

# Virgin Territory

## By Shirley Imsurlay

Au. Brian Kinney meets a blond stranger he can't seem to get off his mind. Justin Taylor finds a hazel eyed brunet who changes his whole life.

### Part 1

Justin walked boldly toward the doors of Babylon. It was his first time in a club...ever. Loud music spilled out into the night. The music was making his heart skip a beat, and he felt a little nervous.

\*Don't be a silly fag\* he said to himself as he swung open the door and walked in. Shyness didn't have place on a Friday night on Liberty Avenue. He made a decision to change his life and this was one more step in the process. He wanted this, no he needed this.

"Are you really ready for this?" Emmett asked just behind him

The music was so loud inside that Justin couldn't hear what Emmett said, but he did notice the look of uncertainty on his face. Justin tried to ignore it. Emmett had done so much for him that he didn't want to do anything that would cause regret. But hell, a Friday night of fun and dancing couldn't possibly cause regret.

Justin cruised the club. He was in awe of the lights, loud music, all the people and the thick layer of smoke. Obviously Babylon was not a smoke free environment. He hesitated for a moment, he couldn't afford to get sick because he was starting a new job with Emmett on Monday. He took a deep breath and was relieved that the smoke only caused a mild irritation. Hey, his doctor was right he is healthy as a horse.

"Hey baby, I see stools over at the end of the bar."

Emmett headed in that direction and Justin followed as quickly as his new boots and skintight baby blue leather pants would let him. He and Emmett went shopping especially for tonight-Justin wanted to look extra good for the mission he was on. The looks of interest were not missed as he walked through the crowd. Justin was taking in the faces and wondered who among them would make his acquaintance-who he would choose to take his virginity.

He could count on one hand the number of people he knew here-just one, Emmett. Emmett Honeycutt ran the catering business that Justin would be working for as well as the part-time dinner job he acquired. Emmett rented to Justin the basement apartment in his house at a cheap rent so that Justin could save money to take art classes at the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts.

"Justin would you like a beer" Emmett yelled over the music.

Justin nodded and Emmett turned to the bartender to place their order. Justin watched the people on the dance floor-the music was pulling him to join them. He couldn't believe he was here in a club away from his overprotective mother and the restrictions and restraints he had known all his life.

Everywhere he looked he saw gorgeous men; black, brown, white and all sexy and all fitting the job description. When their drinks arrived, Emmett proposed a toast.

"To your new life-live it up Baby, you deserve it!"

Justin noticed that everyone was looking toward the front entrance. When he looked over he saw why. Two very tall and very good-looking men walked in the door, but that was where the similarity ended. The man on the right was good looking but the one on the left was simply gorgeous.

He had on a tight black sleeveless satin shirt and black satin pants that looked so good Justin was mesmerized. He walked through the club with a lazy arrogance, greeting people as he went. He worked the crowd like he was used to being the center of attention.

Justin looked around the room; everyone was watching this stranger and some regarded him warily- including Emmett. Justin watched as he spoke to the other man with him. The stranger glanced toward the bar and his gaze locked with Justin's.

Fascinated, Justin let it linger. He was amazed; for the first time in his 24 years, he felt turned on by a look. He wondered if the attraction was one sided. Slowly the stranger smiled at Justin as he walked toward the bar, with a lopsided sexy smile on his face. Justin couldn't control the tingling in his belly.

"Care to dance." His voice was low, husky and very sexy; instantly putting thoughts of black velvet, dark nights and tangled sheets in Justin mind.

"Back off Brian," Emmett said sharply

Justin swung around to look at Emmett; he completely forgot Emmett was standing there. The animosity in his voiced shocked him.

"Emmett"

"Sorry Justin, but this guy is not for you" Emmett glared at Brian as he spoke. "He's wild, obnoxious, and too far out of your league."

"Emmett, I think I can decide that for myself." Justin was irked by Emmett's behavior. He'd left his protective mother back home in Philadelphia.

"Mmmm, I think somebody wants to dance." Brian slipped his hand under Justin's arm and led him to the dance floor.

"Em, it's only a dance, we'll stay on the edge of the floor so you can keep watch." Brian snarked

"I don't need a watch dog."

"Baby, I know. It just that there are so many guys here. You don't want this one, he can't be trusted." Emmett tried to reason with Justin.

"Emmett, I'm going to dance, I'll be back."

Before Emmett could say another word the pair was immersed in the crowd on the floor.

Ben came up behind Emmett and hugged him around his waist. "Is that the friend you were telling me about?"

"Yeah, that's him."

"He doesn't look sick to me."

"Hey, don't you be looking." Emmett said playfully slapping Ben's hand. "He is doing much better now and he wants to start living, but I don't think Brian is where he should start."

"Babe, don't worry. I've know Brian for years; he's not the ogre everyone makes him out to be, you know that."

"I know but Justin is so innocent."

"He's a grown man. Now stop talking about Justin and let's dance."

On the dance floor, Justin wanted to talk to the gorgeous stranger in front of him, but the music was too loud. All he knew so far was his name was Brian and he had the most beautiful hazel eyes. He wasn't much of a dancer, but he was so sexy that it didn't matter what he did on the dance floor; he just looked good.

After the dance they walked back toward the bar, but stood on the opposite end from where Emmett was left. Brian leaned up against the bar and ordered a Jim Beam for him and Justin. Justin never had anything stronger than a beer before, but he didn't want Brian to think he was inexperienced.

"So, are you new in town?"

"Yeah, I'm Justin Taylor" Justin good manners prompted him to hold out his hand.

"Brian Kinney, nice to meet ya." Amusement danced in Brian's eyes as he took Justin's hand held it...and held it.

Justin wondered if he ever planned to let it go. Not that he was complaining.

"So how do you know Emmett?"

"I worked a couple of parties for him back in Philadelphia. We became good friends and he helped me get a job and an apartment here. He's such a great guy." Justin was a little defensive about Emmett and he didn't want Brian bad mouthing him.

"He don't approve of my reputation on Liberty Ave."

"Oh and what is your reputation"

"If you're planning on sticking around, you'll find out soon enough."

"Well I am planning on sticking around, so I guess I will."

After they finished their drinks, Justin decided he needed to go find Emmett. The shot he had was starting to take effect. Justin turned to leave when Brian grabbed his hand again. He felt on fire, and it was amazing.

"Hey, where're you headed?" Brian asked looking directly into Justin deep blue eyes.

Having the affect of the liquor and the strong sexual urges coursing through his body, Justin felt himself becoming quite bold.

"No where special"

"Well, I can change that"

Brian led Justin toward the back of the club. Justin thought they were going to dance again until he noticed they walked through the dance floor toward a small hallway. The smell of sex hit Justin before he saw the naked bodies of men getting and receiving blow jobs and being fucked. He sobered up right away and the boldness of a few moments ago quickly left him.

Justin has never been in this situation before. He always knew he was gay, but he has never been with anyone before. He didn't know what to do at this moment. Fortunately Brian did.

Brian pushed Justin up against the wall and leaned in and kissed him softly on his cheek. He pulled back and looked at Justin before closing the gap and covering Justin's mouth with his. Brian's tongue slowly outlined Justin's lips. Justin's knees went weak and he leaned on Brian for support, deepening the kiss in the process.

Brian usually fucked 'em and dump 'em in the back room. He hardly ever brought anyone home, but for some reason he didn't want a quick fuck with Justin. He wanted to take him to the loft and take his time. Brian pulled back from the kiss and led Justin out of the back room and toward the front entrance.

"Wait, I can't leave- Emmett will be looking for me."

"We'll call him later, and besides he is probably off somewhere fucking Ben."

"Who's Ben" Justin asked.

"The guy I came in with." Brian finally stopped walking when they reached his jeep parked in an alley near Babylon. He opened the door and let Justin in before getting in on the driver side. He started the engine, and then leaned in to kiss Justin one more time before he sped off toward the loft.

Justin sat quietly for a while when he noticed that Brian was driving further away from Liberty Avenue.

"Um, where are we going?"

"To my place." Brian answered without looking at him.

"Oh well, I don't live too far from here; we can go to my place, unless yours is closer."

Brian was thinking about the ache in his pants; the sooner he could feel Justin writhing beneath him the better.

"I have a loft over in the factory district, where do you live."

"If you take this left coming up, I live two blocks down."

Brian took the left as Justin instructed; when he turned onto the street he knew exactly where he was.

"Don't tell me you live with Emmett"

"Not exactly, Justin explained. "I'm renting the basement apartment. It's very private and it has a separate entrance."

Brian pulled up in front of the old Victorian house. The house was bright red with green shutters. There were flowers everywhere. This was definitely the house for Emmett; loud and vibrant just like him. The street was a predominantly \*gay\* street. There were a lot of families with same sex parents and couples living here.

There were also a few straight couples but not many. Justin fell in love with the area the first time he came to visit Emmett. He loved seeing the families in the yard with their partners, gardening or playing with their children. He didn't see much of that where he grew up.

When Brian stopped the car, Justin got out and walked toward the side of the house to the basement entrance. He tried to shake off the nagging feeling that this could be a mistake. \*Okay he looks good, sexy as hell\* Justin thought to himself, \*and he kisses good, so he must know a thing or two in the bedroom\*

He didn't turn around to see if Brian followed; he heard the other car door slam and he could feel when Brian stood behind him as he unlocked the door.

"Be careful coming in the stairs are a little steep."

"Well I guess I'll have to hold on to you then," Brian said as he snaked his arm around Justin's waist and held him close to him.

Brian was kissing Justin on his neck as they made their way slowly down the few steps into the basement apartment.

Justin's mind was swirling. He was trying not to fall down the stairs, but Brian's lips on his skin was driving him crazy. His imagination was running wild with thoughts of hot kisses, and being fucked into the mattress with this hot sweating body hovering over him. Justin felt his pants tightening in the crouch as his sexual thoughts gave him a huge hard on.

Brian pushed the front door closed with his foot as they entered the apartment. Once inside the main room, which was Justin's living room/ dining room, he turned around in Brian's arms so that they were now face to face. Brian leaned in and captured Justin's full lips. Justin was going by instinct as his hands traveled over the other man's body. Brian's mouth was devastating; his kisses started out softly growing in passion and intensity until Justin felt as if he was floating. He felt like he was in someone else's body; he was overcome with a flood of sensual feelings that was so new to him.

"Where's your bedroom," Brian asked in-between kisses.

Justin pointed to the closed door off to the side. Brian walked Justin backwards in that direction, never breaking contact with Justin's lips. By the time they entered the bedroom, Brian had pulled off Justin's shirt and was showering his naked torso with a trail of hot kisses.

When they reached the bed, Brian pushed Justin down on the bed and stared at him. Brian had never seen anyone so beautiful. Justin's hair was tousled, his lips were slightly swollen from Brian's assault on them, and his beautiful blue eyes were sparkling with passion.

Justin was unsure of what was happening; he thought Brian was changing his mind. But the look in his eyes was telling him something different.

"You are so beautiful," Brian whispered.

Brian spoke those words so softly that Justin was not sure if he meant to say them a loud or not.

"So are you," Justin whispered back as he was stared back into the older man's lust filled hazel eyes.

Brian lowered his body down over Justin's. The young blond immediately started unbuttoning Brian's shirt and slipped it off his shoulder. Justin started kissing and nibbling Brian's newly exposed chest and shoulders. He smiled with satisfaction when he heard the groans of pleasure coming from the auburn haired beauty.

Brian could not get enough of the feel of Justin; his hands needed to touch every part of him. He caressed Justin's chest and lowered his hands to the waistband of his pants; he undid the top button and slipped his hand into Justin pants.

When Justin felt Brian's hand on his cock, warning bells began to sound in his head, but he ignored them. He had never felt like this before, and may never again. This was a once in a lifetime experience. He may never have chance like this again, especially with someone like Brian.

Justin felt fearless as he sought out Brian's lips again. He moaned as Brian plunged his tongue deep into his mouth. For a novice, Justin knew he was holding his own when his fingers began caressing Brian's naked torso and down his back to cup his ass. Justin broke the kiss and lowered his head to kiss Brian on his chest and lick his nipples. He felt more daring the more he heard Brian moaning in pleasure from his actions. Brian Kinney was making him feel alive and he was in heaven.

Justin felt Brian tugging on the waistband of his pants; he lifted his hips off the bed to help Brian remove them. Brian knelt down at the foot of the bed and removed Justin's shoes and socks, then his pants. Brian stood and removed the rest of his own clothes as well. Justin watched as Brian stood in front of him unashamed of his nakedness.

\*This beautiful god is going to be my first.\*

Brian joined Justin back on the bed and started kissing a trail from his chest to his cock. Brian licked the tip of Justin's cock and heard him moan his name. He loved hearing his name coming from Justin lips- he wanted to hear it again. This time Brian wrapped his hot mouth around the tip and sucked softly. Justin nearly jumped off the bed as he screamed Brian's name.

Brian took that as a sign to wrap his mouth around Justin's pulsating cock. Justin screamed and shot his load within seconds, filling Brian's mouth. Brian swallowed quickly. Justin was mortified.

"Oh my god Brian, I'm so sorry... I uh... I don't know what to say."

"It's been awhile huh?" Brian was trying not to laugh he knew Justin was embarrassed.

"Longer than you think."

"Just warn me next time so don't choked. By the way, you taste really good."

Justin was blushing now; he was so relieved Brian wasn't upset with him. He wondered if he should tell him this was his first time. That thought left his mind when he felt Brian's mouth cover his again. Brian moved on top of him and Justin could feel his hard on pressing against his belly.

Instinctively his hands reached down to stroke it. Justin managed to roll them over and began to slowly kiss down Brian's body until his mouth was level with Brian's cock. He decided to return the favor and was about to take Brian into his mouth when Brian stopped him and pulled him back up to face him.

Justin was confused. "What's wrong?"

"I have other plans for you," Brian said as he turned him over on his stomach.

Brian hovered over Justin and began kissing and sucking and biting a trail from his shoulders to the small of his back. Justin was writhing in anticipation of what Brian would do next. He almost came again when he felt Brian bite him on his ass cheek. "

"Do you like?" that Brian asked.

"Yes," Justin voice was barely a whisper; he was finding it difficult to catch his breath.

Brian separated Justin's cheeks and poked his tongue at his puckered hole. He licked and kissed until Justin's hole was nice and wet. Brian inserted one finger and he was amazed at how tight Justin was. He slowly inserted a second finger and heard Justin's sharp intake of breath. Brian continued to stretch Justin until he felt he would be able to take him inside.

Justin was surprised when he felt Brian's fingers enter him; this was so surreal to him. His imaginations and fantasies came to life. His body started to move on instinct as he began thrusting back against Brian's fingers. He wanted more.

Brian felt he was ready. He stretched his body upward and lay next to Justin turning him on his side and began kissing him on his neck.

"Where's do keep the condoms?" Brian asked in between kisses.

"Condom?" Justin said freezing up.

"Yeah, condoms...please tell me you practice safe sex."

"I ran out." Justin said the first lie that came to his mind.

"Damn!" Brian stopped kissing Justin and just looked him. His hard on was at its peak. "I think I may have some in the Jeep."

Brian began to move away to get off the bed when Justin stopped him.

"It'll be alright....can't we just continue," Justin asked. He was afraid if Brian left he would not come back.

"Not good enough, I don't take chances on something like this. We have all night...right.

"Right."

Brian got off the bed and pulled on his discarded jeans and shoes. He didn't bother with his shirt. This made Justin happy because he knew he would be coming back. Brian went outside to his jeep and opened the passenger side to look in the glove box. His emergency kit was still there, a five pack of condoms and travel size lube.

Justin heard the front door close and Brian's footsteps coming down the stairs; he released the breath he was holding waiting for Brian to come back. Brian came in and stripped off his clothes and lay back on the bed.

"Now, where were we?" He said as he claimed Justin's mouth.

Brian knelt between Justin's open legs as he lay on his back and placed them over his shoulders. He handed Justin the condom to put on him. Brian squirted some of the lube on to his fingers and rubbed it against Justin's hole.

"It's cold."

"It'll heat up."

Brian rubbed his lubed covered finger over his cock and then positioned himself to enter Justin. He wanted to look into his eyes when he entered him.

"Open your eyes, I want you to see me and remember me."

"Trust me, I will always remember you."

Brian entered Justin quickly. As much as he tried to brace himself for the pain, nothing could have prepared Justin for this; he screamed and tried to squirm away. Brian stopped moving and looked at Justin. The look on his face was pure pain.

"Justin, how long has it been?"

Justin couldn't lie anymore. "You're my first."

Brian looked at him, he was shocked by his admission, he began to pull out when Justin stopped him.

"Don't, don't stop."

Brian began thrusting in and out, slowly at first to ease Justin into it. When he felt Justin thrusting back, his movements became faster and he lost himself in the waves of pleasure he felt being inside him.

Justin was flying high in his own world of ecstasy. After the shock of the initial penetration passed, it was pure pleasure all the way.

Justin came for the second time that night screaming Brian's name. Brian followed soon after collapsing on top of Justin. He eased Justin's legs to a more comfortable position.

Brian's body lay across Justin's- he was hot, slick and sticky from Justin's cum. Justin didn't want to move except to caress Brian's sweaty body. He liked this feeling, this closeness. Intimacy was a new and amazing feeling, almost like floating. It shocked Justin to feel this connected to a stranger; yet, it seemed so right.

Justin could not help the huge smile that now covered his face. He felt like his own man; he felt another puzzle piece popping into place.

Brian moved off Justin on to his side and removed the condom.

"Are you alright?" he asked, his voice husky in Justin's ear.

"Umm-hmm."

"Justin, you should have told me this was your first time."

Justin could only nod; he loved hearing Brian's husky voice. It sounded so sexy to him.

Brian was not happy with the lack of response he was getting from Justin. He didn't know what he was after, but Brian felt he had to set the record straight.

"Look, I'm not for fairy-tale romances and happily ever after," Brian said rather harshly.

Justin turned to look at him, the satisfying afterglow of a few moments ago wearing off. "Did I say I thought you were?"

"Fuck, I don't know. You're young naïve and until a few moments ago a virgin. If you're looking for hearts and flowers that's hetero lesbian shit. I'm not interested."

The mood was definitely dead now. Justin just wanted a wild passionate night. Not this crap. What the fuck!

"Maybe you better leave." Justin got out of bed and wrapped the sheet around him. "I think we both got what we wanted out of tonight; you can leave now."

Brian did not like the idea that he was being dismissed. "What do you mean, we both got what we wanted?"

"You wanted to fuck, I wanted to fuck. It just so happens it was my first time. The deed is done; let's call it a night." Justin said this with false bravado. He really didn't want Brian to go, but he was pissed at the moment.

Brian looked at Justin before gathering up his clothes and dressing. Justin wished he would stay; he wanted to feel Brian inside him again. He wasn't sure if he could remember every moment. The feelings he had were amazing; he wanted to see if they were real or did he imagine them.

Once Brian was dressed he looked over at Justin sitting on the bed watching him.

"Are you alright?" he asked again.

"I'm fine, it was very nice." Justin said politely.

"NICE!" Brian turned around and walked out of the bedroom toward the front door.

"Well goodbye to you too," Justin said as he heard the front door click close.

Justin settled in the bed that was now a tangled mess. He was surprised by how lonely he felt. The scent of Brian and sex still lingered in the room. Justin wrapped the sheet around himself and drifted to sleep thinking about all that just happened.



“Nice, nice he says....” Brian could not believe that someone actually referred to one of his fucks as nice. Brian was in such a mood when he left Justin’s apartment. He just started the car and drove. He gripped the steering wheel as his mind relived moments from the past couple of hours. How was he to know Justin was virgin-there was nothing to give him the clue.

\*His hands were all over me. He was touching, grabbing and kissing like a pro. Damn, he held nothing back\* Brian thought to himself.

At one point in his reminiscing, Brian felt a little guilty; he should’ve left Justin alone when Emmett told him to. Hell, Justin should have told him before hand and he could’ve slowed things down a bit. A virgin needs time to prepare; they need to be calmed, soothed and the entry should be slow and gentle. Brian remembered how quickly he entered Justin and the pain that crossed his face. \*Damn he should have told me,\* he thought to himself.

Brian also wondered if Justin had told him would he have been able to take it slow. He wanted Justin so much, more than he ever wanted anyone before. And the devil help him, he still wanted him now. Justin lips on his body damn near drove him crazy.

“It was nice...nice my ass!” Brian said out loud to empty cab of his jeep. Brian has never in his life been told his fucks were “nice”, “hot” was more of the description he was used to getting.

When Brian refocused on the road he realized he had driven back to Liberty Avenue. He parked the car in an alleyway near Babylon and decided to head over to Meat Hook. He was in the mood for a rough and dirty “non nice” fuck.

Just when he reached the entrance to Meat Hook, he realized he didn’t have any condoms on him and he left his emergency stash at Justin’s. The odds of any of the queens that frequent the Meat Hook worrying about protection were slim. Brian decided to just head home. When he was passing Babylon heading for his jeep, he heard his name being called.

“Brian, “Emmett yelled louder when he noticed Brian did not stop. “You hold it right there Mister!”

Emmett walked down the stairs of Babylon with Ben following behind him.

“What?” Brian answered without turning around or slowing his pace.

“Where is Justin? I have been searching for you two for over an hour now?”

Brian didn’t turn around until he reached his jeep parked in the alley.

“Why are you following me?”

“Where is Justin?”

“How the fuck should I know?”

“You were with him last. So help me Brian, if you did anything to upset him, I will have you castrated.”

“Baby, why would you think Brian would upset Justin, and why are you so concerned?” Ben asked a little puzzled by Emmett’s protectiveness over this Justin.

“Oh Ben, honey, Brian upsets everybody-it’s his gift,” Emmett stated, ignoring the snort Brian made at his comment. “And as for Justin, he is new here and not familiar with the rudeness of certain people. I brought him here so I feel responsible.”

Emmett turned his attentions back to Brian just as he was opening the jeep door.

“You are not leaving until you tell me where Justin is.”

“Have you tried him at home?” Brian said climbing into the jeep.

“Home, why would he be home? How would he get home?” Emmett was confused as he watched as Brian climbed into the jeep and started it up. He leaned out his jeep window and handed Emmett his cell phone.

“Call him.”

Emmett took the phone and dialed Justin’s cell number. After four rings it went to voicemail. He disconnected and dialed his home number after the third ring a very sleepy voice answered.

“Hello.”

“Justin, I was so worried about you. You should have let me know you were ready to go. How did you get home?”

“Huh.” Justin was groggy and could barely make out who he was speaking with let alone what was said.

“Never mind baby, go back to sleep. I’ll talk with you tomorrow.” Emmett disconnected the call and handed the phone back to Brian.

“Satisfied,” Brian said as he retrieved his phone and started to back the jeep out of the alley. Brian didn’t give Emmett or even Ben a second glance as he pointed the jeep for home and drove away.

“Come on sexy, let’s go back to your place.” Ben said placing his arm around Emmett’s waist.

“Alright.” Emmett conceded, still unsure of what just happened. He figured he would get the story from Justin in the morning.

The two men walked to Ben’s car, which was parked a little further down the street. Justin and Emmett took a cab to the club, being that neither one owned a car. Emmett didn’t particularly like to drive he preferred cabs. The only time he would drive was if it was necessary to drive the catering van or if one of his friends was a bit too drunk to get behind the wheel.

Justin on the other hand couldn’t wait to drive; he was born with epilepsy and was prone to severe seizures at any given time. There was no rhyme or reason as to when a seizure would occur, but for the past year and a half he has been seizure free and off his medication. His doctor told him if this lasted for another year he could apply for a driver’s license with his approval.

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Brian pulled up to the loft and jumped out of the Jeep. He was suddenly very tired and all he wanted was to crawl into bed. As he slid open the loft door, his cell phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and saw it was Ben.

“Do you have any idea what time it is?” Brian said sarcastically in the phone.

“Yeah, past your bed time.” Ben responded with a chuckle. He was so used to Brian and his moods that he never got upset or offended. “Listen, I just wanted to let you know I’ll be at Emmett’s, so I’ll meet you at the racquet ball court tomorrow. I would offer to pick you up, but I know you would rather go down on a cheerleader squad than be seen in my Saturn.”

Brian couldn’t help but laugh. “You got that right; I’ll meet you there around 9:00.” Brian disconnected the call before Ben could respond.”

Brian locked up the front of the loft; he walked toward his bedroom with his cell phone still in his hand. He looked down at the phone and scrolled through the numbers until he saw the two numbers Emmett dialed to reach Justin.

Try as he might, he could not get this kid out his mind. He locked the numbers in his phone under the initial of J. He wasn't sure why he kept them, but he couldn't bring himself to delete them. Brian stripped off his clothes and climbed into bed naked. He was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

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The next morning Emmett stayed in bed while Ben took a quick shower before meeting Brian at the racquetball court. He took pleasure in lying in bed watching Ben dress when he returned from the bathroom. He and Ben have been a semi-couple for about 2 years now-they've known each other for much longer before they took their friendship to the physical level. They kept an open relationship even though Ben wanted something more. Emmett's been hurt too many times in the past. He needed to be in a relationship that would give him a back door if he felt he needed to take it. Ben understood and allowed Emmett his freedom.

"Okay Baby, I'm taking off," Ben announced once he was dressed. "What are your plans?"

"Oh you know me I have a busy day planned-shopping, cruising gorgeous guys, shopping, more cruising and then shopping."

"Sounds like a full day, don't tire yourself out now."

"Mmmm, I'll try not to." Emmett got up off the bed to give Ben a good-bye kiss and then walked him to the door. "Bye lover, and take it easy on Brian; you know he's old."

"Babe, I'm older than he is."

"Oh well, whatever."

Ben walked out the door shaking his head; one thing he always loved about Emmett is that he always made him laugh.

As soon as Emmett closed the door behind Ben, he made a beeline to the kitchen and opened the door that led down to the basement apartment. He had access to an inside door so that he didn't have to go outside to visit with Justin. Emmett walked down the stairs, which was not easy in his purple fuzzy slippers. He knocked on the door to Justin's apartment.

Justin was just coming out of the shower when he heard the knock. First he thought it was his front door until he heard it the second time and realized it was coming from the door that led up to Emmett's part of house. He answered the door with just a towel wrapped around his waist.

Emmett was only one foot in the apartment when he started firing questions.

"What happened to you last night? Did Brian bring you home? How're you feeling? Did Brian piss you off, is that why you left?"

"Emm, slow down." Justin was trying to control a chuckle. He knew Emmett would be upset with him and laughing would only make it worse.

"Well young man, I want answers." Emmett was not joking; he was really worried about Justin until he called and found out he was home safe and sound.

"Okay answers, in order, I left with Brian. Yes, he brought me home. I feel fine, and please stop asking me that. And no, Brian did not piss me off; I think I pissed him off."

Emmett was intrigued by Justin's last statement. He sat on the second-hand sofa he bought Justin to decorate his new apartment, crossed his legs under his satin bathrobe and looked up at Justin with interest. "Please elaborate; how did you piss off the great Brian Kinney? Oh I know, you turned him down and he got upset." Suddenly a

thought occurred to Emmett. "That would explain the foul mood he was in when Ben and I ran into him last night, right before I called you."

"That was you who called, ... and Brian was with you?"

"Yeah we ran into him after I searched every corner of Babylon looking for you two. He was outside when we were leaving."

It bothered Justin that Brian went back to Liberty Ave after he left his bed last night. He wasn't sure why, but he felt disappointed. He naturally assumed that Brian would have gone home, instead of back to the club. Justin didn't want Emmett to see the look of disappointment on his face, but he knew Emmett would not leave until he told him where he disappeared to last night. Justin needed a quick moment to himself. He turned and headed to the bedroom with the excuse he needed to put on clothes- he was getting cold in just the towel.

It only took him a few moments to dress, but he stayed a little longer to get his thoughts under control so he could deal with Emmett. When he came out, he sat with Emmett on the couch.

"So what did Brian say to you when you saw him last night?" Justin asked.

"Nothing much.-he told me you were home and I called to check on his cell phone. Now I want details from you."

Justin wanted to tell Emmett about last night, but he didn't want to be lectured about it. The experience was so amazing to him- up until Brian stormed out. He really didn't want to hear what Emmett was going to say to him, but he was dying to talk about it with someone. At the moment Emmett was his only option.

"Okay, we left Babylon and he was driving me to his place, when I suggested we come back here."

"Okay and what happened when you came here?"

"Emmett what do you think happened, we fucked and it was amazing." Justin braced himself for Emmett's reaction and he was not disappointed.

"You What!!! You slept with Brian after I warned you about him."

"We didn't sleep exactly."

"Justin Taylor you know what I mean. Baby, it was your first time; it should have been special with someone you cared about and not a one night stand with the slut of Liberty Ave."

"Emmett, did you hear what I said; I said it was amazing. I felt things I never felt before. I felt desirable, hot and sexy as hell. It was like nothing I could have ever imagined."

"Baby, you are all those things, do you see yourself when you look in the mirror? Justin, you are hot, young, sexy and extremely desirable."

"If I'm all those things, how come you never tried to be my first?" Justin asked jokingly.

"Oh goodness no. That would be incest; you're like a little brother to me."

"I know, I feel the same way."

"So give me details; was he gentle knowing it was your first time?"

"Well, no, "Justin quickly added the fact that Brian didn't know it was his first time until it was too late. He told Emmett everything, reliving each moment in his mind as he relayed it back to Emmett.

“Honey, being that you and Brian did have sex last night, why was he so pissy when we saw him?”

“Once we came back to earth, he felt he needed to let me know this was just a fuck and he was not looking for a boyfriend. It kind of pissed me off because I never said I wanted him for a boyfriend. Any way he kept asking if I was okay and I told I was fine and the sex was nice. He took this as an insult and left.”

Emmett was in the midst of hysterical laughter and it took him a moment to compose himself.

“Oh Justin, oh my darling, you just made my morning.” Emmett said once he was able to speak again. “You put our Mr. Kinney in his place.”

“Emmett, I just didn’t know what he wanted me to say. Anyway, I don’t think you need to worry about Brian bothering me again.”

“Don’t be too sure. Any way, we have to celebrate; my baby is all grown up now. Let me run upstairs to shower and dress and we’ll walk down to the diner. I’m buying you pancakes and you can tell me your story again, in full detail.”

“Okay Em. Go get dressed. I’m starving.” Justin ushered Emmett out of the apartment. He sat on the sofa grateful for the short time to himself.

Justin started thinking about the checklist of things he wanted to do with his life. He was always limited in everything in his life up until a few years ago. Justin was always told he couldn’t do things because he may have an “attack” as his mother would call his seizures. It had been two years, 7 months and 15 days since Justin had a seizure. One year, 5 months and 27 days was the last time he took his prescribed medication to control his seizures. Up until last night, the most exciting day in Justin’s life had been when his doctor told him he didn’t have to take his pills any more.

Justin was one of the few epilepsy suffers whose disease was in permanent remission. It took awhile before his mother could absorb the fact that her son could start living a normal life. They had a huge fight when he told her he wanted to move to Pittsburgh and eventually attend PIFA. She was more upset with him wanting to move away from home than when he told her he was gay, six years prior. She only conceded when Emmett swore he would look after him.

Justin was brought out of his thoughts when Emmett knocked on the door again. He was dressed in bright orange jeans with a matching long sleeve t-shirt. Justin grabbed his house keys and followed Emmett out. Suddenly all thoughts were on his stomach.

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Brian met Ben at the racquetball courts. His mind was not really focused on his game, and for the first time in a long while he actually lost a game to Ben.

“Hey, what was going on out there? You didn’t seem focused.” Ben asked as they headed to the showers.

“I figured I would let you win a game for once. It’s been so long I thought you may be feeling deprived.”

“How gracious of you-now tell me what’s really going on.”

“Nothing, I’m going to hit the shower. I’m starving I think I may swing by the diner for a bite to eat. What about you?”

“No, I’ll pass- I have some papers grade.”

“Suit yourself.”

Brian walked into the shower room, Ben followed behind in silence. Ben and Brian have been friends since they were kids. They were both educated and held good jobs. Brian was junior partner at Vanguard, a leading advertising firm in Pittsburgh, and Ben was a creative writing professor at the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts. They were both very handsome and very much sought after by every gay man and straight women in Pittsburgh. That's where the similarity ended.

Brian was considered the King of Liberty Ave, his fucks were legendary and he very rarely gave seconds, unless he was really desperate and that was rare. Brian didn't believe in love or relationships, only fucking. Ben on the other hand believed in relationships, giving back to the community and being an all around role model. Ben belonged to the gay big brothers association and also volunteered for different charities.

Ben always tried to get Brian involved with some of his groups and causes, but Brian always refused. Ben chalked it up to Brian's home life. Where Ben's parents were loving and caring people, who supported their son no matter what, Brian's parents where the exact opposite. Brian had to fight for everything he had; and, he didn't believe in helping those who do not try to help themselves first. But what Ben also knew was that Brian had a heart and every once in awhile he'd let it show.

Brian and Ben dressed in the locker room. They said their goodbyes and made plans to meet at Woody's later that night. Ben headed home and Brian headed over to the diner.

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The walk to the diner from Emmett's house was a good 20 minutes. Along the way, Emmett insisted that Justin tell him everything about his night with Brian, again. Justin was actually blushing as he answered some of Emmett's very invasive questions.

"So after the two of you came, did he jump up to wash off? Or did he lay there and held you in his arms all wet and sticky?"

"Emmett!"

"Oh, I think it's a little too late to be modest -so tell me."

"Well I slid my legs off his shoulders and he laid on top me for a little while and I held him ....all wet and sticky."

"Wow! I always thought Brian would have one foot out the door before he even pulled out. And you did it face to face."

"Yeah. Is that unusual?"

"No, it's just more intimate that way."

Emmett and Justin walked in silence for few moments before Justin broke the silence.

"Is he really down on relationships? Does he not care about anybody?"

Emmett stopped and looked at Justin. "Honey, please tell me you are not hung up on him."

"No, of course not-it was only one night." Justin was trying to convince himself, as well as Emmett, that he was not hung up on his one-night stand.

"Listen, I've known Brian for years. And, believe it or not, I actually love him...sometimes. And I know he cares about me and lot of other people, but he's not the one to fall in love with. Brian fucks 'em and leaves 'em."

Emmett paused for a moment when he saw the light dim in Justin's eyes; but he knew he had to continue. He didn't want Justin to get his hopes up about Brian.

“Justin, I’m only saying this because I don’t want you to feel bad, when you see him again and he doesn’t acknowledge you or even remember your name, don’t take it personally. That’s just Brian.”

“Emmett, I’m an adult and like I told Brian last night, I was only looking for one thing. That’s been accomplished-time to move on.” Justin tried to sound cheerful; he didn’t want Emmett to know how much his words bothered him.

“Well then, let’s go get some ‘my friend Justin is no longer a virgin pancakes.’”

“Do you think they’ll have ‘I am no longer a virgin omelets’ on the menu?”

They laughed and moved on to other topics the rest of the way to the diner.

When Emmett and Justin walked into to the diner, it was standing room only. This was not unusual for a Saturday morning, especially when the weather was as nice as it was today. Justin liked it here at the diner; he liked it from the first moment Emmett brought him in to interview with Debbie Novotny for the waiter’s job.

Emmett was scanning the crowd looking for an empty booth when he saw Michael and Ted sitting in a booth in the back of the diner.

“Oh honey, two of my bestest friends are here and they have a booth. It’s our lucky day.”

Emmett grabbed Justin by the hand and led him to the back of the diner where Michael and Ted were sitting.

“Hey you two, were you saving these seats for us?” Emmett said, as he leaned in and kissed both Michael and Ted on the cheek.

“Of course we were, especially since we didn’t know you were coming.” Ted commented. “And who’s your friend?”

“Oh this is my Justin. We lived next door to each other in good ole Philly. My mom used to babysit him-that was until I was old enough to take over. He just moved to Pittsburgh.”

“Well baby looks all grown up.” Ted said, as he was looking Justin from head to toe.

“But still too young for you, Ted.” Michael said jokingly.

“You two cut it out; you don’t want Justin get a bad impression.”

“Of course not.” Michael answered before turning his attention to Justin. “Hi Justin, I’m Michael. It’s nice to meet you. My mother has been talking about how much she can’t wait for you to start working here.”

“Your mother?” Justin asked, slightly confused about the comment.

“Yeah Debbie Novotny, she interviewed you for the position. That’s my mom.”

“Oh she’s really nice. I like her-she’s a lot different from most mothers I’ve met.”

“Yeah, I’ve been told that on occasion.”

“I’m Ted, if you ever need an accountant or anything else, I am your man.”

“Thanks Ted, I’ll remember that. It’s really nice to meet the both of you.” Justin said even though he felt a little uneasy about the way Ted kept looking at him.

After the introduction, Emmett slid in the booth next to Michael so Justin had no choice but to sit next to Ted.

Emmett told Justin how Michael was one of the first people he met when he moved to Pittsburgh. He answered Michael's ad for a roommate over seven years ago. He lived with Michael until he bought his house.

"Michael was the best roommate to have. I really miss living with him sometimes."

"Yeah Emmett, I miss having you around the apartment sometimes, too." Michael was touched that Emmett still missed him after living apart for more than a year.

"And it was through Michael that I met Brian and Ben."

"You know Brian and Ben." Michael asked.

"Last night Emmett and I went to Bobbyland and..."

"No sweetie, that's Babylon...I been to Bobbyland and trust me he was not fun for all ages."

"Emmett," Michael exclaimed as he held back a laugh.

"I'm serious he was not a good time."

"Oops, sorry Emmett, didn't mean to bring up bad memories." Justin shook his head and laughed before he continued "Well anyway, Brian and Ben were at Babylon when we went last night."

"Did you frequent the back room?" Ted asked sitting sideways in the booth so that he was looking directly at Justin.

"I made an appearance," Justin answered.

He was saved from having to elaborate when Debbie made her way to the table to take their orders.

"Hey handsome, you came by to check out the place before you start punching the clock?" Debbie asked. She was happily surprised to see Justin sitting at the table. She really liked him when Emmett brought him in for his interview.

"Sort of, I guess. It was more so that my kitchen isn't ready for cooking yet."

"So you're still getting settled into your new place?"

"Yeah. I still have a lot of things in boxes. Emmett and I bought some second hand furniture the other day so I have bedroom furniture, sofa and dining table. We were going to the BIG Q after we leave here. I still need a lot of stuff."

"Oh you should take my Michael. He used to run that place before he opened his comic book store."

"Ma, I didn't run the place; I only worked there. And if your finished chit chatting, can we order now? Ted and I have been sitting here for over 20 minutes."

"See how he treats his mother?" Deb said pointing her pen back and forth from Michael to Justin. "I hope you treat your mother better than this."

"Ma, I love you."

"Love you too baby, now what'll you have?" Debbie pulled out her order pad and Michael was the first to order.

"I'll have the #2 breakfast special, eggs over easy."

"Make that two Deb." Ted chimed in.



“I want pancakes and a side of bacon, with a large OJ, please.”

As Emmett was ordering Justin heard the bell over the front door ring signaling that someone was entering or exiting the diner. Justin felt a tingling sensation at the back of his neck. At first he almost panicked because he would get a tingling feeling right before a seizure would occur, but this was somehow different. Justin shook it off and refocused on the group. Debbie was asking him what his order was.

“Oh sorry Debbie, sometimes I go off to my own little world. “I’ll have an egg white omelet with mushrooms and peppers and cheddar cheese with a side of turkey bacon.”

“Hey, Deb, why don’t you make that two.”

All eyes looked up to see Brian standing over their booth. Emmett’s eyes went to Justin to see his reaction. Justin was shocked at first but he covered it well.

“Brian, now you have company on your health food kick; have you met Justin?”

“Emmett’s ward; yes, we met.” Brian said barely glancing in Justin’s direction.

Deb left to place the orders and Brian stood at the end of the booth. He looked so good to Justin. He wore faded well-worn jeans that hugged him in all right places. And a long sleeve t-shirt that looked so soft that Justin just wanted to reach out and touch it.

“Morning boys-you didn’t save me a seat.”

“It looks like Justin took your spot.” Ted answered for the group.

“Well, that’s easily remedied.”

Before anyone could protest, Brian pulled Justin up from the booth sat down in his place. He then wrapped his arm around Justin’s waist and pulled him down so that Justin was sitting in his lap.

“There, problem solved.”

## Part 2

Justin sat sideways in Brian’s lap. His back was to Ted and his arm instinctively wrapped around the back of Brian’s neck. Brian still had his arm wrapped around Justin’s waist and his hand was resting on Justin’s thigh. Everyone was surprised by Brian’s actions, especially Brian himself. When he walked in and saw Justin sitting in the booth with the guys, he instantly felt a twinge in his pants.

Now he was sitting in his lap and Brian wasn’t sure he would be able sit like this all through breakfast without getting a full erection.

“Brian, why didn’t you tell me you were going to Babylon last night? I would have met you guys.”

Michael said feeling a little left out and somewhat shocked by the familiarity between Justin and Brian.

“It was spur of the moment. Do you want to go to Woody’s tonight? I’m meeting Ben to shoot pool.”

“Sure. Ted you wanna shoot some pool tonight?”

Brian leaned past Justin to look at Ted. In order to do so, he had to press his cheek against Justin's chest and the top of his head brushed against Justin's cheek. Justin could not help but take in the scent of his freshly washed hair. He closed his eyes and took in a deep breath.

"We'll understand if it's way past your bedtime old man." Brian remarked to Ted along with a tongue in cheek smirk.

"HA HA, very funny Brian; I think it's time for you to come up with some new material."

"Brian, Teddy is not old. He's mature."

"Thanks Em...I think. Sure, I'm up for a game of pool."

"Justin that sounds like fun-you wanna play pool tonight?" Emmett asked.

"Yeah sure, but I... um... never played before."

"Oh don't worry about it." Ted piped in "With your looks, trust me there will be plenty of offers to teach you."

Justin didn't know if it was his imagination or what but he could have sworn he felt Brian's arm tighten around his waist after Ted's comment.

"Brian, did Ben mention to you that he, Ted and I were going to check out the remake of 'Dawn of the Dead'? Did you want to come?"

"No, and no- I'm spending the day with Gus tomorrow."

"Oh... well maybe we can catch a movie later in the week." Michael said unable to hide the disappointment in his voice.

"Sure."

Justin was wondering who this Gus was and how he warranted a full day of Brian's attention. He actually felt a twinge of jealousy toward this person he didn't even know.

As they waited for their food, conversation drifted around the table, mostly about subjects that Justin was not familiar with. He actually felt comfortable sitting in Brian's lap. As they waited, Justin noticed that he was stroking the hair at the nape of Brian's neck. He was doing it without realizing it; Brian never said anything, so he continued.

After about another 20 minute or so wait, Debbie arrived with the food. She laughed when she noticed how Brian and Justin were sitting.

