



Doing Anything to Make You Love Me

By Bj_sling

Justin has to get enough money for his mother's operation because his father won't pay. The only solution he comes up with is selling his body. on his first night he meets a certain Brian Kinney, who had a really bad day. It's also Justin's first time. Well anyway, after their night, Brian gives Justin his money and Justin disappears again. Since he only needs 500\$ more, he decides to quit hustling and tries again to find a job. But then everything gets complicated, because he finds himself pregnant and he once again goes back to hustling

Categories: ALTERNATE UNIVERSE, MPREG, ROMANCE **Characters:** BRIAN, JUSTIN

Chapter 1

It was a late October night and the air was fresh, when a young blond made his way under a lamppost. He wore a tight white shirt and jeans, which hugged him just in the right places, showing off his ass.

He was not the only one standing in the alley. From time to time, a car stopped by and one of the other boys got in. But Justin waited.

"Hey Blondie, the next one is yours!" A guy yelled over to him. He had watched the Blond the whole night. 'If he doesn't get in a car soon, he won't earn anything,' Hunter thought.

Justin turned to the hustler and gave him a small smile, "I... I really appreciate it but..."

The guy came closer.

"You don't have to thank me. Look, here it comes, good luck" he pushed Justin towards the dark car.

The Corvette stopped and the window rolled down, "How much?" A deep, sexy voice came from inside the car.

Justin couldn't see the person inside clearly but he told himself, 'it's now or never'.

"I... twenty for a blowjob and uhm eighty for a fuck and uhm one hundred fifty if you wanna...wanna do it raw," Justin blushed as he spoke. He felt extremely embarrassed. He had sworn to himself, that he would never let anybody fuck him without a condom, but this was his only way to get enough money.

"Get in," the man told him.

Justin walked around the car to get in. As soon as he closed the door behind him, the man sped away. Justin looked over to the driver and gulped. The man he was sitting next to was a Greek god, who, by the looks of him, probably had a lot of sexual experience.

Justin wondered how he would be able to satisfy that man with his little experience. The only experience he had was with a guy back at high school, which had only involved a hand job. So, he was still a virgin, in almost every way. The scary thing is he would be losing his virginity to some random trick.

When he had dressed himself for the day, he'd told himself he could do it, he could sell his body. He needed the damn money. Otherwise, he would lose the most important person in his life. That couldn't happen, he had to do this. He didn't think it would be that bad since nearly everyone who was his age was having some sort of sex.

Justin took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"Are you ok, kid?" The man said without taking his eyes from the street.

"Uhm... no," Justin turned his gaze to look out the window.

The rest of the drive, neither of them said a word. When they stopped in front of an old warehouse, Justin panicked. What had this guy planned? If he was planning to kill him here, no one would find him. It was just an old run-down looking warehouse.

"Are you coming?" The man had already gotten out of the car, and gone around and opened Justin's door.

Justin gulped and then slowly got up. He hoped it was just fears that were playing with him. He followed the tall man inside. They got into an elevator and Justin looked at the other man more closely. He had auburn hair and deep brown eyes, with a spark of green in them. He was tall and lean and the clothes he wore a black shirt and black pants, fit him beautifully, a white cowry-shell-bracelet around his wrist perfected the outfit.

It had been a pretty shitty day for Brian. Ryder had sold the agency he worked at to a complete asshole. His new boss was a total homophobe and when he had immediately fired him, Brian knew it was because of his sexuality. He was a total fucking prick.

After Brian left his office, he new he needed something, or rather someone. He needed to fuck. Yet, not all the fucking and sucking he'd done in the baths had worked. He needed a nice fresh ass to fuck.

Brian slowly drove through the streets, when he saw a few boys. One of them pointed at his car, while speaking to a young Blond. 'Maybe...' Brian stopped right where the Blond stood. The young man hesitated but then walked over to him.

"Twenty for a blowjob and uhm eighty for a fuck and uhm one hundred fifty if you wanna...wanna do it raw," Brian shuddered as he heard the boy nervously speak. How could someone do it raw for lousy hundred and fifty bucks? he wondered and considered taking off. But when he looked up into the deep blue eyes, he couldn't resist and told the blond to get in the car.

Now the Blond stood in his bedroom, looking around.

"So, uhm... where do you want me?" The boy asked.

Brian nodded his head in the direction of the bed.

Justin slowly peeled of his clothes. 'God, it won't be long before I'm not a virgin anymore,' Justin thought. He knew his first time would be anything but romantic, even if this guy was totally hot, he wished it didn't have to be that way.

When Justin was naked, he lay down on the bed. He could feel the intense gaze from the older man raking up and down his body, making his skin tingle.

Brian looked at the young Blond. 'Should I really fuck this kid?' he wondered. Then, he noticed the perfect bubble butt the boy had and his decision was made. That ass was too good to waste.

"Roll over," Brian said with a husky voice and watched as the boy did as instructed.

Justin pressed his face into the pillow. 'God, doing this can't be too hard can it? If I didn't need the money so much, I wouldn't be here. But I do need it,' Justin told himself.

He felt the bed dip under the Brunet's weight and then the warm body was being stretched over him. A hand roamed over his back until it stopped for a moment. Justin heard the sound of a condom wrapper being opened. He began to panic.

The Hunter kid from before had told him that it hurt like hell the first time, so the Blond tensed, bracing himself for the pain and buried his face even more into the pillow beneath him.

Brian put the condom on his erection. 'This kid is really hot,' he thought and positioned himself at the Blond's entrance. When he pushed in, he immediately stopped upon hearing a muffled cry. 'Fuck, this kid is so tight. I probably should have prepared him a little more first, the boy is a hustler, he had to have been prepared enough before. Shit !' he thought.

Chapter 2

Brian pulled out of Justin again. The Blonde's head shot up and Brian looked into the pair of teary blue eyes, "Listen kid..."

"No... don't stop. I'm fine," Justin tried to assure the Brunet and pulled him with his hand on Brian's thigh closer. He couldn't let the man stop right now. He needed the money, or... Justin wouldn't allow those thoughts to enter his mind right now.

Brian sighed, noticing the fear in the younger man's eyes, "Roll over on your back."

The Blond hesitated but then did as instructed.

Brian got in between Justin's legs again and slowly drew circles on Justin's stomach. Normally he would have kicked out the boy for acting so uptight, but right now, he was feeling something different. Something unexplained, inside of him wanted to keep the Blond in his bed as long as possible, "Just relax, ok?"

Justin nodded, "I... I'm sorry... I just, I am all right. You can fuck me now" Justin tried to roll over again but Brian would not let him.

Brian covered the Blonde's body with his own and pressed his lips on Justin's full, raspberry ones, "Shh... don't worry. Close your eyes and just feel the pleasure."

The Blond closed his eyes. His whole body shivered, not knowing what was going to happen to him. He could feel Brian's warm breath on his body and then the man began to kiss his way from Justin's mouth then slowly down over his neck and chest. When he reached Justin's nipples, he took one carefully between his teeth and tugged on the nub.

Justin moaned in pleasure at Brian's ministrations.

Encouraged by the moans, Brian trailed his mouth lower and lower. He kissed and sucked the pale, soft skin along Justin's body until he reached Justin's erect member.

He stopped and looked up at the boy. A small smile played over the boy's lips.

Some how things had changed, this was not what Brian had intended when he had picked the boy up. Brian realized though that it was just what he needed right now.

He coated two fingers with his saliva and began to push his fingers into the Blond's boy. With his other hand, he rubbed soothing circles on Justin's belly. When the Blond relaxed enough, he started to scissor his fingers.

He spent a few more minutes preparing the young hustler. Then Brian moved up Justin's body and kissed the Blond. While he was lost in the kiss, the sensations, he positioned himself and pushed inside.

This time, Justin groaned in pleasure and soon both of them were lost in the passion and pleasure they both felt from their coupling.

In the early morning hours, they had finally worn themselves out.

Brian took of the condom, throwing it expertly into the wastebasket beside his bed, not noticing that it was leaking.

Justin had already passed out asleep as Brian lay back on the bed.

Justin snuggled even closer to the man, his first.

Only a few hours later, Brian woke up, his arm holding the young Blond.

“What the fu...” Justin slowly opened his eyes and rubbed them. “Where am I?” he wondered. Justin looked around until his eyes stopped on the Brunet lying under him. He jumped up and blinked looking at the now, angry Brunet.

“Uhm I'm sorry. I... I had better leave now. I guess,” Justin grabbed his clothes and got dressed. Everything felt so weird. God, he had fallen asleep next to a guy who paid him to have sex with him!

Brian also got up and grabbed his pants, fishing some money out of his jeans. He couldn't help but glance at the Blond from time to time, watching the perfect bubble butt move as he put his clothes on.

“Uhm wait,” Brian opened his dresser and got some more money out of it. “This should be enough,” he held out the money.

Justin froze for a second. “This is real. I became a hustler,” he thought. Justin had always dreamed about his first time. He had thought it would be romantic, maybe with candles all around the room and with the person he loved but it was nothing like that. Yes, it had felt good and the man was hot as hell, but he didn't even know him and right now, Justin felt so low. His first time was for money and with a stranger.

He had to get away, out of the man's loft. The Blond hesitated but then grabbed the offered money and left as fast as he could.

Brian stood in the bedroom and watched the Blond leave. “So this was how it feels to pay for a fuck,” he thought noticing the weird feeling inside of his body.

Justin opened the front door and stepped inside the apartment. He flopped down on the sofa and sighed loudly. Closing his eyes, he recalled the events from a few hours ago. God, he had been so nervous the first time the man pushed inside of him. It had hurt so much. The Brunet had stopped and he feared that he would throw him out but then... then the older man had been gentle and had explored his body, giving him so much pleasure. The second time the Brunet pushed into him he was torn between pleasure and pain, but in the end, the pleasure outweighed everything.

Justin opened his eyes again and fished in his pants for the money. His eyes grew bigger and bigger when he counted how much the Brunet had given him. "Wow. A thousand dollars!" he thought excitedly. He only needed another 500 Dollars, then, he could pay for the operation. Justin's thoughts were interrupted by the phone ringing.

Justin picked up the phone after reading the caller I.D. "Hi Mom. Yes, don't worry. Yes, okay I'll see you at one," he hung up the phone and went upstairs to his room. He would need to get some more sleep before he had to go to the hospital.

Chapter 3

"What? No. That can't be possible!" Justin looked on the test results. "No, no no, it just can't be." he thought over and over again.

After the night he had lost his virginity, he had stopped hustling. He couldn't do it again, and with the money the brunet had given him, he only needed five hundred dollars more. He was sure that he could earn that quickly with a normal job. Luckily, after only three days looking for one, he had found a job at a shop on Liberty Avenue called Torso.

There he worked with a flamboyant man, named Emmett. He liked the man and they both spent a lot of time together and not only at the shop. But at home as well and had become good friends.

Justin had also met Emmett's roommate Michael. Justin thought Michael was okay, though he really did seem like a big geek. After all, who actually read comics at the age of thirty-two?

Over the last three months he had put on some weight and Emmett loved to call him My chubby little Sunshine. After enduring that nickname for more than two weeks, he finally went to a doctor to see if there was something wrong with him. He was sure it wasn't normal to gain weight, by eating even less than he did before. He was very stressed out and unable to eat because of his mother's coming operation that would be performed the next week.

Today, he had gotten the test results by phone and he couldn't believe what the reason for him getting so chubby was.

