sexy voice.    Shit.  Brian didn’t look… didn’t answer.  Ellen.  Rosie.  Melanie!  “Brian?”  Same fucking voice.  “Fuck!  What?” Brian growled at him.  Justin jerked in surprise and his stomach growled in return.  “I’m hungry,” he answered meekly.  Brian laughed and rubbed his eyes with the heels of his palms.  That was the best thing he’d ever heard, and it was sure to get them off this nightmare of a beach.  “Fuck.  Why didn’t you say so?”  Justin laughed as well.  “I was gonna tell you that we only have ten minutes before our lunch reservation but you looked so peaceful laying there with your eyes closed, I didn’t want to disturb you.”  That made Brian laugh harder.  Peaceful?  He had a fucking war going on inside his head.  Wait.  Reservation?  He sat up abruptly and stared at Justin.  “Reservation?  What reservation?”  “Lunch at Marina Del Rey.”  Justin stood up and brushed the sand off his arms, back, butt and pant legs.  “Didn’t I tell you?”    Little shit.  He knew damn well he didn’t tell him.  “No.”  Brian stood up.  “You didn’t tell me.”  He playfully smacked Justin upside the head and Justin batted his arm away as he tried to dodge it.  “You know I have to leave at 4:00, right?  I don’t want to waste a bunch of time driving all over Los Angeles.  Why don’t we find some little hole in the wall diner or better yet, let’s fuck in the limo then eat at the airport.”    Justin gave him one of those I’m disappointed in you looks.  “Brian, the restaurant’s right there.”  Justin pointed off to the north, a few buildings up and perched on a hill... a building with huge windows all along the back side.  “We’re already in Marina Del Rey.”  Justin moved his outstretched arm out a little and laughed.  “See the marina.”    Sure as shit.  Big marina.  Right fucking there.  How come Brian didn’t notice it before?  “I’d still rather fuck in the limo and eat at the airport.”  He grinned and wiggled his eyebrows.  “Last chance to ride on the Brian Express.”  “You are so weird,” Justin said shaking his head and picking up his shirt.  He shook it out, blowing sand everywhere.  “Hey!” Brian yelled and yanked the shirt out of his hands.  “Christ!  Let me do it!”    “Oh, that’s right.  You’re in charge of my wardrobe now.”    “Fuck you.”  Justin grinned as he watched Brian smack and pound and brush all the sand off of his shirt.  “Thanks, dear,” he slurred.    Brian rolled his eyes and held the brushed-off shirt against Justin’s chest until he grabbed it.  “Fine,” he grumbled.  “Let’s go eat.”  He bent over, picked up his shoes and trodded off.  His hips sashaying a little as he quickly marched uphill through the sand, eager to get the hell off that beach and away from the crashing waves with their fish shit and the chirping birds with their randomly falling bombs.  He briskly ran his fingers through his hair as he shook his head vigorously to get all the sand out.  He slapped the back of his neck.  Oh yeah… and the beautiful beach with its damn sand fleas.  Justin would owe him.  A lot.  Justin put on his shirt, brushed the sand out of his own hair and jogged to catch up with Brian to return to the limo for his shoes and socks.  Once they had removed all the sand and spiffed themselves up the best they could in the back of the car, Shane drove them down the street to the restaurant.  They were escorted in and seated at a quaint table for two at one of the huge windows overlooking the marina and all the big, fucking massive yachts and sailboats.  “Wow,” Justin exclaimed, having the same reaction as he did during their lunch at Spago’s... wide-eyed excitement.    Brian almost chuckled as he watched Justin admire the view and all the fancy boats.  He decided that they really should go out more often.  Going out to eat at a restaurant was not supposed to be as big a deal as Justin kept making them out to be.  It was almost pathetic.  And Brian thought… when was the last time that they’d done that and he couldn’t think of a one.  Had he really never been out to eat with Justin other than at the diner?  In three years?  That wasn’t almost pathetic.  It was pathetic.  Fuck.  Brian told Justin to order for them both so he just sat back and watched as Justin studied the menu.  And he wondered… why hadn’t Justin ever said anything?  Why hadn’t he ever pushed the issue?  He pushed the thoughts from his mind.  He didn’t want to spend his last few hours with Justin trying to analyze their relationship or why Justin put up with him.  