"Hey sweetie, don't let him try any funny business with you sitting like that." Debbie said to Justin as she placed the food on the table.

"He's being a perfect gentleman." Justin answered and he flashed Debbie one of sunny smiles.

"Ahh darling, you are pure sunshine." She said to Justin, as she ruffled his hair.

When Deb left, Brian and Justin were faced with a dilemma. Justin could eat just fine from his position, but it was proving to be rather difficult for Brian. Without even thinking about it, Justin cut a piece of his omelet and held the fork to Brian's lips to take a bite. The meal continued with Justin feeding both him and Brian.

Emmett was worried about Justin's feelings toward Brian-he really hoped that Brian would not encourage false hope. Michael was in a shocked silence. He had known Brian since they were kids and had never seen him act in

such a manner in public-and with a total stranger at that. Ted wished he had a better view; he thought the vision of Justin feeding Brian had to be an erotic one.

After awhile Michael asked Justin what he needed to get from the BIG Q just to get conversation going again.

“Actually I need a lot of stuff. I need dishes, drinking glasses, a hammer and nails, a lot of little things you don’t think about until you need them,” Justin answered.

“How are you going to carry all that stuff on the bus?”

“We’ll take a cab home,” Emmett answered for Justin.

Again Brian shocked everyone at the table by offering to drive them to the BIG Q. It’s not that he wouldn’t do it if they asked him to, he just offered to do it.

“Thanks Brian that’s sweet of you...what’s the catch?” Emmett asked suspiciously.

“Can’t I just offer to do something nice for once? My schedule is free this afternoon.” That wasn’t a total lie he did have an ad campaign he wanted to fine tune before he presented it next week, but there wasn’t any hurry on that.

“You can offer; it’s just that you never do.”

“And you hate the BIG Q, you always complained whenever I made you come inside with me” Michael added.

“Never mind then, forget I offered.”

“No, no, we accept your offer. And we thank you ver....” Emmett was cut off from a loud ringing coming from his pants. “Oh my phone’s ringing; I always forget I have this thing with me until it rings.” Emmett looks at the caller ID and saw it was his business partner, Vic. He excused himself from the table to take the call.

When Emmett got up Justin slid off Brian’s lap and sat in his space. He didn’t want to move, but he felt a little silly sitting there when there was an empty space available.

“So Justin, what are your plans for great Pittsburgh?” Ted asked.

“I’ll be working part-time here at the diner and for Emmett. I would like to apply to PIFA in the fall.”

“Ben works there.” Michael and Brian both said at the same time.

“I know, Emmett told me. I was going to show him some of my work and see if he could write me a letter of recommendation-but that’s a few months away. Right now I plan to work and save the money for tuition. Living in Emmett’s basement is a big help, he’s charging me practically nothing.”

When Emmett came back to the table he announced he had good news and bad news.

“The good news is I have a party to plan for 150 people for tomorrow. It was originally set up for next Sunday, but it turns out the client had her dates confused. They need everything for tomorrow instead and they are doubling our fee to do it.”

“Can you handle that on such short notice?” Ted asked somewhat doubtful.

“Teddy, we are not called PARTIES IN AN INSTANT for nothing. Well the bad news is I can’t go to the BIG Q with you today Justin. Vic is meeting me at the house in about 5 minutes.”

“That was the bad news,” Brian laughed. “I think Justin and I can manage without you.”

“I was talking to Justin.”

“Em, don’t worry about it. Do you need me to help you? I start work on Monday anyway so this could be practice.”

“Um Justin, that’s another thing we need to discuss, I was going to wait until tomorrow. But the position I thought was opening up ... didn’t. I can’t afford to take you on right now. Sorry baby, so to make it up to you the basement is yours rent free. And look at this way, you can concentrate more on your art.”

“Emmett, it’s fine. I am sure the diner will be sufficient income for now. And if it’s always as busy as it is now, I’m sure picking up extra hours won’t be a problem.”

“Thanks for not being upset.” Emmett leaned down and gave Justin a kiss on the cheek.

The boys settled up their tab and headed out of the diner. Brian kissed Michael goodbye and he headed to his jeep with Emmett and Justin. Brian dropped Emmett off at home and he Justin headed to the BIG Q.

“So what’s this BIG Q like?”

“A low-end Kmart.”

“Hmm, that nice, huh?”

“Yeah...nice,” Brian said cutting a quick look in Justin’s direction.

It was obvious Justin was struggling to control his laughter. “Oh, is something funny?”

“Nope, nothing funny over here.”

They reached the Big Q and Brian actually got out with Justin. Once inside, the two separated. Justin grabbed a shopping cart and went over the list in his head of things he needed to get. He picked up dishes, drinking glasses, a teakettle and mugs and other house ware items. Next was hardware. He found the hammer, nails and hangers he needed to hang up some of his pictures. After he found everything he could think of, he wandered around the store searching for Brian.

In his search, he came across an art supply section. It wasn’t high-end supplies, but it was good enough and a good price range for Justin to use when experimenting with his art. He picked up a few colors and a couple of brushes, pencils and sketchpads. Justin was trying to remember what oil colors he was out of when Brian found him.

“So you’re really into this art stuff, huh?” Brian asked as he approached.

“Yeah, want to come over and see my sketches?”

Brian laughed at that. “If I didn’t know better I’d think you were flirting with me.”

“Oh, but you know better, don’t you.”

“Maybe I don’t.” Brian said somewhat quietly “Come on, let’s head to the check-out”

Justin put the items he was holding in his cart and followed Brian to the front of the store to the checkout lines. Justin didn’t notice, until they reached the line, that Brian had a shopping basket filled with nothing but condoms and lube.”

“Did you leave any on the shelf?”

“Yeah, I left the really cheap stuff.”

When Brian reached the checkout girl she gave him a weird look as she was ringing up his purchases. Brian didn't seem to care.

Once they were back in the jeep, they drove to Justin's apartment in a comfortable silence. Brian helped Justin bring his purchases into the apartment. After everything was brought in, Brian looked around Justin's little apartment. He noticed a lot of things he didn't particularly pay any mind to last night. There were a few boxes stacked in the corner. He saw some canvases turned towards the wall and headed over in that direction.

"May I?" he asked Justin before he turned them over.

"Sure."

Brian studied a few pieces of Justin's work before he commented. "You are really talented. You work in pencil, oils and pastel. I'm impressed."

"You know about art?"

"Not much, I took a few courses in school. I'm in advertising so I know what works for my campaigns, and I know what I like. And I like your stuff."

"Thank you, that means a lot."

"Have you ever shown your work?"

"Not really. Only to family and friends-I'm mostly self taught aside from high school courses. I feel a little self conscious about that."

"Don't, your work is beautiful.... show me your favorite piece" Brian asked.

Justin thought about it for a while before he agreed. He went into the bedroom and came out with a smaller canvas. Justin held the picture towards himself- he wasn't sure if he really wanted to show it to Brian. He wasn't sure if he would understand it. Justin was deep in thought looking at the picture when Brian came up behind him and reached around Justin and held on to the painting. Justin closed his eyes while Brian looked at the picture. He could not move away because he was trapped, Brian had him boxed in.

The painting was done a long time ago. It was an abstract of the elation Justin felt when his doctor told him he was in remission. It was a story of a life that was put on hold that was now set free. The painting was a happy one, but it was full of raw emotion. Justin had never shown it to anyone before-Brian again, was the first.

Brian leaned into Justin. "This is truly amazing." He whispered into Justin's ear.

Justin turned around to face Brian; he wanted to look into his eyes to see if he was sincere. He knew that Brian was not the one to give false compliments, but he still needed to see it in his eyes. When he turned around, he saw briefly that Brian was honestly touched by the painting before his mask of indifference returned.

"That painting was intended for my eyes only. You're the only one I've ever shown it to." Justin told him looking up at Brian.

Brian leaned down and touched his lips to Justin's. Once their lips met, both men wanted much more. Brian deepened the kiss and demanded entry into Justin's warm mouth. He was not denied. Justin wrapped his hands around Brian's neck and held on tight. Justin could feel his pants getting tighter as his erection grew; and, he knew Brian was in the same predicament.

As the men were losing themselves in each other's touch. The door that led up to Emmett's place flew open and Emmett and Vic came through carrying food trays. Brian and Justin were startled apart from the intrusions. Justin was mentally kicking himself for not locking the door back this morning.

“Oops, Emmett I told you we should have knocked.”

“Well, how was I supposed to know there would be love in the afternoon going on down here.”

“It’s okay.” Justin said as he took the painting Brian was still holding and took it back to his bedroom. He tried to compose himself before returning back to the living room. When he returned, Brian was nowhere to be seen.

“Brian left, sorry baby. I really didn’t mean to interrupt anything. We needed a guinea pig to try the hors d’ oeuvres for tomorrow’s party.”

"It's fine." Justin said even though he was upset that Brian would just leave like that. Justin thought they made some type of connection.

"Hi Justin, I'm Vic. I'm Debbie's brother and Emmett’s business partner. I’m really sorry about barging in."

"Nice to meet you, Vic. Now, what is that that smells so good?"

"Oh honey you are in for a treat, we only brought this down to tempt you to come up stairs to be our lab rat" Emmett said.

"Well lead the way." Justin followed Emmett and Vic back upstairs. He pushed Brian to the back of his mind for now. He knew he would see him tonight at Woody's.

Justin was upstairs with Vic and Emmett for about an hour with them stuffing him with all kinds of food. Justin had to finally tell them if he ate another bite, they would have a lot more cleaning up to do. With that, they released him from his taster duties.

Justin went back down stairs to his apartment and the first thing he did was put on a loose pair of sweat pants. After all the food he ate upstairs, his jeans were a little snug. He figured he would burn off the extra calories by doing a little housework.

Justin turned on his stereo system, one of the few items he brought from home. He popped in his Dance Diva’s CD and cranked up the volume. He danced around the apartment as he unpacked the few remaining boxes and put away his purchases from earlier today. It took him few hours to get the apartment exactly the way he wanted it.

Once Justin was finished, he sat back and observed his handiwork. He was satisfied with his efforts. He even hung a few of the pictures he painted. Most were abstracts but he did have several sketches and paintings of his parents, Emmett and his best friend Daphne back in Philly. When he was hanging her portrait, he felt sad. He and Daphne had never gone more than a weekend without seeing or speaking to one another. And so far, it has been five days since he moved here and he had not called her yet. Daphne called him on her honeymoon, so he had no excuse for not calling her.

He promised himself he would call her after he finished getting the apartment in order. Once he was finished with the apartment, he stretched out on the sofa with a cup of hot chocolate. He changed the CD to something a little more mellow- to unwind a bit. He grabbed the phone and dialed Daphne’s cell phone number-she answered on the second ring.

“Hello.”

“Daph.”

“Justin, Hi! How are you? How is Pittsburgh? When you coming home? I miss you.”

“Hey, I’m fine, the Pitts is cool, can’t wait for you to visit, and I don’t plan on coming back anytime soon. I miss you too. Where are you? You sound kind of muffled.”

“I have my headset on, I’m at the day spa. Jonathan gave me a day of beauty and a break from the twins for my birthday.”

“Shit Daph, today is your birthday. I totally forgot, with the move and all it slipped my mind.”

“Well it’s a good thing you arranged for those flowers to be sent to me ahead of time, or I would be really pissed right now.”

“And you used to tease me about planning ahead. So how are my god-children?”

“Justine and Taylor are little monsters. Twins in there terrible two’s is a parental nightmare.”

“You wouldn’t want them any other way.”

Daphne laughed. “No I wouldn’t, I love those little devils. They miss you so much. Every time the doorbell rings, they’re disappointed when it’s not you on the other side.”

“I miss them too. Give them a big kiss for me later.”

“I will, so obviously you didn’t call to wish me a happy birthday, what’s going on?”

“I met a guy.”

“Okay.”

“I fucked him last night.”

“You’re no longer a virgin.” Daphne screamed the last part a little too loud that everyone in the room looked at her.

“Daphne, keep your voice down, aren’t people around you?”

“They don’t know who I’m talking to, so dish. When, where and how did you meet?”

“Emmett took me to a club last night and I met him there. He’s actually a friend of Emmett’s.” Justin left out the fact that Emmett was not too thrilled that they hooked up.

“Wait minute, are saying you just met this guy?” Daphne was shocked that Justin would sleep with someone he just met. There were guys in Philly who were interested in Justin, but he wouldn’t give them the time of day.

“Daph, no lectures please, this guy is beautiful, he’s tall- at least 6’5”. He’s a brunette with the most beautiful hazel eyes that you can just lose yourself in them. Daphne, his body is incredible; he’s strong and firm without being a muscle head. I was attracted to him the moment he walked in the door. I felt feelings I never felt before. I know it was quick but he was what I wanted.”

“He sounds gorgeous. I have to say I’m just surprised. You put off Ethan for two years before you gave each other hand jobs, and you give the whole package to a person you only met a few hours before.”

Justin was beginning to feel bad; he didn’t want to think about Ethan. “Daphne, I didn’t call you to feel bad. I called because I miss you and wanted to fill you in on an important event in my life.”

Ethan was a nice guy and until Brian he was the only other man Justin ever kissed or touched in a somewhat-intimate way. After last night with Brian, Justin was happy he didn’t sleep with Ethan. He knew sex with Ethan would have been a disappointment.

"I'm sorry, tell me everything. Who spoke first? Is he a good kisser? Did it hurt?"

Justin told Daphne everything. He told her about the backroom at Babylon, about Brian getting the condoms from his car and the initial pain when he entered him. He also told her about the ecstasy he felt when he came with Brian still inside him.

"Damn Justin, that sounds so hot, Jonathan may be in for a treat when I get home."

"Daphne!! You're such a freak."

"What, you can talk about your sex life, but I can't"

"We always talk about your sex life. Now that I have one, let's just focus on me."

Daphne laughed at that "All right stud, so when are you seeing him again?"

"I'm not sure- he may be at this bar I'm going to tonight."

"You guys didn't make plans for another date."

"Brian doesn't do dates, or boyfriends. At least that's what he told me. I was just a one night stand."

"What an asshole. He said that to you?"

"Yeah, that's what he said before he left last night. But Emmett and I went to the diner I'll be working at for breakfast this morning and some of his other friends were there. We sat at their booth that holds four but there were five of us. Brian sat me in his lap and we shared breakfast. We spent half the morning together just the two of us and he kissed me when we came back to the apartment. But when Emmett came down stairs Brian took off without saying a word to me.

Emmett warned me not to fall for him; he says he's bad news when it comes to love and relationships. Yet, I feel like he's interested in me. I guess I'm a little confused. I was willing to accept us as a one-night stand until today happened. Now I don't want to miss out if there's a possibility of something more."

"Justin, he told you he was interested in nothing more than sex. Maybe he wants to sleep with you again, but that doesn't mean he wants a relationship."

"I can live with that, for now."

"Well then, if you know what you want, you just have to go get it. When did you say you might see him again?"

"He's supposed to be at a pool bar tonight."

"Okay, first thing is wardrobe. Did you bring that blue sweater I bought you for your birthday last year? The one that just makes your eyes stand out and you look sexy as hell in."

"Daph, Justin said. Daphne could tell he was blushing by his tone of voice. "Yeah, I brought it."

"Good put that on with those beige cargo pants I shrunk in the wash and your brown loafer slip-ons. Yup, I'm picturing that outfit... that works. "

"How come you know my wardrobe so well?" It always amazed him that Daphne could tell him over the phone what to wear and she was always right.



“Justin you only went shopping with me for the past 5 years. I know every piece of your clothing unless you bought something new since you moved.”

“Actually, I bought a pair of baby blue soft leather pants yesterday. I wore them last night to the club.”

“Ooohh, how hot are you! No wonder you got laid your first night out on the town.”

The two friends chatted a little while longer when Daphne had to go.

“Hey thanks for everything.”

“You’re welcome and I want a full report tomorrow. I love you.”

“I love you too, bye.”

Justin hung up with Daphne and he took out the clothes she told him to wear tonight. He laid everything out on his bed and headed to the shower.

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Justin was dressed by a quarter to nine he grabbed his keys and walked up the stairs to Emmett’s. Emmett’s door leading to the basement was still open, when he entered the kitchen, Emmett and Vic were packing crates and boxes with food and decorations. Ben was helping to load some of them in the van parked out in front of the house.

Emmett was the first to notice Justin. “Hey baby, oooh, I love your sweater.”

“Thanks, you look like you still have your hands full up here.”

“No, we have it all under control.”

“Do you need me to help with something?”

“Oh, no honey, we don’t want to get you all dirty. Bad news though I won’t be able to go to Woody’s tonight. Would you mind going with Ben?”

“No I don’t mind, but Emmett I can stay and help if you need me too” Justin offered again. As much as he wanted to see Brian, he would stay and help Emmett if he needed him.

“No, no you go and have some fun” Emmett insisted. “Besides you look so yummy. You are going to drive the boys wild at Woody’s.”

“What can I say, it’s a curse.” Justin said with a chuckle. “Seriously Em, you think I look okay?”

“Justin, I know you have a mirror downstairs- baby you are gorgeous. The guys are going to be all over you, so please don’t focus all your attention on just one.” Emmett walked over to Justin and lifted his chin so that he was looking him square in the eyes. “And you know which one I’m talking about.”

“Emmett, please let me handle my own affairs. I thank you for the concern, but it is not necessary.”

“Okay, I won’t say another word.”

Ben and Vic were quietly watching the exchange between Emmett and Justin. Both men had to agree that Justin was beautiful and could probably have just about anyone in Woody’s tonight. They both also agreed Justin should not set his sights on Brian-he just may get hurt.

“Justin, if you’re ready, I think we should hit the road. The others are probably there already. Oh and by the way I’m Ben, I don’t think we officially met last night.”

“No we didn’t. I’m glad to meet you.”

“Emmett, call me tomorrow after your party. I’ll probably just go home after dropping off Justin tonight. I know you have to get up early.”

“No baby, you come back just use your key.”

“Okay, I’ll see you later then.”

Ben kissed Emmett and Vic goodbye. After Ben and Justin left, Emmett shook his head and continued packing up the food to put in the delivery truck.

“You’re really worried about Justin falling for Brian, aren’t you?”

“Vic, he has been through so much in his life-I just don’t want to see him hurt.”

“Emmett, he’s a grown man, there really isn’t anything you can do.”

“There’s something I can do, but I may run the risk of Justin never speaking to me again.”

“Then maybe you should leave it alone and let Justin handle his own life,” Vic advised.

“Yeah, maybe you’re right.”

Emmett brought his attention back to the party. Ben promised he would look after Justin, so for the time being Emmett was not going to worry.

The first few minutes of the car ride to Woody’s were rather quiet. Justin was thinking about what he would say to Brian when he saw him and Ben was just focusing on the road. Ben was lucky enough to find a parking spot close by.

“We’re here. You ready whip some ass in pool?”

“I’m ready to play, but I don’t think I’ll be whipping anyone’s ass.”

“Emmett said you were a newbie. Don’t worry I’ll help you, I’m rather good at this.”

Ben and Justin walked into the bar, it was much brighter than Justin imagined. He somehow pictured it to be like the dive bars he’d been in once in Philly. He noticed that it was predominantly men there and there were very few women and he assumed were lesbians.

Some of the men inside were gorgeous and they took notice of Justin right away. Before he even made it half way into the bar, he received an offer from one guy to buy him a drink and another offered to blow him in the men’s room. A couple of phone numbers were stuffed very slowly into his back pockets.

“Justin, I think you are going to have a very good night.” Ben said after noticing all the attention Justin was getting so quickly.”

“I think you may be right.” Justin agreed trying extremely hard not to blush.

Ben looked around the room and he spotted Ted leaning against the wall with a pool stick, Michael wasn’t too far from him. The two were watching as Brian was leaning over the pool table poised to take a shot.

Justin and Ben approached as Brian took his shot. What was normally an easy shot for Brian, he missed by a mile.

“Geeze Brian, what's wrong with you-your game has been so off tonight.” Michael had never seen Brian lose at anything and tonight he was playing pool like he never picked up a stick in his life.

“Michael, I actually beat him at racquet ball today. Hollow victory though- it seemed like his mind was someplace else.” Ben said as he and Justin approached them.

“What the fuck. Do I have to whip your asses at everything? I have been beating you two losers for years. Shut the fuck up and enjoy the fact that you’re actually winning at something.”

“And he’s crankier than usual too. Have you noticed that Ben?”

“Yeah Michael, I have-ever since last night.”

Shut the fuck up. I need a drink.” Brian tossed his pool stick on the table and headed over to the bar. He pretended like he didn’t notice Justin was standing next Ben. The truth was he noticed the moment Justin walked into the bar. He also noticed all the eyes watching Justin as he made his way through the room.

Justin was disappointed. Brian didn’t even acknowledge his presence. Emmett warned him, but he thought he was past that after they nearly spent half the morning together. Justin decided to make the best of the night-maybe Brian is the asshole everyone said he was.

“Hi guys.” Justin said to Michael and Ted.

“So did you get everything you needed at the Big Q today?”

“Yeah, I did.”

“Hey Justin, you’re looking really good tonight. You’re a walking wet dream.” Ted said leering at Justin.

“Um ...uh thanks... so how do you work this thing.” Justin said, picking up the pool stick Brian had tossed on the table.”

“I’ll show you.” Ted said moving closer to Justin before anyone else could respond. “Rack em up Michael.”

“Ted, you suck at pool. How are you going teach someone something you can’t do?”

“I do not suck, Michael. I’m better than you.”

“You just want to feel him up. Justin, beware of this one.”

Justin was laughing at the banter between Michael and Ted. It seemed like these two were always bickering. It kind of reminded him of his relationship with Daphne.

“Ben, could you please teach me how to play pool, because I don’t think I want to learn from these two.”

“Sure, rack em up Ted.”

Ben went to stand behind Justin. He leaned him slightly over the table and helped him point the stick. The position was as innocent as could be but it looked very intimate. Ben’s body was molded against Justin’s to help hold and guide the stick. Brian stood at the bar taking in the whole scene.

He was actually feeling a bit jealous. He knew Ben didn't sleep around the way he did and he would never make a move on Emmett's friend, but still Brian did not like what he was seeing. Before he could stop himself he walked over to where Justin and Ben were.

"Ben you're showing him his grip all wrong." You're holding on too tight."

"Excuse me master Kinney. If you can do better, be my guest."

Ben stepped aside and Brian moved in behind Justin. It took all of Justin's will power to be nonchalant about the change of teachers.

"Loosen your grip a little and let the stick glide through your fingers." Brian said. His mouth was close to Justin's ear. Justin felt his stomach flutter as Brian spoke.

"Like this," Justin did as Brian instructed and actually sunk a ball in one of the pockets.

"Very good, you're a fast learner."

"I pick up very quickly on things that interest me."

"Okay, lesson over. We came to play pool, let's play pool," Michael said. "Brian you and me against Ben and Ted, Justin can watch."

Ben was about to protest when Justin spoke up.

"That's a good idea Michael, I can take notes. I'll play the next game."

Justin leaned up against the wall and watched as the foursome played pool. Justin loved when Brian leaned in over the table to make a shot. The pullover vest he was wearing would rise up showing little teasing bits of skin, and his jeans would pull tight across his ass. He just looked incredibly sexy. Justin was so intent on watching Brian he was oblivious to the stares he was getting until one of the guys approached.

"Hi, I'm Steve. I have an empty table over there-why don't you come over and play with me?"

"Hi Steve, I'm actually playing next when this game is over."

"We can go have a drink and get better acquainted while you wait."

Justin was hesitant at first. Steve was actually extremely good looking. He was tall blond with bright green eyes. Any other time Justin would have found him extremely attractive-but at the moment his taste ran more towards hazel eyed brunets. Justin glanced over at the guys playing, he saw Ted, Michael and Ben both glancing in his direction. Brian never looked up. Justin decided to take Steve up on his offer and they walked to the bar.

Steve ordered a tequila shot with a beer chaser and Justin ordered the same. He did shots last night with Brian and he was fine, he figured tequila shots shouldn't be so bad. He was wrong, it worse than anything he has ever tasted. He didn't want to make an idiot of himself in front of Steve and the guys so he forced it down and chased it with his beer. Steve ordered another round of shots. Justin politely declined the second one.

"What's wrong you don't want to drink with me?"

"No, I'm not a heavy drinker. The beer is fine for me." Justin raised the beer bottle to his lips and took a drink as if to prove a point."

"Well, I brought this for you-I think you should drink it."

"Well I don't want it... and I think I'm going to head back over to my friends."

Steve grabbed Justin by his arm to prevent him from leaving. "We're not finished getting acquainted."

"Yes, you are."

Both Steve and Justin turned around to see Brian standing beside them.

"Back off Kinney this has nothing to do with you. The twink and I were just having a drink and then whatever else that may lead to."

"It's going to lead you nowhere, because Justin's with me." Brian said as he draped his arm loosely around Justin's waist.

Justin took a step closer to Brian. Steve backed off without another word.

Brian let his arm fall from Justin waist and took a step closer to the bar.

"We might as well not let this go to waste." Brian said as he picked up the tequila shot and downed it in one swift movement.

"Let's get out of here," Brian said as he grabbed Justin's arm and headed for the exit.

"Wait I have to tell Ben. I can't just keep walking out on people." Justin looked over toward the pool table, Ben made eye contact with him and waved him off as if to say goodbye. Justin waved back and allowed Brian to lead him out of the bar. They walked to the jeep with Brian still holding Justin's arm leading him to the passenger side. Brian opened the door, Justin hesitated. He turned around to face Brian.

"Why did you leave earlier today without saying goodbye?" Justin asked out of the blue.

"You had company."

"Poor excuse, you could hav..."

Justin's sentence was cut off as Brian's mouth claimed his. He violated Justin's mouth with a hot, passionate kiss. As quickly as the kiss began, Brian stopped it. Both men were breathless.

"Now do you want to stand here and talk or do you want to go back to my place and fuck?" Brian asked huskily.

Justin's response was to climb into the jeep and shut the door. Brian smiled to himself as he walked around to the driver's side door and got in.

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Brian pulled up in front of his loft and jumped out of the car. He walked to the front entrance of his building and punched in the security code. He held the door open for Justin to enter first. Brian decided to use the stairs instead of waiting for the elevator. He could not believe how hard he was getting from watching Justin's ass move back and forth as he walked up the short flights of stairs in front of him. When they reached the door to Brian's loft, he slid it open and, again, he allowed Justin to enter first.

Justin's mouth dropped when he saw the place. The loft was tastefully decorated and Justin could tell right away that the furniture was expensive. But it wasn't what was in the loft that amazed him. He was amazed by the space, and the windows. He could only imagine the light that came through in the daytime.

"Brian this is amazing. This is definitely the type of place I hope to live in someday. The windows are enormous. The one thing I really hate about the basement apartment is that there is no natural light. I haven't drawn anything since I moved in there. This place is inspiring."

"The windows came with the place, I only brought the furniture." Brian answer was cheeky but he liked how Justin was enthralled with the place.

"The furniture is awesome. Is that Italian leather?"

"Good eye-most people can't tell the difference." Brian walked to the refrigerator and grabbed a bottle of water. "You want something to drink?"

"Sure whatever you're having is fine." Justin said as he continued to walk around the loft taking it all in.

Brian walked up behind him and handed him the water bottle over his shoulder. Justin leaned back against Brian's chest. Brian took that as an invitation and began kissing Justin on his neck. Justin turned around slowly as Brian trailed kisses along his neck, and cheek leading to his mouth. He wrapped his arms around Brian's neck. Brian reached up and took the still closed water bottle from Justin and dropped it on the sofa.

He lifted the bottom of Justin's shirt and slid his hands underneath. The memory of the night before came back to him and reminded him how much he loved the feel of Justin body. He wanted to see him naked lying in his bed. Brian lifted Justin's shirt further and pulled it up over his head.

Justin followed Brian's lead and pulled his shirt up and over his head as well. Justin started to kiss Brian on his chest and stomach. He went down on his knees and unsnapped the top button of his jeans and slowly pulled down his zipper. He was about to free Brian's erection when he stopped him and pulled him to his feet.

"Brian, why did you stop?"

"We'll continue-I just want to take this to the bedroom."

Brian held Justin's hand and led him up the stairs to the bedroom. Once there, Brian removed the rest of his and Justin clothes. He climbed on top of the bed with Justin.

"Now where were we?"

Justin flashed Brian one of his brilliant smiles. "I think I remember," he said as he started kissing his way back down the happy trail to his prize. Justin licked the tip of Brian's cock and heard his sharp intake of breath. He took the length of Brian's cock in his mouth and sucked and nipped and licked until Brian was ready to cum.

"Juuuusstinnnnn, I'm cu....arrgggh." Brian shot his load into Justin mouth.

Justin was surprised he was able to swallow it all. Brian was the first person he'd ever given a blowjob. He only knew what to expect from the stories he would hear from Daphne and Emmett.

Justin came back up to the top of the bed to lie next to Brian.

"Not too bad for a newbie, huh?" Justin asked somewhat pleased with himself.

Brian looked at him "Don't tell me that was your first blowjob. Wow! What do you do, read books?"

"Something like that. So it was that good, wasn't it?"

"It was... 'nice'," Brian said with a smirk.

"You asshole." Justin, playfully slapped Brian's leg.

Brian pulled Justin on top of him, and kissed him before whispering in his ear. "It was amazing."

“Then maybe you would be so kind as to return the favor” Justin said. His voice was thick with lust from the mixture of Brian’s kisses and his hand on Justin’s rock hard erection.

Brian did return the favor, all through the night. Justin was surprised that Brian let him stay. Several times when Brian reached over to wake him, Justin thought he was getting ready to take him home. It was quite the opposite; Brian could not get enough of Justin. And Justin didn’t want to have it any other way.

Justin woke Sunday morning wrapped in Brian’s arms. He didn’t want to move, but his bladder was telling him otherwise. Justin tried to disentangle himself from Brian without waking him. Brian moaned at the disturbance, but he didn’t wake up.

Justin relieved himself and washed up a little in the bathroom. He and Brian fucked all night and Justin really wanted to take a shower, but he didn’t want the noise to wake Brian. Once he was all set in the bathroom he walked back to where Brian was and he stopped at the edge of the bed and watched him sleep. He suddenly got a really strong urge to draw him.

Justin grabbed Brian’s bathrobe that was hanging in the bathroom and then padded into the living room area looking for paper and pencils. He found them on Brian’s desk. He walked back in the bedroom and sat at the foot of the bed and began sketching a still-sleeping Brian.

Justin drew several different pictures. He even slid the duvet down past Brian’s waist and sketched a nude picture of him. Justin was so into his work that he didn’t notice when Brian woke.

“Are you drawing pictures of my dick?” Brian asked, his voice was still sleep filed. It was the sexiest sound Justin has ever heard.

“Not just your dick...do you mind? The light in here is just as amazing as I thought. ”

“No, I don’t mind, just make me look good.”

“Well that won’t be hard.”

“If you keep looking at me like that it will be.” Brian said sitting up in the bed. The duvet was still pulled below his waist.

Justin put the picture he was working on down and crawled up to the top of the bed next to Brian. Brian watched him as he approached.

“Is that my bathrobe?”

“Yeah it is. I didn’t want to take a shower yet, I was afraid I would wake you.”

Well I’m awake now, so let’s go” Brian climbed out the bed and walked toward the bathroom. Justin jumped up and followed him tossing the bathrobe on the bed. Brian turned on the water to get the temperature just right. He walked into the shower stall and pulled Justin in with him. The two stood under the warm spray and let it fall over them.

Brian picked up the soap and started soaping Justin’s chest and stomach. “Turn around and let me wash your back.” Justin did as Brian asked. Brian soaped his back and buttocks. Justin could feel his hard-on growing-Brian’s touch was so sensual that Justin was in heaven.

After Justin rinsed off, he took the soap from Brian and began washing him. Brian allowed Justin to explore his body.

“Brian would you like me to wash your hair?” In response Brian handed him the shampoo bottle.

Justin took a sniff before he applied it to Brian's wet hair. "This smells great, I never heard of this brand before."

"It's imported." Brian responded as he bent his head backwards so that Justin could reach.

"It's nice, I like it." Justin rinsed and conditioned Brian's hair, then he did the same to his own.

"Hey, I have another first for you." Brian said.

"What's that?"

"This." Brian pressed Justin up against the wall and started kissing on his stomach and all way down to his erect penis. Brian took Justin's cock into his mouth. Justin could not believe how many times he and Brian fucked or sucked each other in the past couple of days and each time it got better and better. The feel of Brian's mouth on his cock and the warm water washing over his body was mind blowing. Shower sex was good.

### Part 3

Brian and Justin stayed in the shower until the water ran cold. Brian grabbed two large fluffy towels and the men dried off and dressed. Brian gave him new underwear and a long sleeve t-shirt to put on and then Justin put back on the pants he wore the day before. Brian dressed in a pair of jeans and a black wife beater with a button down shirt over it. Once the two were dressed, Brian headed to the kitchen and put on a pot of coffee.

"Are you hungry, I have cereal and fruit?"

Justin was actually starving, he had not eaten anything since he left Emmett's apartment late afternoon yesterday. "Actually, I am. I'll have a bowl of cereal."

Brian poured him and Justin a bowl of Cheerios. He cut bananas up in them to make it more filling. Justin actually had two bowls. When breakfast was over, Justin started to feel down-hearted. He knew Brian would be taking him home and who knows when he would see him again.

Brian glanced over at the clock on the wall. It was almost 10:30 am. "Oh shit is it really that late?"

"It's only 10:30."

"I promised Gus I would pick him up at 10:00. I'm surprised I didn't get a phone call yet."

"Oh if you have to be someplace I can take a cab or the bus, just tell me which one to get one."

Justin offered. He was really bothered that Brian was going to be spending the day with another guy, but he didn't want Brian to see it.

"No I can drop you off but you'll have to go with me to get Gus first."

"Okay, whatever's best for you." Justin was trying act as if he didn't care, but he was curious to see what this Gus guy looked like.

Brian and Justin drove about 15 minutes until Brian pulled up in front of a huge brown Victorian house. The house was located in a neighborhood that was similar to where Emmett and Justin lived.

Brian opened the driver door and got out. He was about to close the door when he noticed Justin didn't move to get out.

"You coming?"



“No, I’ll wait here.” Justin was not as eager as he thought to meet this other man in Brian’s life. He was now wishing Brian had taken him home first.

“I think you should come in, I may need you as a buffer. Mel can be a little viscous, and your presence might calm the situation.”

“Alright.” Justin climbed out of the car and walked around to join Brian, he was really confused now. He was wondering who Mel was and why would he be upset about Brian picking Gus up late. Brian walked up to the front door. With Justin beside him he, rung the doorbell.

The door flew open with a very angry woman standing there. “You’re late!!!”

“I’m here now.” Brian said as he walked past her pulling Justin in behind him.

“Would it fucking kill you to do one thing right- geeze Brian we have to be in New Jersey by noon.”

“Mel calm down, it’s a fucking wedding- you should be thanking me. Now you have an excuse to be fashionably late.”

“Whatever, Brian.” Mel walked over to the stairs.

“Lindsay, Brian’s finally here,”

“Okay, I’ll be right down.”

Mel looked over at Justin and then back at Brian. She walked up to Justin. “You’re cute, why the fuck are you wasting time with him?”

Justin was caught off guard. He wasn’t sure how to respond to Mel’s questions.

“I...um..... Hi, I’m Justin. Brian and I met a couple of days ago.”

“Brian, he’s cute and can speak in sentences. He’s a keeper.”

“Mel, are you being rude to Brian?” Lindsay asked as she was coming down the stairs and heard the tail end of Mel’s remark. She was walking down the stairs slowly holding on to the hand of the cutest little boy Justin had ever seen. He had to be about 3 or 4 years old and he had a mop of brunet hair cut in the typical preschooler bowl cut.

Justin thought there was something familiar about the little boy, especially his eyes. It was the eyes that held Justin’s attention, those eyes he’d seen before and it struck him. Those were Brian’s eyes.

As soon as Justin made the realization that this was Brian’s son, Gus confirmed the fact when he saw his father.

“Daddy,” Gus screamed and broke free from his mothers hand and ran and launched himself at his father.

Brian squatted down and lifted Gus up in his arms. "Hey, Sonny boy, how’s my little man?”

“Good, what we do today. Mommy and momma said I be with you all day today.”

“You will be, and we will do anything you want.”

“Chuck E Cheese?”

“Except that.”

“Wini Pooh movie.”

“Except that.”

“Daddy, anything I want.” Gus was laughing now. He went through this every weekend when his daddy picked him up. Gus was thinking of what else he could suggest they do when he noticed Justin standing near his Momma Mel smiling at him.

“Who’s that?” He asked pointing in Justin’s direction.

“I’m Justin- I’m a friend of your Daddy’s. You must be Gus.”

Yup, I’m Gus.” Gus informed Justin matter-of-factly.

Gus looked Justin up and down. At his young age he already had the intense stare of his father and his directness. “You with me and Daddy?”

“I don’t know that’s up to your Dad.” Justin and Gus both looked to Brian for the answer.

“Suit yourself,” Brian responded.

Justin took that as a yes “I’d love to hang out with you and your Dad today. Where are we going?”

“You guess good as me.” Gus answered raising his little shoulders in a shrug.

All the adults laughed at Gus’ response.

Lindsay walked over to Justin to introduce herself. “Hi I’m Lindsay Peterson, don’t mind Gus. He is quite precocious for his age. I swear he is four going on 34.

“Hi, I’m Justin Taylor, Gus is adorable.”

“Thank you, he is quite adorable. You said your name is Justin Taylor? Are you by chance Emmett’s friend?” Lindsay asked.

“Yes I am. He was my neighbor in Philly.”

”He told me about you. He said you’re into art. When he knew you were definitely coming he asked me if there were any openings at the gallery I work at. Unfortunately, there aren’t right now. If anything comes up I’ll let you know. I would love to see some of your work- Emmett says you are really talented.

“He is. I saw a couple of pieces yesterday. You would be impressed,” Brian answered for Justin.

“You must be good, praise from Brian is hard to get” Lindsay said.

“Lindsay, we have to go” Mel screeched as she put her coat on and grabbed her purse.

“Okay,” Lindsay took Gus from Brian and gave him a goodbye kiss and hug as she gave Brian final instructions.

“Brian I packed him a bag in case you take him to the p-a-r-k with all his t-o-y-s. Also, he does not have school tomorrow, teachers meeting or something. If Mel and I come back late, I packed him a bag in case you want to take him to the loft with you and I’ll pick him up before you go to work. And Brian, do not give him a lot of c-a-n-d-y today.”

“Yes Lindsay, Gus say goodbye to your Mommies so they can go.”

“By Momma, bye Mommy.

“Bye baby.” Lindsay and Mel both said in unison as they were heading towards the door.”

“Justin it was nice meeting you and we will talk later, I can’t wait to see your work. Have fun boys.” Lindsay said, as she was putting on her coat and walking out the door.

“Not too much fun, there is a minor present.” Mel said over her shoulder as she was closing the front door.

Once outside, Lindsay gave Mel a reproachful look. “You were very rude to Justin.”

“Why, do I need to be nice to Brian’s latest fuck?”

“He happens to be a friend of Emmett’s and what makes you think they’re having sex?”

“Didn’t you see the way that kid kept looking at Brian;-trust me they are fucking.”

“If they are sleeping together that makes this situation even more weird.”

“Why is that?” Mel asked as she climbed in the driver side of their Caravan while Lindsay got in on the passenger side.

“Mel, Brian never bring guys he is fucking over to be introduced, let alone bring them around his son.”

“Our son.”

“Mel, you’re missing the big picture here, this Justin must be something special. Could Brian actually be interested in someone outside of the bedroom?”

“Or the backroom of Babylon.”

“Mel!!!” Both women broke out laughing as Mel started the engine and pulled away from the curb.

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“So little man, have you decide what you want to do today?” Brian asked Gus as he picked him up and hung him upside down by his ankles.

“Daddy, put me down. “Gus managed to get out in between giggles.

Brian complied and lowered Gus back to floor. As soon as he put him down, Gus raised his arms up and instructed his father to do it again. This went on for several minutes until Brian’s arms grew tired.

“Okay game over. Gus how about we go to the zoo?” Brian suggested.

“Kay, Jussin, you like the zoo?” Gus asked Justin who was standing in the living room quietly observing the father son antics.

“I love the zoo. Darn, I wish I had a sketchpad. Back home when we went, I would do drawings of some of the animals.”

“I have craywons.”

“Crayons would work perfectly.”

“Let’s go get dem,” Gus instructed as he grabbed Justin by the hand and led him upstairs to his bedroom. “Daddy come too.”

“Yes sir,” Brian gave a mock salute as he followed the two upstairs.

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Brian, Justin and Gus spent a few hours walking around the zoo. No matter how many times Brian or his mothers bring him here, to Gus it was always like the first time. He especially love the petting zoo. Brian would let him feed the llamas and the goats.

Justin luckily found sketchpads and colored pencils in Gus’ treasure trove of toys. Justin wasn’t surprised being that Gus’ mother was an artist. Brian also told him Lindsay had a personal studio upstairs in the attic if he wanted anything else.

Justin did a few sketches of the gorillas, and on Gus’ instance he sketched the lions as well. While Justin sketched Gus would sit beside him and try to sketch as well. His pictures were not as detailed as Justin’s, but you could see the kid had potential.

Brian watched as Justin and Gus sketched. He found himself staring at Justin, a lot. He didn’t want to admit it, but he loved looking at this kid. He was beautiful to Brian. Justin could feel Brian’s stare-he would look up from his drawing and catch Brian’s eye. Brian would look away or pretend like he was interested in his drawing.

There was something about Justin that Brian was drawn to, he has never spent this much time with someone he just met in a chaste, platonic atmosphere. This was practically a date. Brian was also amazed at how at ease Gus was with this stranger. Gus was usually leery about new people, but he took to Justin right away. Brian could not figure out what it was about this kid that had the Kinney men wanting to be near him.

Brian checked the time on his cell phone it was close to 2:00 and he was hungry. Gus and Justin had a hotdog earlier at the zoo, but Brian was sure they, too, were starting to get hungry again. Brian figured they could grab something to eat at a café not too far from the zoo. He didn’t want to wait too long to feed Gus, he gets really whiney and cranky.

“Hey are you two ready? I need food,” Brian asked.

“Yeah, I’m all set.” Justin answered as he got up from the bench. “What about you Gus?”

Gus followed Justin’s lead and started picking up his crayons. “Ready,” he announced as he ran over to his Daddy to give him his crayons and other supplies to put away.

“How did I get stuck carrying all the stuff you two insisted on bringing.” Brian said as he looked down at the backpacks, pads of paper and pencil boxes.