Four days later

“Baby? Are you coming with me to Babylon? Please! This is going to be so much fun!” Emmett grinned at Justin. He thought that Justin needed to focus on his social life. Go out and fuck some guys, maybe then he wouldn't spend so much time eating. After all fucking would be great exercise. He thought Justin was a tasty little morsel and that he would be even more so if he could lose the bit of weight he'd gained in the last few months.

Justin thought, “Maybe if I find a hot guy tonight...” He smiled, “Alright Em, I just... I don't have...” Justin stopped and blushed, his eyes wandered to the ground, “I've never been to a club and...”

Emmett shrieked, “What? You've never been to a club? Oh baby! Don't worry... we'll find the perfect outfit for you and I'll be with you the whole night so you won't have to worry about any ogres. I promise.” He kissed Justin on the cheek and pulled him deeper into Torso. The store was closing in twenty minutes, there was only one other customer and Emmett could search out the clothes for the young Blond and keep an eye on the other customer at the same time.

He grabbed a pair of black leather pants and some different shirts he thought would fit Justin, “Here try these on.”

Justin grabbed the pants and the shirts and got into one of the dressing cubicles.

Later that night Emmett and Justin entered Babylon. The masses parted when they watched the new meat walk in beside Emmett.

Justin felt hands grabbing his ass and some brushing against his groin. It was all so new for him but somehow he liked the attention. Twinks, guys in leather and everything in between checked him out.

Emmett giggled and put his arm around the Blond, "So baby? I guess you like it here. Come on, you have to meet my friends." Emmett led him over to a small group of guys that looked to be in their thirties, "This is Teddy and you already know Michael. The tasty morsel next to him is his hubby Ben. Ben just moved in with Michael and I."

Justin gave all of them one of his sunshine smiles and then was quickly pulled onto the dance floor with Emmett. He vowed that tonight, he would have some fun and forget about everything. He finally had managed to get enough money for his mother's operation.

Now, he would need even more money for the baby that was now growing inside of him. Yes, thanks to the tall brunet, who had popped his cherry, he was fucking pregnant.

Justin closed his eyes and let the music take control over his body. He wanted to forget about everything. Soon, the sweat perled down his body and he started to get hot. He took off his shirt and luxuriated in how good he had started to feel.

In all of his eighteen years, he had never been to a dance club. He'd been too young had hadn't ever thought he would be able to get in. But tonight Emmett had brought him and the bouncer had not asked him after his I.D.

Suddenly a pair of arms wrapped around his waist from behind. Instead of feeling constricted, the arms felt familiar to Justin. He felt the man's mouth next to his ear. A husky voice spoke and Justin recognized it.

"So? Are you free tonight? Same price as the last time?"

Justin's eyes snapped open. He turned around and glared at the Brunet, the arms still held tightly around his waist.

"I..." Justin thought about what he'd learned and the reasons why he'd become chubby the last couple of weeks. It was the entirely Brunet's fault that he was pregnant.

He needed enough money for himself and the baby Brian had helped make. His blue eyes roamed over the masses, in search of Emmett. He spotted him a few feet away, dancing with a tall Asian.

Justin gulped. "Maybe if he... yes, this could work," he thought. An evil, yet innocent looking grin spread over his face.

“Sure, let's go,” he let his hand wander down from Brian's chest southward to the man's crotch. Justin gently rubbed the erection. Brian was unmistakably hard under his fingers.

Brian moaned and grabbed the teasing hand, pulling the younger man towards the exit.

Justin pushed the Brunet onto the dark sheets and was lost in the sight before him. He watched the contrast between Brian's skin and the dark sheets in amazement. If he could just see the man everyday and night, the way he saw him now, he would do anything for that to happen.

Brian looked up at the blond hustler. He saw the lustful view in the blue eyes but then remembered, “The money, right, I'll just get it.”

Justin snapped out of his daze. Right, this man was paying him. How could he have forgotten that?

Brian came back with a bundle of money. He gave once again gave the boy a thousand dollars, “I want you again for the whole night.”

Without looking at it, Justin put it away, “Thanks.”

Brian nodded and put the rest of his money into the top dresser drawer.

With only two steps, Brian stood in front of Justin again. He looked deep into the eyes before him. Justin wanted to kiss Brian's lips so badly. He leaned forwards, but at the same time, Brian pulled his shirt up and over his head.

Brian had seen the young teen leaning forward for a kiss and he had wanted nothing more than to kiss the full lips but at the same time, he wondered about how many other men had kissed the beautiful lips. He just could not bring himself to kiss him. Instead, he pulled up the boy's shirt and threw it on the ground.

His gaze focused on the boy's nipples and he licked his lips. Then he noticed the bump the boy had above his jeans. Apparently, the boy was able to eat better. However, that meant, he was probably out satisfying many men. An unknown feeling spread in Brian's stomach but he ignored it.

He pushed Justin on the bed and stretched his body over him in record time. He slowly nibbled his way down, starting at the boy's neck.

Justin was enjoying the attention but he started to wonder about what it would feel like when Brian pushed inside of him again. Would it hurt as much as the first time? Would Brian be as gentle as the last time? Justin had not fucked anyone except the brunet.

Brian opened the fly of Justin's pants and wriggled them down. God, the leather pants turned him on so much. They left nothing to imagination. Brian wasn't surprised when he saw that the boy wasn't wearing underwear.

"Roll over," he instructed.

Justin rolled onto his stomach and sighed, knowing what was coming next. He heard the condom wrapper open and the pop of the lube cap.

Brian positioned himself at Justin's entrance and pushed in, his mouth biting down where Justin's neck met his shoulder.

"Aaah!" Justin cried out.

Brian groaned at the tightness surrounding him. "FUCK!" He had to stop midway into the Blond's hole. He wondered how the Blond could still be so very tight?

Justin panted under him and tried to relax. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea," he thought. "Maybe I shouldn't have done this again?"

Chapter Four

Brian positioned himself at Justin's entrance and pushed in, while biting down where Justin's neck met the shoulder.

"Aaah!" Justin cried out. Brian groaned at the tightness.

"FUCK!" Brian had to stop midway. How did the Blond do it, that he was still so tight?

Justin panted under him and tried to relax. Maybe this hadn't been such a good idea to go once again with this man.

Brian took a deep breath and buried himself completely inside the Blond. This felt so good. He wanted more, more of the Blond. 'God, why did it feel so good to be inside of him?' the Brunet wondered.

The pain lessened and Justin memorized the tall brunet's face. The man had his eyes closed and his lips slightly parted. Sweat was forming on his forehead, while the Brunet's cock was pulsing inside of him.

Somehow, Justin just couldn't concentrate anymore.

flashback

Justin had enough of Emmett's comments about his weight. He sat down in front of his TV when the doorbell rang.

"God damn it!" the Blond growled and stood up again, making his way to the front door.

The moment he opened it, he had his arms full of a laughing brunette girl.

"Jussy! Where have you been? I have missed you! Don't you even have ten minutes to call your fucking best friend?"

Justin stood in the doorway and didn't move.

Daphne let go of her best friend in the world and walked inside, "So tell me, what you have been up to?" She then began to eye Justin up and down, "God, you are so... Uhm, I don't know... somehow you seem skinny but at the same time you are... I don't want to be mean or anything but... fat."

Justin blushed and finally snapped out of his daze. "I am not! You are the second person to tell me I'm getting fat. I can't hear it anymore! Listen Daph, I am NOT fat! How could I be? I don't even eat as much as I did three months ago?"

Daphne looked at him, raising her eyebrow, "Sure, try to tell that my grandma"

Justin glared at her and then let himself fall down right next to her on the sofa.

"Uhm... if you didn't eat... OH MY GOD! Justin, don't tell me you're pregnant. Wait, no, you would have to have had sex and you... Justin, is there something you want to tell me?" Daphne was furious. Her best friend didn't tell her that he had SEX?

Justin's face paled at Daphne's words, 'No, this can't be. I cannot be pregnant. I only had sex that one fucking time and the guy had used a condom, hadn't he?' Justin thought, his mind racing.

"Justin Taylor! You will fucking tell me right now!" Daphne grabbed him by the arms and shook him, "Oh no, you don't have to tell me! We'll go to a fucking supermarket and buy a pregnancy test and while we wait you will tell me, no or even better, we will go to see a doctor." She jumped up from the sofa, pulling Justin with her and dragging him out of the house.

Half an hour later, both friends sat in the doctor's office, while a nurse took some of Justin's blood. The elderly woman, who sat behind the desk, studied Justin's file, "OK, Justin, why do you think you are pregnant?"

Justin gulped. Was he even pregnant? he wondered.

Daphne took it upon herself to answer for her best friend, "Look at him doctor. Did you see his bump? He told me he didn't eat much and even if he did, he doesn't gain weight. Normally he is a black hole for food. He can eat as much as he wants and doesn't gain an ounce. Now look at him. This bump didn't come from nothing."

The doctor grinned at Daphne, "Well, then let's see. Justin, we'll get your test results in a week. I'll call you with the results and then we will see, is that ok for you Justin?"

Justin slowly nodded, This just can't be. What if I am really pregnant? Could I still get rid of the baby if I am? Justin thought to himself.

flashback end

Brian rammed into Justin hard, pulling the boy back to the present.

"No matter who you're with, I'll always be there," Brian breathed into Justin's ear just as he leaned down and shot his load into the condom.

Justin groaned in pleasure but didn't cum. His worry-filled thoughts just wouldn't allow for him to relax and enjoy the feeling of Brian fucking him.

Brian fell onto the Blond and closed his eyes. Exhaustion was taking over him and the warmth of Justin's body let him fall asleep.

But Justin fought the sleep that wanted to overcome him. When Brian's breathing turned from heavy panting to slow even breaths, Justin slowly pushed the tall brunet off his body.

He didn't want to wake the older man. But when he moved his body Brian groaned and snuggled even closer to Justin, caressing him. The Blond had to fight the tears. That sprang into his eyes, "God, why can't this guy love me, touch me like this everyday? Make me feel so good and be here for me and the baby? Justin thought sadly.

After a few minutes, Justin finally freed himself from under the Brunet and got up. He brushed away a single tear that had escaped, and then he grabbed his pants and his shirt and started to dress.

Brian's faze was pressed into the pillow and he was snoring lightly. His arms grabbed the pillow, which he hugged even closer to his body now.

The Blond took a final look at the older man and then walked around the bed. The top drawer, where Brian put the rest of the money in earlier, was standing open a bit and Justin eyed the sleeping man once again. "Is he still asleep? Should I do this?" he asked himself.

Justin took a deep breath and then opened the top drawer even further. His pale hand wandered inside and his fingers closed around the bundle of bills. Justin pulled his hand out and put the whole bundle of money into his pants pocket.

Now Justin knew had to get out of the loft, he had now enough money to pay for the deductible for the aid he was receiving to pay for the medical bills for his child and himself. He might even have some money left over. His mother's operation's costs were now paid and he didn't have to worry about for a while.

The young blond man walked quietly to the heavy loft door. When he opened it, the door made a sound and he froze in place, "God, please don't let that wake him" Justin thought. He waited for a few seconds but didn't hear Brian moving around, he listened closely and could thankfully still hear the light snoring of the sleeping man.

Chapter Five

A few hours after Justin left, Brian woke up. He rolled over, unconsciously reaching out to the other side of the bed, and felt that it was empty and cold. Slowly, Brian sat up and looked around the empty loft.