He actually didn’t want to spend those last few hours sitting in a restaurant either but there he was anyway, and it wasn’t that bad.  After Justin ordered, he glanced over at Brian and found him staring at him with one of those “proud of you” smirks.  All he did was order… hardly something that Brian should be proud of him for doing successfully.  Justin grinned back and nudged Brian’s foot under the table.  One of Brian’s eyebrows went up in response and Justin smiled bigger.  “Okay,” Justin started, scooting his butt back in the chair and leaning forward on the table.  “Tell me about everyone back home.  All the details.”  Brian sighed but he told him everything he wanted to know.  He answered every question seriously and only occasionally threw in a snarky remark.  Justin was impressed.  Even after the food was delivered, he continued to answer questions and offer thoughts as they ate.  Justin thought it was not only nice to hear about his pseudo family but it was also really nice to just be sitting there like that with Brian… like a date.  After their empty plates were taken away, he sat back with his third mimosa and smiled.  “Is Sunshine getting a tad tipsy?” Brian grinned at him.  “Maybe,” came the answer.  Justin couldn’t quit smiling.  Brian shook his head.  “It’s the bubbles.  Champagne can knock you on your ass.  Of course if your ass lands on my dick then you have no problem.”  Justin laughed.  “But you might want to wait until we’re back in the car.”  “Umm, yeah.  Of course,” Justin agreed.  “Brian?”  “Hmm?”  “Do you realize that since you’ve been here, we‘ve gone out to eat twice?”  Uh-oh.  Damn those fucking bubbles.  Well shit.  “Give the boy a gold star.”  Justin rolled his eyes.  “Anywaaaay… and that is exactly two times more than we’ve ever gone out to eat before.  Why is that?”  “We were hungry?”  “How come you don’t ask me out to eat when we’re back home?”  “I didn’t ask you out here either.  You dragged me here against my will.”  “Because you don’t do dates…”  Oh, right.  That’s why he’d never gone out to eat with Justin.  Hmm.  Well that’s stupid.  They could go out to eat.  No big deal.  Oh wait… Brian remembered, he did ask Justin out… once.  Got turned down.  That had taken a lot of guts to break that rule for Justin and ask him out and he turned him down.  It hurt.  No way was he ever going to do that again.  But that was then.  He guessed it didn’t really matter that much now.  “True.  I don’t do dates.  But this isn’t really a date.  This is just us eating at a restaurant.”  “Like being on a date.”  Justin grinned.  Brian laughed.  “What is it with you and having to label everything all the time?”  Justin shook his head.  “You’re the label queen, Brian.  Not me.”  Brian cleared his throat.  “Well, if this is what you want to call a date, then fine.  But it’s pointless to discuss really.  I asked you to go out to eat once and you turned me down flat.  Had other plans, you said.  So why would I ask you again?  I’m not a glutton for punishment, you know.  You obviously weren’t interested.”  “Oh my God!  You asked me ONE time.  And that ONE time I was busy.”  “Yeah, too busy being the Secret Avenger and undermining my client’s campaign to go out to eat with your boyfriend.”  “Whatever, that’s beside the point.  You couldn’t ask me again?  Because I said no the first time you asked me?  Do you have any idea how ridiculous that sounds?  The great Brian Kinney was told no so you go and pout in the corner?”    “Fuck you, Justin.  I don’t pout.”  That hurt.  But shit if he wasn’t right.  That was exactly what Brian had thought.  “And if I recall correctly, at the time you weren’t my boyfriend, you were just the guy that fucked me more than once.”  Well, that really hurt.  Brian stared at him and Justin stared right back.  Silence.  Brian cleared his throat, gulped down the rest of his drink and glanced at his watch.  It was 2:00.  Almost time for them to head to the airport so he wouldn’t miss his flight.  His stomach tightened up and he felt this pressure on his chest.    “Well, in the future,” his voice raspy so he cleared his throat again.  “I wouldn’t be adverse to asking you to join me at eating in a restaurant.”  “Really,” Justin said.  His face blank and void of emotion.  “Really.”  “Well, in the future,” he paused for dramatic effect.  “If you were to ask me to do such a thing, I probably wouldn’t object.”  “Good to know.”  “How much time do we have?” Justin asked, changing the subject.  “Just enough for a quickie.”  ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~  Even on a Sunday afternoon the Los Angeles traffic was horrific.  Bumper to bumper, they inched along the expressway to LAX.  Justin sat next to the window, his left hand resting in the seat beside his thigh, right elbow on the door’s armrest and his hand tucked under his chin holding his head up.  He was watching all the cars and palm trees and tall buildings go by at a snail’s pace.  Brian sat watching Justin on the opposite side of the limo.  He didn’t want to leave and if the sporadic sniffles were any indication, he could tell Justin didn’t want him to and was turning more and more melancholy as each mile marker on the side of the road changed numbers.  Brian reached his hand over the seat and wrapped his fingers around Justin’s hand, squeezing hard and not letting go.  Justin’s eyes closed and without opening them, he turned and covered the distance between them in flash, ending up on Brian’s lap, legs straddling Brian’s thighs, arms wrapped around Brian’s shoulders and face buried in Brian’s neck.  Now it was Brian’s turn to squeeze his eyes shut and he reciprocated Justin’s embrace, wrapping his long arms around Justin’s small waist.  This was worse than their trip to the Pittsburgh airport when Justin left three months ago.  Back then, they didn’t know how the distance and missing each other would feel… this time, they did and they weren’t looking forward to it.  Things had been good these last few days and he didn’t want to end it on a sad note.  Brian had to turn things around and quickly.  His hands rubbed up and down Justin’s back then slipped under his shirt to get one last feel of his smooth skin.    Justin released his tight embrace and brought his lips to meet Brian’s.  A soft lingering kiss at first then as if he suddenly had switched gears, he placed his hands on either side of Brian’s face, pushed his head back against the seat, lifted up on his knees and the kiss turned deep and hungered, almost forceful and in search of something.  His tongue swept over teeth and gums and swirled around inside Brian’s mouth.  He sniffed again into the kiss and his face scrunched up as he tried to hold back all of his emotions.  A labored moan gurgled from his throat and if by coincidence they both opened their eyes at the same time, locking instantly on each other.  Justin’s blue eyes wet and shiny… Brian’s hazel ones sad but sparkled and Justin wondered if Brian’s eyes were tearing up like his or if Brian’s just looked wet because his were.  Justin broke the kiss and they panted in each other’s face.  He sat back to get a better look, his eyes darting back and forth from Brian’s right eye to left eye.  Brian cleared his throat, nervous from Justin’s scrutiny then grinned.  “Tryin’ for that quickie now?”  Justin huffed a faint laugh and pressed his forehead against Brian’s.  “Actually, no,” he answered and Brian arched an eyebrow.  “I’d rather our last fuck was the one in my office.”  “Ahhh,” Brian murmured, pulling his lips in and nodding in agreement.  “That’s the one I want to be left with.  You know, I can still feel you… right… fucking… there.”  Justin pivoted his hips in sync with his words, moving his ass over Brian’s groin just like Brian had moved inside him earlier.  Brian’s breath hitched and his eyes closed.  “Fuck.  You’re gonna put me on that plane with a hard-on and no means of release.”  Justin kept moving his hips and placing light kisses on Brian’s mouth.  “Mmm-hmm.”  He kissed across his cheek to his ear.  Took a playful bite on his earlobe and whispered, “I want you to jerk-off in that tiny bathroom, thinking of me and my mouth sucking your cock.”  Brian grabbed his hips and stilled them.  “You’re evil.  Stop.”  “I’m sweet,” Justin replied with a smirk and a laugh.    It was his normal laugh but in Brian’s mind it sounded more like an evil cackle from an evil blond-haired twink and he envisioned Justin with squinty eyes, rubbing his hands together as he cast his evil spell.  The really sad part for Brian was, whether it was all in his mind or not, power of suggestion or not, he knew damn well he wouldn’t even be thirty minutes into the flight before he was heading to the bathroom to do just what Justin had wanted.  The little shit.  Pushing the thoughts of wicked Justin from his mind, Brian tilted his head up and kissed him.  He needed lots of kisses to get him through the next twelve weeks and he didn’t want to waste any more of their final minutes with silly banter.  