“You’re the artists’ assistant-didn’t you know that?” Justin he walked over and kissed a pouting Brian on the cheek.

“

“Is that all I get?”

“For now, remember where we are.” Justin said as he looked around. They were already getting curious glances from the small peck he gave Brian on the cheek.

“Do you really think I care?” Brian said as he lowered his lips to Justin’s. It was a chaste kiss, but to the uptight passer-bys, they might as well been fucking in the monkey cage.

When Brian raised his head he smiled at Justin, who was shocked at first, before returning the smile. “I love pissing off straight people,” Brian whispered in Justin’s ear before he leaned away and continued packing up Gus’ art supplies.

"You kiss like my Mommies." Gus said and thought for a moment before he turned to Justin "Do you love my Daddy too, because Mommy always say \*I love you" after she kisses Momma."

"Gus, aren't you hungry, I'm starving." Justin asked totally sidestepping Gus' question. "How about pizza?"

"Yaay, pizza," Gus screamed, his previous question already forgotten.

"Good save," Brian chuckled.

"Let's just go eat."

The boys ate at the café Brian suggested and, lucky for Justin, they served gourmet pizza. After lunch, Gus was getting sleepy and Brian suggested they go back to the loft. Justin let Brian set the pace for the day. He didn't want to wear out his welcome, but Brian didn't seem to be in a hurry to get rid of him.

When Brian reached the loft Justin carried Gus, who was fast asleep, upstairs while Brian carried all of Gus belongings. Inside the loft Brian stripped and remade the bed so that Gus could take a nap. Once Gus was settled Brian and Justin went into the living room. Brian took a couple of beers from the fridge and handed one to Justin.

"So how long do you think he'll be asleep?" Justin asked making small talk.

"I don't know it's about 4:00, if he doesn't wake up by five, I'll wake him or he won't sleep tonight."

Brian didn't have to bother the little tyke woke up before the hour was up. Gus and Justin colored for a while before they settled down to watch some of the cartoon DVDs Brian kept at the loft for Gus. They ordered dinner in and before they knew it was after 9:00. Justin helped Brian wash Gus up earlier and put on his pajamas after dinner. So when he fell asleep for the night, Brian just carried him back to the bedroom.

Justin wasn't sure what he was to do-he knew Brian didn't want to disturb Gus to take him home so he suggested to Brian he could take a cab home.

"No, that won't be necessary, once Lindsay and Mel come, I can drop you off." Brian said "I'm not sure why they aren't here yet I'm sure the reception ended hours ago."

"Speaking of reception, could I use your phone? I want to see if Emmett is back from his party and let him know where I am. He worries about me."

"No, really-I hadn't noticed," Brian couldn't help the snarky response. "Sure you can use the phone." As Brian pointed in the direction of his phone, he saw the message light blinking and walked over to the answering machine.

"That wasn't blinking when we came in, when did I get a message?"

"Maybe it was when we were getting Gus ready for bed- we did have the water running in the bathroom.

"Maybe." Brian pressed the retrieval button and Lindsay's voice filled the room.

\*Brian, its Lindsay. We won't make it back tonight. Mel parked in a tow zone and our car was towed. The lot holding it closed and we can't get the car until the morning. We're staying with Mel's cousin tonight. We'll leave early tomorrow and I'll get Gus before you leave for work. Give Gus a kiss for me and call me on my cell if you need me, bye.\*

Brian turned off the machine when the message ended. "When you call Emmett, tell him you'll be staying another night." Brian picked up the receiver and handed it to Justin.

"Okay," Justin answered. He dialed Emmett's house number and got his voice mail. Justin left a message letting him know everything was okay. He thought about calling him on the cell but changed his mind. Justin felt he really

shouldn't have to check in at all, so leaving one message was enough. When Justin hung up the phone, he saw Brian dragging what appeared to be a futon mattress from the corner of the loft toward the sofa.

"You can sleep on this. It has a lot of pillows and is very comfortable." He said as he pushed the coffee table aside and placed it in front of the sofa.

"Brian, you didn't have to pull that out, the sofa would have been fine."

"I'm sure it would be, but it can't sleep two," Brian said giving Justin a knowing look and a very devilish smile.

Justin returned Brian's smile as he answered, "You need help with that?"

Brian retrieved extra bedding from the linen closet- he and Justin made up the futon for them settle on for the night. They tried to be as quiet as possible they didn't want to wake Gus. They barely spoke or even made eye contact as they readied themselves for bed. For modesty sake, in case Gus did wake up, Brian pulled on a pair of pajama bottoms and gave Justin a pair as well. Their pants were quickly discarded once they climbed in to their makeshift bed in the living room.

The loft was quiet and dark aside from the streetlight that was shining through the tall windows. Brian noticed that it was casting a beautiful glow against Justin's creamy white skin. He reached for Justin immediately. His lips sought out Justin's and he kissed him with the similar urgency of their first night together. Justin, just as eager, returned the kiss. Still neither one spoke. All that was heard were their soft moans of pleasure. Brian grabbed condoms and lube from the bedroom before they got into bed-he reached for one now.

Brian instructed Justin to turn over onto his hands and knees. He opened the condom and rolled it onto his unbearably hard erection. He positioned himself over Justin and lubed his covered penis as well as his fingers. He inserted one then two of his fingers into Justin. Brian wanted to make sure he was ready for him.

"Brian, please." Justin whispered. He was trying to be mindful of Gus sleeping in the other room.

"Please what, Justin?" Brian said as he lay across Justin's back. Brian was leaving little trails of kisses and bite marks along Justin's shoulder blades and lower back. He still had his fingers inside of Justin.

"Please, don't tease me." Justin managed to get out breathlessly.

"Tell me what you want." Brian demanded. His cock was throbbing to be inside of Justin but he needed to hear him ask for it...no beg for it.

"Fuck me Brian ....please." Justin's voice was barely audible. He was afraid that he would scream out at any moment if he spoke any louder.

Brian complied with Justin's request and slipped himself deep inside of Justin. Justin was surprised by how deep Brian actually was inside of him. They had fucked numerous times previously but never in this position. It was face to face, until now. Justin loved being able to look in Brian's eyes when he was fucking him face to face. But Justin had to admit there was something wild and animalistic about the way Brian was riding him now. Brian hands had free access to Justin's body and he was exploring at will.

Justin kept up with Brian's rhythm and he made sure Brian was getting the ride of his life. When Brian felt himself close to coming he reached around and grabbed Justin cock and started stroking it along with the rhythm.

"Justin, I'm cumming...cum with me baby." Brian leaned forward and wrapped his lips around Justin's neck in an attempt to control his screams as he came.

"Brr..iiian....." Justin grabbed one of the futon pillows and tried to hold it to his mouth with one hand. He lost his balance and fell forward with Brian on top of him. They lay there in that position until they both were able to catch their breath. Brian slowly lifted himself from Justin. He then rolled onto his back and removed the condom.

Justin moved even slower than Brian. As amazing as the sex was he was actually very sore now. Brian noticed him wincing as he tried to stretch out.

“Justin are you in pain, did I hurt you?”

Justin was touched by the concern in Brian’s voice. “No ...well yeah, but it’s a good hurt.”

“Hurts so good huh?”

“Yeah, something like that.” Justin tried to roll over and winced again from the pain. “Might I make a suggestion, if you wake me during the night can we just stick with a blowjob?”

“Sounds fair, now go to sleep.” Brian reached down and pulled up the covers that they kicked to the foot of the bed. He lay on his side facing Justin who now was lying on his side as well.

“Can I say one more thing?”

“What?”

“That was so hot.”

“Of course it was, now go to sleep.” Brian gave Justin a little smile as he leaned in and gave him a light kiss on the lips.

Justin closed his eyes and sleep came quickly. Brian didn’t wake Justin during the night as he did the previous night. The two migrated towards each other in sleep and slept through the night intertwined.

Justin woke the following morning alone on the futon mattress. Even though he was alone, he felt like someone was watching him. He turned his head towards the sofa and locked eyes with Gus, who was sitting in his pajamas watching him.

“Morning Gus,” Justin said while yawning.

“Morning.”

“Were you watching me sleep?” Justin asked-not quite sure why Gus was staring.

“Daddy sleep with you? He sleeps with me when I stay here.” Gus said, still looking directly at Justin.

“Oh were you scared?”

“No.”

”Did you miss Daddy?”

Gus only shrugged his shoulders. Justin wasn’t sure if he was upset or if he was just conveying information.

“You make funny noises like Daddy.”

Justin’s first thought was \*Oh shit, Gus heard us last night\*, he decided to ask him what he meant before he jumped to conclusions. Justin prayed his conclusions were wrong.

“What funny noises, Gus?”

“My son is under the impression that I snore. So what he is saying is, you snore too.”

“I do not sno...” Justin’s retort was cut short as he turned his head in the direction of Brian’s voice. Brian was coming from the bedroom and Justin was awe struck by the site in front of him. He has only seen \*weekend\* Brian, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. The Brian standing in front of him was corporate GQ.

Brian noticed Justin’s expression and tried his best to suppress a grin. He failed miserably. Brian knew he looked good, he always dressed to impress when it came to work. He took extra care on days when he had meetings with new clients, such as today. He had a business lunch with the new president of Liberty Air. Brian decided to wear his navy blue pinstripe Armani suit. It was one of his favorites and he knew he looked good in it.

Justin took in every nuance of Brian. The suit was beautiful and he dressed it up perfectly with a dusty blue silk shirt with a matching tie. Justin also noticed that he wasn’t sporting his “just fucked” hairdo. His hair was combed so perfect that Justin thought even the wind would not dare to muss it up.

“Are you going to get up or are you going to sit there and stare at me all morning?” Brian asked. He managed to tone his grin down to a smirk.

“I wasn’t staring, I was just surprised you were up and dressed already. It’s still early.”

“Its 7:30 and Gus and I have been up since 6:00. I wanted to get an early start today, but that looks unlikely.”

“Oh, Lindsay hasn’t called yet?” Justin asked as he reached for the discarded pajama bottoms from last night. He pulled them on under the covers and then stood up.

“I have been trying to call Lindz on her cell to see when she’ll get here, but it keep going to voice mail.” Brian answered. He placed the briefcase he was carrying on the counter and went into the kitchen to start coffee. He turned back to the sofa where Gus was sitting quietly watching the adults.

“Hey sonny boy, what would you like for breakfast?”

“Pancakes,” Gus answered without having to think about it.

“How about cereal?” Brian suggested.

“Pancakes, Mommy always make pancakes when I have no school.”

“Gus, I’m not Mommy, I can’t make pancakes. So how about cereal?”

“Daddy, pancakes.”

Justin watched father and son go back and forth and being that they both were Kinney men he had a feeling this could go on all morning.

“Brian, I can make pancakes.”

“You can cook?” Brian asked hopeful and surprised all at the same time.

“Sure my mom taught me.”

“The kitchen is all yours. But there is one problem, I don’t have pancake mix.”

“Oh, ...hmm, well let’s see what you got.” Justin walked into the kitchen with Brian, he was thinking of what he would need to make pancakes from scratch.

“Do you have flour and sugar?”



Brian looked in his cabinets and took out the flour and sugar. "Here you go."

"How about milk and eggs?"

"I believe I do." Brian pulled those items from the refrigerator.

"Then you have pancakes.... Oh yeah, what about syrup?"

"I have plenty of syrup." Brian said as if that was a staple food.

"Why do you have syrup if you don't eat pancakes?" Justin asked slightly puzzled.

"I have several uses for maple syrup and pancakes is not one of them." Brian said as he shot Justin a very naughty look.

Justin turned beat red at Brian's comment. Brian laughed at his reaction.

"If you're a good boy, maybe I'll show you some of those uses."

"Brian!!! Stop Gus will hear you." Justin whispered as he gave Brian what he hoped was a stern look.

Again Brian only laughed and turned his attention back to his son. "Gus, Justin is going to make you pancakes."

Gus was so excited he actually started doing his happy dance on top of Brian Italian leather sofa.

"Do you need help with anything?" Brian asked.

"No, you get out of the kitchen before you get something on your suit. I'll be right back I just want to brush my teeth and I'll get Gus to help me.

Justin washed up and pulled back on his pants from the other day and the shirt Brian had given him. He really wished he had something else to put on, but this would have to do for now. When Justin walked back into the living room Brian was hanging up his cell phone.

"Did you reach her yet?" Justin asked, as he walked back into the kitchen and searched the cupboards for the utensils he would need.

"No, I left like 15 messages."

Justin measured out his ingredients and poured them in a mixing bowl. He called Gus into the kitchen.

"Hey Gus you want to help me mix this?"

Gus came in the kitchen, Justin picked him up and sat him on the counter and placed the bowl and spoon between his outstretched legs. He gave Gus instructions on what to do. Justin made sure Gus was safe as he left the kitchen to go speak with Brian, who was sitting on the couching reading files from his brief case.

"Brian, I won't be offended if you said no, but if you need to get to work I can wait here until Lindsay comes" Justin offered.

Brian thought about it for a minute before he asked Justin if he was sure.

"Yeah I'm sure. Do you think Lindsay would be upset? I mean she only met me once."

"No, she knows you're a friend of Emmett's, she won't mind. Mel might be a bit pissed, but who gives a fuck. If Gus doesn't mind, neither do I."

“Well let’s go ask him.”

Brian and Justin went into the kitchen where Gus was stirring the batter.

“Hey sonny boy, Daddy has to leave for work, would you like to stay here with Justin until Mommy arrives?”

“Okay... Jussin, is this ready-can I help cook ‘em?” Gus asked as he held the spoon out to Justin dripping batter all over the counter.

“Sure you can, but you have to listen to me, because the stove is hot.”

“Okay” Gus answered as he raised his arms up so Justin could help him off the counter.

“Well, I guess he is okay with it.” Brian said as he walked over to his briefcase and packed it back up.

Justin positioned a stepladder near the stove so that Gus could reach and help him turn the pancakes. Brian came and gave Gus a goodbye kiss. He didn’t dare hug him, Gus had somehow got pancake batter all over his pajamas and Brian did not want to have to change. He also gave Justin a kiss goodbye as well-both had to smirk at how domestic the scene appeared.

“Have good day at work dear.” Justin could not resist the parting remark as Brian was sliding the loft door close. He smiled when he heard Brian’s chuckle.

“Okay Gus, it’s you and me. Let’s get these pancakes going and then get you dressed.”

Justin and Gus enjoyed their pancake breakfast. Gus thought they were the best he ever had, mainly because he helped make them. After breakfast, Justin washed Gus up and dressed him. He got all his belongings together and turned on the TV for Gus to watch while he cleaned the kitchen and put the futon away.

Lindsay showed up a little after 9:00. She didn’t ring the buzzer when she arrived. She walked right in scaring Justin, who was sitting on the couch sketching Gus as he played.

“Mommy!!!” Gus screamed as he saw his mother poke her head around the door.

“Hi baby,” Lindsay greeted Gus as she held her arms out for a welcoming hug and kiss. “Daddy left?”

“Yeah, Daddy went to work. “ Gus answered as he walked back over to the toys he was playing with.

“Lindsay I hope you don’t mind, Brian seemed in a rush so I told him I would stay until you arrived. He tried to call you on your cell but he only got voicemail.”

“I forgot to turn my cell phone off last night. It was dead by morning, real smart huh?”

“At least you carry yours with you. I have one and I think I used it maybe once in the last few days.” Justin was relieved that Lindsay was not upset that Brian left Gus in his care.

In actuality she wasn’t surprised that Brian wasn’t home. She just figured he would have called Debbie or Michael over to watch Gus until she arrived. She wasn’t upset that Justin was there; she was more intrigued that Brian trusted him alone with Gus after knowing him for such a short time. Lindsay liked Justin from the moment she met him and she felt like she knew him already from her conversations with Emmett.

“Listen Justin, thanks so much for staying with him. I really appreciated it.” Lindsay started to gather up Gus belongings and Justin looked around for his house keys.

“Justin do you need a ride home?”

"If you wouldn't mind, that would be great. I need a shower and fresh clothes badly."

"It's no problem. I actually would love to see some of your work."

"Okay... Is Mel downstairs?"

"No, I dropped her at home she had to get to the office herself. She's a lawyer and she has a big trial coming up."

"Oh okay, well I'm all set."

"Gussy, honey do you want to go see where your new friend Justin lives?"

"Can I stay over Jussin house?"

"Oh, I see you had a good time with Justin. Is he your new best friend?"

"Yeah, we went to the zoo, and we draw, and I helped Jussin make pancakes."

"Oh yeah, well you can tell me all about it in the car."

Justin helped Lindsay load the Caravan. Justin noticed that she had the same make and model as the one Daphne owned. Justin christened Daphne's Caravan the "momma mobile" when she came over to show it to him after she and Jonathan purchased it. Daphne had the girls strapped in their car seat in the back, so the name fit perfectly.

After the van was loaded with Gus' belongings, Lindsay went back and set the alarm on Brian's loft door before they left. The ride to Justin's was short and Gus entertained them with stories from the zoo and how he cooked breakfast for him and Justin. When they arrived at his apartment, Justin showed Lindsay some of his paintings, his portfolio of sketches and some experimental oil paintings. Lindsay was extremely impressed, especially by the fact that he had no formal training, yet his work was very disciplined and worthy of hanging in some of the most prestige's galleries around.

"Justin, I'm in awe. Do you have more?"

"I have a couple more portfolios. I put them together so once I start applying to colleges I'll be prepared. I also have some personal drawings that I don't show."

"I understand that, I have few pieces that I keep hidden in my studio. People don't understand how much of one's self goes into what they create and there are some things that you can't handle to have someone criticize or pick a part."

Justin looked at Lindsay and smiled, he knew from that moment she was on her way to becoming someone very important to him.

"I'll bring out the other portfolios, and you can look through those while I take a shower."

"Sounds good. Gus and I love your work, right Gus?"

"Right."

Justin took a shower and changed into fresh clothes. When he entered the living room, Gus and Lindsay where in the same spot he left them. Gus was leaning against his mom on the sofa as they looked over Justin's' work.

"Aren't you bored with that yet?"

"No, never... Justin do you have a studio? As cute as this place is the lighting is awful."

"I haven't done much drawing until this past weekend over at Brian's- his place is perfect. I plan to get a studio once I save the money."

"You know I have a studio in my attic, you can use it anytime you want....free of charge. I'll even throw in a few pointers if you don't mind constructive criticism. I used to teach art at Allegheny High."

"Lindsay, I would love that. Brian told me you had a studio in you attic. I wanted to see it, but I didn't want to invade your home."

"Well we can go see it now if you're free this afternoon. And speaking of Brian, I need to call him and tell him I have Gus."

"Sure I'm free, and the phone is right beside you on the end table."

Justin was excited about seeing the studio-he couldn't believe all that was happening to him in such a short period of time. Justin gathered up his keys and he decided to take his cell phone with him this time. Lindsay called Brian at the office. She reached his assistant Cynthia.

"Hi Lindsay, Brian just left for a business lunch. You may be able to catch him on his cell phone-he told me he would leave it on in case I need him."

"Okay thanks, Cynthia." Lindsay hung up and dialed Brian's cell number.

Brian felt his phone vibrating in his jacket pocket just as he opened the car door. He tossed his brief case in the car before he flipped the phone open to check the caller ID. A huge smile spread across his face when he saw the initial J. lit up on his display screen.

"I don't recall giving you my phone number, what are you a stalker?"

"I've had your number from the day we met." Lindsay laughed into the phone.

"Lindsay?"

"Who did you think this was? Who's stalking you?"

"No one, just forget it. Is Gus alright?"

"Yes he's fine. I was surprised you left our son with a stranger. But I'll get over it since he's a cute and very talented stranger. The fact that Gus likes him also helps your case a lot."

"Well I do have to work-Armani suits and Prada shoes just don't magically appear in my closet."

"You are such a label queen. I just wanted let you know your son is fine and I'm so sorry about this morning. My cell died and I couldn't call you from the road. Mel left hers at home because I had mine."

"Not a problem."

"I also wanted to let you know that I was kidnapping your boyfriend for the afternoon. I want to show him my studio."

"Do you what you like. He's not my boyfriend-no check-in is required."

"Whatever, I'll talk to you later.... Oh Brian, don't make any plans for Saturday. I wanted to have a brunch for the family. Also you and I need to discuss Gus' birthday plans for next month."

"Good bye Lindz."

“Good bye Brian, see you Saturday.”

“Hey, I didn’t mean to eaves drop, but did you say Gus’ birthday is next month?”

“Yup, I’m gonna to be five and I am gonna have lots of cake and ice cream and pwesents.”

“My birthday is next month also. I’m on the 29th. “

“Gus’ birthday is on the 20th.”

“Mommy how many more days is that?”

“That is 28 days from now.”

“Twenty eight whole days.”

“Yes Gus, twenty eight whole days. Now let’s get a move on, we want to show Justin the studio.”

The trio piled back into the \*momma mobile\* and headed to Lindsay’s. Justin was impressed with the studio. It was equipped with running water, huge windows and large artificial lighting. It even had a skylight to boot.

“Did you remodel this yourself?”

“No Mel and I tried, but we ended up having one of her friends do it. It was pretty cheap. We paid for the materials, the labor was free in exchange for room and board.”

“Wow, this is really nice. I can feel the creativity in this room. It’s very strong.”

”You’re welcome to come anytime and use it. I don’t use it as often as I would like and I would love for someone to be creating in here when I can’t.”

“Thank you Lindsay, I appreciate that.”

Lindsay, Justin and Gus spent the day looking over some of Lindsay’s work. She gave Justin a few art books he could read over to help with techniques and styles. Then they had lunch and pretty much talked the whole afternoon away. It was close to five before Justin arrived back home.

When Justin arrived home and settled in, he gave Daphne a call to fill her in on his weekend. She could not believe he spent the entire weekend with Brian, let alone meeting his son and then spending the day with his son’s mother.

“Wow Justin, this new life is starting off with a bang. And you haven’t even started your new job yet.”

“That’s tomorrow night.”

“Justin, don’t take on too much and don’t over exert yourself. And make sure you get plenty of rest.”

“Yes mother.”

“Shut up, I worry about you. And speaking of mothers have you called yours?”

“Daphne, she promised a month of no contact, no mothering. If you want to call and tell her everything is okay, I’m fine with that. But I’m not going to call her until my month is up. I can’t deal with the mothering right now, I get enough of that from Emmett. And besides, what am going to tell her, I went clubbing, met a stranger and fucked him all weekend?”

"I see your point. I'm taking the girls over to see her later in the week. I'll tell her I've been calling to check in and everything is okay."

"Thanks Daph."

Justin and Daphne talked for a little bit longer. They mostly talked about Justine and Taylor. And Justin relayed a few Gus stories. Once they said their goodbyes, Justin called upstairs to see if Emmett was home.

"Oh you're home, so how was your weekend?" Emmett's tone was nonchalant.

"Aren't you going to lecture me, or talk about the evils that are Brian Kinney?"

"Justin, I came to the conclusion that you are a grown man and if you want to get your feet wet by having a little fun with Brian-who am I to tell you not to. So just be careful, and have fun baby."

"Thanks Em."

"So are you hungry? I have tons of food left over from Sunday."

"I'm starved, I'll be right up and you can tell me all about your party."

"Only if you tell me all the scrumptious details of your weekend..."

"Deal."

Justin and Emmett talked and ate for the rest of the evening. When Justin came back downstairs, he silently hoped he had a message from Brian waiting for him. He knew that was not a possibility because he never gave Brian his number, and he never asked for it. Justin washed up and climbed into bed. As he was drifting off to sleep, he thought maybe it was for the best that he didn't hear from Brian tonight. He needed to get a good night's sleep-his new job started tomorrow evening.

In sleep, Justin found himself reaching out for Brian. He was dreaming that Brian was next to him, he awoke to find only empty space. His dreams were so vivid he could smell Brian's scent. Justin looked at the clock and saw it was 1:00am. He forced himself to go back to sleep, hugging his pillow as a poor substitute for Brian.

Across town, Brian was sliding the door of his loft open. He came home from work late today. He tried to concentrate on work for an upcoming campaign, but his mind kept drifting back to a certain blue-eyed blond. Brian was preoccupied all day with thoughts of Justin that intensified after Lindsay's phone call this morning.

Brian was bothered by how happy he was when he thought it was Justin calling him on his cell phone. And Lindsay referring to Justin as his boyfriend really struck a chord. To take his mind off of Justin, and to take away all temptation of calling him tonight, Brian decided to visit the baths. Liberty baths was usually a pit stop for Brian on weekends. This past weekend he didn't have any desire to go there.

He told himself he was too busy on Saturday and Sunday since he had Gus. There was no excuse now. Brian changed into a pair jeans and a pullover, and headed out. His visit to the baths was a waste of time. He didn't see anything he liked. The only guy to get a semi-hard erection out of him was a short blond twink- but he was by no means Justin. Brian allowed the twink to suck him off before he dressed and left.

Brian stopped at Woody's to avoid going straight home. He ordered a JB on the rocks and downed it in one swallow. He ordered a second one and actually sat there nursing it for about an hour. After being hit on by every man in the bar, Brian finished his drink and went home. Sliding the loft door closed, Brian started peeling off his clothes as he walked to the bathroom. He took a long shower and jerked himself off before going to bed.

#### Part 4

Cynthia could not figure out why Brian was so crabby this morning. Yesterday, he came to the office all smiles-she figured Babylon's back room was very good to him over the weekend. This morning he was growling at everything.

"Cynthia get in here now." Brian bellowed through the closed office door.

Cynthia sighed as she walked towards Brian's door, "Yes Brian."

"These boards are for shit! Did you send the corrections down like I asked you?"

"Yes, Brian, those are the corrected boards."

"Well I don't like them-send them back and have them changed." Brian wrote down the new specification and handed it to Cynthia.

"Certainly Brian, is there anything else I can do for you, Sir?"

"Yeah, lose the fucking attitude."

"You should talk," Cynthia murmured to herself.

"What was that?"

"Nothing, I'll have this taken care of right away."

Cynthia left the office and headed to the Art Department.

"Okay guys listen up-Brian is on the warpath this morning. I suggest anything that has to come across his desk is 101% perfect, because you don't want him coming down here today." Cynthia warned as she handed over Brian new instructions.

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Justin also woke up in a less than pleasant mood. He missed Brian a little less, but he was also nervous about his first day as a waiter at the diner. He decided to take his mind off of Brian and the diner all together by exploring his new neighborhood for the morning. He didn't have to start work until 5:30 so he had time to kill. Justin showered and had breakfast before he headed out. The weather was beautiful. May was always one of his favorite months out of the year. It was warm, without the humidity.

Justin pulled on a pair of loose fitting jeans and a long sleeve T-shirt. He pulled on his favorite well-worn tennis shoes-he would be doing a lot of walking and wanted to be comfortable. He also grabbed one of his smaller portfolios and filled it with art supplies. Emmett told him that there was a small park near them. If anything, he would look for that and just people watch. That was one of his favorite pastimes back home.

Justin figured there would not be a lot of people around since it was a work and school day. He was right, but it was nice. He walked to the end of his street, and followed the directions Emmett had given him on how to get to the park. There were more people there than he thought-mostly elderly and mothers with their preschoolers.

Justin sat drawing and he actually struck up conversations with a few passersby who wanted to see his work. He totally lost all track of time until his stomach began to growl. He asked an elderly couple for the time and was amazed to see it was almost 1:00 pm. He gathered up his supplies and headed back home. He wanted to eat and head over to the diner a little earlier than his shift.

He arrived at the diner at four o'clock to utter chaos. Debbie was screaming orders and yelling at customers to hold on. She looked up as Justin walked into the diner.

"Oh you are my shining Angel...quick grab an apron."

"Debbie, I don't start until 5:30pm; I just came early to get a feel of the place before my shift starts."

"Justin, I need you! Kiki called sick and I have been here since eight this morning. Now take your bubble butt in the kitchen grab a pad and apron and take some orders."

Justin's stomach was doing somersaults and his nerves were a mess. His only job previously was at his father's company and every one treated him with kid gloves. He was the son of one of the big bosses and he was \*sickly\*. His main responsibility rivaled that of the office gopher.

Hesitantly, Justin walked into the kitchen and did as Debbie told him. When he came out, he walked to a table with three guys sitting there. Justin took their order and prayed he didn't screw it up. He followed Debbie's lead on what to do. She would point to each table and tell him who needed what. He was going from table to table taking orders. It was busy and he couldn't find a moment to breathe, but he was doing much better than he thought for his first day.

The diners were thrilled to see a new face, or as some were thinking, new meat. After about an hour or so Justin was a semi pro, he was still mixing up the table numbers, but no one seemed to mind. They were enjoying the view of watching him rush from table to table. Once the crowd was under control, Deb and Justin were able to slow down and talk a little as they were waiting for orders to be prepared.

"Kiddo, you're doing great and you're definitely my hero."

"Ah shucks ma'am it was nothing." Justin jokingly said as he smiled at Debbie.

"My goodness with a smile like that you should have been named Sunshine."

"Sunshine, hey I've been called worse."

"I can't imagine." Deb said sincerely as she gave Justin a warm smile.

"So Debbie, is it normally this busy on a Tuesday?"

"No, it was just backed up because I was the only person here. A normal Tuesday is as it is now. Friday nights, through the weekend, is when we get the biggest crowds. Monday through Thursday is decent, but not crazy. Of course that may change once word of the hot new waiter gets around." Debbie walked away to pick up her orders before Justin could respond. He hoped his face was not as red as it felt.

He really needed to do something about how easily he blushes. Justin just wasn't used to so many people referring to him as hot, or sexy. He never felt that way, at least not until recently. Justin let his mind travel to thoughts of Brian. He wondered what he was up to tonight.

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As Brian was packing up his briefcase preparing to leave the office, he realized he had to relieve some tension tonight before he snapped. He hit speed dial on his desk phone.

"Buzzy Comics."

"Babylon, tonight."

"Brian, hello...Oh I am doing great and yourself....me no I have no plans tonight, I'd love to go to Babylon."



“Hi Mikey...you know I’m not one for mindless chatter.”

“So I see.”

“So do you want to go to Babylon or what?”

“Since you asked so nicely, how can I say no? What are you doing right now?”

“I’m about to leave the office. Why?”

“I’m picking Em up and we’re meeting Ted at the diner for a bite to eat. Wanna come?”

Brian knew that Justin started work at the diner this week, but he wasn’t sure of exactly when.

“I am hungry... I’ll meet you there.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Justin just placed an order in front of one of his customers when he heard the bell over the door jiggle. He looked up to see Ted walking in dressed in a suit-he didn’t look half bad, Justin thought to himself. His suit was definitely not that of a high-class designer but it looked good on him. The tie he chose left a lot to be desired though.

Ted smiled when he noticed that Justin was the new waiter.

“Table for two, please.” Ted said jokingly as he approached Justin

“Hi Ted.”

“Justin, how’s the first day?”

“Not bad, it started out a little rocky, but it’s better. Is someone joining you for dinner?” Justin knew it couldn’t be Brian, he got the feeling those two were not that close.

“Yeah, Michael is coming.”

As if on cue, Michael walked through the diner door with Emmett.

Emmett rushed over to Justin as soon as he saw him. “So, how’s it going? Are these animals being good to you?”

“Who you calling an animal?” Deb snapped her towel at Emmett as she walked by

“Not you Debbie, I was referring to the patrons. I don’t want them molesting my poor baby.”

“Well, your poor baby is doing great. Sunshine has made more tips in the past few hours than I have made in a whole day.”

“Oh baby, I’m so happy. I was feeling guilty about the job falling through with “Parties in an Instant.”

“Oh don’t worry about that-the tips are really good.” Justin noticed another patron signaling him.

“I’ll be back to take your order in a minute.”

Justin took the customer’s order. He went behind the counter to bring over silverware when he noticed they were running low. Justin went into the kitchen to bring out some more.

Brian walked into the diner and spotted his friends sitting at a booth in the middle of the diner.

“Brian, I didn’t know you were coming.”

“Emmett, do I need your permission to eat.”

“No, you smart ass. Michael just didn’t mention you were joining us.”

Brian looked around the diner he told himself he was just looking to see who was here. Everyone at the table knew he was looking for one person in particular.

“He’s in the kitchen.” Ted answered his unspoken question.

“Excuse me...what...who’s in the kitchen?”

“Justin is in the kitchen.”

“Well good for Justin.”

Brian was pissed-he didn’t think he was being that obvious. He tried to focus on his menu, but he couldn’t keep himself from looking up towards to kitchen door. After a few moments Justin pushed though the door carrying a tray of silver ware. He placed the tray on the counter and headed towards the boys table.

In the short walk from the counter to the table, Justin took in every aspect of Brian. He noticed Brian was wearing another beautiful suit. It was in a charcoal gray-eyes looked amazing in contrast with the color of the suit. Justin wanted to play it cool, but his heart was beating like mad.

“Hey Brian.”

“Justin.” Brian barely looked in Justin direction as he greeted him.

Justin turned away from Brian and looked at the rest of the group. Again, his feelings were hurt by the cool reception he received from Brian. Justin did his best to mask his emotions as he took the orders. Brian was the last to order.

“Brian, what would you like?” Justin asked, pencil poised ready to write down his order.

“What would I like?” Brian repeated. \*What I would like is to get you off my mind and out of my system. What I would like is to stop constantly thinking about you all day long. What I would like is to take you home right now and fuck you until neither one of us could move.\* "I'll have the meatloaf special."

Justin wrote down Brian’s order. “Good choice, that’s the best thing on the menu tonight.”

As Justin spoke, a patron walked by as he was leaving and pressed his body up against Justin as he stuffed a tip in his front pocket.

“Thanks for the excellent service,” he whispered in Justin's ear.

“You’re welcome.” Justin reached in his pocket and pulled out the bills. The man gave him a \$15.00 tip for a \$10.00 tab.

The group watched the exchange. Brian could not help but comment. “Apparently you’re the best thing off the menu tonight.”

“You should know.” Justin replied back as he went to put their order in.

“Damn that Justin is hot. Do you think he’ll go out with me?” Ted asked watching as Justin walked away. “I mean you’re all done with him, right Bri?”

“Geeze Ted, don’t you have any pride than to wait around for my leftovers.”

“Brian you have fucked everything on Liberty Avenue-all that’s left is your leftovers. So tell us, how is he? Should I pop a Viagra before I try to take him on...?” Ted asked.

Brian looked at Ted with a look of disgust. The thought of Justin with Ted was making him lose his appetite.

“Ted, shut the fuck up.” Brian’s tone was low, and Ted knew the subject was closed.

Michael was bothered by Brian’s reaction. Normally Brian was the first one to give out details on his latest fuck, or his visit to the back room. With Justin, he was different.

“Brian what gives? You never had a problem talking about your conquests before- why is this one different?” Michael asked.

“Michael, this is not the appropriate place to be discussing this. Justin will be back with the food and this will only embarrass him.” Emmett did not like having Justin spoken about like this. He was happy that Brian was not answering Michael and Ted’s questions.

“You’re right Em. It’s none of my business anyway,” Michael conceded just as Justin was coming to their table carrying a large tray with their food.

“Baby, that looks heavy, let me help you.” Emmett started to get up when Justin stopped him.

“Emmett, it’s my job I can do it.” Justin emphasized this by balancing the tray on the edge of the table with one hand as he handed out the plates of food.

“Now, can I get you anything else?”

“Nope.”

“All set.”

“Nothing for me, Sweetie.”

“Brian, everything to your liking.”

“It’s fine, for diner food.”

“Well just let me know if you need anything.” Justin turned to leave when Emmett stopped him.

“Oh Justin, Ben is coming over around 10:00ish after his evening class tonight. I can have him swing by and pick you up after your shift is over.”

“Emmett don’t bother Ben, besides I’m not getting off until 1:00am.”

“What!!!! Why is your shift so long?”

“Kiki called in sick today, Deb’s shift should have ended hours ago. She’s doing a double shift to cover for Kiki. Kiki’s shift was from 4:00 to 1:00. Deb is taking off at 11:00 and I’m stay until 1:00 when Doris arrives.” Justin could see the concern forming on Emmett’s face, before he could say anything Justin continued.

“Take the cook’s shift ends at 1:30, I’ll wait for him and he’ll drop me off at home, so don’t worry I have it all taken care of.”

“I wasn’t worried, just slightly concerned. Well since you have everything all planned out, I’m just going to concentrate on this delicious dinner in front of me.”

Debbie yelled over to Justin to let him know his order was up for another table. The diner picked up slightly with the late dinner crowd. Justin found himself busy again and he wasn’t able to return to the boys’ table until Emmett signaled him over for the check. They settled the tab and left an extremely generous tip for Justin.

Emmett gave him one last hug as he was leaving. Brian didn’t look in his direction at all as he left. Justin sighed and went back to work. He figured his fun with Brian was over. \*It was fun while it lasted,\* Justin mumbled to himself as he went back to work.

Brian drove to the loft and showered and changed. By the time he met up with Michael at Babylon, it was pushing 11:00. He walked in and spotted Michael leaning up against the bar-of course Ted was with him. They both apparently went home and changed as well.

Michael watched as Brian approached. “What took you so long? We’ve been waiting for over an hour.”

“Relax I’m here now-lets’ dance.” Brian grabbed Michael’s hand and pulled him out on the dance floor.

“So what's going on with you Brian?” Michael yelled over the loud music.

“Nothing, I’m dancing.” Brian was doing his side-to-side sexy sway. He was not the greatest dancer, but with his body and face, he was always the sexiest one on the dance floor.

Michael was not going to let Brian off the hook. He already knew what was going on, but he wanted to see if Brian would tell him. He spoke to Mel earlier and he knew that Justin spent the entire weekend at Brian’s loft; and, that Brian even allowed him to babysit Gus for him. Michael just wanted to know what was going on with Brian. Since when did he allow tricks such access to his life.

“I know you spent Sunday with Gus and Justin. Brian, since when do you have family outings with a trick?” Michael was trying not to let his jealousy show, but it’s always been difficult for him to hide his feelings when it came to Brian.

“Didn't you tell Emmett it was none of your business-well I agree. So just shut up and dance.”

“Brian, since when do we keep secrets? If something is going on with you and Justin, why can’t you tell me?”

“Because Mikey, there is nothing to tell.”

“Fine, be that way. I’ll find out from Ben, or better yet, Lindsay.”

“Don’t be too disappointed when you find your efforts were for nothing. And Michael, there isn’t anything that I would tell Ben that I wouldn’t tell you.”

Brian and Michael continued to dance while Brian scanned the crowd for backroom prospects. He caught the eye of a tall buff guy with jet-black hair.

“See ya later, Mikey.” Brian kissed Michael on the cheek as he danced away in the direction of his next fuck. Brian grabbed the guy by the hand-with barely a nod of acknowledgment he led him toward the backroom. Brian backed up against the wall and pushed the guy to his knees in front of him.

The guy was a maniac. He was giving Brian one of the better blowjobs he’d ever gotten, but Brian was not getting the physical release he’d been craving since yesterday morning. Right before he was about to come, Brian pulled the

guy up and took his pants down and turned him toward the wall. Brian slipped a condom on and entered the guy quick and easy. The guy came quickly-Brian followed a few moments after. He discarded the condom and pulled his pants up as he left in search of Michael and Ted. The trick grabbed his arm to stop him.

“Hey that was hot, why don’t we pick this up later at my place.”

Brian broke his arm free from the man’s grasp. “Sorry, one fuck per trick.”

Brian walked out and headed to the bar for a drink. He didn’t see Michael or Ted. Later, he spotted them dancing, and went to join them. After about an hour so, Ted announced he was leaving.

“Guys, it is after midnight, I have to head home. Wertshafter does not approve of sleeping at the desk.”

“Ted hold on, I’m taking off too. I want to open the store early tomorrow. Some of the kids like to stop in on their way to school. Brian, are you staying?”

“No, I guess the parties over.”

The three walked out together and headed to their perspective cars.

## Part 5

Justin had about 20 minutes left on his shift. Doris actually came in a half hour early. She told Justin he could knock off but since he was waiting for Jake for a ride he figured he might as well finish the shift.

It was really slow-only a few night owls nursing coffee were in the diner. Justin decided to sit and count his tips. Deb told him he probably made a couple of hundred, easy. Justin hoped Deb was not bothered by all the guys tipping him so heavily. He didn’t want to cause any friction between them.

He realized his worries were for nothing. Deb gave him a big hug and kiss when she left a few hours earlier. She thanked him for his help and told him he should wear more form fitting jeans to emphasize the bubble butt more.

“Work the assets, Sunshine, and you’ll probably own this place in a few months.”

Justin laughed to himself as he thought back to Debbie’s words. He counted his tips and was shocked he made almost \$340 in just one night’s work. That was almost a week’s pay when he was working with his father. He went into the kitchen to see if Jake was ready to go- he’d seen Tony, the night shift cook, come in not too long ago.

Justin gathered up his stuff and he went to sit at the front counter as he waited for Jake.

He was starting to feel sleepy. The long day was catching up to him. He closed his eyes and scrubbed his hands over his face in an attempt to revive himself long enough to get home. When he reopened his eyes Brian was standing beside him.

“Shit Brian, you scared the hell out of me. What are you doing here?”

“I was at Babylon, and I had a craving for Lemon Bars.”

“Mmmm sorry we’re all out. Won’t have more until the morning.”

Brian put on a disappointed face. “Damn, I was really craving those.”

“Come back tomorrow.”

Justin was bothered that Brian would just show up here as if nothing was wrong. He barely acknowledged Justin when he was here earlier with the guys-it was obvious he did not come here for lemon bars.

“So, is your shift done?”

“Yup.”

“Do you need a ride? I can drop you on my way home.”

“No I’m all set, Jake is taking me home.”

“I’ll take you. Jake lives in the opposite direction.” Before Justin could protest Brian yelled into the kitchen to Jake. “Jake I’ll drop Justin home tonight. I’m going in that direction.”

“Hey Brian.” Jake poked his head through the pick-up window. “Thanks a lot. I had no problem doing it, but it will make my wife, Velma, happy if I get home on time. She stays up until I arrive.” Jake turned to Justin. “Justin, have a good night.”

“You too, Jake-have a good night.” Justin glared at Brian as he grabbed his stuff and headed out the diner door.

Justin headed straight to the passenger side of the jeep. He opened the door and climbed in, not bothering to look in Brian’s direction. Brian climbed in the driver side and put the key in the ignition, but he did not start the engine. He turned to Justin. “Why are you so pissy? Did you really want to ride home with Jake?”

“That’s not the problem, Brian. I haven’t heard from you since Monday morning. When I do see you, you barely acknowledge me. Then you show up here under a false pretense and rearrange my plans.”

“You had plans with Jake? Justin, he’s old, married and straight.” Brian tried to ease Justin mood. He could tell Justin was really upset with him, and oddly it was really turning Brian on.