His mind went back to the hustler from last night. "God, that kid had a great ass," Brian thought to himself. "But next time I should really should prepare his little ass more. He was so tight last night. That's really unusual for a hustler."

"Oh shit, did I just say next time?" Brian groaned aloud. He had fucked the Blond twice already. If someone ever found out about that fact, he knew he could forget about his reputation. "

Brian grabbed his dirty jeans and shirt from the floor of his bedroom and threw it into the laundry bag under the sink for dry cleaning once he got into the bathroom. When Brian looked up into the mirror, he sighed. He wondered what was wrong with him and why his brain seemed to be doting on his time with the Blond. He shook his head, washed his face and then took his morning piss.

After going to the bathroom, he walked back into the bedroom. Once there he put on one of his favourite pairs of jeans and a white wife beater. He opened the top drawer to grab a few condoms to stow away for later fucks that day, which is when he remembered putting the extra bills into the same drawer.

However as he dug through the drawer he realized there was no money. Brian shook his head thinking that maybe he had put it back into his jeans pocket. He stalked into the bathroom and pulled out his pants from the night before out of the laundry-bag, but there was no money there.

Then it dawned on him. The little shit! He had fucking stolen his goddamn money! Brian's eyes formed to slits and angrily threw his dirty jeans back into the bag. He was sure the Blond was probably out somewhere spending all his money!

He grabbed his leather jacket, put on his Prada boots and angrily left the loft.

A few minutes later, he stopped the jeep in front of the diner. It was barely 6 o'clock and the sun was just rising. At this time of the day, the hustlers were usually getting their morning snack at the diner before they would leave to get some sleep.

Brian stormed now into the diner and looked around but did not see the Blond anywhere. One of the twinks sitting in a booth by the windows got up and walked towards Brian.

"Wanna fuck? I'll do it for just a few bucks," the hustler smirked at Brian.

"Listen kid, I don't wanna fuck, so you why don't you get lo-" Brian stopped midsentence. The boy before him looked familiar, "Weren't you with hanging out with a blond kid, like three months ago or something like that?" Brian could tell this was the kid who had pushed the Blond towards his car on that fateful night three months before.

"What?" Hunter asked, trying to back away from the man.

"Tell me where the little shit is," Brian glared at Hunter.

Hunter froze, wondering what the asshole wanted from Blondie? He looked like he wanted to kill the boy. "No. you listen to me asshole! I am not gonna tell you shit! If Blondie does not want to see you, that is your problem. Not mine and not his," Hunter fired back at Brian, causing the whole diner went quiet.

“The little shit or Blondie or what ever you wanna call him, he fuckin’ robbed me,” Brian yelled, ready to strangle that hustler boy.

Hunter glared at Brian, but did not say anything else.

“Gawd,” Brian glared once again at the boy and then turned around to leave the diner. He would find the little fucker eventually.

Meanwhile, Justin sat in the park only a few blocks away from the loft, his head in his hands. “Shit, what have I done?” Justin sighed. He had stolen money from someone, well the guy was an asshole, but still Justin felt horrible that he had stolen money from him.

He wondered what would happen if the guy reported him. He would then have to give birth to his baby in fucking jail! Shit! He wondered what would his mother would do without him. “Maybe it isn’t too late and I can sneak back into the loft and put the money back?” he thought. Nevertheless, Justin knew he needed the money. A single tear rolled down his cheek but he angrily wiped it away. “Oh for fuck’s sake. That guy probably won’t even remember me, just my great tight ass,” he said softly.

Justin stood up from the bench he had sat on and began to walk through the park. After a while, the park began to fill. At first, he watched a few joggers, then, when he came to a pond, he saw a few kids playing in the sand, while their mothers were watching them.

Justin’s fingers itched for a piece of paper and a pencil. He so wanted to draw the scene in front of him. A little boy with auburn hair was playing with a little ball, kicking it around. He followed the big blue ball with unsteady steps, his hands clapping.

Without noticing it, Justin’s hands wandered to his little bump and he began to stroke his stomach. Soon his son or his daughter would be playing at this park. Maybe even, play together with the little boy and his ball.

It was now around about eight o’clock and Justin wanted to leave to get some breakfast. when he watched the boy’s ball rolling towards the pond. His breath stocked when he saw the little boy running behind it. He looked around for the boy’s mother but there were now so many women and none looked into the boy’s direction.

The ball had now reached edge of the water. The water took the ball and slowly brought it towards the middle of the pond. Justin got scared and sprinted to the little boy, who was now trying to get the ball out of the water, but his arms were too short to reach the ball. But before the little guy could take a few more steps into the water Justin grabbed him and pulled him out of the water.

The little Brunet began to cry when he saw his ball floating even further away from him. Justin tried to soothe the boy when a blonde woman rushed towards them.

“Let my son go, you...” Lindsay began to attack the man, who was holding her baby boy, grabbing and swatting at him.

She had heard her son scream and had rushed to his side.

“Ouch...fuck! Stop it you crazy woman! I... ouch...goddamn... I only tried to get him out of the water before he drowned,” Justin yelled back sending a glare in the woman’s direction.

The Blond woman paled, “OMG, I’m sorry. I only...”

Justin sat the boy down, “Yeah... well I would have probably acted the same as you if someone was grabbing my child. So don’t worry.”

The little boy tried once again to get to his ball but Justin grabbed him again. He had to chuckle. Now, the little one looked at him with big eyes.

“Hey Sonny boy, don’t worry about that ball, I’ll get you a new one, ok?” Justin smiled at the boy, who slung his arms now around his neck, which led Lindsay to laugh aloud.

“So I guess he likes you now,” she began to rub Gus’s back. “Gus just got the ball yesterday from his dad, but don’t worry. Brian will buy him a new one. I’m Lindsay by the way.”

“Justin,” the boy smiled.

“Well Justin, can I invite you to a coffee or something as a thank you for saving my little rascal?”

Justin tried to give her Gus but the little boy did not let go of him. “Uhm... well, that’s really nice of you but... uhm no that’s okay,” Justin blushed. He had done nothing really. Anyone would have pulled the little boy out of the water and he had not even been in that much danger, well at least...

His thoughts were interrupted by the woman’s voice. “No, I won’t accept no for an answer,” she gave Justin a warm smile. “Come on, I’ll treat you to a nice breakfast. My wife should have prepared it by now. Gus and I only wanted to play a little bit before breakfast, since we live just around the corner. And I see Gussy wants you to come, too.”

Gus still had not let go of Justin and was now planting kisses on his cheek, “Come,” the little boy whispered.

Justin chuckled at that, and followed the Blond woman.

Chapter 6

The little shit or Blondie or what ever you wanna call him, he fuckin’ robbed me,” Brian yelled, ready to strangle that hustler boy.

Hunter glared at Brian, but did not say anything else.

“God,” Brian glared once again at the boy and then turned around to leave the diner. He would find the little fucker eventually.

Brian walked down Liberty Avenue, thinking about places where the Blond could be. After his unsuccessful search, he needed to see his sonny boy. He was always feeling much calmer when he was holding Gus in his arms and he needed to calm down or he would attack some random guy right here, right now!

Where was the fucker who stole his damn money?

The Brunet made his way back to the Diner, where he had parked his jeep, and got in, speeding towards the muncher's house.

Meanwhile Mel put down the coffee in front of Justin.

“So hon, what do you do? Are you going to College or are you working?”

Melanie liked the shy Blond immediately.

“I uhm... I’m actually... I’m looking for a job.” Justin said, not wanting to tell the two women about his job as a hustler, even if he did it just twice. He focused on the coffee in front of him and took a sip.

“Oh... and what did you had in mind?” Lindsay asked. Something about the Blond made her want to know more about him. He was just too sweet. Maybe if Brian would get to know the Blond -

Her thoughts were interrupted when someone used the door bell.

“Honey? Could you open the door?” Lindsay looked pleadingly at her wife, while bumping Gus up and down on her leg.

Melanie got up and gave her a small kiss. She then made her way to the front door and opened it.

“Well great...” Melanie grumbled when she saw who was just standing in front of their door. It was none other than Brian fucking Kinney.

Brian pushed Melanie away and walked inside of the tiny house.

“Christ Brian!” Melanie growled and followed him.

“Hey Linds, I wanted to see my-“ Mel bumped into the Brunet, who just stopped in the door way when he saw who was sitting next to the mother of his son. No, this just couldn’t be true.

He had searched his fucking ass off, just to find the little hustler sitting in the muncher’s villa and drinking coffee with them???

Brian’s face darkened and he strode over to the Blond, whose eyes grew big when he saw the man coming towards him.

Lindsay watched the scene unfold.

“You!” Brian grabbed the Blond and pulled him up from the chair so that only his toes were touching the ground.

Melanie sprinted over to Brian and tried to get Justin out of his grip.

“Fuck off Brian! Let him go and leave, NOW!” She glared at Brian, who ignored her.

“Lindsay, call the police!” Melanie told her wife, which let Brian’s gaze turn to her.

“Lindsay sit down. And now to you, you little asshole, give me back my fucking money and then get lost! I don’t want you anywhere near my son!” Brian still couldn’t believe that the Blond had taken his money and then went to his son afterwards. Was he some stalker or what?

Justin’s eyes were still big and he couldn’t find his voice. Shit, why was everything going so wrong? He wasn’t supposed to see the man ever again. He had now all the money for his mother’s operation and he had a bit for the baby and now the Brunet wanted it all back. No, he couldn’t give him back the money. He needed it.

Justin shook his head.

“What?” Brian was merely holding it together. He so wanted to hit the Blond right fucking now.

Melanie and Lindsay were standing there with open mouths, not knowing what to do.

On the one hand they wanted to help the Blond but on the other hand they wanted to know what the fuck was going on. How did Brian know the boy? And what was it about money?

Justin looked away from the hazel eyes. Shit, he needed to get out of here. If not, the Brunet would kill him. Shit, shit shit.

“I said give me the money back” Brian said with a dead calm voice but Justin didn’t react. Brian pulled Justin a bit higher on his shirt, so that his toes were barely on the floor, and pushed him against the wall. He was furious.

Justin winced in pain when he was being pushed against the hard wall. His hands automatically went to the small bump, forming on his stomach.

“I fucking will NOT! It’s all your fault!” Justin began to yell. He needed to get out of here and get him and his baby in safety.

Brian was rattled and loosened his grip on the boy’s shirt. Justin took the opportunity and tried to run out of the kitchen but Brian was faster and grabbed him again.

His arms wrapping around the boy’s waist, he pulled him back.

“Now you have to fucking tell me how this is my fault, that you stole my money, sunshine” Brian said with a cold voice, which let Justin’s hairs stand up.

It was all over. He would never get out of the house without the Brunet knowing. Why had he gone to the park? Why had he agreed to a coffee? Why hadn’t he just said no? If he told the Brunet now, Brian would take his child away from him. No, he couldn’t let him!

Tears were now streaming down Justin’s face. No, it was his baby, his baby alone.

Brian was shocked when the boy began to shake in his arms, then the Blond began to sob. What the fuck was wrong with him?

Justin's hands wrapped around his stomach – it was his baby – , without noticing that his hands were on Brian's and pressed the taller hands against his bump.

Melanie and Lindsay, who was still holding Gus in her arms, were standing in the doorway, still not knowing what was going on but then it dawned on Melanie.

“Shit Brian! Did you fucking knock him up?” In shock Brian let go of the Blond, who let himself fall to the ground, and looked at Melanie, his eyes widened in shock.