The rest of the way to the airport, they kissed and touched each other.  It wasn’t about sex, even though Justin’s hips continued to move around in tiny circles and Brian’s hands continued to roam on bare skin.  They were really just trying to get their fill.  “We’re pulling into the airport, Sirs,” Shane informed them over the intercom.    Justin pulled away from the kiss and resumed his earlier position when he first climbed onto Brian’s lap… arms around shoulders, thighs squeezing thighs, face buried in neck flesh.  Brian patted his back and pulled back a little.  “Hey.”  Justin let go and sat back in his seat on his own side of the car.  Brian grabbed his hand again tightly and they were right back where they started.  Justin took a deep breath and looked over at Brian.  An obviously pained smile on his lips.  Brian’s lips curled inward.  Fuck.  The limo rolled to a stop in front of the departure zone and Justin’s hand made its way to the door handle.  Brian pulled on his hand that was still clasped inside his… “You’re not getting out.”  “Huh?” Justin looked at him confused.  “You’re staying in here.  We’re not having another ultra-dramatic and overly maudlin Casablanca farewell scene like we had back in the Pitts.  I’m getting out and you’re leaving.  End of story.”  “But…” Justin started to protest but stopped when Brian looked at him pointedly.  He smiled instead and nodded his head.  Brian leaned over and kissed him quickly on the lips, pressing his forehead against Justin’s with a sigh.   “Call me when you get home?” Justin asked.  “Yeah.”  Brian pulled back and kissed him again, his lips lingering just a little longer this time.  Getting lost in the feeling of the softness until a loud series of thumps startled them both and they jumped.  A security guard pounded on the trunk to get their attention and when they looked out the window, he waved his hand for them to get a move on.  “Let’s go,” the uniformed man yelled after blowing his whistle.  “Christ!  People are assholes,” Brian barked.  “Ohhhh,” Justin moaned, not wanting the moment that had arrived to be over with yet.  His fingers squeezed against Brian’s, not letting him go.  Brian kissed the back of Justin’s hand and pried his hand free with a smirk.  Justin couldn’t help but smirk in return.  “Okay, later,” Brian said as he opened the door.  He paused until Justin said it back then he got out and shut the door.  He took his bags from Shane and made his way to the sidewalk.  “Have a safe trip, Sir,” Shane said as he walked away.    Brian just nodded and stood there watching Shane get back into the limo.  He took a deep breath and as the car pulled away he started to feel this weird feeling in his chest.  He was sad but he wasn’t really worried anymore.  He had accomplished what he thought he needed to.  And oddly enough the thought that Conner James was a threat no longer bothered him.  He wasn’t sure why.    He didn’t really know what he was feeling, it was confusing, because even though he felt sad, he also felt good.    And again, he wasn’t sure why.  Then the music pierced through his thoughts.  An instrumental elevator version of “Hopelessly Devoted to You” and he couldn’t help but laugh out loud.  What the fuck was the deal with California anyway.  The Gods of fate were trying desperately to knock him over the head with something.  But he didn’t need all those signs or whatever the fuck they were, or maybe he had.  He already knew or maybe he hadn’t.  But he did know now and he thought maybe that was the overall purpose of his trip and it hadn’t been about Conner James at all.  It had been about him… and Justin… and what they felt for each other.  To know it… to feel it… to believe in it.    He loved Justin and Justin loved him and nothing or no one was going to change that or interfere with that.  No three thousand miles, no six- month separation and no big-time movie star.  Nothing.  Justin was coming home to him.  He’d said so.  And Brian knew it now.  And believed it.    Just a measly ninety-one days to go.  Not long at all.    Yep, everything Brian needed to accomplish with his trip had been accomplished.  He turned around and walked into the airport with a very satisfied smile on his face, a feeling of fullness and security in his heart and a tightening in his groin.  He would kill Justin for planting the idea that he jerk off in the airplane’s bathroom.  The little shit.  He couldn’t help but chuckle to himself. |  |  |  |  |   end | |  |
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