Justin let out another long sigh, he was not in the mood for silliness. “Brian I’m really tired, just take me home.”

“Okay” Brian started the engine and pulled away from the curb. Justin leaned his head back against the seat. He planned to rest his eyes for only a minute, but he must have dozed off. When he awoke he felt like he was floating. When he was able to focus, he realized Brian was carrying him.

“Oh Brian, I’m sorry, I must have fallen asleep.” Justin said, his voice was thick with sleep.

“Whew, I’m glad you woke up, I wasn’t sure how I was going to get you up those stairs.”

“Up the stairs, what stai...Briiaaann, you said you were taking me home.”

“I did-my home.” Brian placed Justin on his feet and punched in the code to the downstairs door and gently pushed Justin inside. He opened the gate to the elevator and again gave Justin a slight shove. “Are you going to glare at me all night?” Brian asked.

Justin didn’t answer, he just stood there with his arms folded looking at Brian as if he wanted to rip his head off. When the elevator reached Brian’s floor, he lifted the gate.

“At this point Justin, it’s up to you. If you want to go home I will take you.”

Justin looked at Brian, his glare was beginning to soften. He was too tired to keep it up. Justin walked under the gate and stood next to Brian’s front door and waited for him to open it. When they walked inside the loft, fatigue hit Justin again. He went over and sat on a stool at the counter as he watched Brian close and lock the front door. Brian walked over to Justin and stood in front of him.

“The first day took a lot out of you huh?” Justin could only nod. “Come on.”

Brian pulled Justin back up in his arms again and carried him to the bathroom. He put the lid down on the toilet seat and sat Justin on it. Brian started the shower to get the temperature right. He stripped off his clothes and Justin's. He then leaned Justin against the wall of the shower and gently washed his body and hair. Brian washed himself and turned off the water. After drying off, he walked Justin towards the bed and helped him under the covers. Brian slid in next to him and wrapped his arm around Justin's naked waist. Justin felt Brian's hard on pressed against his ass.

"Brian," Justin voice was barely audible. "If you want to you can, I'll try to stay awake."

"Shhh go to sleep, we have time for that later."

Justin took what little strength he had left and flipped over so that he was facing Brian. He pressed his body against Brian's and promptly fell asleep with Brian's strong arms wrapped around him

Justin was the first to wake. He turned to look at the clock-it was showing a little after 6 am. He was surprised he was awake, being that he went to sleep so late. He sat up quietly in the bed and watched as Brian slept.

Brian looked so relaxed and vulnerable while he was sleeping. Justin could not refrain himself from reaching out and touching him. He let his finger tips glide over Brian's cheek, his skin felt like silk. He glided his fingers over Brian's nose, and lips, and could not stop himself from leaning forward and softly kissing him. He felt Brian's lips respond to the kiss.

"You're not asleep." Justin murmured against Brian's lips.

"No, I was waiting for you to wake up." Brian whispered back as he reached up and pulled Justin down beside him and covered the smaller man's body.

He lay on top of Justin and looked in his eyes. He didn't understand the feelings that this person was evoking and he was not too sure he liked them. He was sure that he would never get enough of looking into those blues eyes, touching his body, tasting him, and wanting him.

Brian leaned in and kissed Justin, it was such a tender kiss that Justin wasn't sure how to respond. He was used to the passion, the lust, and the need, but this was something different. He didn't want to read too much into the kiss. He wasn't sure if it was his imagination, or could Brian be developing feelings for him.

As Brian deepened the kiss Justin pushed all serious thoughts out of his mind. He wanted to focus solely on Brian and what was to come.

He was not disappointed. Brian did not leave one inch of his body untouched by kisses or caresses. He made Justin feel alive. He took Justin's cock in his hand. He licked the tip and ran his tongue across the slit as it seeped pre-cum. Justin's cock was hot and pulsating in Brian's hands. Brian lowered his head and took him into his mouth, and he sucked and licked him so slowly, so lavishly. Justin felt he was going to die if he did not cum soon.

"Brrrii..aarrghh...stop...please...please" Justin's breath was coming in short gasps, he could barely get the words out.

Brian looked at him puzzled. "You want me to stop?" Brian eyes were dark slits full of lust, Justin had to turn his head or he felt he would cum just from the sight of him.

"Yes, I want you inside me when I cum." Justin darted a quick look in Brian's direction and saw the huge smile spread across his face.

"I can accommodate that." Brian reached up to his bedside table, and grabbed a handful of condoms and lube. He sprinkled the condoms over Justin's body as he looked down at him smiling.

"Don't make me laugh-it hurts to laugh right now."

“Well let’s do something about that.” Brian picked up one of the condoms and handed it to Justin.

Justin took the condom and tore it open. He slid it on to Brian’s cock. Brian gently shoves Justin back on to the mattress and lifted his legs up over his shoulders. He slathered a generous amount of lube over his cock and inside Justin’s hole before he slowly pushed himself inside of Justin. He closed his eyes as the sensations washed over his body.

“Damn, you feel so good.” Brian said, more to himself than aloud.

Justin was lost in his own pleasure as Brian moved in and out. He started slowly and increased the rhythm as he was coming nearer to release. Brian was cupping and squeezing Justin’s ass, while pounding into him.

Justin gripped the bed sheets and tried to contain his passion, but he knew he couldn’t last any longer. He let out a scream of pure pleasure as he shot his load and it covered his already sweat soaked belly. Not even a moment later Brian’s loud moans followed as he slammed hard into Justin one last time before shooting his load.

Brian pulled out of Justin and slid his legs from his shoulders. He didn’t bother to remove the condom before he laid his body over Justin’s once again. They both grimaced when they heard the squish as their bodies came together.

“Yuck.” Justin smiled up at Brian “I think we need a shower.”

“You think?” Brian gave Justin a smirk. “What’s a little spunk between friends?”

“Friends...huh?”

“Special friends” Brian kissed Justin on the tip of his nose. He was not ready to move yet-his energy was spent for the moment.

Brian’s had many partners and he’s had some pretty amazing climaxes but never compared to what he has experienced with Justin-especially not while he was sober. As much as he hated to, Brian knew he had to get up. He had staff meetings and strategy meetings all day today. He forced himself to roll off of Justin. He disposed of the condom and stood up. Justin watched as Brian walked to bathroom to start the shower.

He loved the way Brian walked. He has a little swagger that is so sexy. Everything about this man is sexy to Justin. The feelings he felt for Brian was beyond anything he ever expected. Just the thought of Brian causes Justin’s body to tingle from head to toe. Where were these feelings coming from? Whatever it was he and Brian were to each other, Justin never wanted it to end.

“Hey you falling asleep out there?” Brian stood in the doorway of the bathroom in all his glory

“No I was just watching you” Justin admitted.

“Well come and watch me from the shower.” Brian turned and walked back into the bathroom and into the shower stall. Justin quickly followed.

Much later and even more satisfied if possible. Justin dressed in the clothes he wore over last night, sat on the bed and watched as Brian picked out a tie to go with the tan Ralph Lauren suit he chose to wear to work today.

“Which tie goes better?” He asked Justin as he held out several ties, all of which would go perfectly with the outfit he had on.

“I like them all, but I’m leaning towards the one with the interlocking design. It reminds me of a Picasso painting.”

“Picasso it is.” Brian put the other ties back on the tie rack and placed the one Justin selected around his neck and tied it in a perfect Windsor knot.



Brian carried his suite jacket into the living room and placed it on the sofa. He went in the kitchen to start coffee. Justin came and sat on the stool at the counter

“Brian did you bring that little bag I had in the jeep up? It has my house keys and cell phone in it.”

“No I left it in the jeep, where you expecting a call?”

“No I just wanted to know where it was.”

“So what are your plans for the morning?” Brian asked as he was waiting for the coffee to finish.

“Do you really want to know?”

“I asked didn’t I? I never ask questions I don’t want to hear the answer to.” Brian statement was matter of fact, and Justin took note.

“Well since you want to know. I have a few errands to run. I want to open a new bank account here. I also want to visit PIFA and get an enrollment kit, to see what’s needed when I apply. I have to be at the diner at 4:30 today, so I want to do all that stuff this morning and then relax a little before my shift.”

“That’s a lot of traveling. You’re going to do all that on the bus?” Brian was not a big fan of public transportation.

“How else, other than a taxicab or walking?” Justin said with a shrug.

Brian thought for a moment. “Take the jeep, all my appointments are in house today.”

I can have Mikey swing me by the diner to pick it up after work.”

“Thanks for the offer, but I don’t mind the bus.”

“Justin just take the jeep.” He figured Justin was being polite, so Brian insisted.

“Thank you Brian, but no I really don’t want the jeep.”

“Why are you being such a dick? Take the fucking jeep”

“Why are you getting so mad?”

Brian didn’t know why he was so mad-he just figured Justin would be thrilled by the offer. He wasn’t expecting to be turned down.

“You know what forget it. Forget I even offered.” Brian turned toward the counter to pour himself a cup of coffee.

Justin felt bad. He didn’t want to cause tension between him and Brian-especially after such a wonderful morning. Justin walked around the counter and over to where Brian was. Brian still had his back to Justin. He wrapped his arms around Brian’s waist and pressed his cheek against his back.

“I’m sorry-I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“Sorry is bullshit.”

“No it’s not, not if you mean it.”

“Whatever. Anyway you really have no reason to be sorry. I just was trying to be helpful. You know what I’m sorry for trying to impose my help upon you.” Brian loosens Justin's hands from around his waist and walked over to the sofa to retrieve his suit jacket.

“Now that’s bullshit.”

“No, no- trust me I mean it.”

Justin sighed, he knew he had to bite the bullet and tell Brian the truth.

“Okay Brian, the truth is I don’t have a driver license.”

“What?... how can you not have a driver license?”

“I just don’t.”

“How can you not know how to drive at your age?”

“I never said I couldn’t drive. I just don’t have a license to drive.” Justin was getting aggravated with this discussion. He confessed one truth to Brian, he was not ready to tell him the whole story as of yet.

Brian noticed the look of frustration come over Justin. He figured he was embarrassed over the fact that he was in his twenties and was not a licensed driver. He also knows Justin only told him so that he would understand why he turned his offer down. Brian didn’t want Justin to feel embarrassed, so he decided to let the matter drop...somewhat.

“You know what Justin it’s really no big deal. I got my license late in life also. Ben and Michael were driving at 16, my parents wouldn’t sign my consent form, so I had to wait until I was a whole 17 ½.”

“Fuck you Brian.”

“Can’t, or I’ll be late for work.”

Brian response got the desired reaction. Justin laughed as Brian reached for his hand pulling him into an embrace.

“So I guess this is the kiss and make up part.”

“Mmmm I like this part, but we have to go I have to be at work soon.”

Justin and Brian headed down to the jeep-the earlier argument dropped and forgotten.

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Brian pulled up in front of Emmett’s house and placed the car in park. Justin's bag was on the floor of the passenger seat. He bent to pick it up as he was opening the passenger door. He turned towards Brian and on impulse place a good bye kiss on his cheek

“That’s it.”

“I don’t want to make you late for work.”

“You’re such a tease.”

Justin started to get out of the jeep when he stopped. “Brian, will I see you later?”

“What time is your shift over?”

“Supposed to be 10:00pm, but who knows once I get there.”

“Call me when you know for sure.”

"I don't have your number" Justin stated.

Brian pulled his cell from his jacket pocket. Justin watched curiously as Brian scrolled through his phone book. He punched a number and a few seconds later Justin's cell phone rang. Justin reached into his bag and pulled out his phone. He gave Brian a puzzled look as the unfamiliar number flashed on his caller screen.

"Call me on that number when you're sure of your schedule." Justin smiled at Brian before locking the number in his phone under the initial of \*B\*.

He leaned in to give Brian another goodbye kiss, this time on the lips.

"Later" Brian whispered as they pulled apart.

"Later."

Justin climbed out of the jeep and shut the door. He turned and walked toward the side of the house as he heard Brian pulling away from the curb. Justin could not wipe the huge smile from his face. He was so happy-he never thought it was possible to be as happy as he felt at this precise moment. He looked at his cell phone and scrolled through his phone book until he came to Brian's number. He said the number over and over in his head until it was locked in his memory.

\*\*\*\*\*

Justin went about his errands as planned for the day. His first stop was to open an account at the local bank. He'll close out his bank in Philadelphia when he goes to visit his mother. He also made his way to PIFA. Justin liked the campus on sight. He pretended he was a student and explored the art department and peeked into a couple of lecture halls. Justin decision was solidified-he knew this was where he wanted to continue his education.

He stopped at the registrars' office and picked up the enrollment kit. Justin was leaving the registrar's office when he heard someone calling his name. He looked and was surprised to see Ben walking towards him.

"Hey Justin, what brings you by?"

"Hi Ben. I was just checking out the campus and I wanted to pick up the enrollment forms to see what was required." Justin was actually happy to see Ben. He seemed like a nice guy and Justin wanted to know him better being that he was Emmett's boyfriend and a good friend to Brian.

"Cool, if you need help with anything let me know.

"I will thanks."

"Hey, I was about to go get a bite to eat. Did you have lunch?"

"No I didn't.... Wow what time is it?"

Ben looked at his watch "It is just about 1:00." He glanced down at Justin's naked wrist. I see you're not a watch person also.

"No I'm not a jewelry person at all." Justin stated truthfully. He chuckled a little as he thought about the many fights he had with his mother for refusing to wear his medic alert bracelet.

"What so funny?" Ben asked when he heard the small laugh coming from Justin.

"Oh nothing-just a family joke."

"I see, well the school commuters cafeteria, is really excellent here. Would you care to join me?"

"I would love too." Justin let Ben lead the way. Ben pointed out what the different buildings were on campus as they made their way to the cafeteria.

He was right, the food here was really good. They made their selection, for which Ben insisted on paying, and sat at a table near a window overlooking the campus. They talk about the campus and academic interest, when Justin remembered Ben's \*also\* reference to him not wearing a watch.

"Ben what did you mean when you said I wasn't a watch person also?" Justin asked.

"Oh, it was nothing... Brian never wears a watch either."

"Yeah I noticed that, he doesn't wear much jewelry except for his bracelet."

Ben actually looked a little sad at the mention of Brian's bracelet.

"Ben did I say something wrong?" Justin asked suddenly concerned.

"No, you didn't. Your right the bracelet is the only jewelry Brian wears."

"Is there a story behind the bracelet?"

"That is something you would have to ask Brian."

Justin didn't push Ben to elaborate, but he couldn't pass up an opportunity to get more insight from Ben about Brian as a child. Lindsay only knew Brian from college and he was pretty much a younger version of the man he is now. Justin knew Ben, Brian and Michael all grew up together and he was just curious about Brian as a kid.

"So how long have you actually known Brian?"

"Oh wow...for years. We met when Brian and Michael were in the third grade, and I was in the fifth. Our grade school did a big brother mentoring program, where the older kids would help the younger ones with their reading and math. I was paired with Michael, and Brian was with a different fifth grader. Brian was such a smart kid he was teaching the fifth grader how to do his work. He and Michael were good friends already so Brian would just hang out with us doing the mentoring session. The teachers never said anything because Brian was a straight A student."

"So Brian knew Michael before you?"

"I believe they met in the first grade and has been friends ever since. Michael is a good kid and Brian has a huge soft spot for him. As close as Brian and I are, he and Michael are much closer."

"I don't really know Michael that well. Were he and Brian ever involved?"

"No, Brian has a rule- he never has sex with his friends."

"Really, so any person he considers a friend he will not sleep with them."

"Nope."

Justin thought back to their conversation in bed this morning when Brian called him his \*special friend\*.  
"Interesting....what about Lindsay? She's a friend and they must have slept together, they have Gus."

"I really don't feel comfortable talking about Brian's personal life. Just ask him he'll tell you."

"I understand." Justin changed the topic of conversation. He didn't want Ben to think he only had lunch with him to find out information concerning Brian. He admired Ben's loyalty to Brian. Also Justin knew he would be really upset if people told his personal business to anyone who asked."

\*\*\*\*\*

Justin's plan to relax a little before going to work was a bust. By the time he made it home after he had lunch with Ben it was close to 4:00. He stopped at home for a quick second picked up a few things before walking to the diner. Justin made it to work with minutes to spare.

"Hey Sunshine, how was your day?" Debbie asked as Justin walked past her to put his stuff away in the kitchen.

"It was great." Justin grabbed an apron and order pad as he did the previous day and went straight to work. "So how is it today? Do you think I'll be getting out at my scheduled time?"

"I don't see why not, it's not bad today. The rush is coming in spurts...you should be familiar with that." Debbie laughed at her own crude joke.

It took Justin a moment to catch on to her meaning. "Debbie!!!"

"Oh, honey I just love to see you blush. It's so refreshing to be around innocents. Nothing fazes this crowd anymore."

"Oh now Deb, that's not true." One of Debbie's regular customers interjected. "I rented a straight porn video by mistake the other day, and what those people were doing to each other sure made my face red."

"Everybody is a comedian." Debbie said as she walked away shaking her head. Justin and the customer exchanged glances as they both burst out laughing.

Justin shift moved along quickly. He wanted to call Brian and tell him he would be getting off at 10:00pm as plan. He waited until his break so he could speak to him uninterrupted.

## Part 6

When Brian walked into his loft it was close to 7:00. He removed his jacket, and took his cell phone from the pocket and placed it on the counter. He made sure to switch it back to ringer, from vibrate so he could hear it when Justin called.

Brian had expected Justin to call him as soon as he reached work, so he switched the phone to vibrate so that he could have it with him in his late afternoon meeting. He had to say he was surprised and oddly annoyed that he hadn't heard from him yet.

Just as Brian was heading to his bedroom to change his clothes his cell phone rang. He walked back towards the counter and looked at the caller I.D. He saw that it was Justin, he let it ring 2 and half times before he answered, the third ring would send it to voice mail.

"Kinney."

"Hey."

"Hey."

"I um..I was calling to let you know I'm getting off at 10:00 as planned."

“Okay.”

“Okay....so...how was your day?”

“Good, I just walked in the door.”

“Oh, did you want me to let you go?” Justin asked, hoping he would say no.

“If you want.”

“Well I’m on my break, so I have time to talk. I wanted to call you earlier but I didn’t want to rush off the phone.”

“Oh..... So did you get all your errands done?”

Justin smiled into the phone, he thought this conversation was going nowhere in the beginning. Justin happily told Brian about his visit to PIFA and his lunch with Ben.

“Ben’s a good guy, you two may get along well you both are creative.”

“So are you, you create ad campaigns.”

“Yeah I guess I am.”

The boys talked until Justin’s break was up. He was reluctant to hang up. “Brian I have to go, my breaks over. See you at 10:00?”

“Yup.....later.”

“Later.”

Brian hung up his cell phone, and placed it on the coffee table. At some point during his conversation with Justin he ended up sitting on the floor in front of the sofa. Brian stood up and went into his bedroom to change his clothes. He ordered take out and went over some paperwork while he waited for 10:00 to come.

\*\*\*\*\*

Brian arrived at the diner at 5 after 10. Justin was just coming outside and saw the jeep pulling up. He walked over to the passenger side and climbed in.

“Perfect timing.” He said to Brian as he was closing the door.

“My timing is always perfect.” He and Justin instinctively leaned toward each other for a hello kiss.

“Mikey called a little while ago he and the gang are at Woody’s having a drink.”

“Oh...umm...I’m really not in the mood. If you want to go you can drop me at home.”

“No, I don’t want to go.”

Justin smiled at Brian’s answer. “Do you want to come back to my place and watch movies, or something?”

“I’m more inclined to the \*or something\*, but let’s do it at my place.”

“Fine by me, but could we stop for me to pack a bag. I hate not having everything I need in the morning.”

“Sure.”

Brian drove to Justin's place. He went in with Justin as he packed an overnight bag. Justin grabbed a few movies just in case, and he Brian headed to the loft.

The next morning Brian dropped Justin off at home as usual before going to work. They never did get around to watching the movies Justin brought over. Actually, Justin forgot that he had them-they found other sources of entertainment to get them through the night.

Instead of walking to the side of the house, Justin went up the front walk to see if Emmett was home. Justin had his hand poised ready to knock when the front door was swung open and he stood face to face with Ben. Emmett was standing behind him holding his day planner open.

"Justin...good morning" Ben answered as he recovered from the shock of seeing him there. "You startled me."

"Good morning, I see you're on your way out."

"Yeah, I'm posting my final grades today and I know some of my students won't be happy." Ben grimaced at the thought of some of the confrontations he would be having today. He went through this every semester-it would always be the part of the job he disliked the most. Ben turned to give Emmett a goodbye kiss as he left. "Have a good day, guys."

"You too, Ben."

"Bye Honey, I'll call after my morning appointments to see how you're holding up."

After they watched Ben drive off, Emmett wrapped his arm around Justin's waist and walked with him into the house.

"Em, if you're about to leave, I can catch up with you later. I just stopped in to say hello." Justin noticed Emmett was dressed to go out.

"No baby, Vic is picking me up in about an hour. We have a few appointments to finalize some party plans. I have plenty of time. Let's go in the kitchen and have some coffee." They walked into the kitchen and Justin sat at the table as Emmett poured the coffee and brought over some pastries that were sitting on the counter. "You have to try these-they are to die for."

Justin tried one and had to agree.

"So, where are you off to so early in the morning?"

"Actually I'm just getting home. Brian dropped me off a few minutes ago."

"I see." Emmett took in Justin's appearance;-he did not look like someone who stayed out all night.

"My my my, you look really refreshed for someone who's been out all night."

"Brian brought me home last night to get a change of clothes. I left the dirty ones at his place. His cleaning lady comes on Thursday's to do the laundry."

"I see. So Brian picked you up last night from work?"

"Yeah... and the night before."

"Didn't you get off at some obscene hour the night before?"

"Yeah, it was around 1:00am." Justin could not stop the grin that was spreading across his face. Emmett's changing expressions was so comical.

"Mmmm...I see.... I thought Brian went to Babylon that night with Michael and Ted."

"Oh, I don't know, but he came to pick me up from wherever he was."

"Oh, well...hmm ...I see."

"Will you please stop saying that?"

"I can't help it. I think Brian might be infatuated with you and it's just blowing my mind."

"Guess what else, he offered me the use of his jeep the other day."

"Oh really, that is Brian's pride and joy...well I mean next to Gus. Baby you put a spell on that man." Emmett raised his coffee cup to Justin, "I salute thee."

"Emmett, cut it out. I didn't do anything." Justin was smiling into his coffee cup. He liked the idea that Brian was doing things with him that he would normally not do.

"Okay, tell me seriously what it's like when you two are alone and I am not referring to the sex."

"I don't know we talk. Mostly small talk nothing serious." Justin thought for a moment before looking up at Emmett. "I really don't know much about him, except what you guys have told me and most of that was not positive."

"So I gather you have not told him about your Epilepsy?"

"No...not yet."

"You should do it before he finds out from someone else."

"Emmett you are the only one who knows, unless you told someone...have you?"

"Well, Lindsay knows."

"Emmett!"

"Honey she knew before you decided to move here. She has a cousin who's epileptic and for some reason we were on the subject and I mentioned you. When I told her you were coming here a few months ago, she remembered our conversation."

"She didn't let on that she knew."

"And she wouldn't. She hasn't told a soul, not even Melanie and she will not mention it to you unless you bring it up. I still think you should tell Brian at some point."

"I know. When he offered me the jeep I told him I didn't have a driver's license. That was a shock in itself, if I told him I was epileptic, he might go running for the hills." Justin gave a humorless chuckle. Until he said it aloud, he was not aware of how afraid he was of Brian's reaction to his illness. He voiced those concerns to Emmett. "Emmett do you think he would treat me differently, that it would ruin whatever this is we have if I told him?"

"I don't know, I mean he can be an ass, and he can be shallow. But, he's always there when his friends need him. Justin... Ben is HIV positive. He was diagnosed 4 years ago. When he found out, he damned near tried to give up on everything- Brian wouldn't let him. Everyone was treating him with kid gloves. Brian basically told him he was being a pussy and if he wanted to sit on the sofa and let death claim him, then he was no friend of his. He got Ben to



live again, and soon Ben developed into this health nut. Brian would tell people Ben was his Frankenstein, he created a monster that got out of control. You may not know this, but Brian and Ben have a standing racquetball date every Saturday morning. They have been doing it for the past 3 years."

Justin listened to the story, but he could not help but think. "Emmett, he did that because Ben is his friend. What would his reaction be to me? I don't know what I am to him."

"Well baby that's something you need to find out."

"That's easier said than done. I think you're right though, Brian and I need to talk a little more."

The hour passed quickly. Emmett glanced at his watch, and Justin couldn't help but chuckle. Even Emmett owned a watch, granted it was a bit garish, but it was still a watch.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing really, I was just thinking about my conversation with Ben. Emmett, have you ever noticed Brian to wear jewelry?"

"Hmmm, just his shell bracelet. Why, are you thinking about buying him jewelry?"

"No, I was just wondering. Do you know where the bracelet came from?"

"I asked him once, and just told me he always had it. If you want one there's this little store that sells the cutest little trinkets downtown. I can pick one up for you."

"Naw, I don't want one. I'd never wear it."

Vic arrived to pick up Emmett. He and Justin spoke for a few minutes while Emmett gathered up what was needed for their appointments.

"So, Justin, Deb tells me you doing a great job at the diner."

"I hope so, I wouldn't want to disappoint her. She took a chance hiring me with no experience."

"My sister is a good judge of character-she would not have hired you if she thought you weren't right for the job."

"Thanks Vic."

"Okay, I'm ready." Emmett announced. "Justin, honey, stay as long as you like, just lock up when you leave."

"I will thanks. Goodbye."

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It was late afternoon when Justin returned home from the park. He headed over there after leaving Emmett's. He wanted to do some more sketching and found it very relaxing there. He made himself a sandwich and stretched out on the sofa and looked over some of the sketches he did today in the park. He tried to decide which pictures he wanted to replicate in color. Lindsay told him he could use her studio anytime, so he called her from work the day before and asked if he could come by Saturday morning. She told him that would be perfect, she was having the family over for brunch, and of course he was invited.

Justin was so engrossed in what he was doing that he jumped when he heard his cell phone ringing. He got off the sofa and went in search of the phone. He left it sitting on the stairs by his house keys. He glanced at the screen and it was a number he didn't recognize.

"Hello?"

"Hey."

"Brian?"

"Where you expecting someone else?"

"I wasn't expecting anyone at all."

"Well then, this should be a pleasant surprise."

"Actually Brian, it is. Where are you?"

"I'm at the office." Brian had been sitting at his desk trying to concentrate on work, fighting a strong urge to hear Justin's voice. "He lost."

"Oh." Justin was in shock this was the first time Brian has ever called him.

"I um... I was calling to confirm what time you were getting off tonight. I didn't remember."

"The same as always." Justin though for moment, maybe Brian was calling to let him know he couldn't pick him up tonight. "Brian if you can't make it tonight..."

"Did I say I couldn't make." Brian cut Justin off mid sentence. "I was just calling to confirm."

"Okay, it should be 10:00 ...I'll call you later if that changes."

"Sounds good." An uncomfortable silence fell. For a minute there Justin thought Brian had hung up until he spoke again. "So, what are doing?"

"I was looking over some sketches I did at the park today. I'm using Lindsay's studio Saturday morning and I was trying to decide which ones I wanted to capture on canvas."

"Sounds interesting." Brian was beginning to think this phone call was a bad idea. It wasn't enough- he wanted to bury himself deep inside his little blonde twink.

"So are you going back out?"

"Not for a few hours when I leave for work."

"Alright, I have to go." Brian hung up quickly and left a thoroughly confused Justin on the other end of the line.

Brian grabbed his car keys and walked out of his office passing Cynthia at her desk.

"I have an appointment; I'll be back in a couple of hours."

"Okay boss." Cynthia never looked up from her computer she was used to Brian and his impromptu appointments. She wondered if he was blond, redhead or brunette.

## Part 7

Justin shook his head at the strange phone call he just received from Brian. He considered calling him back, but thought better of it. He'd just call him later this evening. Justin went back to looking over his sketches and trying to imagine what colors he wanted to use. Less than a half an hour passed when he heard a knock on his apartment door. Justin figured it might be Emmett. He bounded up the stairs leading to his front door. Justin was stunned to see who was standing on the other side. "Brian!!! What are y..."

Justin could barely get the words out before Brian's arms were around him and his lips smashed against Justin's. Brian and Justin stumbled down the stairs as Brian reached back and slammed the front door shut. He half carried half dragged Justin into his bedroom. Brian dropped a shocked, but extremely elated, Justin on the bed. Justin lay there watching as Brian undressed himself. "I can't believe you're here right now." Justin said, once he found his voice.

"Phone call wasn't enough."

A now very naked Brian stood hovering over a still clothed Justin. Brian reached down and pulled Justin's shirt over his head. He undid his jeans and yanked them along with his underwear, down and off Justin's body. Brian attacked Justin's body. Justin gave back as good he got. Breath was coming in short gasps- cocks were hard and throbbing.

"Condoms?" Brian said as he was kissing his way down Justin's body.

"Yes." Justin opened the drawer and pulled out the box of condoms and lube that Brian left from their first night. He rolled the condom on Brian and turned over on to his hands and knees. Brian smiled at how ready Justin was for him. Brian slathered lube thoroughly over Justin's hole and entered him swiftly.

Both men came forcefully. Brian pulled out of Justin and, after disposing the condom, he lay back down on his back. Justin scooted over and laid his head on Brian's chest. He lazily traced Brian's abdomen with the tip of his fingers.

"I take it someone missed me today."

"What gave you that idea?"

"The fact that you're here in the middle of the day in my bed is a bit of a giveaway."

"It's not the middle of the day. It's late afternoon."

"Whatever...you so missed me."

"So what if I did?"

Justin lifted his head up and looked into Brian eyes. "I like it, I like it a lot." As Justin said those words he knew he was falling in love with Brian. No, he had fallen in love with Brian- a man he knew for barely a week.

Brian saw the look in Justin's eyes. It wasn't a look he was ready to deal with. He broke eye contact. Brian disentangled himself from Justin and sat on the edge of the bed. He needed to leave. Suddenly he felt like he couldn't breathe. Brian bent and picked up his underwear from the floor. Justin watched him; he didn't know how to take the sudden mood change.

"Brian, do you have to go right now? I um ...do you have time to take a shower?" Justin reached out and touched his back. Brian stood up abruptly as if he was burned.

"I guess I should wash up a bit." Brian walked in the direction of the bathroom. "The bathroom is through here right?"

"Yeah." Justin flopped back down on the bed as Brian closed the bathroom door. Justin pulled himself out of bed and slid on his jeans. He let out a heavy sigh. For the life of him, he could not understand how his moods go from so high to so low when it came to Brian Kinney.

When Brian emerged from the bathroom, his hair was wet from where he splashed water on his face. He started putting on his clothes.

"Aren't the people in your office going to wonder why you're coming back with your hair soaked and it's not raining out?"

"People in my office know how to mind their fucking business." Brian continued to dress as Justin walked into the bathroom and came out with a blow dryer and styling products.

"Come in the kitchen I'll fix it for you." Justin padded into the kitchen in his bare feet with only his jeans on. He plugged the drying in by the counter, pulled out a chair and waited for Brian to sit down. "Take your shirt back off- I don't want to get hair all over it."

Brian did as was instructed and sat back down. Justin applied a little product to his hands and rubbed it into Brian's hair. He loved the feel of the silky strands between his fingers. Then, he turned on the blow dryer and began styling it. Neither man spoke. Justin was almost finished when he felt Brian's arms go around his waist. Justin shut off the dryer and looked down into Brian's hazel eyes.

"Justin, I'm not what you want."

"Yes you are."

"No, I'm not." Brian dropped his arms and stood up. He grabbed his shirt and put it on as he turned to face Justin again. "Justin, I was your first. I broke you in and now you're confusing lust with something else. It's nothing else. Shit we barely know each other."

Justin placed the dryer on the counter and leaned up against it. "You're right, we really don't know much about each other, but I do know what I'm feeling is a lot more than lust."

"Justin, I have to go."

"Why are you running?"

"I'm not running-I'm going to work." Brian straightened his clothes and headed for the front door.

"Brian."

Brian stopped at the door without turning around. "Yeah?"

"I think I'll find another way home tonight."

"Okay."

With that Brian opened the door and left.

Justin leaned against the counter for what seemed like an eternity. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He met a man, fell in love, and broke up all in less than a week. \*Okay Taylor, welcome to the real world\* Justin spoke aloud to himself as he headed to the bathroom to get ready for work. He was hurt by Brian's actions or rather reactions, but he didn't feel like they were over, at least not yet.

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Brian returned to the office. He walked past Cynthia's desk as she shot him a knowing smile. She figured he would be in good spirits after his \*appointment.\* "Hey boss, how was your..."

Cynthia words were cut off as Brian walked past her without saying a word and slammed his office door. A second later the intercom buzzed. "Yes Brian?"

"I don't want to be disturbed for the rest of the day." Brian released the call button and pulled out files for some upcoming campaigns. He engrossed himself with work so he could not, would not think about what transpired in Justin's apartment.

\*\*\*\*\*

Justin had the longest day ever at work. He was screwing up orders and could not keep his mind on his customers. He was doing worse tonight than he did on his first night. After a while, Deb pulled him aside.

"Sunshine, what's going on? You're screwing up royally out there."

"Just some personal stuff, I'll try to focus."

"Does this personal stuff have a name, and by chance, is it Brian Kinney?"

"How did you know?"

"Honey, I have eyes. And, I know you two have spending time together. And don't you forget, his best friend is my son."

"Oh, yeah." Justin actually did forget. Deb was so much more likable than her son.

"What has the almighty Brian done now?"

"Nothing, he didn't do anything."

"Don't lie to me. I've known that kid all his life and I know he can be trying sometimes."

"He really hasn't done anything, at least not intentionally."

"You're in love with him aren't you?"

Justin looked at Deb with soulful eyes. "Is it that obvious?"

"It is now...Oh Justin, out of all the men on Liberty Avenue for you to meet and fall in love with, why Brian?"

"Damned if I know. So I take it you think it's hopeless too?"

"Like I said, I've known Brian his entire life. In all those years, he has never been involved with anyone romantically. And, his sexual relationships never last more than a few hours."

"Deb, are you telling me to just give up on him? I don't want to do that, at least not yet. I think I should at least try ...maybe... \*sigh\* I don't know."

"Oh my Sunshine-you just might be what our Brian needs. You've been the longest relationship I've ever seen him in, so honey go for it. Bring some of your sunshine into his life."

"Thanks Deb."

Justin finished off his shift and he actually walked home from the diner. He felt the night air would help clear his mind. When he reached home, he started peeling off his clothes as soon as he closed the front door. Justin left a trail leading up to his bed. He did not change the sheets from this morning so his pillow still carried Brian's scent. Justin buried his nose in the pillow and breathed in Brian's fragrance. No-he was not giving up on Brian...not yet.

The following day Justin tried to figure out how to get through to Brian. He didn't have to work at the diner that evening so he figured he would just go by the loft later.

Brian was not in the pleasant of moods, yet again. Cynthia couldn't figure out what was going on with him. Brian had never been a pleasant sunshine-y boss, but his mood swings lately has really been off kilter. Cynthia was summoned into Brian's office to go over some details for the pharmaceutical campaign. Brian gave his orders and then dismissed her.

Cynthia stood up and was about to leave, but her curiosity and concern got the best of her. "Brian what's going?"

"The pharmaceutical campaign, were you not listening?"

"Brian, I'm referring to your unpredictable moods. I just want to be sure everything is okay. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, Cynthia. Now, can we get going with these plans? There's a lot to be done before the presentation next week."

"Okay boss." Cynthia knew that Brian wouldn't tell her what was bothering him, but she felt she had to try.

When Cynthia left, Brian sat back in his chair. He stared at the phone for long while before picking it up and dialing.

"Professor Bruckner."

"What are you up to tonight?"

"Brian, hey buddy...I have no plans tonight, unless Emmett wants to get together."

"Let's hit Babylon tonight."

"Sure, is Justin coming too?"

"How the fuck should I know."

"Calm down buddy, I was only asking."

"Yeah whatever, I'll see you tonight."

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Brian left work a little after seven. He stopped at his favorite Szechwan restaurant and picked up dinner on the way home. When he pulled up in front of his loft, he saw Justin sitting on his stoop. Justin stood up as Brian got out of the jeep and approached him. He looked at Justin and walked past him to punch in the code for the outside door. Justin followed him inside. Brian slid the loft door open and walked straight to the kitchen and put his food on the counter. Justin closed the door and stood next to it.

"So what do you want, Justin?"

"I ... I came to pick up my laundry....no that's a lie-I wanted to talk to you."

Brian sighed, "What is there to talk about?"

"Us."

"There is no \*us\*. We were a one night stand that lasted too long."

"I don't believe that. It started out as a one night stand, but it's something more."

"Justin, what do you want?" Brian asked again as he stood with his hands on the counter looking at Justin leaning against the front door.

"I told you, I came to talk." He walked toward Brian but stood on the opposite side of the counter directly facing him. "Things moved rather quickly with us, and yet we barely know each other's names. So, I figured maybe we can work on getting to know each other better."

"You want to know me better, okay. Let's see my name is Brian, I'm a Capricorn and my pet peeves are people who don't believe in world peace, and wear white after Labor Day."

"Ha Ha Ha. Okay, we've established the fact that you have a quick wit and a sense a humor. Now I want to hear about the 5year old Brian, teenager Brian, and you as a young man"

"As a young man? I'm still a young man."

"Okay as a younger young man."

"Fine, Brian in a nutshell, I was born, I grew up, now I am waiting to die. Just like everyone else who walks this earth."

"Can you be more specific? For example- I was born and raised in Philadelphia. I have lived in the same house my entire life until I moved here. I have a sister who's sophomore at Dartmouth University. My parents are great, some of the time. Well, at least my mom is, she's just over protective. My father isn't a bad person, but he had a lot to deal with because of me. Being a gay artist on top of other things wasn't what he envisioned for his son. He would only pay for school if I was a business major-I refused because I'm an artist. At least I want to be an artist. Mom wouldn't co-sign a loan for me because, as I said, she was very over protective and she didn't want me living on campus anywhere. So I saved my money to move here and live on my own and try for a loan on my own to attend school. I don't want give you a bad impression of my parents-they're good parents, just a bit trying at times. So, what about you?"

"I went to school on soccer scholarship."

"Really, I could tell you were athletic. What about your parents?"

"Jack and Joanie Kinney were not the athletic type."

"That's not what I meant. Anyways, did you have brothers and sisters?"

"A sister..."

"Older or younger?" Justin hated that he had pull the information from Brian, but at least he was talking.

"Older by six years."

"Oh, so you're the baby." Justin said with a smirk, but Brian wasn't smiling. "So are you and your sister close?"

"When we were younger she would protect me from things that go bump in the night. As I got older we protected each other." Brian had a distant look on his face as he thought of memories from his childhood."

"Brian, you were afraid of the boogie man under the bed and the monsters in the closet?"

"Yeah I guess you can say that, except the monster wasn't in the closet- he was downstairs tossing back a bottle of scotch and the boogie man was down the hall having a sip of wine that turned easily into two bottles a night."

"Brian, I'm sorry, I had no idea. How did you and your sister deal with that?"

"I told you sorry is bullshit, besides them being drunks had nothing to do with you. As for how Claire and I dealt with it, we dealt with it in our own ways." Brian was unknowingly fidgeting with the cowry shell bracelet on his wrist as he spoke, Justin noticed.

"That means a lot to you, doesn't?" Justin asked.

"What does?"

"That bracelet."

Brian looked down at his wrist. He looked back at Justin and shrugged his shoulders. "It's a bracelet."

Justin didn't believe him-he caught a glimpse of something in Brian eyes. It was a look of loss, of sadness, before he masked it with his patented look of indifference. "It's more than that, but I won't push. Hopefully you will tell me when you're ready."

"You know what Justin, my food is getting cold and I have plans for tonight so this \*talk\* is over."

Justin was disappointed and surprised-he thought he was getting somewhere with Brian. "What, you have hot date coming over?" Justin joked trying to add a little levity to the situation.

"Need I repeat I don't do dates?" Brian glanced at the clock on the wall "But I will have a hot fuck cumming over and over in about 3 hours or so from now. So I need to eat shower and change. That means you have to go."

"Brian, you don't want me to go-you're just running away like you did yesterday." Justin walked around the counter and stood in front of Brian. He reached up and placed his hand at the nape of Brian's neck.

Brian reached up and removed his hand. "I wasn't running yesterday and I'm not running today. I told you from the start. I'm not your fairy tale happily ever after, I don't do boyfriends, relationships or any of that love shit. That is twisted Lesbian wannabe hetero bullshit that I don't buy into."

"Okay then, Brian, why don't you tell me what it is you do then. What does Brian Kinney believe in?"

Brian grabbed Justin by the hand and led him to the bedroom. He reached under the bed and pulled out a box and dumped the contents on the bed. Next, he pulled open his nightstand and dumped all its contents as well. "This is what I believe in, fucking-getting the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of bullshit."

Justin looked at the bed and he was aroused and frightened at the same time. There were dildos of all shapes, sizes and color. Some were studded, smooth, curved and some that would have to be for show only, because it was not humanly possible that it could fit inside any hole on the human body. Besides the dildos, there were other erotic paraphernalia. Brian watched Justin as he looked over his toy collection.

Brian half expected Justin to walk out in disgust as he picked up certain items, instead Justin turned to face Brian. "So this is what you believe in. Well I don't believe that's all you want is a fuck from me. You want more."

"You are not listening to me, Justin-it was just sex. What makes you think it was something more?"



"This." Justin closed the space between him and Brian. He reached up and wrapped his arms around Brian's neck and lowered his head until their lips met. The kiss caught Brian off guard at first and he tried not to respond. Justin kissed Brian with all the passion, love and frustration that were coursing through his body. His tongue forced Brian's lips apart as he explored his mouth. Justin moaned his pleasure when he felt Brian's lips responding back. He felt Brian's tongue slide across his lips and his whole body tingled.

Brian had never in his life been kissed like that. If breathing wasn't a necessity, he would never want it to end. Unfortunately the kiss did end and both men were breathing heavily. Justin tightened his arm around Brian and whispered in his ear as he began to catch his breath. "This, Brian-this is how I know you want more." Justin loosened his hold and stepped back from Brian.

"I'm going to go now."

"You're just going to leave, just like that? What are you, a fucking tease?" Brian voice was hoarse and full of lust.

"No, I'm not a tease. Brian, I want more than anything for you to throw me on that bed and show me how every last one of those toys there work, but that won't change anything. There is so much about me I want to tell you, need to tell you, and I want to know everything about you. But I know you'll never open up to me fully if all you see when you look at me is a fuck." Justin turned to walk out of the bedroom. He glanced over his shoulder and saw Brian standing there looking at him.