No, this couldn't be!

Chapter 7

“Shit Brian! Did you fucking knock him up?”

Shocked, Brian lets go of the Blond, letting him fall to the ground. Brian looked at Melanie, his eyes widened in shock. “No, this can't be!” Brian screamed inside his head. “The hustler boy can not be pregnant! If he is, it sure as hell is not mine! If the fucking hustler is pregnant is that why he stole my god damn money!”

Justin curled up into a ball and began to sob. Now, he knew and the older man would take his baby away. Everything he dreamed of was over. Justin wondered he agreed to go with Lindsay. If he had not thing would have been fine.

Brian looked at the Blond on the ground and his heart began to ache for the young man when he realized how desperate the boy had to be. Brian shook away any empathy he might feel for the kid. No! The Blond was still a thief and Brian could not let the kid get away with what he had done.

Brian kneeled down next to Justin and put his hand on top of Justin's shoulder, “Hey!”

“No,” Justin flinched away from the touch. “Please don’t take it away from me...please,” the boy, sobbed getting to his feet.

Brian pulled back his hand in shock at the boy’s words. He stood up and glared down at the kid, “Why...”

“Brian,” Melanie yelled, interrupting him. “Leave him alone. Don’t you see that you’ve done enough?” Melanie tried to step in between the two men.

Brian glared at the woman, “Mel, fucking stay out of this!” He turned his attention back to Justin, “You, what the hell are you talking about? Why the fuck would I want to take your kid away? Why would I want some hustler’s kid? You already stole my money. You’re a thief and you won’t steal any more from me for you and your kid!”

“My kid? You fucking prick,” Justin jumped towards Brian and hit the man, square across his jaw. “It’s your fucking kid too,” Justin yelled. He turned away from Brian and stormed towards the front door, needing to get out of the house.

Brian’s eyes darkened and he rubbed his cheek for a second before he went after the Blond. When he reached Justin, he pushed his back against the door. “Say that again,” Brian, growled.

Melanie and Lindsay could not move from the kitchen. They were both in shock at the revelations.

“Is it really true?” Melanie gasped aloud to Lindsay.

Lindsay shook her head, “Justin, pregnant with Brian’s child?”

“Fuck,” Melanie gasped. “How do they even know each other?”

Lindsay shook her head, “Brian called him a hustler and a thief! We let him into our home!”

Melanie frowned, "Justin must have been one of Brian's tricks."

Lindsay nodded, "But how could Justin show already. Brian said he stole the money yesterday. That means they were together only a few hours ago. None of this makes sense."

"I'm sure he'll figure it out," Melanie said. "Money is important to him after all."

Justin's gaze lowered away from Brian's furious hazel eyes. He had not wanted to tell the Brunet about the baby. He had just yelled the truth out because he was so damn angry. He was not thinking right. "Great Taylor... now he will take your baby from you for sure," Justin thought frightfully.

"Say. That. Again," Brian repeated with a deadly calm voice.

Justin shivered at the man's tone of voice. "Forget it," Justin yelled, his head shot up and stared back at the gorgeous man.

Brian huffed and grabbed Justin's arm. "That's not good enough," he hissed back at the Blond. He opened the front door and pulled Justin out of the muncher's house towards his jeep.

"Let me go," Justin kicked at Brian and tried to free his arm out of the strong grip, but Brian would not give in, forcing Justin to follow Brian all the way to the jeep.

Brian opened the passenger door and helped the reluctant boy to get inside, "Listen kid, you will fucking come with me now or I'll... I will take your fucking baby away from you. Did you hear me?"

Justin felt a pain slice through his heart at the man's words and all he could do was nod his head in agreement.

Brian slammed the passenger door shut and rushed to the driver's side and got in. He did not want to take the baby away from the Blond but he did not know what else to say right to stop the hustler from running away from him. He had to find out if the boy was telling the truth.

Justin; too scared to say anything else sat quietly, his hands resting over his belly protectively. He knew that he would have to do everything to keep this baby. If that meant going home with the Brunet and letting him have whatever kind or amount sex he wanted to with him, Justin would do it.

Brian looked over at the boy, as he drove, "Christ, don't look so scared. I'm not going to kill you, even if I want to do it right now."

Justin glared at Brian's tasteless joke.

"We are going to find a clinic to see about getting a paternity test done. If the baby is really mine, as you have said, I will give you the fucking money you need to take care of it. However, I swear I do not want to have anything... Are you listening to me?" Brian asked the Blond who was only staring out the windows.

Justin looked towards Brian. His blue eyes shone with tears as he nodded his head.

Brian continued, "I don't want to have anything to do with you and the baby."

Justin slowly nodded, knowing how angry the Brunet was with him. He was hesitant to believe that the man had told him he could keep his child. "Um... bring me to the Allegheny General Hospital. My doctor is there and she will help me get set up for the test."

"Fine," Brian agreed, glad that the hustler at the very least was seeing a doctor.

After a short drive, they arrived at the hospital and both men got out of the jeep. Brian slung his arm around Justin's shoulders and tightened the grip, not wanting the Blond to escape and run from him again.

In silence, Justin walked to the elevator. He wished Brian would lessen his grip and was relieved as the elevator doors opened.

Brian moved his arm to around Justin's waist when they stepped into the elevator, pulling Justin even closer to him, more securely. His fingers rested on Justin's belly.

"Let me go," Justin whispered. He glared at the father of his unborn child. He did not want Brian to touch his belly. His arm around his hips felt too good. The fingers rubbing against his stomach felt too natural and Justin could not let the good feelings grow or in the end, when Brian left him and his baby alone, it would hurt too much.

He wondered how he could have ever thought that Brian could possibly love him, even for a minute! "Wake up Taylor," Justin said to himself. "The hot rich Prince falling in love with a poor, helpless, commoner only happens only in fairytales. Brian will do what he has to do and then he will kick you and the baby back to the curb."

Brian glared down at Justin as the boy squirmed, "No, I'm not going to let you go. I do not want you, my dear little hustler, to get the chance to run away. Got it?"

"I'm not a hust..." Justin shut his mouth. He realized that what he was about to say was a lie. He had turned into a hustler. He had fucked for money, even if it was only twice. The realization made his face pale and he felt weak. For right now, he was glad that Brian was holding him.

The elevator doors opened once it reached the third floor. Brian and Justin walked to the reception station and Justin asked to see his doctor.

The nurse directed them to sit in the waiting area around the corner. Justin's doctor was busy with another patient in an exam room and they would have to wait until the doctor was free to see Justin. Brian and Justin walked to the empty waiting room and sat down.

After a few minutes, Justin stood up, "Um, I have to go to the restroom. I'll be right back."

Brian also wanted to get up and go with the Blonde, but decided against it. He was not going to follow the boy to piss. Brian now knew what the boy's first and last name was. He would be able to find him if he took off, "If you aren't back in five minutes I'll call the police."

Justin gulped and nodded. He walked down the hall to the restrooms, looked back at the waiting area and then sneaked down a corridor to the left. He walked down into the hall and then to a room, only a few doors away from the restrooms.

Brian got up, when Justin disappeared around the corner. Even if he knew the kids name, he would not let the Blond out of his sight. He did not want to deal with tracking him down and he wanted the baby issue over and done with.

Brian caught up with the Blond and saw Justin slip into a hospital room near the bathrooms. He followed the boy, curious, opened the room's door, and peered inside. He watched Justin and listened.

"Hi Mom," Justin bent down and pressed his lips on his mother's forehead.

"Hi Honey. What are you doing here?"

Brian heard a woman's weak sounding voice and then he saw the voice belonged to a pale looking woman lying in the hospital bed.

"I can't stay long, Mom. A friend is waiting for me. I just wanted to tell you that um I have all the money to pay, so don't worry," Justin turned around to leave when his mother stopped him.

"Oh honey! I am so proud of you. You convinced your asshole father to give us the money. Give your old mother a kiss," she joked.

Brian gulped. Realizing why the Blond needed the money. He wondered if the boy was not even pregnant, if it all had been a show because he just wanted to help his mother.

Brian's mind ran through the new information. He did not understand what was wrong with the kid. He had a mother who obviously loved him and had to have come from some nice suburb and gone to a great school. So why was he hustling himself? Could Justin have found a decent job?

Brian was about to leave when he heard the mother's voice again.

"Justin... what... what is going on? Are you..."

Brian looked inside the room again. The mother's hand was on Justin's belly.

"Oh um mom, don't worry. It is nothing. I just ate a lot over the last few weeks and gained a little weight," Justin told his mother.

"Justin Taylor! Don't you dare lie to me," Jenifer said.

Justin blushed and shook his head. He was not sure what to say, "I... mom...it's not... fuck. I have to go now." Justin kissed his mom hastily and rushed out of the door, amidst her protests and questions.

Brian could not react so fast enough to get away from the door. Justin bumped right into him.

"What the..." Justin looked up and into the man's eyes that had changed everything in his life.

"Shit," Brian growled.

"Tell me you didn't fucking follow me," Justin accused the Brunet with an angry voice and sighed.

Brian was still shocked, trying to put everything he heard together. He could not say anything.

"Let's go and do the fucking test. After that we can leave and you don't have to ever see me and the thing inside me again," Justin hissed. He was pissed that the man had invaded his privacy.

Justin was too angry to care for what the Brunet had done or to worry about what the man might have seen or heard. He wanted to get out of the hospital and far away from the Brunet. Brian would never love him or his baby. Justin was just a hustler to him and now, to make matters worse, Justin's mother suspected about his pregnancy too.

Shit. Could his life get even worse?

Chapter 8

Four Hours Later

Brian opened the door and ushered Justin to go inside the loft.

“I don’t understand why I have to stay with you,” Justin groaned, slightly pissed as he pushed past Brian to go inside. Spending the day at the hospital getting a paternity test done wasn’t how he’d have preferred to spend the rest of an already trying day. Justin was so angry when he realized the Brunet had followed him. He couldn’t believe that Brian had spied on him visiting his mother.

“Well, you heard the Doc; we’ll have to wait a week for the test results to come in. So stop bitching.”

“That still doesn’t explain why I have to stay here,” Justin growled at the older man.

Brian took off his jacket, walked over to the fridge and grabbed himself a bottle of water. Not wanting to argue with the hotheaded Blond any longer, and wanting nothing more than to crawl into his bed, he asked nicely, “Do you want some water too?”

“No, I don’t want anything from you,” Justin snapped.

That statement got on Brian’s last nerve. The Brunet hissed, “I don’t give a fuck you want! You were the one who said the baby you’re carrying is mine. Now you’re stuck, staying with me until we have the test results. Afterwards, you can do whatever the fuck you want. Hell, I don’t want to see you anymore then. Now go to bed. You can sleep on the couch.” Brian stalked into his room, changed out of his clothes and hopped into his bed. He slid underneath the cool duvet and closed his eyes. “Make sure you shut off the fucking light,” Brian growled, keeping his eyes closed.

Justin climbed the stairs to Brian’s room. He pulled the blanket away from the older man and growled, “I need a blanket or something!”

“What the...” Brian’s eyes shot open. He tried to grab the material but it was too late. He watched as Justin pulled it onto the floor and then out of his bedroom. Brian got out of his bed, not giving a thought to his nakedness as he rushed over to the sofa where Justin just was huddled under the duvet.

“Fuck off!” Justin shouted, pulling the blanket tighter around his body.

“Son-of-a-bitch,” Brian roared in frustration. He grabbed Justin, picking him up into his arms, causing the Blond to start shouting in reluctance. The younger man kicked and wiggled within the blanket as Brian made his way up to his bedroom. Once there, he dumped Justin onto the bed. The Brunet then got in the bed next to Justin and pulled some of the covers onto him.

Justin protested, pulling the covers back onto him, “No!”

“Shut the fuck up Justin and just go to sleep now. Give me some of the blanket,” he pulled the blanket back onto him and turned away from the Blond. “Keep your hands to yourself. You won’t get any money for sucking me off or anything like that, got it?” Brian told him, closing his eyes, determined to finally, get some peace and sleep.

Justin stared at the muscular back of the Brunet. He couldn’t believe the way his life had changed... especially in the last twenty-four hours. Now, he was lying next to the father of his unborn child. A man who thought he was a hustler. Justin was pissed at Brian but also with himself. He wondered to himself about what he was going to do with his future and what the future held for his child. Brian had told him he didn’t want anything to do with him or the baby, but he didn’t understand why the Brunet insisted on him staying at the loft. All of this stress was getting too much for Justin.

In a little over a week, his mother would finally be released from the hospital. The doctors would perform her operation in two days, and then she would be in the hospital for another week. They would operate her the day after tomorrow and then she would have to stay for another week at the hospital. He would be staying at home then.

The next morning Brian woke up, his arms full of a pregnant Blond. He breathed in the unique scent of the boy but then he remembered that he wasn’t supposed to like Justin. The Blond had lied to him, had stolen his money and was now telling him that he was pregnant with his child. Brian wondered what he was going to do if the child was

his. He thought about whether or not he'd be able to see the baby. He wasn't even sure if Justin would let him. Brian didn't even know if Justin really wanted the baby or if he was only using the baby as a ploy to get more money from him.

Brian stopped himself from thinking about it all. He didn't know yet if the child was his or not. He didn't understand how Justin could be so sure that it was his baby.

He carefully eased out of the Blond's grip. He needed to take a shower before he had to go to work. After his shower, Brian dressed for work. He debated waking the Blond, unsure about whether or not he could trust the Blond to stay in his home alone. However, now he knew Justin's name and knew he could find him again. He decided to grab a piece of paper and write a short note to Justin.

I went to work. Stay here. I locked the door and set the alarm. I'll be back by four- B.

Justin woke up around eleven o'clock in the big, now familiar bed. Slowly, he opened his eyes. Turning, he found a piece of paper next to his head, pinned to Brian's pillow.

Justin rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and then read the note Brian left him. Once he read the note and then mumbled to himself, "What the fuck?" He couldn't believe what the asshole had done. Justin was trapped in the older man's loft! He couldn't believe that Brian would set the alarm; he knew that if he tried to get out, the alarm would sound and the police would show up. The Blond was frustrated because he knew that he needed to go to work and earn enough money for his baby.

He didn't know what he was going to do now. He figured that he would have to call Brian, tell him and ask him how to disarm the alarm. Justin began to search through the loft's drawers for a phone number or anything from Brian's workplace but he couldn't find one.

Sitting down on the white sofa Justin sighed in distress. He reached for the phone and dialed Emmett's number, "Hey Em."

“Hey Baby! What’s wrong? You sound so depressed. Still not accepting that you’re pregnant?” Justin could hear the other man giggle.

“Fuck no! I’m fucking trapped in a fucking expensive apartment. Listen, Em. I can’t explain it to you right now but I need you to work my shift at Torso. Can you do it? Pleeese! I’ll tell you everything when I’m back, ok?” Justin wanted to hang up. He did not want to explain everything to the other man right now.

“Justin? What the fuck is going on? Where are you trapped? Why can’t you get out?” Emmett asked in a worried tone. He didn’t understand what was going on with the young Blond. He feared that someone had kidnapped Justin but realized that if that was true they wouldn’t let him have access to a phone.

“Calm down, ok? I’m at this guy’s place and he set the alarm on his door. I have to wait until he comes back from work. I’ll be staying at this guy’s place for the next week, so don’t worry ok?” Justin said quickly.

“Sure baby,” Emmett told him, feeling better once Justin assured him that he wasn’t in danger. “I’ll cover for you. Take care of yourself.”

“I’ll call you later, thanks Em,” Justin said gratefully, hanging up the phone. He grabbed the remote control, turned the television on and starting to zap through the channels. He’d have to have something to entertain him, there was still five more hours to go until Mr. Asshole-Brian came back home.

Just as he settled on a show, his stomach growled. Just the thought of food had the Blond’s mouth watering. He got up, leaving the TV on, and walked to the kitchen to look for something good to eat.

He found a box of cornflakes and grabbed the milk fridge. It would be enough to satisfy his appetite for the time being. But he wondered if there’d be anything else to eat later. Looking in the freezer, he found a small, frozen lasagna. The Blond loved lasagna but he didn’t want it for breakfast. Justin shuddered at that thought. He would heat up the lasagna later.

Brian got up and stretched his sore body. He was glad that it was time to head home, though it was much earlier than he normally left work. He still had to go to the supermarket to get a few things to eat for the pregnant man in his loft. Brian was sure that Justin didn't live on beer and poppers like him. He'd have to get some real food that would be healthy for the baby.

As Justin waited for the lasagna to be ready he cleaned up the loft. He had spent much of his day sleeping and watching TV. Looking at the clock, the Blond realized Brian was late.

“ Pf! Fuck him if he's late home, late for dinner, that's not my problem. There will be more food for me,” Justin thought to himself. He grinned as he heard the timer on the stove signal that the delicious smelling lasagna was finally ready to eat. He pulled it out of the oven and put the whole thing on a plate for himself. Justin wondered why he was suddenly so ravenous so hungry. He felt like he could eat a whole elephant.

Just when he opened his mouth to eat the first piece of Lasagna the door opened and a tired looking Brian entered the loft, his hands filled with grocery bags.

Chapter 9

Just when he opened his mouth to eat the first piece of Lasagna the door opened and a tired looking Brian entered the loft, his hands filled with grocery bags.

Putting the lasagna into his mouth Justin began chewing on his dinner while watching Brian.

“So I guess you found something to eat,” Brian said in a monotone voice. He couldn't believe that he had cared enough for the Blond that he had been out shopping for the boy's food. Now, the Blond was sitting in his home, eating his fucking lasagna. Why hadn't he thought about Deb's homemade stocks of food before he'd gone shopping?

“Like it?” Brian growled, wondering to himself why he suddenly felt so angry with Justin. He set the groceries onto the island, frustrated with the boy before him.

Justin smirked, knowing that the Brunet was upset about something. “It could be better,” Justin, told him, pretending not to like it as much as he did. He really just wanted to see the other man’s reaction to it.

“It could be better? Well, if you don’t like it then give it to me and cook yourself something,” Brian snapped at Justin. He grabbed the plate from the Blond and then took the fork out of Justin’s hand and started to eat it himself. It had been an exhausting day and he was hungry after shopping in a store full of food. Not to mention that he’d skipped lunch.

Justin growled and reached for the plate but Brian pulled it out of his reach, “Give it back, it’s mine”

“That’s where you’re wrong. This is my place and my food!”

“Pf! Fine, your place, your food and it’s your fucking baby inside me. The baby needs to eat so give me the fucking lasagna,” Justin told him standing up and going after Brian.

Rolling his eyes, Brian grabbed the plate, walked into the kitchen, and grabbed another plate. He cut the lasagna into two. He put the slightly bigger piece on the plate he gave Justin. Both men walked over to the dining table and sat down to eat, glaring at each other.

“Can you just stop being a pain in the ass and eat,” Brian told the Blond, trying to focus on his own dinner. He wanted the day to end soon, it was too stressful trying to figure out what to do with Justin.

“Give me back the control. I wanna watch that,” Justin hissed when Brian zapped to another channel. It was barely eight o’clock but Brian was getting tired, tired of arguing with the Blond, tired of fighting in his own home and now fighting over the fucking remote control. Justin was extremely frustrating to be around.

Justin glared at the Brunet and tried to grab the remote again but Brian pulled it away. Not wanting to give up, Justin reached over and tried again. His face was only inches away from Brian's and he felt the other man's hot breadth on his skin. His eyes slowly wandered to a matching pair of hazel ones. He felt like he could almost read the stubborn man's thoughts. Justin wanted nothing more than to lean in and press his lips onto Brian's familiar ones.

He longed to be touched again by the only man who had ever touched him, who had taken his virginity and who was the father of his unborn child. But no, he couldn't do it. He knew that he needed to stay away from thinking that way of Brian. He had to, before he fell in love with the Brunet.

Brian suddenly had trouble breathing. Justin's piercing blue eyes were staring into his own and he could feel the other man's breadth on his skin. He tried to will down the erection he had, just from being close to Justin. Brian took a deep breath. He wanted to kiss the younger man but he couldn't bring himself to fall down that path. He was sure Justin was only after his money. The little shit probably had planned the situation.

Justin pulled away from Brian. He got up from the sofa and quickly walked into the kitchen. He was embarrassed by his want for Brian and didn't want the other man to see him blush. He couldn't believe he had nearly kissed Brian and was so close to begging him to fuck him.

"Uhh... I wanna go to bed now Brian," Justin spoke, his head buried into the fridge as he grabbed a bottle of water out for himself.

The only answer he got was the quick screeching of the heavy metal door and the sound of it slamming closed. Without turning around Justin knew that Brian was gone again. Swallowing down the lump building in this throat, Justin tried to hold back from crying. He didn't understand why it was so hard to resist the man. With the way Brian treated him Justin knew that he should hate the man.

Brian needed to get away from the temptation in his loft. He had nearly fucked the Blond again right on the couch. But he couldn't do it. He stopped himself. Or Justin had stopped them when he'd gotten up to go into the kitchen.

Justin was pregnant with his, no he was, possibly pregnant with his child. Brian once again found himself wondering whether or not the baby was his. He wondered what he would do if it was. He had told Justin that he didn't want anything to do with him or the baby. But Brian wasn't entirely sure he could just forget about his child? He didn't know what he was supposed to do. He could never be in any sort of real relationship with any man. And he definitely couldn't be in one with a hustler.

Wandering down Liberty Avenue, Brian ended up at Woody's. He needed to find some release, needed to stop thinking about the Blond, who was waiting for him, probably angry with him for leaving him alone in his loft.

A few hours later, Brian stumbled into his loft again. Completely drunk he stumbled up his stairs to his bedroom and found Justin in his bed. The Blond was lying on his side, close to the edge of the bed.

Justin had heard the loft door being opened and immediately he knew by the sound of fumbling the older man was doing, that Brian had to be drunk. It was now close to three in the morning and Justin smelled alcohol, along with the smell of different men permeating from Brian as soon as the Brunet stepped into the bedroom.

Pretending to sleep, Justin kept his eyes closed. He was unsure of how Brian would act towards him in his drunken state. He was frightened, as he had heard a lot of bad stories about what some men did when they were intoxicated.

One of Justin's friend's, told him about his father and what a bastard he became when he was drunk. He would beat Aaron sometimes, for no reason at all. He hoped that Brian wasn't like Aaron's father. But he knew that Brian was really fucking angry with him. He was sure that Brian even hated him and worried that Brian would do something to him. He lay still, trying to breathe calmly, hoping that Brian wouldn't do anything to him if the drunken man thought he was asleep.