"Good bye Brian." Justin walked out of the loft and headed home. He felt like he made little headway with Brian. He did open up some, but his mindset was the same.

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Brian was livid after Justin left. He could not believe he got him all worked up and then walked out the door. He was left standing alone in his bedroom with the biggest boner and his bed full sex toys.

"I have to get out of here before I lose my fucking mind." Brian said. "Jesus, this guy's got me talking to myself." Brian walked into the living room and poured himself a drink. He tossed it back and headed for the bathroom. Brian stripped and climbed into the shower. The water was running full force and Brian's mind was still elsewhere. He didn't hear the front door of the loft sliding open and Michael entering the loft.

Michael heard the shower running and walked towards the bedroom; he stood in the doorway of the bathroom and watched as Brian was taking his shower. Michael loved looking at Brian's body- he was so lean and muscular and his every movement was precise. Michael was so envious of all those nameless guys who had the pleasure of being Brian's prey. He watched Brian with other men at the baths and the backroom of Babylon and always wished it was him he was fucking.

Michael heard the shower being turned off and moved away from the bathroom doorway. He walked toward the bed, but stopped short when he saw what was on it.

"Jeez, Brian, what were you bored?"

"Fuck Mikey, when did you get here?" Brian walked in to the bedroom naked as he towel dried his hair.

"Just a second ago." Michael lied "I guess I missed all the fun."

"No, you didn't miss anything." Brian wrapped the towel around his waist and headed to the closet to look for something to wear. "What are you doing here?"

"Ben called and said you were going to Babylon. I came by to see if you wanted to ride together."

"You could have called."

"Well, I wanted to raid your closet." He admitted.

"Help yourself."

Michael went through Brian's closet and pulled out a couple of shirts. Brian's pants were always too long but he could get with the shirt sleeves being a little long. Michael chose a black shimmery crew neck shirt. He was placing the other clothes back in the closet when he noticed a pair of cargo pants.

"Brian, since when do you wear cargo pants?"

"That's none of your business, so put them back."

Michael put the pants back in the closet. But not before he noticed other items that he knew did not belong to Brian but he'd seen them before.

"So, when did Justin move in?"

"Mikey a pair of pants in the closet does not constitute living together." Brian shoved Michael away from the closet.

"Now move so I can get dressed."

"Fine." Mikey walked into the kitchen while Brian dressed in the bedroom; he noticed the food on the counter. "Brian is this Szechwan?"

"Yeah, it was my dinner-I never got a chance to eat. Put it in the fridge for me."

"Sure." Michael took a taste and put the rest in the fridge. He walked back to the bedroom doorway.

"Okay you didn't have time to eat, your bed is a sex haven and you're telling me I didn't miss anything."

"That's what I'm telling you...now are you driving or me?"

"You."

"Figures."

Brian and Michael headed downstairs to the jeep and drove to meet Ben at Babylon."

## Part 8

As soon as Justin reached home, he heard a knock on the door leading to Emmett's. He wasn't in the mood to talk. He figured Emmett must have heard him come in. So Justin forced a smile on his face and opened the door.

"Hey Baby."

"Hey Em. Come on in."

"No I just popped in to see if you were going with Brian to Babylon tonight. I'm going with Ben."

"No, I'm really tired. I'm going to stay in."

"Oh, are you feeling okay?"

"Yes, Emmett, I'm feeling fine. You go and have fun. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Okay baby, good night."

"Goodnight Emmett."

Justin closed the door and headed to his bedroom. He contemplated calling Daphne, but changed his mind. He laid on top of his bed fully clothed. He didn't have the energy to undress. He thought about what Brian said about his parents, and wondered what his sister was like.

As Justin lay there thinking about Brian, Brian was in the backroom of Babylon trying to forget Justin. Ben was actually worried about Brian tonight. It wasn't unusual for him to visit the backroom a few times a night in the past, but tonight it seemed like his only mission. Brian entered the club and greeted Ben, Emmett and Ted at the bar. He downed two double JB's straight up, and grabbed the closest guy and headed to the backroom. This was his agenda for the night. In less than two hours Brian was past shitfaced and working on his fourth trick of the night. When Brian staggered to the bar, after leaving the backroom yet again, Ben came up behind him and told the bartender he was cut off.

"What the fuck, Ben? Nick, don't listen to him I want a double now."

"Brian, he's right. You had enough. You drank too many too fast."

Ben nodded his thanks to the bartender. "Brian, I think I should take you home."

"Ben I'll take him; my car is parked at his loft."

"That sounds good, Michael."

"Not to me, I want to party." Brian drunkenly threw his arms around Ben's neck. "Come on Ben, lets party."

"Brian, buddy come on ...I think you partied enough for all of us, and in less than two hours, that's impressive."

"Fucking is my life." Brian words were slurred.

"Okay, let Michael take you home." Ben removed Brian's arms from around his neck and walked with Michael to help Brian into the jeep. When he returned, he saw Emmett and Ted coming back from the dance floor.

"Where's Michael?" Emmett asked.

"He took Brian home-he had bit too much to drink."

"Really, I wonder if he and Justin had a fight. He seemed not himself when I saw him tonight."

"Emmett, stay out of it."

"I am-I just don't want to see Justin hurt."

"I think Justin can take care of himself. Now come on you two, let's dance." Ben grabbed Emmett and Ted by the hand and headed to the dance floor.

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Michael drove a very drunk Brian back to his loft. He stripped him down to his underwear and helped him into the bed. Michael lay next to him on top of the covers. He didn't want to leave him alone in this state. Michael dozed off for a few minutes. He awoke when heard Brian mumbling in his sleep. Michael nudged him gently. "Brian, are you okay, did you say something?"

"Justin." Brian whispered as he reached for Michael's arm and hugged it to his chest.

Michael laid there in stunned silence. He couldn't believe Brian was dreaming about Justin. Brian actually thought Michael was Justin. \*Could Brian really be interested in this kid?\* Michael felt his eyes sting with hot tears. He wasn't sure why he wanted to cry-maybe because he felt like his heart was breaking.

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Brian woke with a massive headache and a disgusting taste in his mouth. He slowly climbed out of bed and made his way to the bathroom to brush his teeth and to search out a couple of Tylenol. He walked back in the bedroom and saw Michael lying on the bed asleep. "Mikey...Mikey wake up."

Michael opened his eyes and yawned. He looked at Brian standing over the bed looking like shit wearing only his boxer briefs.

"You look like shit."

"I feel like shit." Brian said as he lay back down on the bed. "How big was the truck that hit me?"

"Oh about a couple of liters" Michael said with a smirk. "I don't think you're going to make your racquet ball game with Ben this morning."

"I haven't missed one yet and a fucking hangover is not going to stop me. I just need to give the meds time to kick in."

"Meds... Brian what did you take?"

"Calm down mother, I took some Tylenol."

"Oh... So, what was last night about? You were drinking and fucking like you were on a mission."

"I was having a goodtime."

"Funny, it didn't seem like that to me."

"Oh really, well what did it seem like?"

"Like you were trying to block something, or someone out."

Brian turned and looked at Michael, before rising from the bed. "Whatever Michael-can you call Ben and tell I'm on my way. I need a shower." Brian jumped in the shower and dressed to meet Ben. He grabbed his gym bag and headed out with Michael.

"I'll see you later at Mel and Lindz's." Michael said as he kissed Brian goodbye.

"Damn, I forgot about that." Brian was speaking more to himself than out loud. He climbed in the jeep and slammed the door closed.

Ben was already on the court when Brian arrived. "You're late."

"Ten minutes is not late."

"No, but 45 is, we only have the court for 15 minutes. It makes no sense to start a game."

"Hey, I had a rough night. My throat is raw and my dick is sore."

Ben walked towards Brian and wrapped his arms around his shoulder. "Brian, I appreciate you making our date ev....

"Not a date."

Ben chuckled as he corrected himself. "Excuse me. I appreciate you making our weekly meeting, but it's not necessary. Especially when you look like holy shit."

"Now you tell me, I could still be sleeping right now."

Well, no you couldn't, we're going to Lindsay's right now."

"Argh."

Brian let Ben lead him out of the gym to the jeep. Ben and Brian drove themselves to Lindsay and Mel's place. It took a lot of self restraint for Brian not to turn the car around and head for home. He knew if he didn't show up, Lindsay would have his head on a platter.

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Justin woke early Saturday morning. He packed up his art supplies and caught a cab over to Lindsay's. She told him to come as early as he liked since she was always up early with Gus. Justin rang the doorbell when he arrived and Lindsay answered right away and ushered him in. "Morning Justin."

"Good Morning, I hope I'm not too early."

"Nope, you're right on time. Mel is giving Gus a bath and I'm straightening the house before our guest's arrive. Give me one second and I'll take you upstairs to the studio."

"Sure."

Justin waited in the living room for Lindsay. She returned quickly and led him upstairs to the attic. As they passed the bathroom, she poked her head in to let Mel know Justin was here.

"I see you have a big bag there." Lindsay pointed out once they entered the studio.

"Yeah, I brought some of my supplies."

"You didn't have to. You are welcome to use whatever you like. I buy my products wholesale because I have a teacher's license."

"Why are you so nice to me?"

"Because I like you." Lindsay kissed Justin on the cheek and left him alone in the studio to get started. When she came back upstairs about an hour later she saw Justin standing in front of a blank canvas."

"Wow, Justin that is simply wonderful."

Justin snapped out of his trance like state and gave Lindsay an embarrassed laugh. "I had so many ideas in my head, now I am just blank."

"You know the creative process is a funny thing. Sometimes when I have a heavy mind, I can come up here and crank out some brilliant work. Other times, I'm so blocked I couldn't even paint my name."

"What do you do at those times?"

"I talk to someone or I stand and stare at a blank canvas until I can get past it."

"I'd probably be standing here until tomorrow" Justin joked.

"Well why don't you try talking about it? It's Brian isn't?"

Justin nodded his head. He never realized he was so transparent.

"Brian is the best-I love him with all my heart. I don't know what he did or didn't do and I won't ask. All I'm going to say is, don't give up on him too quickly."

"What if he gave up on me? What if I was nothing but sex for him?"

"Okay, Brian looooooves sex, everyone knows this. But you are not just sex. Brian would not have brought you around his son, or better yet, left him in your care. No Justin, you're more than sex, or Brian would have been done with you after the first night."

"Thanks Lindsay, I needed to hear that."

"I'm only speaking the truth. Just don't give up too easily." "I'm going to leave you now, I am sure those creative juices are just flowing like crazy."

Justin smiled at Lindsay. "They're doing something." Lindsay turned to leave when Justin stopped her. "Lindsay can I ask you something, you don't have to answer if you don't want to."

"What do you want to know?"

"I was curious about you and Brian and Gus."

"Aahh I was wondering when you were going to ask about that. Well, I wanted a baby and Brian was who I wanted for the father. After months of badgering him, he relented and jerked off in a cup. The doctor squirted his cum up my twat and voila Gus."

"That was rather graphic, but thanks for answering."

"You're welcome, and for your next question...no we were never intimate. Aside from a few kisses here and there we have a platonic friendship. Now you get busy young man. I have guests arriving-come down whenever you're ready."

"Thanks again."

After Lindsay left, Justin's creativity started flowing. He just started painting, mixing colors and applying them to the canvas. He wasn't sure of what he was striving for, but he was pleased with the development.

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Downstairs a little while later, Ben finally arrived with Brian. Michael, Emmett and Ted arrived earlier along with Deb and Vic. They were sitting around the living room and dining room talking and socializing.

Lindsay didn't mention that Justin was already there. She knew how she hates to be disturbed when she was in the studio. She wanted Justin to work undisturbed and come down when he was ready.

But she couldn't stop herself from pulling Brian aside. "Justin's upstairs-I think you should go talk to him."

"Why is that?"

"Because he feels like shit and you look like shit."

"Oh was he out fucking and drinking all night, too?"

"Brian!!"

"Lindsay, stay the fuck out of it. It's none of your business." Brian left Lindsay and walked over to the table where the food was set up and fixed himself a plate. He sat in the living room next to Michael and half listened to the conversation around him. Gus was playing on the floor with his toys. He noticed his daddy and climbed up into his lap. "Hey Sonny Boy."

"Daddy tired?"

"Yeah, Daddy tired."

Gus looked at his daddy and grabbed a cracker from his plate before climbing off his lap to play with his toys again. After a while, Brian got up and piled more food on his plate. He walked through the kitchen and went up the back stairs. Brian made his way to the attic. Justin heard someone on the stairs and assumed it was Lindsay.

"Hey Lindsay."

"I have been called a lot of things in my life, but this is new."

"Brian, I thought you were Lindsay."

"So I gather." Brian held the plate of food out to Justin. "I brought you some food."

"Thanks." Justin took the plate and set it on a nearby table.

Brian looked over the painting Justin was working on. "That's really good. If I was to do that it would look like paint on a surface-you do it and it looks like art...amazing."

"Yeah, I guess." Justin didn't know what to make of Brian's behavior. Brian looked as if he was going to head back downstairs. That's what Justin expected until he heard Brian speak again.

"My sister gave me this bracelet when I was twelve years old. It was on her 18th birthday. She always had this bracelet. I don't know where she got it from, but I always liked it. Sometimes she would let me wear it but I always had to give it back. Anyway, she came into my room the night of her birthday and she tied it on my wrist. She had an awful birthday that year. There were no presents from my parents. I saved up money to buy her this makeup case. It was nothing fancy-I bought it from the Big Q.

My father insisted on taking us to this restaurant. He was drunk and obnoxious as usual. Claire was in tears by the time we reached home. She locked herself in her room and wouldn't let me in. It bothered me because she never locked me out before. I went to my room and later Claire came in and apologized for locking me out-she said she was doing girl stuff. She told me how much she loved the makeup case and that she wanted to give me a present too. She tied this bracelet on my wrist and she told me that it would be a reminder of how much she loved me and how she would always be there to protect me.

We fell asleep in my room. When I woke up, she was gone which was normal. I figured she was getting ready for school. When I went to say goodbye to her, she was still in bed. I went to wake her up and she wouldn't wake up. I found the bottle of sleeping pills by the bed, they were my mother's. I didn't tell my parents she was dead. I went downstairs and left for school like normal.

They waited until I came home to tell me she was dead. My mother was in the kitchen crying and my father pulled me aside and told me it was her time. \*Sonny boy when it's your time there's nothing you can do about it.\* I wear this bracelet to remind me." Brian was looking at the bracelet on his wrist the whole time he spoke. He looked in Justin direction now. "You see Justin-I'm a product of my environment."

Justin couldn't speak. He looked at Brian, his blue eyes were shiny with unshed tears. He was trying hard not cry-he knew Brian would hate that, but his heart ached for him. He could see Brian was waiting for some type of response.

"Thank you for sharing that with me."

"Yeah, well.... I have to get back downstairs. I have to plan a 5 year old's birthday party. Every year Lindsay asks for my input and every year she and Mel shoot down all my ideas."

"I'm sure she appreciates your input."

"Hmph."

Without another word Brian turned and left. Justin allowed the tears to fall once Brian was gone. He wasn't sure if he was crying for the 12 year old Brian or 31-year-old Brian. After Justin composed himself he cleaned his brushes, and covered his canvas. He would have to come back another time to finish. Justin made sure everything was in order. He left the supplies and personal belongings and headed downstairs. Everyone was sitting in the living room.

"Baby, I didn't know you were here."

"Emmett, I told you Lindsay said I could use her studio."

"Oh that's right."

"Sunshine, did you eat anything?"

"Yes Debbie, I um...I had a plate brought up to me." Justin said shooting a quick glance in Brian's direction. In actuality, he ended throwing the food away-he didn't have an appetite after Brian left.

"Then have a seat and join us."

Justin looked around for a place to sit. There was a spot open near Michael, but Justin bypassed it and went to sit on the floor by Brian's chair. Gus was playing there and was excited to see Justin join him.

"Jussin play with me."

"Or course, what are we playing?"

"Cars!"

"My favorite."

Justin played with Gus and listened to the conversation about Gus's party. All the important words were spelled out so Gus wouldn't know what was being discussed.

They finally decided on a backyard party with live animals for a kiddie petting zoo. Once every one was assigned their task, people began to leave. Brian and Justin were the last ones left. Brian was spending time with his son while Justin went upstairs to get his belongings. He came back down and said his goodbyes and thanked Lindsay and Mel for their hospitality. Mel was actually friendly toward him and told him he was welcome to come back the next day to work on his art.

Brian noticed Justin was waiting around and he knew he was waiting for him. Brian said his goodbyes to Gus, who was sad to see his father leave, but he perked up when Brian told him he would come back the next day.

"Shouldn't you ask us before you invite yourself back over to our home?"

"Mel, stop it. Brian is always welcome-we'll see you tomorrow and you too, Justin."



Brian walked toward the group standing in the doorway, carrying Gus. "Yeah Mel, I'm always welcome, day and night."

"Can you two not fight for one day?"

"No," both Mel and Brian answered in unison. Justin said goodbye to the girls again and gave Gus a big hug before opening the front door to leave. He noticed Brian followed him out.

"So can I give you a lift?"

"That would be great, but only if you're taking me to the loft."

Brian smiled and headed to the driver side door of the jeep and climbed in, he started the engine and waited for Justin to get in. They rode in silence. Once they entered the loft, Brian kicked off his shoes and pulled his shirt over his head as he walked to the bedroom. He unsnapped the top of his jeans and climbed onto the bed. Justin followed him into the bedroom and stopped in the doorway.

"You're tired?" It was more of a statement than a question. Brian nodded his head against his pillow.

"I can use a nap myself." Justin kicked off his shoes and stripped down to his underwear and laid down next Brian. Brian had his back to Justin. Justin reached a tentative hand out and placed it on Brian's waist. Brian reached down and clasped his hand in his and hugged it to his chest.

"When you wake up, I'm raiding your toy chest." Justin whispered into Brian's ear, and to Justin amazement, he actually heard Brian giggle.

Brian woke a few hours later. He felt so much better, he wasn't sure if it was the nap or the blond laying in his arms. Their positions switched while they were sleeping. Now Justin was lying with his back to Brian. He reached a hand out and stroked Justin's hair. He leaned forward and smelled the silky golden locks.

"You smell so good." Brian whispered into Justin's hair, while he slept.

They fell asleep on top of the covers. Justin was only wearing his boxer briefs-as Brian caressed Justin's skin, he could feel goose bumps on his skin. "I guess I'm going to have to warm you up a bit." He glided his hand down Justin body and stopped at the waistband of his underwear. He lifted the waistband with his fingers and slipped his hand under it. He caressed and squeezed Justin's ass.

Brian felt his cock getting hard, and straining against the material of his jeans. He pulled away from Justin and stood up quickly to strip off his jeans and underwear. He climbed back on the bed and lifted Justin's hips slightly so that he could remove his underwear.

Brian recaptured Justin's beautiful ass in his hands. He leaned down and bit the blond on his ass, then he parted Justin's cheeks and touched the tip of his tongue to his hole. Justin's body shivered and jerked forward in his sleep. Brian felt his breathing getting ragged, and his hard-on grew. He needed to fuck Justin. He needed to feel Justin's tight little hole around his dick.

Brian took a condom and lube from the nightstand. He rolled the condom onto his more than ready penis and slathered it with lube. He lubed two fingers and inserted one then the other into Justin's hole to get him ready. He heard Justin moan in his sleep. Brian stretched out on his side behind Justin and positioned himself for entry. Before he entered Justin, Brian kissed him on his neck and shoulders. He reached around with his lubed fingers and encircled Justin's already erect penis. He heard Justin moan again.

"Ohhhh...mmm...Brian." Justin's voice was low and wispy. He was drifting between consciousness and sleep as he began to gyrate his hips. He felt the tip of Brian's cock against his cheeks as he pushed back and forth. He wasn't sure if he was dreaming, but he loved the feeling.

Brian smiled from the response he was getting from Justin. His smile grew bigger when he heard Justin moaning his name in his sleep-he knew Justin was ready. He placed his hand on Justin's stomach to stop him from moving-he thrust his hips forward and pushed himself into Justin. As long as Brian lived and fucked, he would never get used to the feel of sliding his cock into Justin. Nothing in his life had ever felt so good, and that realization scared him to death.

Justin eyes flew open when he felt Brian enter him. He knew this felt too good to be a dream. Brian was still for a moment. "You're awake..." Brian breathed into Justin's ear.

"Uh huh..." Speech was a bit difficult for Justin at the moment. To prove to Brian he was awake he began thrusting back and forth. Brian quickly picked up his rhythm. It was fast and hard.

Brian grabbed hold of Justin's cock again. He began jerking Justin off in tempo. He pumped and pulled for a few short amazing moments before Justin shot his load across the room. As he came, he clamped his butt cheeks down hard on Brian's dick. Then, Brian slammed into Justin with a hard final thrust and shot his load into the condom buried deep inside Justin.

Brian wrapped his arms around Justin and held on to him tight as he tried to control his breathing and racing heartbeat. He could tell Justin was having the same struggle. Once their breathing was under control, Brian rolled back to remove the condom and dispose of it. Justin turned over to face Brian after he had pulled out of him.

"What a way to wake up."

"So I take it you like that?" Brian asked giving Justin an innocent look.

"I think it was pretty obvious. I shot a nice little present across the room. I'll help you find it later."

"Leave it for the cleaning lady."

"Brian, that's disgusting. I'll clean it later when my energy returns."

"Suit yourself, but I pay her a disgusting amount of money to clean, no matter what it is."

"Understandable, she can clean your spunk off the walls-I'll take care of my own."

The boys lay there for a moment both in their own thoughts when they heard Justin stomach growl.

"That was loud."

"Yeah well, I'm hungry, I really didn't eat at Mel and Lindsay's today." Justin was slightly embarrassed by how loud it was.

"I brought you a plate upstairs."

"I wasn't hungry then." The truth was Justin was to upset after Brian left the attic to eat. He was saddened by what Brian revealed to him.

Brian looked Justin in the eye. He knew why Justin didn't eat, but he wasn't ready to deal with that right now. He also knew Justin would want to continue their \*getting to know each other talk\* but just not right now.

His stomach growled again, even louder. "I am really hungry, do you have any food?" Justin was starting to feel cranky-this was normal when he was hungry. He was trying to control it-this is a new side of him for Brian.

"We can order takeout."

“That would take to long.” Justin was actually whining now. He climbed out of the bed and walked naked into the kitchen and headed straight to the fridge.

“Hey wash your hands,” Brian yelled from the bedroom.

Justin had his head stuck in the fridge, he lifted up when he heard what Brian was yelling. “You stick your tongue in my ass and you’re worried about me not washing my hands, humph.” Justin stuck his head back in the fridge and pulled the Szechwan take out from the previous day.

Brian got out of bed and walked into the kitchen. “You a real queen bitch when you’re hungry.”

Justin was standing at the counter eating Brian’s leftovers with his fingers. He didn’t bother to warm the food up. His lips were sticky from the sweet and sour sauce on the chicken. He gave Brian an evil look as he approached.

“Yes, I *\*am\** very cranky when I have not eaten all day...this is good, what is this.”

“It’s from my favorite Szechwan restaurant. It’s sweet and sour chicken with steamed rice and vegetables. It tastes much better heated up.”

“It tastes just fine. Want some?” Justin held out a piece of steamed broccoli to Brian who shook his head declining the offer. “Come on its good.” Justin pops the broccoli in his mouth and picked up a piece of chicken as he approached Brian. “Come on ...you know you want it.”

Brian opens his mouth and Justin passes the sticky piece of chicken over his lips and into Brian's mouth. “Mmm, that’s not bad cold. I never would have thought to eat it cold.”

“Stick with me kid, I’ll show you all sorts of things.” Justin said in a really bad impression of James Cagney

Brian could only shake his head. “What am I going to do with you?”

“Whatever you want.” Justin and Brian looked at each other. Brian grabbed Justin by the wrist and pulled him to him.

“You have sauce all over your lips and fingers,” Brian said as he snaked his tongue out and licked Justin’s lips until all traces of the sweet and sour sauce was gone. He then placed his sticky finger into his mouth one by one and sucked them clean. This was the start of round two.

\*\*\*\*\*

When the boys emerged from the bedroom a second time that evening it was Brian on the prowl for food. He wrapped himself in a bathrobe and headed for his menu draw.

“I’m going to order in, you want something?”

“Whatever you get is fine.” Justin said as he followed Brian into the kitchen. He was wearing the extra robe Brian had in the bathroom.

“I try to avoid carbs after seven, so I’m ordering a salad with grilled chicken.”

“That sounds perfect.

Justin went and sat on the sofa. He waited for Brian to order the food then beckoned him over to join him. Brian knew what was on Justin’s mind. Playtime was over. Brian sat on the opposite end of the sofa and faced Justin. He had a pained look on his face.

“Brian you don’t have to look like your being carted off to the guillotine. I just want to talk.”

“I would rather have my head chopped off.”

“Stop it.” Justin playfully slapped Brian on his thigh. “You would not.”

Brian leaned back and sighed, “Okay...talk.”

Justin’s expression grew serious as he reached for Brian’s hand and held it in his. “I know it was difficult to share with me what happened with your sister. I can’t image growing up in a household such as yours. I thank you for sharing that with me, but I still want more. I won’t push you-I just want you to know how I feel.”

“Okay, but Justin, don’t get your hopes up. I’m not boyfriend material. I know I’ll only end up hurting you.”

“That’s a possibility, but I think you’re worth it.”

“Of course I am.” Brian looked at Justin and smirked. “Since you want to talk so much, tell me more about you.”

“What do want to know?”

“Why were you a 24 year old virgin? How come you don’t know how to drive? What skeletons are in your closet?”

Justin thought for a moment. He would have to come clean-it was time. He was bracing himself for Brian’s reaction. He was afraid Brian would use his illness as an excuse to not continue to see each other. Justin took a deep breath and began speaking.

“Well I told you how my parents were over protective of me. My mother never let me out of her sight when I was growing up. I would go to bed early just to get some alone time from her. I was sick a lot as a child, so she constantly worried about me.” Justin looked at Brian. He wanted to see his reaction to what he had to tell him. “I’m an Epileptic.” Justin looked unwavering at Brian. Brian sat there looking at Justin.

“Hmm that explains why you don’t have a license.” Brian said this and continued to look at Justin as if he was waiting for something more. When Justin didn’t speak Brian continued. “Go on, I’m still waiting to hear why you never had sex. And where are the skeletons?”

“It doesn’t bother you?”

“Should it?” Brian gave Justin a quizzical look. From what I read Epilepsy is not contagious.

Justin looked at Brian, as his comment registered-Justin broke out in a smile.

“No, it’s not contagious. I was a little nervous to tell you. People treat you different when they find out you’re sick, even if you don’t feel sick.”

“Those people are idiots. It makes me no difference. I’d still fuck you.”

Justin laughed at Brian’s comment. “No matter what the topic, it always comes back to sex with you.”

“Sex is what I’m about, nothing has changed from yesterday. Now how come you were a virgin and why were you so quick to give it up to me?”

Justin thought to himself \* a lot has changed you just don’t realize it yet.\* He kept the thought to himself to avoid Brian closing up on him again. Instead, he answered Brian’s continuing question as to why he was a virgin when they met.

“I told you my mother never let me out of her sight. She even fixed me up with my kinda sorta boyfriend, Ethan. He attended my mother’s poetry group. It was once a week and it was the only night she would give me any alone time. Anyway, she held the meeting at the house and one night Ethan attended. He saw me and asked my mother about

me- I was out to them by then. She fixed us up on a date. Ethan is this weird, artsy type.” Justin noticed Brian raise an eyebrow in his direction. “I’m into art, I am not artsy.” Brian smirked at how defensive Justin became.”

“Can I finish?”

“Go right ahead.”

“As I was saying Ethan was this artsy, pretentious type, WHICH I AM NOT. He was into poetry and he played the violin. He didn’t have a steady job-he played his violin on street corners for money. I wasn’t really into him sexually and his friends sucked. I liked him as a friend, but nothing more. He didn’t believe in driving-it was more his style to be the starving artist who walked wherever he went. So, of course my mother wasn’t having that. She would drive us wherever we wanted to go. I was this twenty-two year old going on dates with his so-called boyfriend and his mother. After about a year of dating and hand jobs in the living room, I called it quits with Ethan. We remained friends, but I never tried seeing anyone after that. I decided I needed to save money and move out on my own.”

Brian was quiet, he had his hand over his mouth and he lowered his eyes. Justin could not tell what he was thinking until he noticed his shoulder going up and down.

“You son of a bitch, you’re laughing at me.” Justin grabbed one of the sofa pillows and lunged his body towards Brian throwing the pillow at him.

Brian could not contain his laughter after that. He was laughing so hard he could barely speak.

Justin continued to beat him with the pillow until Brian grabbed his arms.

“How can you laugh at me?”

“You went on dates, with your mother. How pathetic was that?”

“You should be understanding and sympathetic.”

“Sympathy makes my dick soft and what’s to understand. You went on dates with your mother...okay I understand ... that’s pathetic.”

“It wasn’t by choice, you asshole!” Justin squirmed on top of Brian as he tried to free his arms from Brian’s hold. “First you call me artsy, then yo...”

“I did not call you artsy” Brian interjected.

“You implied it, and you flat out called me pathetic.”

“I call ‘em as I see ‘em”

“Will you please let my arms free!”

“Are you going to hit me again?”

“Yes!”

“Then no, I won’t let you go.”

Justin smiled down at Brian’s laughing face “Promise.”

“Prom...hey, you can’t trick me.”

“You’re the one who said you won’t let me go.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

Just as Brian was speaking the loft bell buzzed signaling the arrival of their food. Brian let go of Justin’s arm and toppled him backwards on the sofa. He went to buzz the delivery guy up before running into the bedroom to get his wallet. Justin lay on the sofa hugging the pillow he had hit Brian with and waited for Brian to finish with the delivery guy. Brian brought the food over to the sofa. Justin got up and grabbed two bottles of water from the fridge. He and Brian ate as Justin continued to fill him in about his life back in Philly. He bypassed the mother/Ethan stories and told Brian about Daphne and the twins.

Justin was so preoccupied talking as he was eating that he was disappointed when he came down to his last bite of salad. “Mmm, that was good. Thank you, Brian.”

“Sure. I have to keep your energy up. There is going to be plenty of cum for you to clean off the walls before the night is over.”

“Is that a promise?” Justin asked.

Brian shot Justin a \*what do you think\* look.

“Well what are you waiting for, let’s go.” He pretended to rise from the sofa, he turned and looked at Brian shaking his head and smirking. “What is so funny now?” He said as he relaxed back down on the sofa.

“You. Just last week you were an inexperienced little twink and now you’re a horny, insatiable twink.”

“Blame yourself-it is all your fault.”

“How is that? Enlighten me.”

“Well, if you weren’t such a great lover, I probably would have been traumatized from my first time and never ever would want to have sex again. You blew my mind and ever since I’ve wanted more and more.”

Brian could not hide the self-satisfied grin that came over his face. Justin eyes sparkled as he looked at him.

Brian wanted him again. “I just remembered something. I recall someone saying to me that they intended to raid my toy chest. Does that sound at all familiar?”

“You know, that does ring a bell.” Justin did rise from the sofa this time, and he headed to the bedroom. I think I need to re-inspect this toy chest of yours.

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Justin emerged from the shower behind Brian and headed to the bedroom. He still could not believe the things he experienced with Brian the day before. He felt like they were at the beginning of something good. He watched as Brian toweled himself dry. They didn’t talk anymore last night, at least not in coherent words. Once the toy chest resurfaced, all thoughts of talking were placed on the back burner.

Justin knew he still had that silly grin plastered on his face from the night before. Shit, it would take a plastic surgeon to remove it. Brian felt Justin watching him and looked up from drying his hair with the towel.

“Are you going to stand there grinning like that all day, or are you going to get dressed?”

“I can’t help it. Last night was beyond my scope of imagination.”

“You get a plastic dick shoved up your ass and now you’re on cloud nine.”

“No, I think it was the beads that did it. I may need to invest in some of those.”

“Ah yes, the anal beads. You *\*were\** quite taken with those.”

Justin nodded his head vigorously in agreement. “Brian can you get my clothes? The ones I left to be washed.”

“Get them yourself they’re in the closet. Your underwear is in the top drawer.”

Justin threw the towel he was holding at Brian playfully as he headed towards the closet.

The two dressed and headed to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. As they sat at the counter drinking their coffee Justin decided to push the envelope a bit.

“Hey Brian, there’s an Andy Warhol exhibit going on at the Pittsburgh Fine Arts Museum. I was thinking about going later today after we leave Lindsay’s. Would you like to go with me? It’ll be my treat.”

“The Warhol exhibit, I did the markup for the TV promotion ads. The Museum is one of Vanguards clients. I actually have free tickets for it-you are more than welcome to them.”

“So, are you saying you won’t go?”

“It’s not my thing. That’s why I still have the tickets. I usually just give things like that to Lindsay.”

“Brian, just come with me- it’ll be fun.”

“Take Lindsay or Emmett” Brian suggested.

“I don’t want to take Lindsay or Emmett. I want to go with you someplace outside of your bedroom and my bedroom, just the two of us.”

“Hmm that sounds suspiciously like a date. I don’t do dates.”

“Silly me, I thought we made some headway yesterday. Well never mind, I wouldn’t want to hurt your reputation. Keep your tickets-I can pay my own way. I’ll just go alone, as I intended.”

The disappointment was evident on Justin’s face. Brian felt guilty for causing the smile to vanish. Justin got up from the counter to get his stuff together. He and Brian headed downstairs to the jeep. Justin followed slowly behind-he knew he was sulking but he couldn’t help it. He was upset with himself for ruining the good mood of the morning, but he was more upset with Brian for his stupid rules.

Justin climbed into the car and looked out the window. He intended to just ignore Brian as they drove to Lindsay and Mel’s, but he knew that would be childish. So what if Brian turned him down, next time he wouldn’t. He glanced at Brian as he drove. He was staring straight ahead, his hands were gripping the steering wheel tightly.

“Nice weather we’re having.” Justin said to break the silence.

Brian kept his attention on the road as he spoke. “Yeah, we tend to get good weather around this time of year.”

“Good to know.”

Justin noticed Brian’s grip relax a bit on the steering wheel as he started talking. They made small talk until they reached the girls’ house.

“Time to face the munchers.” Brian said as he opened the driver’s side door and climbed out.

Justin came around and joined him. “Why do you call them the munchers? I heard Ted and Michael use that term yesterday. The girls didn’t seem to like it.”

“They hate it. It refers to the fact that they eat each other’s twat.”

“Gross...we eat dick, does that make us munchers?”

“No, we suck dick. There is a difference.”

The two walked up to the front door. This time Brian did not bother to ring the doorbell-he turned the knob and walked right in.

Mel and Lindsay were sitting in the living room with Gus.

“Don’t you know how to fucking knock?” Mel screeched.”

“Don’t you know how to lock your fucking door? And stop swearing in front of my kid-hey sonny boy.” Brian bent down and picked up Gus.

“Hi Daddy, hi Jussin.”

“Hi Gus.” Justin leaned down and gave Gus a kiss on his forehead.

“Justin, you can go right up to the studio if you want.”

“I will thanks.” Before heading up Justin kissed Brian on the lips. “You can leave whenever you’re ready-I’m going straight to the museum when I finish upstairs.”

“Okay.”

Justin kissed Gus again and told him he would see him later and headed up to the studio. Brian decided to take Gus out for a little while. He walked down to the playground near the house and let him play with the other children there. He returned to the munchers a couple of hours later with a very sleepy Gus-he was ready for a nap. When he entered the house he handed a sleepy and very dirty Gus to Mel.

“Geeze Brian, did you roll him in dirt?”

“Yes, Mel, I rolled him in dirt.”

“Asshole,” Mel mumbled as she took Gus upstairs to clean him up.

Brian sat on the couch with Lindsay.

“So are you going to tell me what’s going on with you and Justin?”

“No.”

“Didn’t think so...”

“You knew he was an epileptic didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Were you going to tell me?”

“No, wasn’t my place.”

“Who else knows?”



“Just Emmett as far as I know. He told me Ben knows that Justin’s been sick, but he doesn’t know the details. How did you find out?”

“Justin told me.”

Lindsay smiled with pride. “I’m so proud of him. That was very brave of him to tell you. How do you feel about it?”

“How should I feel? I’d sti...”

“...you’d still fuck him. Yeah yeah yeah, a fuck is a fuck. You know what Kinney, whatever gets you through the day.”

“How are my son’s birthday party plans coming along?”

“Changing the subject, fine. Mel and I were surfing the net to find places that would supply the live animals. We found a few, we just need to narrow it down and figure what we want.

“Let me know if I can help.”

“Help with what?” Mel said as she came downstairs.

“We were talking about the party. Is Gus sleeping?”

“Like an angel.”

Mel came and sat on the opposite side of Lindsay. She kissed her before she continued talking.

“So what about Gus’ party?”

“I was telling Brian about the petting zoo info we found on the internet.”

“Oh, Gus is going to be so happy.”

“Yeah well as much as I want to sit and listen to you happy lesbos talk, I have better things to do.”

“Like what.”

“Having my wisdom tooth pulled...shutting my balls in a car door...pulling my fingernails off one by....”

“We get the point, Brian.” Lindsay said as she got up to walk Brian to the door.

“You’re not going to wait for Justin?”

“I’m sure he can find his way home. I’ll see you later.” Brian kissed Lindsay on her cheek and headed out to his jeep. Brian drove back to the loft. He went inside and fixed himself a drink. He checked his email and his post mail from the day before. He wrote out the checks he needed to pay for his monthly bills and took care of anything that was neglected over the past couple days. After a few hours, he grabbed his keys and headed back out. Brian drove for a while and pulled his car to a stop against a curb. He pulled out his cell phone and hit speed dial.

“Hello?”

“Hey, where are you?”

“Hi, I’m on the bus. It’s pulling up to my stop outside of the Museum.”

“Okay, later.”

“Later.” Justin hung up the phone and rung the bell for his stop. He stopped trying to figure out Brian’s strange phone calls-he now accepted them as they come. Justin exited the bus and walked towards the steps of the Museum. He looked up to the entrance and his step faltered. His face broke out into a huge grin when he saw Brian standing at the entrance.

Justin walked up the stairs toward him “Hi.”

“Hi.”

“What changed your mind?”

“I figured since I helped promote the show, I might as well see what it’s all about.”

“Might as well.”

They went in to see the exhibit. Justin was extremely impressed-his excitement and enthusiasm spilled over to Brian. They had a wonderful time and Brian even sprung for dinner. They both knew this was a date, but neither one would label it.

## Part 9

Justin sat at the table staring at the college application in front of him. He could barely concentrate; his mind kept wondering back over the past few weeks since he moved to Pittsburgh. He smiled to himself as he thought about the wonderful but complicated man he was falling so head over heels in love with.

Justin and Brian had been together almost every night for over a month. Brian wouldn’t call what they had a relationship. He considered them two people who spent time together. And their dates were never called \*dates\*. Justin chuckled at the great lengths Brian went through to not define what they were to each other. Justin didn’t care, he didn’t need a title, he was just happy with all the time they spent together. Brian was even opening up a little with Justin.

Justin thought back to the previous day with Brian and Gus. Gus and Justin teamed up and talked Brian into going to the movies. It took a lot of begging and pleading to get Brian to see a cartoon in the theatres-but he went and Justin would swear on a stack of bibles that he heard Brian laughing along with everyone else in the theatre.

Afterwards they dropped off a happy Gus at the munchers. Justin went back to loft with Brian and proceeded to show him how much he appreciated him going to the movies with him and Gus. He woke this morning, as with every morning as of late, with a huge smile on his face and his morning hard-on that Brian was already taking care of.

Justin shook his head and brought himself back to the present. He focused his attention back on the application that had been terribly neglected since he picked it up from the campus a few weeks back. He read over the essay requirements and what else he needed to submit with the application. He began filling it out and was just finishing the final page when he heard his home phone ring.

Justin walked into the bedroom to answer it.

“Hello.”

“Justin! Thank goodness you’re home. It’s Debbie-we need you at the diner. Danny who work day’s part time just up and quit. He got into a fight with the cook and he just walked out. The lunch time rush is about to start and we need help.”

“Deb calm down, I can come in now.”

“Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you baby. I hope I wasn’t interrupting anything.”

“No not at all, I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

Justin hung up with Debbie. He gathered up his house keys and cell phone and headed out of the house. Debbie sounded frantic in her call so he didn’t want to keep her waiting. He was halfway out the door when he turned back to collect the application off the table. He ran into his room to get one of the protective folders he kept his smaller sketches in for the application. He figured he was going to be at the diner until 10 tonight, he could work on ideas for his essay on his break.

When he entered the diner it was after 12. He said hello to Debbie and went into the back to get his apron and pad. After a couple hours, the lunch crowd lessened and the diner took on the normal Monday afternoon lull.

“Oh Sunshine thank you so much for coming in. I hope I didn’t interfere with any of your plans for today.”

“No, I was home doing nothing so it was no problem.”

“Will you be okay working such a long shift? I know you don’t get off until 10 tonight.

“Piece of cake, and look at all these tips I got so far. By 10:00, I should be able to retire” Justin said with a laugh.

“Not quite. But listen if you’re interested in extra hours, Danny’s shifts are available. He worked 12:00 pm to 2:00 pm , Monday through Friday. He takes classes over at Carnegie–Mellon, so we fit his work schedule around his class schedule.”

“I would love to take his shifts. I can still keep my night shifts right?”

“Yup, and Danny worked Saturday as well, but some of the others guys would want that shift, better tips.”

“That’s fine, I like having my weekends off.” As they were talking two new customers came in. Debbie started toward them when Justin stopped her. “No you relax a bit, I’ll take their order.”

“Thanks Sunshine.”

A few hours later Justin took a break. He had the cook prepare him the meatloaf special. He sat in one of the back booths and looked over the essay requirements again. He settled on the essay he wanted to write, he jotted down notes and thoughts on the diner’s paper napkins. He didn’t think to bring a notebook with him. He would ask Emmett tomorrow if he could type it up on his computer. Before his break was over he called Brian on his cell phone.

“Kinney.”

“Hi.”

“Shouldn’t you be at work?”

“I am. I’m on break.”

“You take breaks as soon as you start?”

“No, I came in early-one of the waiters quit today.”

“Who Debbie?”

“No, Danny.”

“Oh.”

“Did you know him?”

“We’ve met.”

“Oh, well he’s gone. I took over his shifts.”

“So you’re working days now?”

“I’m doing both.”

“Double shifts all week.” Brian tried act nonchalant, but this information bothered him. He didn’t want Justin taking on more than he could handle.

“Not all week, just Monday through Thursday will be doubled. Friday is just the morning shift.”