Brian undressed, not caring that the Blond was once again sleeping in his bed. He was just glad Justin was asleep and he wouldn't have to deal with him. He knew that he smelled like the backroom of Babylon. He'd spent the last few hours there after playing pool for while with Mikey Woody's. Ted and Emmett had shown up and together they had all gone to Babylon.

Emmett had left rather early, telling them he didn't feel like partying that night. He told them he was feeling down in the dumps because of a friend who'd called him in distress. Not even dancing had helped his mood, so he'd left. A little while later, Michael and Ted went home, they both needed to get some sleep before working in the morning.

Brian walked into the bathroom, deciding to take a quick shower to rid himself of the stink on his skin.

Justin heard the shower going on and started shivering in anticipation about what would happen after the man got out.

Soon, Brian came back into the bedroom and slid under the covers next to Justin. He still felt pretty high, having taken some pretty good E shortly before he had left Babylon. Not caring about the consequences, he slowly moved his hand over to touch the Blond, stroking the boy over his firm chest. Brian felt Justin's heart beating faster under his touch and knew the Blond was awake. He moved closer and started trailing kisses over Justin's back.

Justin stiffened when he felt Brian's hand on his chest. He wondered what Brian was doing. He was sure that Brian wanted to fuck him again, but would the man be paying him afterwards? Justin pressed his eyes together, trying to stop the tears from falling down his face. He couldn't let anybody fuck him for money again. He wanted to be loved.

Then, he felt Brian's lips nibbling on his neck and he was lost in the gentle feel of them. The tears started flowing down his face and he couldn't help them anymore. He was sure that Brian's gentleness and loving caresses all had to be a dream. After all, Brian hated him. Justin couldn't imagine Brian ever acting so careful with him. If it was a dream, Justin didn't want to wake up from it.

A sob escaped Justin's lips and Brian pulled away from the Blond.

Chapter 10

Brian stopped his advances, wondering what was wrong with the Blond and trying to figure out what he'd done that was causing the boy to break out in heartbreaking sobs. "Justin?" Brian asked with a gentle voice, not wanting to upset the younger man any more than he had. Only getting more sobs in return, Brian cuddled closer. He took Justin into his arms, embracing the boy from behind, he whispered into his ear, "Shh... it's... okay. I won't do anything if you don't want me to."

Justin's breathing slowly regulated and his tears subsided. He didn't know why, but Brian's voice soothed him. Taking a deep breath, Justin decided to do what he had longed to do for the past few hours. He turned his head towards the Brunet and passionately kissed the older man.

Brian was confused. Only minutes before, Justin had been crying and now he was kissing him. He didn't understand what was going through the Blond's head. His rational thinking started to spill into his thoughts and he started to pull away from the deep kiss.

"Don't," Justin spoke, stopping Brian from pulling away. He reached his arm back to put his hand onto the older man's neck. "Just... make love to me, please Brian."

Brian's desire for the Blond made Justin's use of words fuzz within his head. He couldn't wrap his mind around the meaning of what Justin had said to him. He could only see the lust in Justin's eyes and hear it in his words so he let his body's wants take over. His hands roamed over the boy's pale skin and paused on the small bump he encountered at Justin's waist. Hearing Justin telling him to make love to him, no matter the deeper meaning, was enough to kick Brian into action.

Justin turned around and pressed his body even closer to Brian's, feeling the other man's erection pressing against his own. His heart was beating furiously. It seemed to be that Brian didn't entirely hate him and might even have real feelings for him. Justin was beginning to think that it wasn't impossible for him to find the one. Brian's gentleness towards him, his care made just realize there was hope, that maybe Brian was the man made for him, his one.

Brian's hands glided over Justin's buttocks, kneading the firm globes and slowly working his spit soaked fingers inside Justin. He made himself believe that it was the alcohol or the ecstasy he had taken that made him want the Blond so much. Brian couldn't stop the want he felt to feel the soft skin under his fingers and he reveled in the soft moans he heard coming from Justin as he continued to roam his hands along Justin's body, learning all the places to touch that the young man seemed to love.

The way Justin was reacting towards his touches, the openness he saw as Justin slowly gave himself over to the pleasure, made Brian wonder if the boy didn't only want him for his money. He wondered if maybe the baby Justin carried was really a part of him and that maybe Justin wanted him entirely for himself.

"Justin," Brian groaned out when Justin wrapped one of his hands around their dicks, starting to stroke them both slowly. He was sure that he wouldn't last much longer. Brian needed to be inside of the Blond, needed to feel the Blond's tightness around his cock once again. "Justin I... Oh god," Brian's moans were stopped by Justin's lips once again pressing onto his own. Brian was lost in the sensations Justin was creating inside his body. He was extremely close to losing himself to his pending orgasm. However, he still worried about whether or not Justin was expecting him to pay him afterwards.

Then, he felt Justin's light touch; he looked into Justin's eyes and saw something that rocked him to his core. He knew that he had to stop thinking about all the negative things. The things he was feeling with Justin were entirely

different from anything he'd felt before. It was different from anything he'd felt with Justin before. It didn't feel as if he was about to fuck a hustler. It was far beyond that and he wondered if what he was experiencing with Justin was what it was like to make love.

"Brian, please..." Justin panted. "I need you inside of me now," the Blond whispered as he rubbed his erection against Brian's cock.

Reaching over to his drawer Brian took a condom and tried to put it on, which was kind of difficult with the Blond anxiously rubbing against him. "Justin... you need to... ah... wait a second so I can get this on."

Justin shook his head. He didn't want to wait any longer. He was extremely horny and wanted Brian inside him immediately. Justin wasn't sure if what he was experiencing with the Brunet was a dream or not. It was all so good. He took the condom from Brian and threw it. He didn't care of the consequences any longer. Justin figured that he was already pregnant. And if all of it was a dream, he didn't care. He couldn't imagine that Brian would never be so gentle to him in real life. He truly believed that it all couldn't be real. He must have dozed off while Brian had taken a shower.

Justin pushed Brian onto his back and climbed on top of the older man. He then guided the Brunet's erection to his entrance.

"Jus," Brian groaned when he felt Justin tighten around him as he became encased in the man's body. He was already lost in the sweet tightness and when the boy squeezed his muscles around him and began to rock up and down upon him, it brought him even closer to his climax. He needed to come! It had almost been too much for him when Justin engulfed all of him. His emotions, feelings and lust combined to make him feel as though he was in a dream like state. A deep growl escaped his throat and he pulled Justin down into a deep kiss and lost himself within the pleasures he and Justin created only together.

Justin woke up with Brian's arms firmly wrapped around his body. Brian's right hand was slowly drawing small circles on his stomach though the older man was still sleeping. He felt Brian's warm, even breathing on his neck. He didn't dare to move, wanting to savor the feeling of Brian loving him.

Justin realized that last night hadn't been a dream. Brian had really been loving and gentle towards him. He wanted to cry, feeling as though it was almost too good to be true. He was scared, wondering if Brian really did love him or if it would all change when the older man awoke.

Justin's heart began to beat furiously again. He needed to get away from Brian before it was too late. Hell, it was already too late but he had to stop it all, right now. Justin would always remember their night together but he wouldn't be able to survive Brian rejecting him. That would break his heart.

Brian had already rejected him once, telling him that he didn't want anything to do with him or the baby. Justin needed to take care of the little life inside of him now. The little being inside of him would not grow up being unloved by one of his fathers and Justin needed to get Brian out of his head before his baby was born. That way he could concentrate on the baby's needs.

He wouldn't follow Brian around like a lovesick puppy, begging for his affection and acknowledgement of their child. Brian had a life of his own that didn't include him. He didn't need Justin or the baby. Justin knew that they would only be seen as complications in Brian's life.

Justin tried to free himself out of Brian's embrace. But, when he started to move a deep, husky voice startled him, making him pause in his actions.

"Where are you going?" Brian said, keeping his eyes closed. It felt good to have Justin in his arms. He had been awake for a while now and he could have sworn to feel the baby move inside of the Blond, though he wasn't sure if that was Justin his imagination.

"I... Brian... please, let me leave..." Justin whispered. He kept his head turned away from the hazel-eyed man, not wanting Brian to see his despair.

Brian responded by was pulling Justin even closer to his body and spoke softly, "No."

This simple word sent shivers over Justin's whole body. Brian began to put feather light kissed on his neck, making him feel loved once again.

"Stay, please Justin," Brian whispered.

A silent tear rolled down Justin's cheek as he tried to imagine what Brian was planning for them.

Chapter 11

"I won't eat that take-out shit," Justin exclaimed.

Brian rolled his eyes and wondered if they would ever stop fighting. When they had woken up that morning, it had felt so good to have Justin in his arms. He'd been hopeful and thought that they might have a good day. The Blond had still been sleeping so Brian had watched the boy for a while, caressing Justin's stomach and trying to work everything out in his head.

Then, Justin had started to wake up, wanting to get out of the bed as fast as possible. His hopes faded as he realized that Justin might think it was all a big mistake. Brian had tried his best to show the Blond that he really did care for him.

Brian was relieved when he had gotten Justin to stay by simply asking him to and then they drifted off to sleep for a few more hours, wrapped together.

Now, they were trying to decide what to eat for lunch. Justin was having major mood swings. Brian had suggested getting takeout from the deli around the corner but Justin insisted that he didn't want anything resembling 'fast food-crap'.

"Well," Brian sighed, trying to stay calm. "What do you want to eat then?" He didn't know how much longer he could deal with Justin's queen outs. He really just wanted to shut the Blond up; he was tired and didn't care how he had to do it.

"I need something healthy," Justin growled in explanation. He looked up to the Brunet and said firmly, "We're going shopping"

"What?" Brian wasn't sure if he understood correctly. He was sure Justin had to know how much he didn't want to go grocery shopping...again.

“You heard me. We'll go shopping and I'll fucking cook something for myself...”

“I just got groceries,” Brian complained.

“That was all health food crap Brian,” Justin retorted.

Brian refrained from pointing out that the reason Justin didn't want to go to the deli was because he thought it was unhealthy. He resigned himself to his fate and asked, “And what about me?”

“You can either eat what I'll cook or you can fucking order something to eat. I don't care!” Justin turned around, dismissing Brian.

Brian put his hands on his hips and shook his head, mentally preparing himself for the hell that he knew he'd experience going shopping with the pregnant man.

Justin walked into the bedroom, wanting to find some other clothes to put on if he was going to be seen in public. He was still wearing the same clothes he had worn for the last few days. He was sure that he probably reeked, though Brian hadn't said anything to him. “I need some clothes,” Justin called out from the bedroom.

Brian sighed and wondered why it was so damn hard to do anything with the Blond. The boy was so demanding. He wished Justin would go with the flow and do as he asked him to. It would make everything much easier.

“You can wear some of my clothes until we get you some. Just hurry up. I'm damn hungry,” Brian, yelled back. He went up to the bedroom to get the boy some clothes.

“Alright, just be careful. Don’t...” Justin’s statement was cut off up by a pair of soft lips pressing against his. A warm feeling started to grow inside of Justin and he felt shell- shocked. He and Brian had slept together and Brian had been so gentle with him, things had been wonderful that morning. But he was still unsure about the older man’s intentions and couldn’t pin down what the Brunet was planning for them.

All day Brian had been friendly and accommodating to him. He actually believed that Brian cared about him, liked him even, but he was still confused. “Brian, be careful. You can’t kiss me while you chop at the same time.”

“Would you please shut up and let me kiss you,” Brian groaned in a soft voice, placing the knife down for just a second.