“That sounds like a lot of hours to me.”

Brian’s comment caused Justin to take the defensive. “Shit Brian, don’t go mother hen on me. I can handle it.”

“I’m not concerned about you.” Brian lied “I just don’t want you falling asleep with my dick up your ass-it kills the mood.”

“Should have known that was your concern. So you’re still picking me up tonight?”

“Unless I get a better offer, I’ll be there.”

Justin rolls his eyes at the phone. “I’ll see you tonight.”

“Sure, Later.”

“Later.”

The remainder of the shift went by quickly, and Justin was a bit tired, but it was nothing compared to his first day. He stifled a yawn as he headed outside and spotted Brian’s jeep, he didn’t want see the \*I told you so smirk\* on Brian’s face. He climbed into the jeep and was closing the door when Brian noticed the folder in his hand.

“More art work?”

“No, it’s my entrance application for PIFA.”

“What’s with the toilet paper hanging out of it?”

“It’s not toilet paper- I didn’t have a notebook so I wrote the notes for my essay on the napkins. I hope to use Emmett’s computer tomorrow to type it up.”

“There’s a computer at the loft.”

“I know, but I don’t have time to use it. We leave so early in the morning, and I have better things to do with the nights.” Justin leaned over and gave Brian a quick kiss on the lips to punctuate his meaning.

“That you do.” Brian responded as he pulled away from the curb.

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Justin woke the next morning alone in Brian's bed. He glanced at the clock it was after eight. He called out for Brian but didn't get any response. He got out bed and walked naked into the bathroom to see if Brian was in there. When he didn't see him there he checked the kitchen. There was no Brian, but there was the smell of fresh coffee. Justin noticed Brian left his cup on the counter. He also noticed a key laying on a piece of paper with some weird numbers on it.

Justin was trying to figure out what was going on when Brian's house phone rang. He wasn't sure if he should answer it so he waited for the answering machine to pick up. It picked up on the third ring and Brian's voice came through the answering machine.

"Justin...Justin, if you are awake pick up the phone."

When Justin heard Brian's voice he went over and picked up the receiver. "Where the fuck are you?"

"At work, where else? I see you finally got your lazy ass out of bed."

"You could have woken me you know."

"I tried-I guess I wore you out real good last night. You wouldn't budge this morning. I figured you needed to sleep in. I left an extra key on the counter along with the codes to set the alarms when you leave. There's money in my nightstand drawer if you need cab fare."

Justin was touched by Brian's thoughtfulness "Thanks Bri, but I don't need money I have some."

"Whatever, just remember to set the alarm."

"I will." Justin was about to hang up when he remembered his essay." Brian are you still there?"

"Yeah I'm here."

"Would you mind if I use your computer to type up my essay?"

"Knock yourself out. Later."

"Later."

It was over an hour later when Justin finally got up from the computer. He was satisfied with his essay but he wanted to read it over again for errors. He printed off a copy and also saved it to Brian's hard drive. Once he was done, he took a shower and headed to the diner. He placed Brian's house key on his key ring, and double checked that the alarm was set before leaving.

The day at diner was long and Justin was damn near exhausted by the time he finished his shift. Brian picked him up as usual. He could barely keep his eyes open during the ride home. Brian undressed him and placed him in the bed, all the while scolding him about taking on more than he could handle. Justin was asleep before his head hit the pillow. Brian wasn't ready to sleep-he left the loft and joined the boys at Babylon.

"Brian" Michael squealed when he saw Brian approach the bar.

"Mikey, Theodore" Brian nodded in their direction before ordering a drink. "Hey Nick let me get a double scotch."

"Well, don't I get a hello?"

"Emmett, how is the fairest fag in the land?"

"Simply fabulous. Where's Justin?" Emmett asked looking over Brian's shoulder to see if Justin was with him.

“Tucked in bed sound asleep.”

Emmett walked over to Brian so he could speak without shouting over the other guys.

“So how’s he doing? I barely see him anymore. And Vic told me he picked up extra shifts at the diner.”

Brian shrugged his shoulder as he tossed back his drink. “He’s fine, now why aren’t you boys dancing?” Brian reached around Emmett and grabbed Michael’s hand and pulled him toward the dance floor.

“I’m surprised to see you here tonight”

“Why, because it’s a school night.”

“I figured you would be with your boyfriend.”

“Mikey, this jealousy bit is getting old. And I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“Then what is Justin?”

“Why does it matter so much to you? You never paid attention to who I was fucking before.”

“It doesn’t matter to me at all who you’re fucking.” Michael lied “I’m just concerned with what people are saying.”

Brian stopped dancing and looked at Michael “What are people saying Michael?”

“Nothing really Brian, forget I said anything.”

“Don’t fuck with me Michael, tell me now.”

“Okay, I just hear people talking and they’re wondering who the guy is that has you on such a short leash. It seems some of the guys think you’re off the market because you haven’t been around much. I even heard...well never mind”

“What Michael.”

“Some guys were talking in Woody’s saying that you probably feel you’re too old to get hot guys now so you want to quit while you’re ahead.”

“Really?” Brian looked around Babylon and made eye contact with several guys he knew he could fuck at the snap of his finger. “Michael I can have any guy in here.”

“I know you can Brian.”

“Don’t fucking patronize me.”

“I’m not-I know you can have any one here.” Michael looked around the club as well. “How about that guy over by the bar?”

Brian looked towards the bar and saw this really hot guy leaning against it.

“See you later Mikey” Brian said as he headed towards the bar. He made eye contact with the hot twink as he approached.

“You wanna get out of here?”

“Sure.”

Brian turned and headed for the exit with the trick following behind him. Brian headed toward his jeep when he heard the trick speak.

“I have my own car.”

“Well get it and follow me” Brian reached his jeep and climbed in. He started the engine and waited until the trick drove up behind him before pulling off.

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Justin woke a few hours later to find himself again in an empty bed. He lay in bed to listen if Brian was in the bathroom. He heard the loft door being slid open. He was about to call out to Brian when he heard a voice speaking that wasn't Brian's.

“Nice place. Is that the bedroom up there?”

“Yeah, but you're not going in there.”

“Where are we going?”

“Right here” Brian backed the trick up against the back of the sofa and started to unbuckle his pants.

Justin didn't know what to do. He lay there quietly straining to hear the conversation.

“I'm Derrick, you're Brian right.”

“Yeah.”

“I heard you're the best fuck in Pittsburgh.”

“Really.”

“I also heard you have boyfriend.”

“Don't believe everything you hear.”

“Are you saying you don't?”

“I'm saying, Eric, you talk to fucking much.” Brian bent the trick over the couch and he reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a condom. Brian undid his own pants and dropped them to his knees.

Justin lay in the bed listening to Brian fucking the other guy in the living room. He heard the moans of pleasure and the loud grunting as they came near to ejaculation. What Justin didn't realize was that none of those sounds were coming from Brian. Justin reached up his hands to cover his ears from the sound. He didn't realize he was crying until he felt the wetness on his face. He couldn't understand why Brian would bring someone home knowing that he was there.

After Brian and the trick were finished, Brian pulled out of him and rolled off the condom. He pulled his jeans back up before disposing of it.

The trick turned around and leaned up against sofa still naked. “Wow that was fucking hot. I guess that's one rumor that definitely stems from truth. So when is round two?”

“Sorry, one fuck per customer. You can leave now Darrell.”

"It's DERRICK. So that's it, why can't I stay?"

"Because I am done with you-now get the fuck out."

The trick angrily pulled his clothes back on, cursing Brian the whole time. "You just proved another rumor true. You are an asshole." He said as he slid the door open and left.

After the trick left Brian walked through the bedroom towards the bathroom. He didn't glance toward the bed, but he could feel Justin's eyes on him. He stripped off his clothes and went directly into the shower. When he came out, Justin had his back turned to him. Brian dried off and climbed into bed naked. Justin pretended he was asleep-he didn't relax until he knew Brian was asleep.

Justin turned over in the bed to look at Brian. Part of him wanted to get dressed and leave, the other part wanted to know why Brian would bring a trick home knowing he was there. Justin lay there watching Brian sleep with a million questions floating in his head until sleep overtook him as well. When he woke, it was to find Brian slipping on his suit jacket as he walked out of the bedroom.

Justin got out of bed and followed him into the kitchen with just his underwear on.

"Were you going to leave out without talking about last night?"

Brian was pouring himself a cup of coffee. "What's to talk about?"

"Your unexpected company."

"He wasn't unexpected, I brought him here."

"Brian I was here if you wanted sex...I was here."

"What are you so worked up about? Darren was just a fuck."

"Derrick, Brian, his name was Derrick."

"Whatever. It didn't mean anything." Brian leaned against the sink and continued to drink his coffee. Justin knew this conversation was going nowhere. He turned and headed back to the bedroom.

"I'll go get dressed, so you can drop me off."

"I thought you had a paper to write?"

"I have a print out. I'll make the corrections and finish it at Emmett's."

"Suit yourself, but it makes no sense when you already started it here."

"I'll be out in a minute." Justin walked in the bedroom and looked for his clothes from yesterday.

Brian followed Justin into bedroom and came up behind him. "Justin, that guy was just a trick-a mindless fuck. He was a one-time thing."

"But there will be others."

"Yes, there will be others."

Justin turned around and faced Brian. "Why?"

"Because there will be."



Justin and Brian faced each other. Justin held tight to the shirt in his hands. "Brian, I don't understand."

"I know."

Justin stood quiet for a moment. He started to put on his shirt. Brian turned to leave the bedroom when Justin's voice stopped him. "So was he a good kisser?"

Brian turned to face Justin before answering. "I don't kiss tricks," he stated.

"Then kiss me."

Brian closed the gap between him and Justin and touched his lips against his. Justin kept his hands by his side as he leaned in to the kiss. Justin shrugged out of the shirt he half put on, reached up and began undoing Brian's tie. Brian covered Justin's hand to stop him.

Brian began to pull back. "You're going to make me late for work."

"Do you mind?"

"No," Brian said as he uncovered Justin's hands and shrugged out of his suit jacket. He let it fall to the floor as Justin undid his tie and started unbuttoning his shirt. Brian recaptured Justin's lips as Justin undressed him.

Justin broke the kiss with Brian and led him to the bed. He pushed Brian on the bed on his back. He removed his underwear before climbing on top of Brian. He straddled Brian as he lay on the bed. Their faces were only a breath apart.

"So you don't kiss your tricks?" Justin said his voice a low lusty whisper.

Brian shook his head in answer.

"You kissed me the first night...Why?"

"I couldn't help myself." Brian whispered as he snaked his tongue out and licked Justin's chin.

Justin smiled down at Brian. The trick from last night forgotten for now.

"What about now?"

"I still can't." Brian answered as he grabbed a fist full of Justin's hair and lowered his face down for another kiss. As they were kissing Brian tried to change positions and flip Justin on to his back. Justin broke the kiss and resisted.

"Uh uh.... not so fast Kinney, I'm running this show." Justin flattened Brian on his back and straddled him again. He lowered his face to Brian's. Justin stuck out his tongue and licked Brian from his chin to his eyelids. He came back to his lips- he nibbled and licked them before forcing Brian's lips apart with his tongue. Justin explored Brian's mouth while his hands explored every inch of Brian's body. Brian's erection was standing straight up. Justin released Brian's mouth and kissed his way down his body. He was biting, sucking and licking...marking his territory until he captured the warm tip of Brian's cock. He licked the slit, lapping up the leaking pre-cum.

He felt Brian's body began to shudder and he began to buck upwards. Brian's hands grabbed on to Justin's ass and thighs. His grip was tight; Justin knew he would be bruised, but he didn't care.

Justin grabbed what he needed for the bedside table. He rolled the condom onto Brian and coated it well with lube. While still straddling Brian, Justin prepared himself for Brian. In one swift move he lifted himself and slid down onto Brian's cock. Brian was so deep inside him that the feeling surprised Justin at first.

Brian sat up and wrapped his arms around Justin's waist. Justin extended his legs and wrapped them around Brian's waist. It took all Brian's will power not to move. He wanted to make sure Justin was okay first. "Are you alright?" He whispered into his ear.

"I'm wonderful," to assure Brian, Justin slowly lifted his ass up and down on Brian's cock. He slowly picked up the pace and Brian thrust his hips upwards matching him. They held on to each other tight. Justin's cock was being rubbed between their two hot and sweaty bodies. When Justin felt himself close to release he loosened his grip on Brian and leaned backwards as he rode his cock. Brian lowered his hands to Justin's butt and gripped it hard as he felt his release near.

Brian slammed upward into Justin and pulled him in close.

"Fuuuuck... arrgh" Brian began to scream before clamping his teeth down on Justin's shoulder as he held on tight and came hard inside of him.

Justin followed quickly behind as his load shot up between them like an erupting volcano.

They sat there for a moment catching their breath. Justin's arms and legs were wrapped around Brian's body. Brian still had his arms around Justin. He was now kissing and licking the shoulder he bit earlier-trying soothe any pain he may have caused. Reluctantly, Brian loosened his hold on Justin and leaned back on the palms of his hands. Justin lifted his body slightly and Brian's now flaccid penis slipped out of him. Justin removed the condom and tossed it in the trash.

When Justin moved off him, Brian stood up and looked at his crumbled suit on the floor. He shook his head. "Look what you did to my suit."

"Oops...it was worth it though, right?"

Brian reached down and pulled Justin to a standing position. "More than worth it." He said and punctuated it with a kiss. "Now be good boy and start the shower while I call the office. Cynthia is probably worried about me at this point."

"Cynthia?" Justin asked as he headed towards the bathroom.

"My assistant."

Brian called the office and had Cynthia push back a few appointments. He and Justin showered and redressed. It was close to 10:00 when he left the loft. Justin wanted to go back to sleep, but he was afraid he would over sleep and he had to be at the diner by noon. He spent the morning going over his paper. He was finally satisfied with the end results of his essay. He planned to submit the application package at the end of the week.

Justin was so tired when he reached the diner. He was praying for 10:00 that evening to come quickly. By 5:00, he was working on autopilot. When his break came, he grabbed a sandwich and sat in a corner in the kitchen. He wanted to relax without being disturbed by the noise in the diner. He grabbed his cell phone just in case Brian called. Justin must have dosed off, the next thing he remembered was Kiki shaking him awake.

"Hey handsome wake up, we need you out front."

Justin jumped to his feet. "Shit Kiki, I am so sorry. How long was I sleeping?"

"Less than an hour. I would have let you sleep, but it's getting busy out there. And these fags are viscous when they are hungry."

Justin grabbed his order pad and followed Kiki out of the kitchen.

“You know honey you really should tell that boyfriend of yours that not everybody can stay out all night dancing and fucking like he can. Tell him you need a night off.”

“I’ll do that.” Justin headed towards the front of the diner and started taking orders.

When 10:00 rolled around, he headed into bathroom and splashed cold water on his face. He didn’t want to fall asleep on Brian again tonight. He didn’t want to give him a reason to go out tricking.

Justin climbed in the jeep and kissed Brian hello. He figured if he kept conversation going he would be fine.

“So I completed my essay, I just need pictures of my art to submit with my application.”

“Good. I can help with the pictures.”

“Really”

“I can create the prints for you at work.”

“That would be great. Can we do it this weekend? I wanted to get this in the mail right away.”

“Sure.”

Justin continued to make small talk all the way to loft. He headed straight to the shower to wash the diner smell from his body. Brian joined him.

When he woke the next morning Brian was already gone. Justin smiled and stretched out in the bed. He liked waking up in Brian’s bed-it could only be better if Brian was in it with him. Justin felt like they were unofficially living together. He swung his legs over the edge of the bed. He figured he would leave early today so that he could stop by his apartment on the way to work. Justin stood up, he must have stood up too quickly, because his head started to swim and his knees buckled. Justin fell backwards onto the bed. He lay there for a few minutes as he waited for the dizziness to pass. Justin stood up again and he felt fine. He figured he must still be tired. He shrugged his shoulders as he walked into the bathroom to take a shower.

When Friday rolled around, Justin was ecstatic that he was working such a short shift. He went straight home after his shift and looked over a few paintings to decide which ones he wanted to submit a likeness of with his application. He selected a few pieces and packed them up so that he could take them to Brian’s. He figured the light would be better there for photographing them.

Justin called a cab and headed to Brian’s loft. He used the key Brian gave him to get in. Justin set the box near the sofa. He decided to surprise Brian by cooking dinner. He looked in the fridge to see what he had available. There wasn’t much to choose from so he to walk down to the corner market to get ingredients.

Justin made lemon pepper chicken with steamed vegetables. He was just removing the vegetables from the steamer when he heard Brian sliding open the front door. “Hi” Justin said over his shoulder.

“Hello... what all this?” Brian asked as he placed his brief case on the counter nodding his head towards the box on the floor.

“I brought over the paintings I need photographed so I decide to fix dinner.”

“I see. Well it smells good.” Brian walked towards the artwork Justin bought over. “I’m really impressed by your talent.”

“Thanks.” Justin glowed from the compliment.

“Something is missing.”

“What, what’s missing?”

“The painting you showed me. It should be part of the collection here.”

“Oh, no that was a personal piece, it was just for me. It was not meant for anyone else’s eyes.”

“You showed it to me.”

“You were different.” Justin said as he set the plated food on the dining table. “Now come and eat before the food gets cold.

Justin was pleased with how his dinner turned out and Brian seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. After dinner Brian took pictures of the paintings with the digital camera he brought home from work. He took several pictures at different angles. He uploaded them to his computer and Justin chose the ones he liked. Brian sent the file to his system at work. “I’ll go to the office tomorrow and create the prints.”

“You don’t have to waste your Saturday going into the office.”

“It won’t take long. I would go back tonight, but I’m meeting the guys at Woody’s. They’re having an “Absolute Abs” contest. Then we’re hitting Babylon.” Brian started towards the bedroom. “Do you need to go by your place to change?” He asked Justin over his shoulder.

“Huh... uh no... I can wear something I left here.” Justin had mixed feelings about going out tonight. He was happy that Brian was including him, but he was really tired and didn’t plan on hanging out tonight. His plans for a quiet night were now out the window.

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They arrived at Woody’s and found Emmett, Ben and Ted at a table upfront.

“Hey stranger! How are things going?”

“Hey Emmett.” Justin went over and kissed Emmett on the cheek. “Things are good. I picked up extra hours at the diner so I’ve been really busy.”

“I know, Vic told me.” Emmett leaned in closer and whispered into Justin’s ear. “Justin, don’t take on to much, okay.”

“Stop worrying, things are fine.” Justin kissed Emmett again before taking a seat next to Brian.

“Where’s Mikey?” Brian asked looking towards the bar. “He said he would be here.”

“He said something about finishing inventory and he’ll meet us at Babylon” Ted interjected.”

Brian ordered a round of shots for the table and a beer for Justin.

“I can do shots,” Justin protested.

“I think you should stick with beer, Justin.”

“Justin, I agree with Brian” Emmett said.

“I can do shots,” Justin stated more firmly.

“Fine a full round of Tequila shots, don’t forget the lemon, and beer chaser.” Brian said to the waiter.

The waiter brought over their drinks. Justin watched as the guys licked their hand and dashed salt on it. It was liked they did it in unison. They licked the salt, tossed back the shot and then bit into the lemon. Afterwards they each took a swig of beer.

“Whoohoo lets do another one.” Ted shouted as he signaled the waiter back over. “Justin did you want another one?” Ted said noticing he hadn’t touched the one in front of him yet.

“Uh..yea, sure.” Justin picked up his beer and took a swallow.

Neither Brian nor Emmett said a word. When the second round came Justin followed what everyone else did. He licked the salt and tossed back the shot. It burned his throat something awful going down, but he refused to let it show. He bit hard into the lemon wedge and his mouth puckered from the tartness. He reached for his beer and took a huge swallow.

“Wow, that was crazy.” Justin said when he was able to talk.

“Wanna do it again?” Brian asked. “That’s your lonely shot sitting there.’

“Naw, I’ll pass. I don’t want to be too wasted before we go to Babylon. Here Brian, you can have it.” Justin pushed the shot in front of Brian who quickly disposed of it.

The guys stayed at Woody until the winner of the Abs contest was announced. Then they headed over to Babylon. As they walked in they spotted Michael at the bar, and walked over to him.

“Hey guys. How was Absolute Abs?”

“You probably saw better abs on your comic book covers.” Brian said as he greeted Michael with a kiss.

“Let’s dance Brian.” Michael said as he set his empty beer on the bar.

“Later, I want a drink first.”

“Hey you be careful, you don’t want a repeat of last week.”

“No worries, Michael-Justin made sure I had my din din before drinking.”

Michael followed Brian’s gaze, and he noticed Justin standing with the group. He was surprised to see him out with Brian especially after what he told Brian.

“Justin.”

“Michael.”

The guys had a couple of more drinks before heading to the dance floor. Brian grabbed both Justin and Michael by the hand and led them to the floor. Emmett, Ben and Ted followed close behind. They were all dancing in a group at first and it slowly paired off. Michael edged Justin out of the way until he was dancing with Brian and Justin ended up dancing with Ted. Justin was aware of what Michael was doing-he didn’t want to make a scene so he allowed it. After a while Ted led Justin off the floor back towards the bar.

“Can I get you a beer?”

“Yeah, but I’ll pay-you had the last round.”

“No I’ve got it.” Ted ordered two beers and handed one to Justin. They leaned up against the bar and watched the others guys still on the dance floor. Justin noticed how Brian and Michael had their heads together as they danced. Michael had his hands clasped behind Brian’s head. They looked like they were lovers.

“They are just friends” Ted said.

“Hmm...what did you say?” Justin said pretending as if he didn’t know what Ted was talking about.

“Michael and Brian, they’re best friends. Brian loves him, but he won’t have sex with him. So don’t let Michael get to you.”

Justin smiled at Ted. He realized Ted was aware of Michael’s little move on the dance floor. “I won’t...you ready to head back out there?”

“Lead the way.”

Justin and Ted went back on the dance floor. They danced on the opposite side of Ben and Emmett. Michael and Brian were on the other side. Justin was having a good time with Ted-he wasn’t such a bad guy once he stopped making lewd remarks toward Justin.

Justin was really getting into the music and his body was swaying with the rhythm. He was oblivious to the stares he was getting from the other guys in the club. Justin was brought back to his surroundings when he felt familiar arms wrap around his waist from behind. He didn’t have to turn around to know it was Brian.

“I believe this is my dance.”

“I was dancing with Ted.” Justin gestured in Ted’s direction.

“Don’t mind me, I was about to go get another drink.” Ted backed off and headed to the bar.

Justin twisted around in Brian’s arms so that they were now dancing face to face. Brian buried his head in the crook of Justin’s neck and nibbled on his exposed skin. Justin felt his pants go tight in the crotch. “We should finish this dance back at the loft,” Justin suggested.

“We can finish it here.” Brian took Justin’s hand and led him towards the backroom. Justin had only been back there once before-it was the first night he met Brian. The smell of sex was stronger than he remembered it. There were naked men everywhere, giving and receiving blowjobs, fucking and being fucked. Some were using the limited chairs and the one sofa had countless bodies on it.

Brian stopped walking and leaned up against a wall near the sofa. He pulled Justin against him and began kissing him. Justin was enjoying the kissing until he felt Brian’s hands start to undo his pants.

Justin pulled back from the kiss and covered Brian’s hands to stop him. “Brian let’s just go to the loft,” Justin said again.

“I’m not ready to go to loft.” Brian stated as he tried to pull Justin in for another kiss.

Justin backed away from his reach. “I can’t do this Brian, not here.”

“Fine” Brian inched away from Justin and he grabbed a guy that was involved in a threesome and pulled him in front of him. The trick leaned in to kiss Brian, Brian turned his head and placed a hand on the tricks shoulder and lowered him to his knees. The trick proceeded to undo Brian’s pants and release his straining erection.

Justin watched as the guy took Brian’s cock into his mouth. He looked up at Brian whose eyes were still on Justin. “I’ll be at the bar with the others when you’re done.”

Justin walked to the bar, Ted was there alone. He figured the others were on the dance floor.

“You left the old man back there catching his breath.”

“Something like that- order me another one of those shots.”

Ted ordered two shots and two more beers for him and Justin.

Justin omits the salt and lemon and just throws back the shot. He quickly chased it down with his beer. Ted ordered them a few more drinks. By the time Brian emerged from the backroom, Justin was well past drunk, and Ted was right behind him. When Brian reached Justin he was unprepared for what he found.

“Brian, have a drink with me and ...and...and Titty....” Justin slurred.

Brian raised an eyebrow at Justin’s current state. “Justin you’re wasted.”

“Just a little, and a lot horny.” He said as he grabbed Brian and pulled his face down for a very wet and sloppy kiss.

“I think it’s time for you to go home.” Brian stated as he wiped his face with a cocktail napkin from the bar.

“I’m not ready to go home-I want you to fuck me right now, right here.” Justin reached for the snap to Brian’s jeans. He undid the top button with one hand and grabbed his crotch with the other.

“Justin cut it out- you don’t know what you’re doing.”

”Yes I do,” Justin yelled. The people around the bar stopped conversation to see what was going on.

Ted stood next to them grinning as he watched the display. “I’m a good fuck, aren’t I Brian? We have fun together, don’t we?”

“Yes Justin, we have fun together.”

Justin lowered his voice again. ”Then take me to the back room... I can do it now. Take me back there-I can do what you want.”

“Justin, you don’t have to. Let’s go home- we’ll go have fun there.”

Brian was pointing both Ted and Justin towards the exit when Michael, Emmett and Ben came off the dance floor.

“Brian, you’re leaving?” Michael asked.

“Yeah, Einstein over here got himself and Justin wasted.”

“Oh... well Emmett and Ben are leaving they can drop them off. Why don’t you and I go grab a bite at the diner?”

“I’ll pass, but you can take care of Ted, while I take Justin home.”

“Michael, Emmett and I will take care of Ted. Babe, would mind trailing me in Ted’s car?”

“Sure, but Ben don’t drive too fast you know I hate driving at night.” Emmett said before turning his attentions to Justin who was holding on to Brian.

“Justin, drink plenty of water before going to bed.” He kissed Justin on his cheek. “Brian, take care of him.”

Ben led Ted out the exit with Emmett. Brian followed behind with a very drunk Justin leaning against him. Michael grudgingly brought up the rear.

Justin leaned against the passenger side door as Brian drove. Justin was fighting nausea and drowsiness. He was losing the battle tremendously. Brian pulled up to the loft and went around to help Justin out of the jeep. As soon as Justin stood, he unleashed everything he had eaten in the past week all over Brian and his expensive Prada shoes. After he emptied his stomach, he promptly passed out leaning up against Brian.

Brian shook his head. He wanted to laugh at the absurdity of the situation. There is never a dull moment with this kid. Brian propped Justin against the car as he reached into the back seat to grab the box of tissues he kept there. He tried to wipe his shoes clean so he wouldn't leave tracks going in the building. Brian cleaned his shoes the best he could and then he scooped up a passed out Justin in his arms and carried him into the building.

When Brian reached his upstairs door, he toed off his shoes at the door. He took Justin straight to the bathroom and undressed him. Brian cleaned him up the best he could before putting him to bed with a bottle of water and a bucket by the bed. Justin woke for a little bit while Brian washed him-he fell right back to sleep as soon as Brian placed him in the bed.

Once Justin was in bed, Brian took his shoes to bathroom and cleaned them up. He took a quick shower before joining Justin in bed. Brian woke a few times in the night to check him and to make sure he drank water.

Justin woke to a pounding noise. It took him a moment to realize it was coming from inside his head. He opened his eyes slowly and squinted around the room. Brian was sitting on the edge of the bed taking off his sneakers. He turned in Justin's direction when he felt the bed shift.

"You're awake?"

"What time is it?"

"It's after 12:00. How do you feel?"

"Like I got the shit kicked out of me. Why does my throat hurt so badly?"

"You need water." Brian got up and grabbed a couple bottles of water from the fridge. He gave one bottle to Justin and placed the other on the nightstand. "You need to drink both of those."

Justin took a long drink from the first bottle nearly finishing it before he spoke again. "Who beat me up?"

"Jose Cuervo and his friend Heineken."

"So this is what a hangover feels like?"

"No it normally feels worse than that-you slept through the better part of it."

"Geeze I feel like shit. I can't imagine feeling worse."

"Lucky for you. Are you hungry? I stopped by the diner on my way from racquet ball and picked up some soup."

"Ug no, I can't think of food right now."

"You need to eat. You emptied the entire contents of your stomach all over my Prada shoes last night."

"Did I really?" Justin asked with a grimace.

"Mmm hmm." Brian said as he padded barefoot into the kitchen to put some soup in a bowl.

Justin slowly sat up in the bed as Brian came back with the soup. He began to eat-he felt shaky and hoped the food would make him feel better. Brian stripped off his clothes from the gym, he took a quick shower and pulled on a pair



of old jeans. Justin finished the soup and drained both bottles of water by the time Brian was finished. He placed the bowl on the nightstand and leaned back in the bed and waited for his energy return.

“Feel better?”

“Much better.”

“I wanted to wait for you to wake up before I went by the office. I didn’t want leave you on your own for too long.”

“I’ll be fine...thanks for taking care of me.” Justin watched as Brian grabbed a shirt to put on when a thought occurred to him. “Brian, did I do anything else besides throw up all over you? I can’t remember much of what happened last night.”

Brian chuckled. He could actually have a lot of fun at Justin’s expense right now. But the worried look on Justin’s face made him change his mind. “You have nothing to worry about. You’re a perfect drunk.”

The relief was evident on Justin face. “Why did I drink so much?” He said more to himself than out loud.

“You didn’t like the fact that I was getting my dick sucked by some trick in the backroom.”

“Oh,” Justin said as he thought back to last night. “I remember that now. I still don’t like it, but I know I have to accept it.”

“You don’t have to, Justin.”

“If I want to be with you, I do.”

Brian did not respond.

“Well I’m feeling much better.” Justin’s tried to stand up, but his pounding head forced him to lie back down.

“Don’t rush it Justin. You stay in bed and I’ll be back soon. Is your application and everything here?”

”Yeah, it’s on your desk.”

“I’ll grab it and just mail everything from the office. I’ll bring home copies of the prints that you can keep for future use.”

“Thank you.”

“Get some more sleep, I’ll be back soon.” Brian leaned over Justin and kissed him on his forehead. He picked up the application and the print out of the essay before leaving the loft.

Brian was gone for about five minutes when Justin’s bladder threatened to explode and he had no choice but to get out of the bed. Justin stood up slowly and tried to steady his swimming head. He took a few steps toward the bathroom when the room started to slant. He reached out to steady himself as he felt his body began to fall, there was nothing to reach for and Justin fell onto the hard wood floor banging his head. He blacked out as his body started to twitch and convulse involuntarily in the middle of the bedroom floor.

It was a while before he regained consciousness. He was disoriented when he came to this was a natural occurrence after he had a seizure. It took him a while to realize he was on the floor in Brian’s loft alone. He tried to sit up and his hand landed in something wet. Justin realized he lost control of his bladder when he went into his seizure. Justin started to panic, he didn’t want Brian to come home and find him like this.

He mustered up all his strength and stood up. He stripped off is underwear and went in to the bathroom to grab a towel and cleaning supplies to clean the bedroom floor. Justin cleaned up all evidence of his accident. He disposed

of the towel and his underwear in the trash. He went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. Justin stepped under the spray- his head stung when the water hit it. He reached up and felt the side of his head. There was a large lump there from where he banged it as he passed out.

The realization of what had happened hit Justin like a sledgehammer. He slid down in the shower stall as the tears poured out of him. More than two years of not having a seizure was now gone...soon everything will be gone.

## Part 10

Justin sat on the floor of the shower stall for what felt like an eternity. He slowly pulled himself into standing position. He stood under the now lukewarm water until his skin began to prune. He turned off the shower and dried off- his movements were slow and deliberate. His head was throbbing from the fall and the hangover he was still harboring. He walked into the bedroom and looked for clean clothes.

Once dressed, Justin contemplated calling cab to take him home-he decided against it. Brian would find it strange if he just up and left like that. Instead Justin went into the living room to lie on the sofa. He grabbed a throw to cover himself as he waited for Brian to return home. He closed his eyes and tried to wish away the pain in his head. He didn't want to think about how he was going to tell Brian about his relapse. He didn't want to think about anything at all, especially what was going on within his body. But, as much as tried he could not help but think of Brian and what his reaction would be. He didn't want to lose him, but he didn't want to saddle Brian with his problems either. How he was going to tell Brian he wasn't well anymore.

When Brian reached his office building, he headed straight to the art department to use the computers there. He made two extra sets of prints, one for Justin and a set for himself, which he placed in his desk drawer. He looked over Justin's application and essay and made sure everything was all together before he took it to the mailroom. Once that was all set, he headed back to the parking garage. He wanted to get back to the loft to make sure Justin was feeling better.

Brian entered the loft, and the first thing he noticed was Justin blonde hair peeking over the side of the sofa. "Hey, I thought you would still be sleeping off your hangover."

"No, I showered and feel much better." Justin answered his voice a weak whisper.

"You don't sound better-you actually sound worse. What's going on?" Brian asked as he came around the sofa. He lifted Justin's head and placed it in his lap as he sat down. He heard Justin's sharp intake of breath at the movement. "Your head is still bothering you? I can get you some Tylenol."

"No, I'll be fine, besides I'm allergic to a lot of drugs and Tylenol is one of them."

"What do you take for headaches?"

"Nothing, I just try to relax and wait them out."

Brian leaned back against the sofa. "One thing you can relax about is your application is all set and sitting in the mail room waiting to be picked up on Monday. I also have copies of the prints for you."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome." As Brian spoke, he gently stroked Justin's hair as his head rested in his lap. His fingers grazed against the lump on his head and stilled. "Justin, did you bang your head?"

"Huh...um...yeah, I must have banged it in Babylon or something" Justin lied.

"Shit, this lump is huge. You should have told me- we could have gone to the hospital."

"I don't need a hospital, I'll be fine. It just hurts a little."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure."

Brian leaned forward and gently touched his lips to the tender spot, and then kissed Justin on the cheek before leaning back against the sofa again. "Get some rest okay."

"Okay.....Brian can you talk to me for a while."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"It doesn't matter-I just want to hear your voice. Tell me about some happy times in your childhood."

"Okay, but this will be a short conversation. There aren't that many of those to speak about."

"Tell me anything."

Justin sounded so unlike himself. Brian sensed something more was bothering him than just the hang over. "Okay ...let's see... one Halloween when I was about 14 or 15 Mikey, Ben and I toilet papered several of the houses in the neighborhood. It was great...well it was great until we got caught."

"What happened?"

"Let's just say my father wasn't too thrilled. Hmm, this is tougher than I thought...oh yeah, there was this one time I created this super glue in Chemistry class and I used it to glue the chem. teachers car doors shut. And then there was the time... Hey, I just had a thought-almost all my happy childhood memories were of me getting into mischief and the majority of them ending with my father whipping the crap out of me."

"Your father was an asshole for hurting you. If it upsets you, you can talk about something else. I just want to hear your voice as I fall asleep. Your voice soothes me."

"My voice soothes you huh..." Brian lowered his voice a few octaves and put on a sexy slur as he continued to speak. "Okay, let me talk about what I am going to do to you once you're feeling better. I'm going to kiss every inch of your gorgeous body- I'm going to lick and tease you until you're quivering in my arms." Brian leaned forward so that he could see Justin's face and the look of sadness surprised him. "Justin what's wrong? You look like you lost your best friend."

"I guess I just don't have a head for liquor."

"Well don't ever do this to yourself again...okay...sleep now and if you feel better later we'll look for Gus's birthday present."

"I don't think I can handle a toy store today."

"I don't do toy stores, I meant on line."

"Oh," Justin said as he actually cracked a genuine smile at Brian's comment.

"Now close your eyes and get some rest." Brian said again as he settled back against the sofa and resumed stroking Justin's hair.

Justin did as ordered. He didn't think he would fall asleep. He closed his eyes and pretended to sleep to appease Brian. His pretense became reality and a couple of hours later he found himself waking up. When he woke, his headache was gone and he almost felt back to normal. He sat up on the couch and looked around. Brian was in the kitchen, his back was to Justin. Justin rose from the couch and walked to the kitchen counter and watched as Brian prepared dinner. This was the first time Justin had ever seen him prepare anything that didn't involve picking up the phone. Justin quietly took in the sight of the man he loved. He knew he should tell Brian about what happened earlier today. He knew it was wrong to keep this from him, but Justin didn't think he would be strong enough to handle it if Brian rejected him. He took in a deep breath and said Brian's name.

"Brian." His voice sounded much stronger now.

Brian turned around and flashed Justin the most beautiful smile. "How's your head?"

"Much better. What are you making? It smells great." Justin walked closer to the counter where Brian was chopping vegetables. He placed his hand on the small of Brian's back-there was no reason why, he just needed to touch him right now.

"Nothing fancy, I have steaks in the boiler and garlic bread in the oven. I figure we could have that with a salad."

"It sounds terrific. I'm starving. Can I help with anything?"

"No, I have it all under control. I just have to finish the salad and plate it up."

Justin sat at the counter as Brian served him. The food was delicious, but Justin didn't eat much of it. He quietly picked at his-did not go unnoticed by Brian.

After they ate Brian cleared the counter and told Justin he would clean up later. He took Justin by the hand led him back to the sofa.

"Now, are you going to tell me what's going on with you?"

"What do mean?"

"When I left you to go to the office, you were a little hung over, but you were smiling and seemed okay otherwise. I come back and you seemed out of it and lost- I just wanted to know what happened.

Justin was taken by surprised. Was Brian so in-tune to him that he could sense so quickly things had changed? Justin stared at Brian, he was unsure of how to answer him. "Yes Brian, something did happen...um when you left I ahh... I ..." Justin voice faltered.

"Justin just tell me, what is it?"

"When you left...I...I starting thinking I can't handle the tricks." The lie was out of Justin's mouth before he could stop it. "I don't think I can handle you being with other guys, it's not the kind of relationship I want."

The look of compassion that was on Brian's face a moment ago quickly disappeared. His face was void of emotion now as he looked at Justin. "What are you saying?"

Justin stood up from the couch and walked toward the window. He kept his back to Brian, he knew he couldn't look at him and be able to continue the lie he had begun. "I don't think we should see each other like this anymore. We both are looking for different things and I feel we should stop now so that we can remain friends."

"Justin I don't believe you. What changed from this morning?"

"Me Brian, I changed from this morning." Justin turned back around to face Brian, his eyes were bright with unshed tears. "I'm different from this morning. I realized it's not fair for us to be together."

"Because of the tricks?" Brian said as to clarify this conversation was happening.

"Yes, because of the tricks" Justin said as he looked away again. "I'm going to go and pack my stuff up and get out of your way."

"Just like that?"

Justin nodded his head in response. He turned and walked into the bedroom to gather up his stuff. Brian followed him.

"Justin something is still puzzling me. If this was how you were feeling when did you plan to tell me?"

Justin was pulling his clothes from the dresser drawer and stuffing them into a duffel bag. "I was going to tell you when you came in this afternoon, but I lost my nerve. So I'm telling you now."

Justin finished gathering up his clothes and he reached for his house keys. Justin started removing the key to the loft from the ring.

"Keep it."

"Why?"

"All my \*friends\* have a key to the loft, so keep it... When you're ready, I'll take you home."

"No, I'll call a cab."

"I can take you home, Justin."

"No...I want to take a cab...please." Justin's voice cracked and Brian could tell he was fighting the tears.

"Okay, I'll call for one."

Justin finished packing and walked to the living room where Brian was sitting on the sofa smoking a cigarette and having a drink. He walked towards the door. "I'll wait downstairs for the cab."

"Don't I at least get a proper good bye?"

Justin hand stilled on the handle of the door. "Brian, don't make this harder than it already is."

Brian jumped up from the couch and walked over to Justin. He turned him around and pinned him against the loft door as he looked him in his eyes. "Fuck you Justin, I'll be damned if I make this easy for you. You made yourself a part of my life, my son's life and now you just want to walk away and I'm not supposed have a problem with it."

"I didn't say that."

"Well the truth be told, you're not saying a whole hell of a lot."

"Brian... please, just let me go. It's for the best."

Brian stepped back from Justin and released him. Justin turned quickly and slid the door open and was about to leave when Brian spoke again. "What about Gus? He's used to seeing you on Sundays and his party is next week."

"I can't see him tomorrow, but I'll be at his party. I won't disappoint him like that...Goodbye Brian." Justin ran down the loft stairs not bothering to wait for the elevator.

Brian stood in the doorway staring after Justin's retreating form. He couldn't believe that Justin walked out on him. Brian slid the loft door closed and went back to his drink and cigarette. He reached for the phone and dialed Michael's number.

"Hello."

"Babylon tonight."

"Okay."

Brian hung up without saying goodbye, he drained his glass and leaned back on the sofa and closed his eyes.

When Justin reached the street, the cab was just pulling up to the loft. He opened the back door and jumped in. Justin gave his address-he tried to control his emotions until he reached home. He felt if he started to cry now he might never stop. The cab ride seemed to take forever before he reached home. He walked into his empty apartment and dropped everything he was holding on the middle of the floor. He was walking into the bedroom when he heard a voice coming from that direction.

"Hey, Justin it's Daphne. Geeze you're never home anymore. Give me a...

Justin ran into his room and picked up the receiver. "Daphne, Daphne it's me." He said in to the receiver.

"Hey you're home- I'm shocked."

Justin couldn't keep that tears at bay any longer. "It's over Daph..." He sobbed into the receiver.

"Justin what's over?"

"Everything... it's gone Daphne."

"Justin what the fuck did he do to you?"

Justin didn't answer, he couldn't.

"Justin, talk to me." Justin could not form coherent words. Daphne was scared at how distraught Justin sounded. "Justin, Justin...listen to me I'm coming down there. Justin, I'm on my way." Before Justin could reply Daphne hung up the phone.

"Baby, what's wrong?" Jonathan asked after hearing the one-sided phone conversation.

"Something's wrong with Justin I need to go to Pittsburgh." Daphne said as she pulled on her sneakers and looked around for her purse.

"What!!! You are not driving to Pittsburgh at this time of night, by yourself."

"It's only after 9:00 and you can't come with me because you have to watch the girls." Daphne said as she continued to ready herself.

"Daphne, be reasonable by the time you get there it'll be after 1 am. Justin is a grown man he does not need you running down there to hold his hand."

"Jonathan, I'm not going to argue with you. Justin needs me and I'm going. He's my family and when he hurts I hurt. I love you baby, but I need to see him. Now can I have the keys to the Camaro-the Caravan is just too slow."

Jonathan grudgingly handed over the keys to Daphne. He helped Daphne pack an overnight bag and carried it as he walked her out. "Take your cell phone and car charger. And call me when you get there, I love you."