Justin nodded, smiling slightly as the Brunet gave him a small kiss on the lips and then watched as Brian went back to cutting up the lettuce for the salad.

“Au... fuck!” Brian suddenly cried out.

Justin looked down to see a large cut on Brian’s finger, “Oh shit... do you have an emergency kit?”

Brian nodded while looking down at his rapidly bleeding finger. He couldn’t believe that he’d cut himself. But, having Justin so close to him caused him to have his mind on everything but the dinner’s preparations. “Yeah, it’s under the bathroom sink,” Brian told him going over to the sink and washing his finger off. The cut didn’t look deep enough to need stitches, but it stung like hell.

Justin came back and opened the kit, setting it on the counter. “You see, this is why I said be careful but noooo you had to... to...” Justin paused his words, knowing that Brian had only been distracted because he’d been intent on kissing him. It was his fault that Brian had cut himself, partly anyway.

“Yeah I know...” Brian said softly. He watched, trying to remain still as Justin sprayed bactine on the wound.

“How about you set the table and I’ll finish the salad?” Justin suggested once he’d finished wrapping the wound in some gauze. His voice now was gentle and caring, giving away hints of how much he really did care for Brian. He

mentally chided himself knowing he had to stop showing his feelings for the man. It was only a matter of time until Brian would kick him out.

Later that evening, they both sat in front of the TV, watching 'Yellow Submarine'. It was Justin's favorite and he'd told Brian that he'd seen it a million times.

Brian watched Justin staring at the screen and couldn't help but feel good. It almost felt like they were a real couple and it didn't scare him as much as he knew it should. But, he was scared for another reason. "Stop it Kinney. He is a hustler, who hates you. Justin will never feel the same way you feel about him. He just wants you to be the baby's father so that you can help him pay for everything," he told himself.

The ringing of the phone interrupted Brian's thoughts and he leaned over to grab the phone from the table. "Kinney," he spoke into the receiver.

"Hello, Mr. Kinney. Your partner's test results are here," a female voice said over the receiver.

"I thought it would take a week or more," Brian said confused.

"Mr. Taylor said you wanted an express-test done. They usually only can be done in around about 48 hours," the woman explained.

"So, tell me. What are the results?" Brian demanded.

Justin watched as Brian's face paled. He knew he had to leave. They had been really fast with the test results and now it was time to leave for him. Justin knew Brian was the baby's father. He hadn't slept with anyone else and now that Brian knew it too, he couldn't stay.

Justin got up from the couch and made his way to the kitchen counter. There, he grabbed a piece of paper and wrote down a short note before leaving the loft.

Brian sat on the sofa shell-shocked with what the doctor had told him. The world seemed to be spinning around him. He was the baby's father and that meant Justin hadn't lied to him about it. But he wasn't sure what that meant. With all the men Justin had to have slept with, he didn't understand how Justin had been so sure that he was indeed the baby's father.

Brian came out of his thoughts and looked next to him, but Justin wasn't sitting beside him anymore. "What the..." Brian jumped up from the sofa, letting the phone fall to the ground. Frantically he shouted for Justin and looked around the loft but didn't see the Blond. He rushed into the bedroom, but the Blond wasn't there. He turned around and was ready to leave the loft to search for the boy. He kicked himself for not setting the alarm or locking up when they'd come in. His eyes caught sight of the note lying on the kitchen counter.

Hey Brian,

I know it's time to leave. Now you know that I was telling the truth about everything. You are my baby's father. I don't want you to feel obligated to us. I'll take care of the baby you don't need to worry. I know you don't want me here and you don't want anything to do with the baby. Hell, you have a wonderful son already. I'll let you know when the baby is born. Maybe you'll want to see him or her but if you don't want to it's ok. We'll get by just fine.

-J.

Chapter 12

Brian reread the note again and again. No! It couldn't be! Why had Justin run away again? Things had been good between them today, hadn't they? They had laughed and talked a lot.

Secretly Brian knew that he had certain feelings for the blond but he didn't really know what they meant. Was he in love with the blond? Or was he only happy that he was going to be a dad once again? He loved being a dad to Gus.

Brian tossed the note back on the counter and strode over to the door, needing to find his blond.

Justin ran through the empty and dark streets, needing to get as far away from Brian as possible. He didn't really know where he'd wandered too and felt a little lost. He couldn't let himself fall more than he already had for Brian. The Brunet didn't want him, or his baby. When the little one was born, he would have to contact Brian again, but he swore that he would not any earlier.

In a few days he could check his mother out of the hospital and then everything would be fine. She would be worried for Justin, scared about the child and their future. Justin knew though, that in the end, she would be happy about becoming a grandmother.

Suddenly, Justin stopped his jogging as he realized where he was. He could make out the figure of a person he knew, standing only a few blocks down from him. He felt his eyes water up as he neared the boy, relieved to see someone he knew and could possibly talk to about his situation.

"Holy fuck Blondie! What the hell happened to you?" Hunter yelled as he noticed Justin walking towards him. He hadn't seen the Blond for a few days and had become scared that the furious Brunet that had been looking for him had harmed him. As the Blonde got close to him, he noticed that he was crying. "What did that asshole do to you? And how did he find you?" Hunter grabbed Justin and pulled him into a tight hug. He liked the Blond and they had been friends while they were both doing what they could to get by.

"Huh?" Justin said while wiping the tears from his face. "What asshole?"

"Brian Kinney. He was looking for you a few days ago. He looked like he wanted to kill you."

"Oh, him," Justin mumbled and stepped out of Hunter's embrace, keeping his eyes fixed down towards the cement sidewalk.

"Uhum.. yeah him! Shit Blondie, you look like crap. He didn't hit you or rape you or something did he?" Hunter asked in concern.

"No," Justin cried out. "Brian would never do that."

"Shh.. then tell me, what happened?"

"I... uhm... can we talk?"

"Uhm yeah?! That's what I just asked you..."

"No, I meant... talk somewhere else? Please Hunter?"

The other teen agreed and they made their way to Justin's home.

When Justin lead them up the steps of the townhome, Hunter couldn't hold in his excitement. "Wow! I still can't believe that you live here! Hell, if I could live here, I wouldn't hustle my ass for anything. Your parents must be fucking rich."

Justin blushed and sadly shook his head and sat down on the steps, "My dad has money, but he won't give it to me and mom. Well, we have enough but... but... shit!" Justin took a deep breath, "I told you about my mom right? That she is in the hospital?"

"Yeah you did. So how is she and what does that have to do with you hustling?" Hunter whispered, sitting down beside his friend.

"She... well...my dad wouldn't pay for her surgery since they were divorced. The money we had was enough to run the tests but we needed the money for the surgery and her stay at the hospital. I had to find a way to get enough money or she wouldn't have been okay. She's going to be okay now, but she wouldn't have survived. I didn't do it for me Hunter. I had to do it for her. She would've died if I hadn't! Or, she would've had to sell this house, that's all she has besides me, and I didn't want her to have to do that." Justin's whole body began to shake again and a sob escaped his mouth.

"And what has Kinney to do with everything?"

"He... you remember that first night, when you pushed me towards his car? Well, the condom broke..."

"Fuck! Did he give you something?"

"No! I just... I'm pregnant"

"YOU'RE WHAT?!?!?!!" Hunter exclaimed.

Justin got himself together and dragged Hunter up to the front door of his house. He fumbled in his jeans for the house keys and hissed, "Would you keep your voice down? I don't want everyone to know." Justin opened the front door and pushed Hunter inside.

They walked into the kitchen and Justin began to prepare something to eat while Hunter couldn't help but to stare at Justin, "I... you... uhm... you're sure that you are..."

"Yes," Justin told him. "I am pregnant and Brian's the father."

"Does he know?"

"Yeah he knows... I... uhm I stole some of his money after I found out and that's probably why you saw him so angry. But that doesn't matter anymore."

"So, are you going to raise the baby with him?"

"Hell NO! He doesn't want anything to do with me or the baby."

"But I thought..."

"No buts Hunter. I won't force my baby onto him. He doesn't want to be a father and he doesn't want my baby. So please! Don't tell anyone about this."

"I don't even know anyone to tell," Hunter replied casually. He walked over to Justin, "Can I see?"

"Huh?"

Hunter grinned and grabbed the end of Justin's shirt and pulled it up.

"Hey!" Justin protested but started giggling when Hunter leaned over and put his ear on the small bump of his belly.

"Helloooooo. It's me, Uncle HUUUNTER," Hunter whispered to the baby before pressing a light kiss on Justin's tummy. "I can be an Uncle right?"

"Sure," Justin told him smiling. He was glad that Hunter seemed so happy about him being pregnant, "You're crazy." Justin started laughing at his friend who continued to talk to his stomach and he wished that Brian could be acting the way Hunter was.

Brian opened the door to the room where he knew that Justin's mom was lying in but when he stepped inside she wasn't there anymore. Brian had been looking for Justin the last two days but hadn't found him. It was as if Justin had disappeared off the face of the Earth.

"Uhm... I'm sorry. Wrong room," Brian apologized to the man inside and left the room. He wondered where the woman could be, knowing that she would probably be the only one that could tell him of Justin's whereabouts.

"Excuse me sir, can I help you? You look lost," a nurse asked, stopping Brian.

"Uhm yeah... I wanted to see Mrs...uh," he had to stop and think about what Justin's last name was and what he'd said was his mother's name, before he continued. "I need to see Mrs. Jennifer Taylor. I think she's been moved from her room but I can't find her. Can you tell me where she is please?"

"Oh, she was discharged this morning. Her son took her home."

"Uhm do you happen to know her address?" Brian knew it was a long shot, but he was hoping he could charm the nurse into telling him.

"I'm sorry sir. I can't tell you something like that. That's confidential," she told him. "I'm sorry."

Brian nodded and turned around to leave, trying to hatch a new plan on how he would find Justin Taylor.

"We're home mom," Justin stopped the car in front of the townhouse and they both got out. He was so happy to finally have his mom back home and healthy. Knowing that she would also help him with his baby made him feel so much more relieved, though he knew she'd have to take it easy for a little while, she'd be back into good health by the time the baby arrived.

Justin helped Jennifer into the house and as soon as they sat down in the livingroom he knew she would start to grill him about his pregnancy.

"Now Justin, tell me! How the heck could you get pregnant?" Jennifer asked her son when they were inside. "Don't lie to me. I want the truth. I never would've thought..." she sighed.

"I... uhm... I met this guy and the condom broke," Justin told her. He wasn't going to go into details, there was no way he could tell her them.

"And where is this boy?" Jennifer asked concerned. She didn't understand how Justin would be able to raise a child on his own. She thought of him as just a baby, but now he was going to become a father and without the other one apparently in the picture.

" Mom, are you hungry?" Justin got up from the couch. "How about I get you something to eat," he turned to go up the steps into the kitchen.

"Justin Craig Taylor get back here now!"

"Mom, I...." Justin was interrupted by the front door's bell. He figured it was probably one of the neighbors coming over to welcome his mother home so he disappeared back up into the kitchen.

"Thank god, I finally found you," Justin heard an all too familiar voice say.

"Do I know you?" Jennifer asked.

Justin froze in disbelief. He didn't understand how the man had found him. He couldn't believe it.

"Uhm no, you don't know me but I know your son. I need to talk to Justin, please," Brian looked pleadingly at the tired looking woman who had opened the door to him. "Please, I need to see him."