Daphne took the bag from her husband and tossed it on the back seat of the Camaro "I love you too, baby." She kissed her husband goodbye and climbed into the car. She fastened her seat belt before pulling away from the curb.

Four and a half hours later Daphne was driving around Justin's neighborhood trying to find the correct house number. She was thankful her husband insisted on adding a navigational system to both of their vehicles. Daphne was able to get directions and find Justin's street with no problem. She pulled up to the front of the house and got out. She reached into the back seat and grabbed her overnight bag and the rations she bought at the 24-hour convenience store she passed a few blocks back. Daphne knew Justin lived in the basement, so she walked around to the side of the house and rang the doorbell. When she got no answer, she began banging on the door. After a while a disheveled puffy-eyed Justin opened the door and was shocked to see his best friend standing there. Daphne walked in and wrapped her arms tight around her friend.

"I can't believe you're standing here." Justin said his throat was dry and scratchy from crying so his voice came out hoarse.

"I'm just following the pact." Daphne said, as she held on tight, trying to hug some of his pain away.

"Pact?"

Daphne pulled back to give Justin a look of feigned shocked. "Don't tell me you forgot. Remember when we were about 10 and we made a pact that we would always be there for each other."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I'm here for you." Daphne let Justin out of her embrace and turned to close the front door and then followed Justin further into the apartment. Her overnight bag landed next to the bags Justin dropped on the floor hours earlier. "I just need to call Jonathan and then you and I are going to put on our PJ's and climb into bed. I picked up a pint of Ben and Jerry's and some Fudge Stripes."

"Daphne, ice cream is not going to fix this problem." Justin headed back to his bedroom as Daphne made her phone call. He lay back on the bed and half listened to the sounds coming from the other room. The blond barely looked up when Daphne entered the bedroom, placed the ice cream and spoons on the nightstand and then walked into the bathroom to change into her pajamas.

Daphne climbed into the bed next to Justin and then reached over him and grabbed the ice cream off the nightstand. "Hmm ... this is good. It's your favorite Phish Food."

"No thanks."

"What the fuck did he do to you?"

"We broke up today."

"That bastard... he broke up with you... What lame ass excuse did he give you?"

"Daphne, I had a seizure today... or yesterday rather-two and half years of false security gone."

"Oh Justin, no. I'm so sorry. I can't imagine how devastating that was for you. Are you okay....shit dumb question, of course you're not okay." Daphne sat the ice cream down and stretched out next to Justin to wrap her arms around him. "I don't know what to say. There's nothing I can say that can make you feel better."

"You don't have to say anything. You being here is a lot."

"Always...Justin. I'm really not liking this Brian. How could he break up with you because you had a seizure? You said you told him you were epileptic, how could he do that to you?"

"Daphne, he didn't break up with me-I broke up with him. He doesn't know about the seizure. I was alone in his loft when it happened."

"You were alone." Daphne sat up in the bed horrified. "Justin, did you hurt yourself?"

"I have a lovely goose egg for a souvenir on the side of my head."

Daphne touched the spot Justin pointed to, she notice him wince a little. "Sorry....Justin that's really big. Brian didn't notice?"

"He noticed."

"And he just let you leave, he didn't ask any questions?"

"He wasn't happy about it, but he won't beg or argue. It's not his style. I told him I was leaving for other reasons. He doesn't need to be saddled with my problems."

"Justin, maybe you should have told him what happened. Maybe you should let him decide if he wants to deal with it or not."

Justin closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Daphne, I don't think I could have handled it if he rejected me, and I wouldn't want him to be with me out of pity. He deserves better."

"Shut up, there isn't anyone better than you, and you know it. You're just upset and discouraged right now. Once you start thinking clearly again, everything will work out."

Justin eyes teared up again-he was amazed by the amount of tears he cried today. Tears of heartbreak, regret and self pity. As the tears spilled over yet again, he turned into Daphne embraced. Daphne, "I love him so much. My heart feels like it shattered into a million pieces."

"I don't know, Justin. A broken heart needs time. One thing for sure you have to do is see a doctor. Maybe this was a onetime thing. Do you have any idea what might have brought it on?"

"I have some idea." Justin sat up in the bed and told Daphne everything that had been going on the past couple weeks. He told her about the extra hours he picked up at the diner, Brian bringing the truck home, and the events leading up to what happened yesterday. Daphne sat quietly and listened until Justin finished before she responded.

"First of all, you're cutting back your hours. Second, no drinking ever. And finally, why does he have to fuck other guys in front of you?"

"It's who he is and we didn't have a real commitment to each other. I didn't like it, but I could handle it because they didn't mean anything to him."

"I couldn't handle it if Jonathan was sleeping around."

"You are not a gay man, so you can't understand."

"You're a gay man and you don't like it either."

"I'm the exception. Daphne, do you think this relapse was a onetime thing? If I cut back my hours again and never drink like I did Friday night, things will be okay."

"You will cut your hours. And I said no drinking at all. But seriously, you really need to see a doctor."



"I don't have insurance or the money. If I call my doctor back in Philly, he'll notify mom. And Daphne, I do not want her to know."

"I won't tell her. Justin, I have money. Let me write you a check and you can go to a clinic or something to get checked out. And before you protest, Jonathan won't mind and I won't leave you alone until you accept."

"Okay." Justin agreed because his friend was right he needed to see a doctor. "I'll go Monday, Daphne did I tell you how happy I am you're here. I really love you."

"I love you too." Daphne kissed Justin on his cheek.

"Now where is that ice cream?"

"I think its soup now-but not to worry, I have another one in the fridge." Daphne jumped off the bed and ran into the kitchen to get the ice cream and grabbed the cookies as well. Justin did feel better having Daphne with him. And for the next few hours, he pushed his problems aside and enjoyed hanging out with his best friend again. After a long night of talking and reminiscing, the best friends fell asleep. Daphne woke up first and glanced at the clock- it was well after 12 noon. Justin was still asleep. Daphne got up and headed to the bathroom to take a shower and brush her teeth. When she returned, Justin was sitting up in bed. "Hi."

"Hi, do have to leave so soon?"

"I can hang a couple of more hours."

"Good, I'll shower and we can find something to eat for breakfast."

"You mean lunch." Daphne corrected to Justin's retreating back.

While Justin was in the shower Daphne packed up her bag and called home to check on the girls. After she talked with her husband, she went in the kitchen to see if Justin had anything to cook. She found the makings for grilled cheese sandwiches and opened a can of tomato soup to go with them. By the time Justin was out of the shower and dressed, Daphne had lunch on the table.

"Daphne that was quick. And it looks great."

"Hey, I'm a wife and mother. I can make a hearty meal from a strand of spaghetti."

"Doubt that, but this looks good."

Justin sat at the table across from Daphne and began to eat. Daphne watched him as he tried to be his old self, but the smiles never reached his eyes.

"I talked to Jonathan-the girls are missing their mommy. I'm going to have to hit the road after lunch."

"I wish you could stay forever."

"Me too, but I would miss the girls too much."

"What about Jonathan?"

"Oh, yeah him too," Daphne said with a chuckle.

"Could you promise me something?"

"Sure."

"Next weekend is Gus' birthday. He would be devastated if I didn't come, and I love him too much not to show. Could you come back and go with me? I'm really going to need you there. You can bring Jonathan and the kids. The girls would have a blast."

"Of course I'll come back and beside the girls miss you almost as much as I do. Now you have to promise me something, no you have to promise me three things. The first thing is you will see a doctor. Two you will talk to Brian...wait let me finish. Justin give him a chance-he might surprise you. And three, when I see you next weekend I want to see that light back in those beautiful baby blues."

"I will definitely see the doctor. As for Brian. it's over, I ruined everything... Not much I can do about the eyes."

"Well just think about it okay. Now I have to hit the road."

Justin walked Daphne out to her car. He stopped short when he saw the Camaro.

"Jonathan gave you the Camaro!"

"I told him I had to come see you and I needed a fast ride."

"Damn, I feel real important now."

"You are. Bye Justin, I love you and I will see you next weekend."

"Love you. See you next week."

Justin walked back into his apartment as Daphne drove away. He went to the kitchen to clean up the lunch dishes. As he headed toward the counter, he noticed the check Daphne left him. She made it out to Justin signed and dated it, but left the amount blank. Justin placed the check in the kitchen drawer. He would only use it if he had to- first he would see if he could cover the doctor's visit himself. Before he forgot, Justin reached for the phone to call Debbie. He wanted to let her know he would be unable to make the morning shift Monday. He didn't tell her why-she said it wouldn't be a problem and thanked him for the advance notice. After hanging up with Debbie, he set about cleaning the kitchen. Once that was done, Justin busied himself with cleaning the rest of the house.

Daphne drove down Justin's street heading for the highway. On impulse, she picked up her cell phone and called information. "City and listing?" The operator asked. "Pittsburgh Pennsylvania, I'm trying to get an address." Twenty minutes later Daphne slowed the car to a halt in front of a converted warehouse on Tremont Street. As she sat in the car trying to muster up the nerve to ring the doorbell, a black jeep pulled up behind her. Daphne watched in her review mirror as a very striking man got out on the driver side. He pushed the seat forward and helped a little boy, who looked about 4 years old, out of the jeep.

As Brian walked past the bright red Camaro, he noticed a young woman inside looking at him rather strangely. Brian shrugged it off and headed inside the building with Gus. Daphne wasn't sure if that was Brian or not, but she had a very strong feeling it was. She didn't think it would be wise to talk to him while his son was there, but she didn't know when she would have another opportunity. She quickly made up her mind and opened the car door before she changed it. She looked for Brian's name on the doorbell pad.

"Yeah?"

"I'm looking for Brian Kinney."

"Who are you?"

"A friend of a friend, I need to talk to you. May I come up?"

"Top floor," Brian said before he hit the buzzer.

When Daphne reached the top floor, Brian had already slid the door open. She poked her head inside and saw him handing Gus a glass of juice as he sat on the floor playing with his toys. Brian walked back to door when he saw Daphne at the door.

"So, how can I help you?"

"You know something, this was a mistake. I have to go." Daphne turned to leave when Brian touched her arm to stop her.

"How is he?"

Daphne looked up at this gorgeous stranger and saw a look of concern or maybe sadness quickly flash across his face.

"Not too good."

"He walked out on me, you know."

"I know...but Brian, don't let him go so easily. If you care about him, and for some reason I get a strong feeling that you do, fight for him. I have to go I have a long drive back to Philly."

"Drive safely, Daphne."

Daphne smiled when Brian mention her name. "So he talks about me?"

"Constantly, goodbye Daphne."

"Goodbye Brian."

Daphne got back into her car and headed home to her family.

"Who that lady Daddy?" Gus asked after Brian closed the door. "She's a friend." Brian answered as he walked toward his son.

Justin cleaned every inch of his apartment. He re-organized all the cabinets and closets. He paused briefly when Daphne called to let him know she was home. After he hung up with her he continued to work. He worked until he was exhausted-he wanted to fall asleep and be too tired to think or dream. His plan worked when he finally reached his bed, he slept until morning.

Brian stood under the warm shower spray as the water washed down over his body. He tried to make sense out of everything that happened this past weekend. He still didn't believe that Justin left because of the tricks. He made it clear to him that they don't mean anything. Daphne's visit, for some reason, added to his belief that Justin was lying about his reason. Daphne knew something. Brian wanted to ask her, but he would not put her in a position to betray her friend's trust.

When Justin woke, he called information for a list of clinics near him. He got the number and address of the one closest to his neighborhood, and then called and spoke with the desk nurse. She asked him dozens of questions but not one was pertaining to his health. She was more concerned with his insurance. When he told her he didn't have any, she asked how he would pay for the office visit. When Justin assured her he could take care any bills, she finally inquired about the nature of the visit. He told her about his health history and how he had another seizure after so long without one. She gave him an 11:00 appointment with a doctor Roth. Justin left his apartment early, he figured he would have to complete a lot of forms before he could be seen.

Justin was correct in his assumption-it took him almost a half an hour to complete all the necessary paperwork and to answer the same questions over and over again. It was a good 45 minutes after his appointment time before he was called in to see the doctor. Justin liked Dr. Roth on sight. He was an older man with a kind face and reminded

Justin of the doctor he had back in Philadelphia. Dr. Roth asked question about changes in Justin's diet or lifestyle. He concluded that what happened with Justin was not uncommon due to the increase of alcohol in his system on top of his body not being fully rested. He didn't feel that Justin needed to go back on his medicine just yet-he wanted to wait and see if it occurred again, first.

He also wanted Justin to have some tests, but he knew they would be pricey. Especially since Justin didn't have insurance. He told Justin if he had another seizure, he would order the tests. They would figure out how to pay for them later. Before Justin left, the doctor advised him to cut back on his hours and to lay off the alcohol for a while. Justin left the doctor's office feeling much better about his health. He headed straight to the diner. He figured he could have something to eat and relax a bit before his afternoon shift. When he walked in, Deb was surprised to see him.

"Hey kiddo, I thought you were coming in for the evening shift only?"

"I am. My appointment ended early, so I decided to get some food and relax before my shift starts. And, I needed to talk to you."

"Sure, the back booth is empty. What'll you have? I'll bring it over and we can talk." Justin gave Deb his order and he grabbed the booth at the back of the diner. When she brought the food over she took a seat.

"What's on your mind?"

"I need to give back the morning hours."

"Okay. Can I ask why?"

"It was too much for me, the double shifts were harder than I thought. I hope I'm not inconveniencing you."

"No, as long as I have advance notice, I can fill the slots."

"Deb, you're the best. I can keep Friday, because I don't work the evening shift that day. It's just Monday through Thursday that will need to be filled."

"That won't be a problem. Now enjoy your food, I have orders to take."

Justin relaxed until his shifted started. He tried everything humanly possible not to think about Brian but failed. He wondered what he and Gus did yesterday, he wondered if Brian picked out Gus' present yet. He missed the two Kinney men terribly. He kept trying to convince himself that what he did was for the best. The diner picked up a little so Justin was busy enough to where he had little time to think about Brian. When 10:00 pm rolled around, Justin headed out the diner to walk home.

He started walking down the street and stopped when he saw Brian's jeep parked a couple cars ahead of him. Brian was leaning up against it smoking a cigarette. Justin began walking again, towards Brian. "What are doing here?" He asked when he was within walking distance.

"Smoking."

"Brian."

"It's late-I figured you would need a ride."

"You don't have to pick me up anymore."

"I didn't \*have to\* pick you up to begin with. I did because I wanted to, as I am now."

"Well, it's okay-I'll walk."

"It can get dangerous out here at night for blond little gay boys all by themselves."

"I'll take my chances. Goodnight Brian." Justin continued to walk down the street. It took all his will power not to turn around. He heard the jeep door slam closed and Brian starting the engine before he drove away.

## Part 11

Justin used the better part of Tuesday morning to look for Gus' birthday present. He figured that walking around a toy store would take his mind off his problems for awhile. He walked into the store with the idea of looking for a small gift for Gus. He'd already had a gift for him, but he didn't think a five-year old would appreciate a painting over a toy. Justin had painted a portrait of Gus from a sketch he did when they were at the petting zoo, he had sketched it the first day he went with him and Brian. Justin brought the sketch to life on canvas. He decided to give it to Gus after the party and have Mel and Lindsay hang it in his room. But he wanted him to have a gift to open during the party as well. Justin walked around the toy store looking at trains, games, toy trucks and action figures. He couldn't decide what to buy. He was checking out the display model of a really nice remote control dump truck when someone behind him spoke.

"I think he'll love that...assuming, of course, it's for Gus."

Justin turned around startled. "Lindsay, what are you doing here?"

"The same thing you are. I'm trying to find a gift for my little rug rat."

"Oh, so you think he'll like this."

"He's going to love it...especially because it came from his new best friend."

"I'll get it then. You know this is only part of his gift, the painting in your studio is his real gift."

"He will love that too. You did a beautiful job on it. Speaking of the studio, I missed you this weekend. I thought you were coming over so that we could pick out a frame for the painting."

"Yeah, um, this past weekend wasn't good. Um, things came up. "

"I see. That's pretty much what Brian said when he came to get Gus on Sunday without you."

"Yeah, I meant to call you...I guess I forgot. We can get it framed after his birthday."

"Yeah we can. Well... we will see you on Saturday."

"See you Saturday."

Lindsay turned to go down another aisle before stopping to speak again. "Justin, don't be a stranger. No matter what happens between you and Brian, you are a part of our lives now. Always remember that."

Justin looked at the remote control in his hand before glancing back up to Lindsay, "I will."

Lindsay disappeared down a different aisle. Justin shook off the guilty feelings Lindsay just evoked in him, and continued looking for Gus' present. Justin decided to buy the remote control truck for Gus and grabbed a box off the stack and looked around for wrapping paper. He didn't like any of the corny designs he had to choose from, so he decided to pick up plain brown paper from the stationary store and decorate it himself.

Justin went home and decorated the paper better than anything he could have bought. Then he wrapped Gus' gift and put it away and got ready for work.

The diner was slow that night, leaving Justin with lots of time to think about Brian. He wondered what Brian was doing at that precise moment. After his shift, Justin left the diner to walk home. Part of him hoped Brian was outside waiting for him-but of course he wasn't.

\*\*\*\*\*

Justin woke the following morning feeling a little off. His health was not 100% but he hadn't had a seizure since Saturday. He tried to sit up, but his head felt a little funny so he lay back down. He wasn't sure if a seizure was about to happen. Saturday's attack caught him off guard-it had been so long since his last seizure that he wasn't sure of warning signs anymore. Justin started to feel a little frightened. If it was a seizure, he didn't want to go through this alone, not again. Justin wondered if Emmett was home. He took a deep breath and tried to sit up again, if he still felt weird he would call Emmett to come downstairs with him.

Justin sat up in the bed he slowly swung his legs over the edge of the bed and sat there. After a few moments, he attempted to stand up-he felt fine. He began to think he was over reacting. \*Sheesh, Taylor, next time you get a headache you're going to swear it's a tumor, relax\* he said to himself as he walked in the bathroom.

Justin showered and dressed. He made himself breakfast as he waited for Daphne's morning phone call. She called him every morning and again every night since she left on Sunday. Justin answered the phone on the first ring. "Good morning, I'm fine and I love you too."

"Morning, smart ass."

"You have called morning and night for 3 days straight. I have the routine down."

"Well, I worry about you, so shoot me."

"I'd rather hug you. I like that you worry about me."

"So how are you really feeling?"

"I'm fine."

"Justin, don't lie to me."

"Damn, how come you know me so well?"

"I just do... so what happened."

Justin sighed to himself. He could never get anything past this woman. "Nothing really, I just felt a little strange this morning. I wasn't sure if I was going to be sick or not. It's been so long since I felt the warning signs, luckily it wasn't a seizure just a weird feeling that passed."

"Did you call the doctor?"

"No. It passed so I didn't bother."

"Justin, call the doctor." Daphne said sternly.

"Daph, I don't need to c...."

"Justin, I said call the doctor... or else."

"Or else what?"

"Or else I'll....I'll tell your mother."

"You wouldn't," Justin said horrified that Daphne would use such a threat against him.

"Don't test me."

"Alright, I'll call him. You know you are a pain in the ass, and not in a good way."

"Oh, you know you love me" Daphne said laughingly.

"Lucky for you."

"I have to get going. Call the doctor as soon as we hang up, okay."

"Alright, alright. Goodbye."

"Bye, I love you."

"Love you too."

Justin hung up with Daphne and went to his bedroom to find the number for the doctor's office. He called Dr. Roth and explained that he wanted to schedule the tests that they talked about earlier. He would find away to pay for them-if need be he'd use the check Daphne gave him. He needed to know what was going on in his body now, but the appointment was for the following Monday. After his phone call, he lounged around his apartment until it was time to go to work. He was tempted to see if Emmett was home, but he was afraid he would ask questions about Brian. Justin wasn't ready to talk about Brian with anyone other than Daphne. And, he really didn't want to discuss his relapse.

The diner was a lot busier than the night before. Debbie was out so Justin was working with Kiki. He was taking a customer order when Ted and Mikey walked in and took a seat at the counter. "Justin, honey could you cover the counter, please." Kiki yelled from the other end of the diner.

"Sure." Justin said, not bothering to look up. He walked over to the counter with his pad and pen ready. "What can I get you?" He said before looking up and seeing it was Ted and Michael.

"Hey stranger, how were you feeling after Friday night...we really tied one on didn't we? I could barely move on Saturday." Ted said cheerfully, while Michael pretended to focus on the menu.

"Yeah, we really over did it." Justin agreed solemnly.

"Did Brian take good care of you? He should be the expert on hangovers since he gets them so often. I think he's been drunk every night this week so far."

Michael ears perked up at the mention of Brian's name. "He wasn't drunk, he was just out having a good time. He was enjoying himself," he said way too loudly.

Justin looked at him, but didn't say a word.

"Whatever, calm down, he just didn't seem too happy to me," Ted said defensively.

"He's happy-so let's just drop it and order." Michael said looking at Justin for the first time since he came in. I'll have the cheeseburger plate."

"Make that two." Ted chimed in.

Justin put in their orders and excused himself to the back room. He didn't expect Brian to sit around pining for him, but he didn't expect him to be out clubbing and tricking every night, either. Justin wondered if what Ted said was true, that even though Brian was out every night, maybe he wasn't enjoying it. Justin felt guilty from the slight pleasure he felt at the thought that Brian was unhappy without him. Or, was Michael to be believed and Brian was enjoying being away from him. Justin collected himself and went back out to finish his shift. Ted and Michael finished their meal and left. Only Ted made a point to stop to say goodbye to Justin.

Justin arrived home that Wednesday night exhausted, his mind wandering back to what Michael and Ted said at the diner. During the entire walk home, it was all he could think about. He had to keep telling himself he was doing the right thing. Brian was better off without him-Brian deserved better than damaged goods.

As he walked into his bedroom unbuttoning his shirt, he noticed the light blinking on his answering machine, he naturally assumed it was Daphne. He walked over to the nightstand and pressed the button. He was correct in his assumption. "Justin, it's Daphne; your mom called me today. She told me she was going to call you today, but she wanted to know how everything was with you. I told her you were fine and didn't mention Brian, at all. I can't talk long, but I'll call you back tonight when you get off work. Oh, I purposely didn't tell her your work schedule, so she may call while you're at the diner. Bye."

The next message filled the room before Justin could react to what Daphne just told him.

"Hi Baby, it's your mother. The month is up so it's okay for me to call now. I spoke with Daphne today; she told me you were doing great. I asked how the apartment and everything was, she said she visited you last weekend and the apartment is really nice. Justin, I don't understand why Daphne can see and visit you and you ban your own mother. I hope you call me soon-I have been out of my mind with worry. But, I promised you I would respect your wishes, and I have. Now you need to show me some consideration and just let me hear your voice at least. Your sister is home from school, it would be nice for you to call her sometimes. I hope you're taking good care of yourself and eating right. Give me a call. Your father and I love you. Good bye, dear.

Justin sat on the bed and closed his eyes as he listened to his mother's message. He could feel her smothering him with every word. He knew he should call her, but he was dealing with enough right now. She would just have to wait. His doctor told him no stress and dealing with Jennifer Taylor was nothing but stress. He had to remember to thank Daphne for what she said to her. Justin stood up to finish undressing when the phone rang. He knew it had to be Daphne, his mother would never call anyone at this hour.

He answered it on the first ring. "Do you know how much I love you?" He said into the receiver.

"No, why don't you tell me." The voice on the other line said dryly.

Justin nearly dropped the phone. "Brian...I uh ..I thought you were someone else."

"Apparently."

"I uh ... how are you?" Justin stuttered.

"I'm good. Yourself?"

"Good," Justin lied.

"Okay, enough with the chitchat. As you know, Gus' birthday is Saturday. I told Lindsay I would take him on Friday while they prepared for the party."

"Okay," Justin said unsure of why Brian was calling him to tell him this.

"He asked for you."

"Who... Gus asked for me?"



"No the fucking Pope... who else?" Brian said, suddenly irritated. Not so much with Justin, but with the fact the he had to talk to him as if he was a stranger. He caught himself and calmed down as he spoke again. "He really misses you."

"I miss him too."

"Yeah, well I asked him what he wanted to do on Friday and he said he wanted to see a movie and have pizza with you and me. I told him I would ask you, but if you can't make it, that's fine."

Justin was torn. He wanted to see Brian. He enjoyed his time alone with Brian and Gus, but he was afraid that he wouldn't be able to handle it knowing it wouldn't be forever. Justin was fighting within himself-Brian took his silence as his way of saying no.

"It's okay Justin, I'll tell him you were busy. Goodbye."

"No Brian, I'm free. Tell Gus I'll see him Friday."

"You don't have to come" Brian said.

"I want to. I'm working until 4:00pm-I'll come by the loft afterwards."

"No, we can pick you up. I'm getting Gus from school so I'll bring him by the diner for a snack before we go to the movie."

"Okay...well I guess I'll see you two on Friday."

"Yeah,..Friday."

"Okay then ....goo...later, Brian." Justin held his breath waiting for Brian's reply.

"...um goodbye."

Justin held the receiver to his ear until he heard Brian hang up. He lay back on his bed and tried to remember how to breathe. \* How am I going to get through a whole day of being so close to him? You fucked up royally Taylor.\* Justin picked up the receiver and dialed Daphne's number.

"Hello."

"Daphne, I screwed up."

"Hi, I was just about to call you. What do you mean... you screwed up?"

"With Brian, I screwed up. I should have just told him. Why didn't I tell him what happened?"

"Justin, you were afraid he would reject you. You can tell him now."

"What if it's too late? What if he's moved on?"

"What makes you think he's moved on? It hasn't even been a week since you two broke up."

"He didn't say later, he said goodbye."

"Huh? What does that mean?"

"Everything or maybe it means nothing. I don't know."

"Justin, you are not making any sense. What are you talking about?"

"Brian called me tonight."

"He called you!!! What did he want? What did you say?"

"Let me finish...he called to say Gus misses me. Brian has him on Friday and will keep him until the party on Saturday. Gus wants to see a movie and go out for pizza and he wants me to come along."

"See, it's not too late he called to ask you to come."

"For Gus, he asked me over for Gus. And when he hung up he said goodbye, not later. Brian has never said goodbye to me, it has always been later. I don't know maybe I'm talking crazy. But I miss him so much."

"Tell him, Justin. You already broke up, so what else do you have to lose."

"I'm scared."

"I know you are, but you're hurting too. At least, if you tell him and if he rejects you, which I don't think he will, at least then you will know to move on."

"You're right. I'll tell him on Friday... if I get the chance."

"Make the chance, Justin. A guy as tall and gorgeous as he is would not keep coming around or calling if he wasn't still interested."

"Yeah, maybe you're right he could be with anyone...hey, how do you know he's tall and gorgeous?"

"Huh... did I say tall and gorgeous...humph, well you describe him all the time-I'm just using your words." Daphne said holding her breath. She hoped Justin believed her lie.

"Oh well... anyway ... I'm going to tell him the truth and hope he'll take me back."

"He will-he cares about you."

"You sound so sure, I hope you're right."

"Just tell him, okay."

"I will."

"Okay...so you still feeling okay, today?"

"Not bad, or I was until Brian called-now I'm nervous."

"Don't be, it will be fine."

"Hey, by the way, thanks for running interference with my mother. I just can't deal with her right now."

"No problem, but you should really call her. Call tomorrow while she's out of the house and leave a message."

"I don't know her schedule anymore."

"Well, tomorrow she'll be at my house around 11:00 to watch Justine for me. My mom is out of town and Justine has a slight cold so I don't want to send her to daycare. Your mom offered to watch her while I go an appointment."

"You are the best. I'll call and leave a message tomorrow. Goodnight Daph."

"Goodnight night."

Justin stressed all morning on Thursday. He waited until his mother was out of the house and then called and left an extremely cheerful message on the answering machine. Once that was over, he tried to figure out what the hell he was going to say to Brian. He went over and over in his mind what he could say, but with every scenario Brian's response was a negative one. The diner was a bit hectic that evening so Justin was saved from thinking, if just for a little while.

\*\*\*\*\*

Brian and Gus arrived at the diner after 3:00 on Friday. He pushed the diner door open and let an exuberant Gus run in first. Gus made a beeline straight to Justin who was taking the orders of customers sitting in one of the middle booths. The reception Justin received from the brunet was a lot worse than what he imagined. Brian barely looked at Justin and it was painfully obvious he only involved Justin in the plans for today because of Gus.

"Jussin." Gus squealed as Justin bent down and scooped him up.

"Hey Buddy. How's my best pal?"

"I'm good. I miss you."

"I miss you too. We're going to have lots of fun today. Let me finish here and I'll come and sit with you." Justin said as he placed Gus back on his feet. Brian walked up to him and took Gus by the hand. "Come on Gus, let's sit at the counter and let Justin finish working." Brian walked to the counter and helped Gus onto one of the stools and then took the stool next to him. Justin walked behind the counter to put in his last order. He then turned to face Brian.

"Hi Brian."

"Justin."

"How are you?"

"I'm good. Could Gus get a glass of milk and a lemon bar?" Brian looked at Justin his eyes void of emotion.

"Sure." Justin went into the kitchen to get the milk. When he returned, Debbie was talking to Brian and Gus. She had already given Gus his lemon bar so Justin set the milk down in front of Gus.

"Justin, isn't this the most beautiful face you have even seen in your life?" Deb asked referring to Gus.

"Why Deb, such compliments are going to swell my head." Brian said smiling at Debbie.

"Oh you...you don't need anyone telling you you're beautiful. I believe you already know that. So, what are you boys up to today?"

"Me, Daddy and Jussin are going to the movies and then we are going to eat lots and lots of pizza, right Daddy."

"Right Sonny Boy."

"Boys, that sounds like fun. Justin, why don't you take off now. I can cover the rest of your shift."

"Deb, are you sure."

"Yeah, get out of here."

"Brian, I just have to grab my stuff from the back and I'll be right out."

"Okay," Brian said doing his best not look in Justin's direction. He focused his attention on Gus.

Justin walked to the back, he was more apprehensive now about being alone with Brian than he was before. Brian was being very distant with him and, as much as he hated it, Justin understood. He had walked out on him with no real explanation and no contact until now. Justin took a deep breath and walked back into the dining area.

"I'm all set." Justin announced unnecessarily.

Brian stood as soon as he saw Justin emerge from the back. "Let's go." Brian said as he helped Gus on to his feet. The little boy held his father's hand as he walked out the diner. "Bye Debbie." Brian said as he was leaving.

"Bye guys, see you tomorrow." Debbie yelled before turning her attention back to her work.

Justin walked behind father and son. When they reached the jeep, Brian helped Gus into the backseat while Justin walked around to the passenger side. He got in and waited for Brian to finish strapping Gus in. When Brian climbed in, Gus began to chatter non-stop. Justin sat sideways in his seat so that he could look at Gus as he spoke but this also made it easy for Justin to watch Brian's profile as he drove.

Gus told Justin stories about what happened in daycare during the past week. Then, he talked about the presents he hoped to get for his birthday. Brian remained silent during the ride to the movie theater. When Brian pulled into the parking lot, Justin got a strong feeling that the older man really didn't want him there. Justin didn't want Gus to feel the tension so he continued to talk. "So Gus, what movie are we seeing?"

"Harry Podder, right Daddy?"

"Right."

"Brian, this is the release weekend; it's going to be sold out."

"Give me some credit Justin, I brought the tickets on line yesterday" Brian sniped.

"Oh."

The three walked in to the theatre. Gus grabbed his father's hand and led him straight to the concession stand.

"Daddy, I want popcorn and a blue soda and an ice cream and those right there."

"Gus, you don't want to eat too much. Remember, we're having pizza after the movie. Let's just have a drink and the popcorn. Okay."

"But Daddy..."

"Gus..."

"Okay. Justin, we can share my popcorn."

"That sounds great."

Brian ordered a large popcorn and a blue slush for Gus. He also bought two bottled waters and a pack of Twizzlers. Justin smiled sadly when he heard Brian ordering what Justin usually got when they came to the movies previously. Brian carried the snacks while Justin grabbed a booster seat for Gus. Inside the theatre, they found three seats in the middle of the theater. Gus sat between the two adults and held the popcorn. Brian silently handed Justin his Twizzlers and took his seat next to Gus.

"Thank you, Brian."

"It's just candy."

"Thanks anyway."

Neither Brian nor Justin focused much on the film. Gus was excited about all the special effects. As the film went on, Justin tried his best to focus. As he reached over to get some popcorn from Gus, he felt a jolt through his body as his fingers connected with Brian's. Justin snatched his hand back as if he was burned. This was the first time he'd touched Brian since Saturday. Justin mentally kicked himself for his reaction-he reached back over hoping Brian would reach in again.

Brian was surprised by how such a small connection could cause his body to heat up and his imagination to run wild. It was a moment of pure torture but he wanted to touch Justin again. So, Brian reached his hand in to the popcorn bag once more. When Justin reached into the bag again, he brushed his fingers against Brian's. This time he let his hand linger a little longer. He peered over Gus to look at Brian but the older man was staring straight ahead at the screen, appearing oblivious to what was going on. With the limited lighting, Justin could not make out his expression. By the end of the movie, the entire bag of popcorn had been eaten. This was a first because Brian normally didn't eat popcorn.

After the movie, they headed back to the jeep and drove to a small Italian restaurant that made the best pizza ever. The restaurant was very intimate with a nice atmosphere. Gus wanted cheese and Brian and Justin wanted something more gourmet. They ordered a small cheese pizza for Gus and a white sauce and chicken for themselves.

Justin was surprised when Gus started on his third slice of pizza. "Whoa Gus, you're hungry today. I'm surprised you can eat so much after that huge bag of popcorn."

"I only had a little. You and Daddy ate it all, and Daddy don't eat popcorn."

"I eat popcorn, Gus."

"You ate a whole lot of popcorn, Daddy." Gus said in between bites.

Justin felt a little encouraged. Maybe Brian did feel what he felt, maybe it wasn't too late. Justin decided to make small talk to at least get Brian to look at him.

"So Brian how's Vanguard?"

"It's good."

"Did you get that account you were working on last week?"

"Yep."

"Did they like all of your ideas?"

"Of course."

Justin sighed inwardly and turned his small talk toward Gus. The remainder of dinner was eaten as they listened to Gus chatting about the movie and all the presents he hoped to get for his birthday. Justin was very disappointed with how the day unfolded. He was happy that Gus enjoyed himself, but he missed his easiness around Brian, the friendly banter that they enjoyed. He hated having to sneak a touch in a bag of popcorn. Brian had the left over pizza boxed up to take with them. They were in the jeep when he noticed they were headed towards the loft. Justin had assumed that Brian was taking him home.

"Brian, aren't you dropping me off?"

"I thought you wanted to spend time with Gus. I can take you home."

"No Daddy, Jussin has to come to the sleep over."

"Sleep over? Gus, I can't sleep over."

"Why not?" Gus asked very loudly.

"I um .. I don't have my PJ's or my toothbrush."

"Daddy has PJ's and you can use my toothbrush."

Justin leaned closer to Brian. "Brian, help me out."

Brian almost lost control of the car from the feel of Justin's warm breath on his cheek. "You're on your own. I'm not breaking his heart the day before his birthday." Brian said in a hushed whisper for only Justin to hear.

"Sure Gus," Justin said turning back to look at the wide eyes waiting for his answer. "I guess we're having a sleep over."

"Yay! When we get back to Daddy's we can color, okay."

"Okay."

When they arrived back at the loft, it was well after Gus' bedtime. Brian had him wash up and put on his pajamas before he and Justin sat down to draw. Gus didn't make it through one picture before he was fast asleep. Brian was sitting at his desk pretending to work, but the whole time he was watching Justin. He was sitting on the floor with his back to Brian.

Justin chuckled at the comical sight Gus made. He fell asleep with his crayon still in his hand leaning against the sofa. Justin lifted Gus up and carried him to Brian's bedroom. He didn't realize that Brian had followed him until he reached around Justin to pull back the bed covers for him. Justin placed Gus on the bed and kissed his forehead before wishing him a good night. He quickly moved out the way so that Brian could do the same.

Justin loved to watch Brian with his son. The picture they made together was simply beautiful and Justin had a sketchpad full of them. He suddenly felt sad, he excused himself from the room "I need some water," he said over his shoulder as he walked out of the bedroom into the kitchen. When he reached the kitchen, he opened the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of water. He barely took a sip when Brian walked in, took the bottle of water from Justin and took a huge swallow before handing it back. Justin took another small sip.

"I guess I should be going. Could you call me a cab?"

Brian looked at him with cold eyes. "Can't get away fast enough can you?"

"I figured since Gus was asleep there was no reason for me to stay here, now is there?" Justin sat the water bottle on the counter and was about to walk past Brian when he stopped him.

"I can think of one."

Brian stepped in front of Justin and cupped his hand to the back of his head. He held Justin's head still as he captured his mouth in a rough passionless kiss. Justin didn't care that Brian was being rough-he just wanted to feel him. Justin returned Brian's kiss and he reached his hands up and locked Brian to him. When they finally broke apart for air, they looked at each other. Neither one said a word, but both knew what the other wanted. Justin dropped down on

his knees on the kitchen floor and undid Brian's pants. He released his straining erection and covered it with his mouth. Brian sucked in his breath when he felt Justin's soft tongue slide over the tip of his cock.

He'd had numerous blowjobs in the days since Justin left him, but not one could compare to this. Just the thought of having Justin's tongue caress him and his teeth dragging gently across his cock was too much for Brian. He felt he ready to explode, but he wanted to come inside of Justin. Brian stopped Justin's bobbing head and pulled him to his feet. He captured his mouth again, plunging his tongue deep inside. The kiss held passion and emotion. As he kissed Justin, Brian's hands undressed him.

Justin soon stood naked in front of Brian in the middle of his kitchen. Brian bent him over the counter and he kissed him all over. Brian reached around and grabbed hold of Justin's erection. Justin was leaking pre-cum and Brian used it to lubricate his hand as he jerked him off.

"Brian...I need you to fuck me... I need you inside me," Justin pleaded.

Brian leaned forward until his mouth was next to Justin ear. "Don't move." He said as leaned Justin further over the counter. Brian removed his hand from Justin's penis and left the kitchen heading for the bedroom. Justin suddenly felt cold at the loss of Brian's body heat. He looked towards the bedroom in confusion, but he did as Brian instructed. Brian returned quickly with condoms and lube. He placed the supplies on the counter and quickly stripped off his clothes. Brian pressed his naked body up against Justin's backside.

It was as he sensed, Justin was cold and he wanted to warm him back up. He sucked and kissed Justin on his neck and shoulder hitting all the sensitive areas. Brian tore open the condom and rolled it on himself. He lubed himself well and then he used two well-lubed fingers to make Justin ready for his entry. Brian slowly entered Justin-it had been so long and he wanted to savor the feeling.

Justin was so tight, Brian couldn't believe how good it felt to be with him like this again. He didn't want it to end quickly, but some things he just couldn't control. This was one of those things. He and Justin came within seconds of each other. Brian did his best to control his moans as he came. He tried to be mindful of Gus sleeping in the other room. Justin plopped his head down on the counter and covered it with his arms in an attempt to muffle his loud groans of pleasure. Brian lay on top of Justin for a few moments before pulling out. He leaned against the opposite counter and slowly slid to the floor-all of his energy was spent. Justin turned around soon followed suit. They sat on the floor naked ,neither one speaking. Justin's mind was working overtime. He didn't know how tell Brian what he needed to say. Brian, the magician of words, didn't know what to say either. All he knew was that a little taste of Justin wasn't enough, but he would be damned if he begged him to stay. Brian stood up abruptly and threw away the condom. He pulled on his pants. "I'll call you that cab," he said as he walked out of the kitchen towards the living room.

Justin was dumbfounded for a moment. He reached for his clothes and began to dress without answering Brian. Justin thought to himself how wrong Daphne was. Brian may have missed fucking him, but he obviously didn't want anything more from him. Once Justin was dressed, he walked over towards the door.

"You have a few minutes, you can wait up here."

"No I'll wait downstairs, don't want to be in your way."

"Suit yourself."

Justin slid open the door, he turned to see Brian watching him as he leave. "Tell Gus I'll see him tomorrow."

Brian walked towards the door as Justin was passing through it. He watched as Justin walked down the stairs.

"You were never in my way." He said softly, too softly for anyone to hear but himself. He slid the door closed and walked into the kitchen. He stood in the spot where he and Justin had just had sex and tidied up the kitchen before heading to the bedroom. Then Brian climbed into bed next to his sleeping son. He lay on top of the covers watching Gus sleep. Gus' easy breathing and the scent of Justin that still clung to Brian's skin helped to lull him to sleep.

Justin's wait for the cab was short. When it pulled up, he didn't want to get in. He sent the driver on and decided to walk home. He needed the night air to clear his head, and the thought of crying in the back of a cab was not very appealing. He arrived home an hour after leaving Brian's. He took his time and thought over everything that happened to get him to this point. He came to the conclusion that tonight was not the night to tell Brian everything, but he would tell him, and soon.

There was no possible way he could feel any more pain than what he was feeling now. Justin knew he'd hurt Brian, almost as badly as he hurt himself. He needed to make things right and if Brian rejected him after he told him the truth, at least then he would know to move on. Justin went into his bedroom and pulled out the painting he showed Brian the first time he came to his apartment. Brian loved this painting and, up until last Saturday, so did Justin. It represented a new beginning for Justin, with the end of his seizures-that had changed. Justin found the left over paper he'd bought for Gus' gift. He wrapped the painting in the plain brown paper and wrote on it \*For Brian\*

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The morning of Gus Marcus Peterson's birthday party Justin was awakened by a ringing in his head. It took him a moment to realize that it was his doorbell. Justin rubbed his eyes and glanced at the clock it read 11:37. He got up and padded barefoot to the front door. He barely had the door open when his arms were full of exuberant 2 year olds.

"Hey guys." Justin said surprised and happy all at the same time. He struggled to maintain his balance as he held on to his two favorite girls.

"How are my best girls?"

"Good." They both answered in unison.

"You two are getting big. Boy, have I missed you."

The girls only smiled at Justin as they held on tight to their favorite \*uncle\*.

Justin carefully walked down the stairs into the apartment to allow Daphne and Jonathan to enter.

"Justin, how are?"

"I'm good, Jonathan-glad you could make it. I would shake your hand, but they're currently full at the moment.

"That's quite alright." Jonathan said with a chuckle. He was amazed by how much the females in his life loved Justin.

Daphne looked at Justin and she could see he wasn't as \*good\* as he said he was. His face was smiling, but his eyes were sad. And it was obvious he fell asleep in his clothes the night before, he was a wrinkled mess. She wanted to know how things went with Brian yesterday, but she knew she couldn't ask him in front of the kids and Jonathan.