Chapter 13

As soon as Brian got home from the hospital, he grabbed his phone book and started to search through the Taylors. He needed to find Justin and tell him that he wanted him, loved him. After copying all the addresses Brian got once in his car and sped to the first address on his list.

The first Taylors lived in a nice little suburb neighbourhood. A man in his forties or fifties opened the door to him, "Can I help you?"

"Uhm... I'm not sure if I'm in the right place. Are you Mr Taylor?" Brian asked.

The man nodded in confirmation, "Yes, that's me. How can I help you?"

"I'm looking for Justin Taylor. Is he possibly your son?"

The older man got a look in his eyes Brian recognized from seeing his father direct the same stare at him.

The man growled, "What did that little shit do this time? Is he wanting more money for that ridiculously surgery?"

Brian tried to explain, "Uhm... no sir. I just need to..."

"Tell that little prick that I don't want to ever see him again. You got it?" Craig Taylor interrupted before slamming the door shut in Brian's face.

"What the fuck?" Brian yelled, turning back towards his car.

He realized the asshole was probably Justin's dad. He could see why Justin must have had to live on the streets. He wondered if Justin only visited his mom while his dad wasn't at the hospital? But then, why had his father seemed to disregard the surgery?

Brian turned back towards the house and rang the doorbell again.

"What?" Craig yelled as he opened the door again and glared at Brian.

"Uhm.. where exactly can I find Justin?"

"He's at his fucking mother's place. Where else? Now fuck off!"

A small smile played over Brian's lips. Apparently Justin had a stable home. But he didn't understand why the boy had felt the need to sell his body or steal from him? Had it all been so that he could get money to pay for the surgery? Or had Justin only taken the out for the money, but really wanted to sleep with him? He needed to find out.

Brian looked at his list again. He crossed out all the male Taylors from it. In the end there were only five female Taylors listed. Carolin Taylor, two Andrea Taylors, Samantha Taylor and Jennifer Taylor. It had to be one of them! Or so he hoped.

One hour later Brian reached the last place. Adrenalin was pumping through his veins. He was sure that the condo had to be the right place.

As he walked up to the door he wished silently and hoped that it would be Justin's mother's home.

Brian rang the doorbell. It felt like hours until someone opened the door, but finally Brian was looking at Justin's mom. "Thank god, I finally found you," Brian breathed out a sigh of relief.

"Do I know you?" Mrs Taylor asked him while letting her eyes travel over his body, sizing him up and obviously wondering what the good looking man standing at her front door wanted.

"Uhm no, you don't know me but I know your son. I need to talk to Justin, please," Brian looked pleadingly at the petite blonde.

"Come in then. Justin is in the... Oh there you are already honey. You've got a visitor," Jennifer smiled at her son until she saw the dark expression in his face. She wondered what was going on and if she shouldn't have let the man into her house.

"Mom? Could you leave us alone for a second?" Justin gave her a small smile and stepped up to the door, barely allowing Brian's foot to cross the threshold.

Jennifer nodded. She knew something big was going on and she would find out. Jennifer wondered if maybe the man at the door was the baby's father? But she wasn't sure that could be true. He was a man and Justin was her little boy. She hoped it was something else the man wanted, not her son. She went into the kitchen and sat down at the table, knowing it was a good spot to eavesdrop.

"What are you doing here?" Jen heard her son growl quietly.

Brian looked at his boy his mouth hanging partially open, not being able to form a coherent sentence.

"What are you doing here?" Justin growled.

"I... I'm here to...fuck Justin I don't know. I need to know if..."

"If what? I'm sure that you know now that the baby is yours so why don't you leave us alone?" Justin interrupted him with a harsh voice.

"Would you fucking stop jumping ahead and let me talk? Hell, I know the baby is mine. I just want to know how you knew it! Did your little hustler adventure end that first night we met? Was I your first? Was that, what we did was it ma..."

"Fuck you Brian. Leave now! I don't know what you're talking about!" Justin turned to slam the door shut but Brian was faster and put his foot in between the door.

The Brunet cried out when the door connected with his foot, "Aw! Shit!"

"Oh my god, Brian! Shit! I'm sorry... fuck," Justin opened the door immediately. He hadn't intended to hurt the Brunet, hell, he could never hurt Brian. It was all for Brian's best interest if he had left but no Mr. Kinney had to be stubborn.

Jennifer had stood up when she heard what the man, Brian had said to her son. She now stood in shock, wondering what the man had meant with the words 'hustler-adventure'. It frightened her to her core. She hoped that wasn't how Justin had paid for her surgery. A few months ago, she had problems with breathing and the doctors had told her that she had water in her lungs. They had pumped it out of her lungs and then had to fix her up from the inside of her lungs. She could have waited another few weeks until she would have found another way to pay for it. Please god, please let it not be true that her son had been so desperate that he had hustled his ass.

When she heard Brian cry out in pain she rushed back to the front door as quickly as her tired body would allow, "What did you do Justin?"

"I... I..." Justin was upset that he'd hurt Brian.

"It's ok Mrs. Taylor," Brian tried.

"Nothing is ok! Now get inside and I'll get you some ice," Jennifer hurried away. She wondered what was going on with her little boy. She didn't understand why Justin had wanted to get rid of the other man. But one thing she knew. She had to find out what happened over the past few weeks.

Chapter 14

Jennifer helped Brian inside and brought him over to the sofa, where the tall brunet sat down. Justin came out of the kitchen and guiltily looked at Brian. Ice pack in his right hand, Justin knelt down next to Brian and pulled off the man's shoe with his other hand.

"Do you want a coffee? I'll make you one..." Jennifer asked Brian and moved into the kitchen. She knew that her son and this Brian had to talk. Maybe it had only sounded so bad before. She probably had understood everything wrong, had she? Jennifer wasn't sure of anything. She only knew that this man, who was sitting on her couch was the father of her son's baby and she had felt that both men felt something for the other one even though Justin was fighting his feelings.

Brian hissed when he felt the cold ice on his foot.

"I'm so fucking sorry" Justin mumbled and focused his eyes on Brian's foot. What had he done?

"Sssh. It's ok, Jus. Could you look at me for a second?" Brian's hand wandered to the blond's chin and lifted his head until blue eyes met his.

“Listen to me Justin, are you listening?” Justin slowly nodded and wanted to look away again but Brian didn't let him. Why had the man come here? Couldn't he leave him and the baby alone?

Brian watched his boy, seeing how uncomfortable Justin felt. Had he been wrong? Did Justin really feel nothing for him? But they had been so close, hadn't they?

“I... Justin... what was between us? Was there something? I have to know that” Brian asked with a gentle but at the same time scared voice. He really needed to know how the blond felt about him.

A tear was running down Justin's face and Brian wiped it away with his thumb. Justin leaned into that touch and finally looked at Brian again.

What did this mean? Could it be that Brian wasn't angry at him? Could it be that Brian wanted him? Could it be that the dream of them being a family wasn't so unreal?

“Answer me... please” Brian whispered, not liking the silence.

“I... you are the only one Brian... no one else... I... I swear” Justin quietly said.

Brian leaned closer to Justin so that their faces were only inches apart.

“Do you feel something for me?”

Justin nodded and turned his face away again. He just couldn't look at Brian right now. He had lied to this man, had stolen from him and had slept with him for money. The brunet just couldn't like him. Life never was that easy or good to him. But what if his dream of a family with Brian was coming true?

“I do, too” Justin heard the quiet whisper and his head shot around to look at the brunet. Brian pressed their lips together and pulled the kneeling man in front of him into a heated kiss.

Jennifer came out of the kitchen just when Justin leaned into the kiss. Did this mean the two had gotten over what ever stood between them? She sighed which made the two break their kiss and look at her. Justin immediately blushed and got up to sit down next to Brian and bury his face

“Ehm... Brian? Your... your coffee” She smiled and walked over to them. “How's your foot?”

“It's better, thanks” Brian grinned while putting his arm around his boy.

“Uhm... mom?” Justin now looked up again and directly at his mother. “I... uhm... this is Brian... he's the baby's other dad and uhm.. yeah...” Justin still wasn't sure what this all meant. Did this mean that Brian really loved him? Was his life finally going the right way?

“I know sweetie” Jennifer smiled but then frowned. “I overheard you boys earlier and what did you mean with 'hustler adventure'? Justin... please don't tell me...”

“Uhm no mom... Brian... he didn't really mean that” Justin gave Brian a short glimpse. He just couldn't tell his mom. His life was finally at a turning point and he didn't want to change that by telling his mother what he had done to pay for her operation. She would always feel guilty for that.

“You know, Misses Taylor, Justin and I we met on the streets” Brian began, making Justin pale. Was Brian going to tell her? He just couldn't. Justin wanted him to shut up. Brian put his hand on Justin's knee and continued.

“I... I came out of a club and there he was, standing under a lamp post. He looked so hot... uhm... sorry but he really did and he was looking for someone and I just couldn't resist him. I...” Brian looked at Justin when he said the next few words. “I fell in love with him and we... we went to a local diner and got to know each other. So there's nothing to worry about, I promise.” Brian turned to Justin again after looking at Jennifer and winked at him. He knew that Justin wouldn't want his mother to know about what he had done and since Justin had already told him that there hadn't been another man, Brian didn't mind. He had only changed the past a little bit but who cared?

“Anyway” Brian turned again to Jennifer “he told me about your surgery and I gave him the money. He promised to give it back to me but you know, he already gave me so much and this is the best thing he could ever give me” Brian leaned down to kiss Justin again and caressed the blonde's stomach.

Jennifer watched the happy couple in front of her. So her son had finally found the one...

EPILOGUE

“That’s a hundred bucks” Justin leaned down so that his face was only inches away from the other man’s face.

“Uhum... if you say so” Brian pushed Justin down and climbed on top of him. “You, my little hustler, will get other things than money from me” He said before pressing their lips together. He let his fingers trail over the pale skin until he reached what he had been looking for. Slowly he began to stroke Justin’s hard member, making Justin moan.

He broke their kiss and began to kiss his way southward, sucking on one of Justin’s nipples. He just loved them.

“OH GOD!” Justin screamed when Brian bit his left nipple right in between sucking and licking on it.. Just then Brian stopped, hearing a faint cry.

“Don’t stop Bri” Justin whined at his husband and began to kiss the brunet but Brian pulled away and sighed.

“Jus... wait a sec. Jamie is crying... Let me just check on him and I’ll be right back” Brian kissed the panting blond and got up, making Justin pout.

Justin watched the brunet get up and walk out of the room before letting out a sigh. He got up as well and followed Brian. It had been three weeks since little Jamie had been born and he was the happiest person alive. Brian and he were married for five weeks now and Brian had even bought them a huge house.

Justin reached Jamie’s bedroom and stopped in the doorway. There he saw the most beautiful thing and he knew that he would never get enough of the man he loved and their son.

Brian was standing in the pale moonlight with their son in his arms.

“Sssh... it’s ok Sonnyboy. Go back to sleep.” He pressed a kiss on Jamie’s forehead and rocked him a bit until the baby fell asleep again. Justin walked over to his favorite men and embraced them. Life was good, life was perfect and he was the happiest person in the whole world.

If somebody would have told him that he would be this happy nine and a half months ago, he would have never believed it and thank god he had met Brian that fateful night.

“Come back to bed. I'm not done with you” Brian whispered and looked at Justin after putting Jamie down into his bed again.

He moved closer to his beautiful husband and pulled him into a tight hug and kissed him gently. He had never thought that he would ever have a family but now he had everything he ever wanted and he was happy.

THE END