"Honey, why don't you get the bags out of the car?" She said to her husband. "Girls, go help daddy."

"Kay Momma" Justine answered for the both of them. Justin lowered Taylor and Justine to their feet. They followed their father outside.

"That was tactful."

"Well, I wanted to talk to you. From your appearance, things didn't go well with Brian. You were supposed to do 3 things for me when I left last week. I only know of one being done. The light is definitely not back in your eyes at all, so I'm assuming you didn't talk to him."



“No, I didn’t. Things didn’t go as planned- he fucked me and then threw me out.”

“What!” Daphne said, shocked by Justin words. “He did that?”

“Well, not exactly. He did fuck me-then he called me a cab. This was all after he pretty much ignored my presence. But Daphne, before you get upset with him, I understand his behavior. He has every right to treat me this way after how I just walked out on him.”

“No, no, no, Justin, he does not. That asshole!” Daphne was fuming until she noticed Justin was not as upset about this as she was. “Why are you taking this so well?”

“Because, like I said, I understand. I have to tell him the truth and if he still wants me afterwards I will never lie to him again.” Justin sounded matter fact in his statement.

“Wow, this is a far different Justin from the one I found here last weekend.” Daphne said as she walked over and gave Justin a big hug. “So, when do you plan to tell him?”

“Soon...probably not today. I don’t want to upset Gus’ birthday party.”

“Understandable,” Daphne said moving to sit on the sofa and pulling Justin behind her. She knew this was hard for Justin, so she decided to change the subject for awhile. “What did you get Gus for his birthday?”

Justin smiled at his friend, she was never a tactful person, but he loved her for trying. “Well his real present is a portrait I painted of him from a sketch I did of our visit to the zoo. However, I don’t think he would care too much for that at this time, so I bought him a remote control dump truck. Besides, the painting needs to be framed.”

“I brought him two gifts one from Justine and one from Taylor. I had Jonathan pick it out. I had no idea what to buy a little boy, I was looking at Ken dolls and Jonathan flipped. He was like ‘You can’t buy a boy THAT. That’s for girls.’ I said ‘Justin played with my Ken dolls all the time when we were kids.’ He shook his head and walked away and came back with these transformer robot thingy’s- ‘This is what little boys play with.’ He says to me, I just said fine wrap them up.”

“Daph, I don’t think you took one breathe through that whole story.”

“I didn’t... oh, whatever.” They both laughed.

Justin was filling Daphne in on how cool the truck was that he bought for Gus when his house phone rang. He got up to go answer it in the bedroom.

“Hello.”

“Justin. Hi, I’m so glad you’re home.”

“Lindsay, hello... what’s up.”

“I was wondering if you would mind terribly coming over early to help Mel and I set up. We need a pair of extra hands and Brian can’t come ‘cause he is keeping Gus occupied.

“Sure Lindsay I can come early, around what time?”

“About an hour or so if possible...please.”

“How about I come by in an hour, with four more extra hands?”

“That would wonderful. To whom do these hands belong.”

“My friend Daphne and her husband are here with their 2 year old twin daughters. I intended to let you know earlier that I invited them to the party, but it slipped my mind.”

“Not a problem, the more the merrier, and I’m happy for the help. Just come as soon as you can.

And, thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome.” Justin hung up and went back into the living room. Jonathan was back and he was sitting on the sofa with Daphne as the twins played on the floor.

“Hey guys, how tired are you?”

“Why, what’s up?”

“Lindsay needs help setting everything up for the party and I kind of volunteered you guys to come with me.” Justin said rather sheepishly.

“I don’t mind helping.” Daphne answered before turning to her husband “What about you sweetie?”

“I don’t mind, I just need to take a shower first and change clothes.”

“Yeah, me too” Daphne agreed.

“So do I?” Justin said looking down at himself. “I’ll tell you what I’ll go upstairs and see if Emmett is home. I’ll shower and dress up there and you guys can get ready down here.”

Justin walked to the door that led up to Emmett’s apartment. He walked up stairs and knocked on the door. Justin waited a few moments before he heard someone coming to the door. Emmett opened the door dressed in workout clothes.

“Hey baby.” He said as he pulled Justin in for a hug. “Come on in...how are you? I feel like I just don’t see you anymore.”

“Yeah I know Em, guess who’s here.”

“Visitors. Who who?” Emmett asked already excited before Justin even said a name.

## Part 12

“Daphne is here with the twins and Jonathan. They came for Gus’ party.”

“Oh,” Emmett said clapping his hands together in delight. “The babies are here, I have to go see.” Emmett moved past Justin and bounded down the stairs. He entered Justin’s apartment and gave Daphne a huge hug before picking up the twins one by one and giving each a hug and a kiss.

Jonathan was already in the bathroom about to get in the shower when Emmett, on Daphne insistence, opened the bathroom door. Jonathan stood naked in the middle of the bathroom looking at Emmett in shock.

“Hey Jonathan...my, my, my, I see why Daphne married you.” Emmett said admiring Jonathan’s beautiful body.

“Uh ...hello Emmett...” Jonathan said as he tried to cover himself with a towel “How are you?”

“Very good... although I suddenly have a craving for chocolate.” Emmett said with a very mischievous grin.

“Oh...okay, well you go take care of that. If you’ll excuse me I was about to take a shower.” Jonathan said still trying to cover himself.

“Oh...I can’t watch?” Emmett asked innocently.

“No, you can’t watch!”

“Fine...I’ll go. But Daphne said I could watch.”

As Emmett was leaving Jonathan yelled after him, “Emmett tell my wife I want a divorce.” When Justin and Daphne heard the door slamming shut behind Emmett they both burst out laughing.

“Your husband wants a divorce” Emmett said as he approached them.

“I figured as much,” Daphne said in between giggles. “I guess I should go make up. Emmett could you watch the girls while I go appease my husband?”

“I sure will, have fun in there.” Daphne headed for the bathroom to join Jonathan. Emmett took a seat on the sofa. The twins sat quietly watching the adults.

Emmett looked at Justin in his wrinkled clothes. “Honey, you look like hell. Did Brian keep you up all night?”

“Something like that.” Justin answered not looking directly at Emmett. “Em, could I use your shower? Lindsay wanted a hand with setting things up for the party and it would save some time if I could shower upstairs instead of waiting on those two.”

“Oh sure, go right ahead I’ll have fun with little Justine and Taylor. I’ll probably jump in after you. Ben talked me into filling in for Brian as his racquet ball partner.”

“Well that explains the outfit” Justin said.

“It was actually a lot of fun. Of course, I couldn’t play very well, but I enjoyed watching Ben’s little tushy chasing after the ball. I may even talk Brian into giving up a few Saturdays to me. It would work in your favor too, sweetie. This way you two can lounge in bed together longer on the weekends.”

“Yeah that sounds great Em...I’m going to go take a shower now.”

Justin went in his bedroom to get a change of clothes and headed upstairs for his shower. He groomed using Emmett’s products, which he had an abundance of, and headed back downstairs. Daphne and Jonathan were also dressed and ready. Emmett was sitting on the sofa talking to Jonathan while Daphne finished getting the kids ready.

Daphne put their bags away in Justin’s bedroom. When she entered, she noticed a box sitting on the floor at the foot of the bed. The wrapping paper caught her eye. She knew Justin had to have decorated this himself;-she had never seen anything this beautiful in the stores. Daphne placed the box back on the floor when she noticed a flat package lying on the bed. It was wrapped in the same brown paper, but it wasn’t decorated. The only thing on it was the name \*Brian\*. Daphne was instantly curious. She made a note to ask Justin about it when he came back downstairs.

“Justin I took the gifts out for Gus and placed our bags in your room.”

“Okay,” Justin said as he walked back into his bedroom to place his dirty clothes in the hamper. He didn’t notice Daphne had followed him until he turned around and bumped into her.

“Shit, you scared the fuck out of me.”

“Sorry, I just wanted to ask you something.”

“Okay, what?”

She picked up the flat package that was lying on the bed and held it up to Justin.

“What this?”

“That’s nothing,” Justin said reaching out to take the package from her.

“It’s something-it has Brian’s name on it.”

“It’s just a painting. I was planning on giving it to Brian.”

“Really, which one is it?”

“You wouldn’t know it. I painted it a while ago and no one has seen it before...except Brian. I was thinking about giving it to him, now I’m not sure.”

“No give it to him...I say give it to him right now.”

“Daphne, get serious.”

“I am serious-you obviously want him to have it so take it to him.”

“No, not today, maybe later. I don’t want to give it to him at the party.”

“We’ll drop it off before the party. We can do it on our way to help set up.”

“You’re not going to let me not do this are you?”

“Nope.”

“Fine, we’ll drop it off on our way to Lindsay’s.”

Daphne and Justin joined the others in the living room. “Okay guys, are you ready?” Daphne asked. “We have to make a pit stop on our way there.”

“Oh, well let me head upstairs.” Emmett made his way to the door. “I really do need to shower. Well, I will see you kiddies later.”

Emmett disappeared up stairs and Jonathan and Daphne gathered up the twins and their baby bags, while Justin carried Gus’ birthday presents out to the van. The twins were strapped into the second row of the caravan and Jonathan climbed into the driver’s seat. Daphne offered Justin the passenger seat and she said she would sit in the third row seat behind the girls. Justin declined-he chose to sit in the back seat so that he could play with the babies. Also, he was apprehensive about going to Brian’s and he wanted the little bit of solitude to collect himself.

Once every one was in the car, Justin sat back and held the package for Brian in his lap. His mind was racing about what he would say when handing him the package. His thoughts were interrupted by the sometimes undecipherable chatter of the twins. Justin leaned forward to see what they were saying.

“Wussin we go poty” Taylor said?

“Yes Taylor, you, me Justine and Mommy and Daddy are going to a party.”

Both girls squealed with delight. Justin continued to try and decipher the girls chatter when they pulled up in front of Brian’s loft. Justin looked out the window and he realized he never gave Jonathan directions, so how did he know where to go?

“Jonathan, how did you know how to get here?” Justin asked slightly confused.

“Daphne directed me.”

Justin turned his attention towards Daphne who suddenly became interested in the cars passing by on the street. “Daphne, is there something I should know?”

Daphne looked at her friend. She gave him a sheepish grin “We’ll talk about it later. Right now you have a delivery to make.” With that she leaned over to the driver’s side and pressed the button for the side door to automatically slide open to allow Justin to get out.

Justin shook his head at Daphne and climbed out of the caravan. He stepped onto the sidewalk and looked around for Brian’s jeep. He didn’t see it anywhere. He sighed in relief-now could he get the package in the house and Brian would see it when he got home.

Justin walked up to the door and punched in the code to get into the building. As soon as the door closed behind him Brian’s jeep pulled up to the curb and stopped right in front of the caravan. Daphne ducked her head down when she saw it. She pretended she dropped her earring. Brian walked past the caravan and let himself and Gus into the building.

Justin entered the loft with his key. He stopped short when he saw the mess that was in the kitchen. It appeared as though Brian tried to make pancakes for Gus, but he failed miserably. Justin was musing over the sight Brian must have made trying to make Gus his favorite breakfast that he didn’t hear when Brian entered the loft behind him.

“What are you doing here?”

“Jussin!”

Gus and Brian spoke at the same time.

Justin looked at Brian and held up the package, before placing it on the counter. “I was dropping this off.”

“Is that my pwesent?” Gus said all excited.

“Oh... no champ. This is actually for your Daddy. Your present you’ll get later. But get over here so I can give you a great big birthday hug.”

Gus ran over and Justin scooped him up in his arms and hugged him tight. “Happy Birthday!”

Gus hugged Justin back. When he loosed his hold, he leaned back and looked at Justin. “Why do Daddy get pwesents on my birthday?”

“Well it isn’t really a present Gus-it’s just something I wanted your Daddy to have.”

Justin lowered Gus to his feet. He ran over and grabbed his Daddy by the hand and led him over to the counter.

“Daddy open your pwesent.”

“Gus, Daddy can open it later.”

“No he has to open it now so he can say thank you, right Daddy.” Gus looked up at his father “You said I have to open my gifts and say thank you.”

“Okay Gus, I’ll open it.” Brian looked at Justin, his face unreadable. He picked up the package and tore off the simple wrapping paper. He flipped the painting over and he recognized it immediately. He shot a questioning look towards Justin.

“Brian, I can’t get into it right now. Can we talk later?”

Brian looked back at the painting then at Justin “Yeah, we can talk later.”

“Okay” Justin said softly “I have to go. I have people waiting for me downstairs.”

Justin picked Gus up to hug him one more time, before heading for the door. “Bye Gus.”

“Bye Jussin.”

“Good bye Brian.”

Brian was quiet for a moment before answering “Later, Justin.”

Justin turned his head to hide the grin that was spreading across his face. He walked toward the front door, his grin grew wider when he heard Gus voice as he went down the stairs.

“Daddy, when are we gonna get to my Birthday?”

“Soon Sonny Boy soon.”

Daphne knew right away from the look on Justin’s face that things went well.

“We’ll talk later.” He said before she could ask any questions as he climbed back into the caravan.

They arrived at Lindsay’s and Mel’s quickly. After a brief introduction and gushing over the twins, the adults were put to work. Jonathan set up the collapsible play pen under a tree and then placed the twins in it with their toys. They transformed the girl’s back yard to the perfect 5 year old party. The animals arrived from the petting zoo. They supplied llamas, goats, potbellied pigs, Flemish giant rabbits, sheep and other small critters. Also a face painter and a magician arrived. Justin, Daphne and Jonathan were in awe of how extravagant the party was turning out to be.

“Wow, you guys are going all out for this” Justin said.

“It’s not us” Mel said “It’s Brian, he says Gus is at an age where he will be remembering things better so he wants his fifth birthday memory to be a good one.”

Justin smiled. “He really loves Gus” He said to Mel.

“I know, it’s his one good trait.” Mel said as she walked away to hang more balloons.

“I get the feeling she doesn’t care for Brian much.” Daphne asked when Mel was out of ear shot.

“I think they have a love-hate relationship.” They hate for the other to know how much they really do care about one another.”

“Oh, if you say so.” Daphne was about to walk away when Justin stopped her.

“Hey don’t think I’ve forgotten about you knowing where Brian lives. We’re going to discuss why and how later.”

“Whatever. It’s a moot point he didn’t follow my advice anyway.”

“What advice?”

“I went by his loft last Sunday. I told him to fight for you. He obviously didn’t listen.”

Justin thought for a moment “Maybe he did. I told you he was outside the diner when I got off Monday night. And he called for me to be with him and Gus yesterday. He didn’t have to do that-he could have told Gus no if he didn’t want to see me.”

“Well, I’m just glad we went by there today. You looked much happier when you came back to the van.”

Justin broke out into a big grin. “He said later Daphne...he said later. “

Daphne returned Justin’s grin as she shook her head at him. “You are so in love, I don’t know how you were able to walk away from him in the first place.”

“It was the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do. But at the time, I thought it was easier than telling him the truth.” Justin took in a deep breath and his grin faltered as he thought about the talk he needed to have with Brian. “I’m so scared Daphne, what if he rejects me?”

“Stop thinking like that.” Daphne wrapped her arms around Justin’s waist. “You’re one of the sweetest, most beautiful people I know. He would be a fool not to want you. And besides you have one of the hottest asses I have ever seen. Just wiggle that in his face a few times and he’ll be all your.”

“Hey.” Both Justin and Daphne turned to the sound of Jonathan’s voice. “What about my ass? You said I have the hottest ass you’ve ever seen.” Jonathan stood with his arms crossed pouting at them.

“Oh honey, you have the hottest hetero ass, Justin has the hottest homo ass.”

Jonathan thought it over for a second. “Okay that’s better.”

Justin and Daphne laughed as Jonathan went back to hanging decorations. “You are such a nut” Justin said as he kissed on the forehead.

A couple of hours later, the group were putting the finishing touches on the decorations when the guests began to arrive. The tent where the animals where was set up was in the far corner of the yard. Two zoo-keepers were in charge to assist the children with the animals. The magician’s table and the face painting area were set up in the front part of the yard. Justin was talking to Lindsay about last minute details and Gus’ arrival when Mel came over holding the cordless phone.

“Lindsay, the caricaturists isn’t coming.”

“What, why not.”

“She said her car broke down and she can’t make it.”

“Damnit, we have everything set up for her. Oh well, it would have been nice to have the pictures for the kids.”

“Oh, is that what the setup is over by the petting zoo?”

“Yeah, Brian thought it would be cool to have caricatures done of the kids with the animals.”

“He thought of everything, didn’t he?”

“Yeah well...we have a ton of disposable cameras around so people will just have to settle for photographs.” Mel said as she went to put the phone down and continue to greet the arriving guests.”

“Lindsay, I can do it” Justin offered. “I mean, I’m not that great with caricatures, but I can sketch rather quickly.”

“Justin no, you wouldn’t be able to enjoy the party if you are working it.”

“Lindsay, it would be fun and great practice for me,” Justin insisted.

“If you insist.” Lindsay conceded “What will you need?”

“A few large sketch pads and some pencils.”

“I have everything in the studio. I’ll go get them.”

Lindsay returned with everything Justin needed. Soon the backyard was full of adults and children when Mel came running into the yard excited.

“Brian just called, they’re around the corner. He’s going to bring Gus through the house and out the back door. Everyone get ready to scream surprise.”

Mel and Lindsay stood in front of the crowd. Justin stood behind them with Daphne and Jonathan as they held their daughters.

Brian parked in front of the house Lindsay and Mel made sure no one took the spot. They walked into the house. Gus was disappointed when he saw it was empty.

“Where’s Mommy and Momma?” He asked.

“I’m not sure...hmm... why don’t we check the back yard.”

Gus shrugged his tiny shoulders. “Kay.” He said as he followed his Daddy to the back door located in the kitchen.

Brian opened the door and allowed Gus to walk out in front of him. As soon as Gus stepped out in the backyard everyone screamed “Surprise!!!”

Gus squealed and turned to hug his Daddy’s legs in fright. Brian laughed as he bent down to pick up his son.

“Gus” he said soothingly “Surprise Sonny boy, we are at your birthday.”

Gus turned around and looked at the crowd. He saw his Mommies and his Jussin, his friends from school and the neighborhood standing there smiling at him. “Daddy we at my birthday?” He asked excitedly.

“Yes we’re at your birthday.” Brian said smiling down at his son.

Gus squirmed to be put on his feet. As soon as Brian put him down, he ran over to the outstretched arms of his mommies. “Happy Birthday, baby!” Mel and Lindsay said as they gave their son birthday kisses and great big hugs.

Gus made his rounds giving various people hugs and kisses. He recognized Daphne from last week and even gave her a hug, and he was very happy to meet Justine and Taylor. Brian stood back and watched as his son worked the \*room\*. He felt good to be able to make Gus so happy. He wanted his son to have happy memories from his childhood. Every party Brian remembered his parents giving him as a child, and that were very few, ended with someone in tears. He thought back to the last time they all went out for a birthday \*celebration\*, the night his sister left him for good.

Brian shook his head trying not to focus on the bad memories. This was a happy occasion. He lifted his head to search out Gus again and he instantly made eye contact with a pair of deep blue eyes. Justin’s eyes were on Brian as soon as he entered the yard. He smiled when Gus was frightened and Brian lifted him up. He watched him as Brian looked lovingly at his son as he charmed the party goers making his rounds. Justin noticed when Brian’s smile



faltered and looked sad. He wondered what Brian was thinking about that would put that look on his face. He wanted to go to him, but he knew that would be a mistake.

Justin watched as Brian lifted his head trying to shake away whatever bad thoughts he was having. Justin locked eyes with Brian and saw the sadness in them before Brian masked it and shot Justin a tiny smile. Justin smiled back. He was about to walk towards Brian when Michael and Debbie came up behind Brian from the kitchen exit. Michael's arms were full of gifts.

"Hi honey, did we miss the surprise?" Debbie said as she gave Brian a kiss on the cheek.

Brian looked towards the direction where Justin was standing and saw he was gone before answering Deb.

"Yeah, you guys are late. Gus is out there somewhere playing the host."

"Ah, I just love that little fellow. You and the girls are doing a great job with him" Deb said.

"Why thanks mom, that means a lot coming from you." Brian said as he kissed Deb on the cheek this time

"Um if you two are done playing happy family, can you let me by, these gifts are heavy." Michael was still standing behind Brian and Deb who were blocking the doorway.

"Sheesh this kid...always whining about something." Deb said to Brian in a mock whisper.

"He can't help it Deb, but we tolerate him anyway."

"Hey, comedy duo, I could use some help here, not insults."

"Okay Mikey." Brian stepped aside and took a couple of boxes from Michael and walked with him over to the gift table.

Pretty soon Emmett, Ben, Ted and Vic had arrived and the party was in full swing. The kids were having a blast. Justin was sitting by the petting zoo sketching pictures for whoever wanted one, which was pretty much everyone. He had never sketched so much and so quickly in his life. Most of the pictures didn't turn out half bad. But unfortunately Lindsay was right-he was not able to enjoy the party at all. Every once in a while, Daphne would come over to check on him and bring him food or something to drink. The sun was really hot, even though he was sitting in the shade-it was still rather humid out.

"Hey Justin, why don't you take a break? I'm sure Lindsay and Mel would understand."

"I will...soon... I promise."

"Are you okay, you're sweating like crazy." Daphne used a napkin she was holding to wipe the sweat from Justin's forehead.

"It's hot out here."

"Not that hot, I'm not sweating."

"Girls don't sweat. Now can you go-you're distracting me."

"Fine, fine, I'll go."

"Hey, bring me back a bottle of water." Justin yelled to Daphne's retreating back.

Justin went back to his sketching. He was interrupted again by a bottle of water dangling in front of him. He was further distracted when he noticed the person holding the bottle of water.

"I hope the girls are paying you." Brian said, as he opened the water and handed it to Justin.

"I won't take money-I volunteered." Justin took a huge swallow of water.

Brian sat down beside him. "Well as a volunteer, you can call it quits. You're looking a little flushed."

"I'm really hot."

"Yeah you are." Brian said quietly before standing up again. "Take a break soon," he said before disappearing back into the crowd.

Justin watched him walk away until he couldn't see him anymore.

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Justin didn't take a break until everyone gathered around to watch Gus blow out his candles and open his gifts. Mel, Lindsay and Brian stood up front with Gus to help him open his gifts. Gus loved everything he received and was sure to thank each person as he opened their gift. He thought the dump truck Justin bought him was the coolest thing ever. Brian was puzzled, he knew Justin was working on something in Lindsay's studio for Gus.

Gus was opening the last of his gifts. Mel noticed he hadn't opened one from his father yet.

"Brian your gift seems to be missing." Mel said leaning over Lindsay.

"Mel, he practically paid for this entire party, that was gift enough in itself."

"No" Brian interjected. "The party was just the party-his gift should be here any minute."

"What is it, a male stripper?" Mel said sarcastically.

"Of course not, I'm saving that for his 10th birthday party when he can really appreciate it. No, I bought him a car."

"What!!" Mel and Lindsay exclaimed in hush whispers.

"A hummer to be exact."

Just as Brian was speaking, a delivery truck pulled up outside the back gate. Two not so attractive delivery men got out and walked around to the back of the truck. Brian left the yard and went to greet them. They unloaded a toy Hummer that was big enough for Gus to sit in and drive it around. It even had a passenger seat. Brian instructed the delivery men to carry the \*car\* through the backyard and place it in front of the birthday boy. Gus was so excited. This was definitely a birthday he would never forget. Gus took turns driving his little guests around in his new \*car\*.

The party continued on for a few more hours. The petting zoo began packing up about an hour after the gifts were opened. Justin was grateful when the sun began to go down-now he was off \*artist duty\* and able to enjoy the rest of the party. The twins were all partied out, and Mel showed Daphne to Gus' room where she could put then down for a nap. They arranged pillows around them on the bed so they wouldn't fall. Mel located Gus' old baby monitor for Daphne.

After a while, Justin felt like he needed some alone time. He was tired from the long day. He could only imagine how Daphne and Jonathan must feel since their day started even earlier. Justin searched them out, they were laughing and talking with Debbie, Emmett and Ben, just having fun. Justin noticed that Brian was deep in conversation with Michael and Vic and used this as his opportunity to slip away. He went into the house and made his way up to Lindsay's studio in the attic.

Brian immediately noticed when Justin disappeared into the house. He waited a few minutes for him to come back before he excused himself from his conversation with Michael and Vic to follow Justin inside. Justin was looking over the picture he made for Gus as well as some of his other unfinished projects including a few pictures of Brian. He heard the attic door open at the bottom of the stairs. He put down the canvas he was looking at and walked over to the top of the stairs to see who was coming up.

“Brian.”

“I figured you would be up here.” Brian said as he made his way up the stairs.

“I just needed to get away for a second-it was really hot out there.” Justin watched as Brian climbed the stairs.

“It wasn’t that bad.” Brian reached the top step and was looking down at Justin in front of him. “I was surprised by the gift you gave Gus. I mean it was nice, but I thought you painted him something.”

“I did, I never got it framed so I wanted to give him something else and give him the painting later.”

Justin had tiny beads of sweat forming on his brow, Brian wanted to reach out smooth them away. Instead, he walked past Justin further into the studio. “I would love to see this work of art.”

“Sure...it’s over here.” Justin walked over and lifted the cover from the painting of Gus that was sitting on the easel.

“It’s beautiful.” Brian said looking it over “I’m not surprised though you’re really talented.”

“Thank you.”

Brian had enough of the friendly chitchat. He turned around and faced Justin. “Now, are you going to tell me what’s been going on? Why did you really walk out on Saturday? And why did you give away a painting that means so much to you?”

“I know I owe you an explanation, but can we talk later?”

“This is later, Justin.”

Justin staggered bit. Brian noticed. “Are you okay?”

“It’s this heat-it’s really hot today.”

“Justin it’s not that hot.” Brian looked at Justin, he started to appear dazed “Hey are you okay?...Justin ...Justin look at me!...”

Justin was trying to focus on Brian’s face when his mind started to go blank. He could see Brian was saying something but he could no longer make out the words. Soon everything was going black and, again, Justin was feeling that sensation of falling, of losing control. His final coherent thought, as he blacked out, was \*Lord please not in front of Brian.\*

Brian stood in front of Justin trying not to panic. He knew something was wrong when Justin couldn’t focus on him. Everything happened so quickly. Brian moved fast when he saw Justin falling. He caught Justin and lowered him to the floor and cradled his head in his lap as his body twitched in violent convulsions on the floor.

“I’m here...Justin. I’m here. You’re going to be okay. I’m here.” Brian repeated over and over. He wasn’t sure if Justin could hear him, but he wanted him to know he was not alone.

The seizure lasted a few seconds to a minute before Justin’s body began to calm down. He lay on the floor with Brian’s arms wrapped around him trying to refocus.

“Brian.” His voice sounded cracked and small.

“Shh, I’m right here.” Brian leaned forward and pressed a kiss against Justin’s ear. “Don’t say anything, just relax. I’m right here.”

“I’m sorry...I’m so embarrassed.”

“Stop it.” Brian said softly “You have nothing to be embarrassed about... nothing to be sorry about...except lying to me. We’ll talk about that later. Now shut the fuck up and relax for a minute.”

Justin mustered up all his strength to turn his body over so that he was now facing Brian. He scooted his body closer so that his face was now buried against Brian’s stomach. He wrapped his arms around Brian’s waist, but his grip was slack. Brian stroked his hair as they sat in the middle of the attic floor.

Brian felt Justin’s shoulder began to shake softly and he knew Justin was crying. He didn’t comment on it. His knowledge of epilepsy was not vast. After witnessing a seizure for the first time, he couldn’t imagine the emotional toll it would have on a person’s psyche. He only wanted to comfort Justin right now. The need to make everything better was so great, it scared Brian just as much as watching Justin go through what he just did.

The boys sat there, neither one caring about the passage of time. They were together and everything was out in the open...almost everything. They still needed to talk, but that could wait. They both were startled when they heard the attic door opening and closing.

“Justin, are you up here?” Daphne’s voice called from downstairs as she started to make her way up.

“Shit.” Brian swore under his breath.

“No, it’s okay...it’s Daph, she knows everything.” Justin tried to get up, but he was still shaky. Brian restrained him and forced him to lie back down.

“Since she knows, there is no need for you to get up.”

Daphne reached the top step but when she saw Brian and Justin on the floor, she panicked. “Justin, are you okay?” She asked as she knelt down beside them.

“No, it’s those pesky seizures. They just won’t leave me alone.” Justin shot her a wry smile.

Daphne bit her bottom lip to keep from crying.

“Daphne, don’t cry...I think I’ve done enough of that this past week for the both of us.”

Brian looked at Justin when he spoke. Daphne glanced up at the right moment to see the look on Brian’s face. Her initial assessment of Brian was correct-this man really cared about Justin. Daphne figured she should leave them alone, it looked to her like everything was under control.

“Me, cry... never. Besides you look to be in good hands to me.” She leaned close and in mock whisper directed towards Justin. “And the body isn’t half bad either.”

“Daphne!!” Justin laughed.

Brian smiled at the woman kneeling in front of them. He was happy she was able get a laugh out Justin. Justin tried to sit up again. This time Brian helped him into a sitting position, pulling him in close so that Justin was still leaning against his body.

“Daphne, I’m an awful friend. I left you all alone with a bunch of strangers.”

“Don’t worry about it. I had a great time, and so did the girls and Jonathan.” She looked toward Brian. “Your son is quite the little charmer. My girls followed him around the entire party.”

“Thanks, Justine and Taylor are very beautiful. My boy has taste. Oh by the way, I love their names how on earth did you come up with something so original.”

“Long story, lets’ just say I lost a bet.” Daphne said with a smile. “I’m going to get out of your way. Justin, I just wanted to let you know the girls are exhausted and we’re going to head back to your place. Emmett offered us the use of his spare room so that we don’t have to crowd in on you. I just wanted to see if you were all set for a ride.”

“He’s all set-I’ll drive him.” Brian answered for Justin.

Justin shifted his head up from Brian’s shoulder to look at his face. “And just where will you be driving me?” he asked.

“That’s entirely up to you.”

Justin reached down into his pants pocket and pulled out his house keys, he handed them over to Daphne. “Take these, I won’t need them tonight.”

Daphne took the keys and leaned forward to give Justin a kiss on his lips. “I love you. I’ll see you tomorrow.” She said before standing up.

“See you tomorrow, I love you too.”

Daphne headed toward the staircase but stopped and walked back toward the boys. She knelt down next to Brian. ”Take care of him” She said. She kissed Brian on the cheek then made her way back down the stairs to give them back their privacy.

“I really like her,” Brian said.

“Yeah, she’s the best.”

“I guess we should be going soon.”

“Yeah.” Justin agreed, “I’m ready.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah. It takes me few minutes to get my bearings and then everything is back to normal...until the next episode.”

Brian stood up first and then helped the younger man to his feet. On impulse Brian wrapped his arms around Justin’s waist and drew him in for a long, tight hug. Justin wrapped his arms around Brian’s neck and hugged him back.

“Hmmm...that was definitely what the doctor ordered,” Justin murmured when they broke apart.”

Brian kissed Justin softly on the lips. “Let’s get you home.”

Brian and Justin walked down from the attic and went back to the party. Most of the party goers were gone, the only ones left were the immediate \*family\*. Michael, Deb, Vic and Ted were helping Mel and Lindsay bring a bit of order back to their backyard. Gus was happily driving around in his new \*car\* as the adults worked.

Brian wanted to walk out the front door and not have to deal with anyone, but he also wanted to say goodnight to his son. He held Justin’s hand as he walked him through the kitchen door to the back yard.

"It's about time you two reappeared. We could use some help out here." Mel said as she continued stuffing trash and torn decorations into a plastic bag.

"You seem to have more than enough help. I just came to say goodnight to my son and then Justin and I are out of here." Brian let go of Justin's hand to walk over to Gus. Gus placed his car in park, and raised his arms up to his Daddy for a hug.

Brian lifted him up out of the car and gave him a huge hug. "Did you enjoy your birthday Sonny Boy?"

Gus nodded his head vigorously. "My birthday is fun. "

"You must be tired."

"No Daddy, I not tired."

Lindsay walked up behind Brian and placed her hand on his shoulder. "Oh kiddo, I think you are. You had a long and exciting day." Lindsay took Gus from Brian's arms and placed him on the ground. "Now say good night to everyone and we're heading inside for a bath."

"What about my car, Mommy?" Gus whined.

"Now I know you're tired, you're starting to whine."

"Yeah, he sounds like his uncle Mikey" Brian said with a chuckle.

"Hey that's not funny, I do not whine," Michael whined.

Brian looked at Justin and smirked and grabbed hold of his hand again. "Come on let's go." He said to Justin.

"Wait I want my good bye hug as well." Justin squatted down as Gus walked towards him. "Good night champ."

"Night Jussin. Thank you for my pwesent."

"You're welcome I'll see you later okay."

"Kay."

After Gus finished saying goodnight to everyone Lindsay took him into the house for his bath. Justin and Brian said goodbye to everyone and were heading out of the yard towards the jeep when

Michael ran up to catch them. He ignored Justin and spoke directly to Brian. "So what time are we meeting tonight?"

"Not tonight, Mikey." They reached the jeep, Justin opened the passenger door and got in as Michael followed Brian around to the driver's side.

"Brian, we had plans." Michael whined.

"Plans have changed." Brian pulled open the door and got into the jeep.

"But Brian we..."

"Michael" Brian said firmly "I will talk to you later." Brian leaned over and kissed Michael on the lips. "And Michael I'll call YOU." Brian closed the door and started the engine. Michael stood back as the jeep began to move.

Brian glanced at Justin as he sat quietly in the passenger seat before pulling off.

Brian drove for a few minutes before Justin spoke. "He hates me doesn't he?"

"Who Michael... no he doesn't hate you."

"Could have fooled me," Justin said with a snort.

"He doesn't hate you. He's just protective of me that's all. Let's not talk about him right now." Brian said as he continued to drive.

Justin sat back quietly the rest of the ride.

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Brian slid the loft door open and allowed Justin to walk in first. Justin noticed immediately that the mess from this morning was gone.

"I see you cleaned up your breakfast fiasco," Justin said with a chuckle.

"Yeah, I tried to make Gus pancakes being that it was his birthday. Major disaster so we ended up going to the diner." Brian slid the door closed as he spoke and walked further into the loft. That's where we were coming from when you were here earlier."

Brian looked at Justin "Now I understand why you gave me that painting this morning."

"Yeah, I just wanted you to have it."

"Well, thank you." Brian walked to the fridge and took out two bottles of water, he handed one to Justin. "Let's sit on the sofa," he said as he walked towards the sofa and Justin followed.

They sat on opposite ends and facing each other. Brian placed his water on the coffee table. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine. Much better...now."

Brian got right to the point "So I'm right in concluding that you didn't walk out last week because of the tricks?"

"Yeah, you would be right."

"Well, I like to know what happened and why you felt you needed to lie to me."

Justin decided to be honest and tell Brian exactly how he felt. "I didn't think you would want to be with me if you knew I wasn't well anymore, and I felt you deserved better."

"Don't you think that should have been a mutual decision? Did I say I never wanted to see you when I found out you were an epileptic? Seizures happen if you are an epileptic... you should have told me you were having them again."

"I know." Justin looked down at his hands.

"Are they always like the one you had today?"

"I don't know. I can't remember them. In the past, I could only remember when it's about to happen, nothing during it, and then it was over. But it's been so long that now I don't even remember the warning signs. Last week, I thought I was just feeling the effects of the hang over, until I woke up on your bedroom floor."

"Geezes Justin." Brian reached out and gently touched Justin's cheek. "That's why you were so different when I came home. I should have never left you alone."

“You didn’t know what was going to happen, and neither did I.” Justin grabbed hold of Brian’s hand against his cheek and held it there before bringing it down to his lap. “I miss holding your hand.” He said more to himself than to Brian.

Brian inched closer to Justin and placed the tips of his fingers of his free hand under Justin’s chin and lifted his face so he could look at him. “I missed this,” Brian whispered before lowering his lips to Justin’s for sweet, tender kiss.

“I missed that too.” Justin said when Brian pulled back.

Brian leaned Justin’s head against his chest. He hated that Justin went through that ordeal alone, but Brian was also angry with him for not trusting in him enough to tell him what happened. He pushed his anger aside and focused on Justin.

“So, have you seen a doctor?”

Justin nodded his head against Brian’s chest. “I went to the clinic last Monday. I go back this coming Monday for a follow up visit and to schedule tests.”

“What kind of tests?”

“Blood test and possibly a MRI to see what’s going on in here.” Justin tapped a finger against his forehead.

“Did he say what could be causing the seizures to return after such a long time?”

Justin was touched by the concern in Brian’s voice. “We thought maybe it was exhaustion and the effects of the alcohol, but that wouldn’t explain today’s.”

Justin snuggled closer to Brian and tried to stifle a yawn.

“Okay, come on.” Brian stood up and pulled Justin to his feet as well. “It’s been a long day. Let’s take a hot shower and get some rest. We can finish this discussion tomorrow.”

“Hmm, a shower and bed sounds great right now. I haven’t been sleeping to well this past week.”

“Neither have I,” Brian admitted.

“Why is that?” Justin asked innocently.

“I was used to this skinny kid hogging half my bed. I couldn’t handle being able to stretch out again.

“Skinny!” Justin shrieked as he followed Brian into the bathroom. “I’ll have you know I have the perfect physique.”

Brian reached into the shower stall and turned the water on before approaching Justin.

“Do you now? Well I guess you’re going to have to refresh my memory.”

“You saw me yesterday.” Justin said as he stood there while Brian undressed him.

Brian shook his head and said with his voice full of lust, “Not the way I wanted to.”

Brian finished undressing Justin and his clothes quickly followed. He pulled Justin in the shower stall with him. He held him close in his arms as the water cascaded down around them. Brian reluctantly released Justin and reached for the soap. He washed every inch of Justin’s perfect physique and shampooed his hair. Justin returned the pleasure before the two rinsed and stepped out of the stall.



Justin was surprised by Brian's behavior he was sure that he would want to have sex in the shower. Brian's hard-on was quite prominent, and for that matter so was Justin's. When they stepped out of the stall, Brian handed Justin a towel and they dried themselves off. Brian walked into the bedroom with Justin following behind him drying his hair with the towel.

Brian opened one of his dresser drawers. Without turning around, he asked Justin, "Did you want something to sleep in?"

Justin stopped drying his hair and looked towards Brian. "I was hoping I wouldn't need anything to sleep in tonight" His meaning quite evident.

"Justin, you've been through an ordeal today, don't you think you need to rest tonight?" Brian said with his back to Justin.

"See, this is another thing I was afraid of happening." Justin wrapped the towel around his waist and stood with his arms crossed.

Brian turned around when he heard the tone in Justin's voice. "And what was that?" He asked.

"You're treating me like I'm fragile."

"I'm not, you said you were tired, so we're going to bed."

"Well I'm not that tired Brian-I want you."

Brian crossed his arms and looked at Justin. "Well, maybe I'm tired. Maybe I'm not in the mood for sex."

"Oh really, well that hard-on you have pointing directly at me is saying otherwise."

Brian looked down at himself and chuckled. "I guess that is a dead giveaway, huh?"

Justin nodded his head in agreement. "Brian please don't start treating me like I'm sick, I couldn't handle that from you. Now take me in yours arms and make lo... fuck me, and then I want to fall asleep wrapped up in your arms all night."

Brian smiled at Justin's slip of the tongue. He uncrossed his arms, reached out and pulled Justin up against his naked body. "You want me to make love to you."

"I said fuck me."

"I know what you said, but what do you want?" Brian was staring into Justin eyes. He could see the answer he wanted, but he wanted Justin to say it. Brian didn't know who was more surprised him or Justin.

"It doesn't matter what term we use-I just want you inside me."

"Say it Justin, tell me what you want."

Justin's heart was beating uncontrollably. He placed a hand against Brian's chest and he felt his heart was beating just as fast. Justin looked deep into Brian's eyes, there was no mistaking what he saw there. "Brian I want... I want to make love to you."

Brian looked down at Justin and smiled. He captured Justin's lips in a passionate kiss. He lowered his hand and loosened the towel around Justin's waist until it fell to the floor. Brian walked Justin backwards to the bed. He broke apart from him briefly and pushed Justin on to the bed and covered him with his body. They kissed, licked and tasted each other, enjoying the pleasure of exploring one another's body freely and openly, again. Their hard-on's began to ache in demand for release as their bodies were pressed together.

Brian pulled away for a moment to retrieve the condoms and lube from the nightstand drawer. He lay back on the bed, as Justin sat up on his knees. He looked down at Brian's outstretched body. His eyes traveled down to Brian's throbbing cock standing straight up and begging for attention. Justin leaned forward and licked the tip, tasting the saltiness of his pre-cum. He heard Brian's sharp intake of breath from his actions and smiled. Justin reached for one of the condoms on the bed and opened it. He started to roll it on to Brian's cock when Brian's hand reached out to stop him.

"You said you wanted to make love to me." Brian took the condom from Justin and rolled it on to Justin's cock.

"Are you sure?" Justin said in a husky whisper. This would be the first time for him all over again.

"I'm sure, just use a lot of lube... it's been a long time." Brian reached up and kissed Justin on his lips before turning over on to his stomach.

Justin reached out and caressed Brian's smooth back. He leaned over and kissed him on his shoulder blade.

Brian moaned in pleasure. "Justin, if you keep doing that, I'm going to shoot before we even get started."

"Wait for me." Justin squirted lube on his fingers and inserted one then the second finger into Brian's tight hole. Justin used a generous amount of lube and slathered even more on to his aching condom-clad cock. Justin covered Brian's body with his and he slowly pushed his way into his lover.

Brian's breath came in short gasps, he raised himself up off the bed as Justin entered him deeper. Justin slowly pushed in and out for Brian to get used to the intrusion. His rhythm increased as the sensation of being so deep inside of Brian's body overtook him. Soon Brian was on all fours meeting Justin thrust for thrust. With no Gus to be mindful of, both men were very vocal as they shot their loads.

Justin relaxed against Brian's back as Brian collapsed against the bed. Both were sweating, happy and very satisfied. Justin pulled out of Brian and rolled on to his side. He disposed of the condom before lying next to Brian again. "Brian that was amazing."

"That it was... you rode me like an old pro."

"I had a great teacher." Justin leaned over and kissed Brian on the ear.

Brian stood up and walked into the bathroom he returned with a wet washcloth. He cleaned Justin and himself up and the two of them climbed back into the bed. Justin snuggled close to Brian, his face against his chest.

Justin was happy and content as he drifted off to sleep with Brian's arms wrapped around him. "I love you Brian," he whispered just before sleep claimed him. Brian tightened his arms around Justin as he also drifted off to sleep.

## Part 13

Justin woke the next morning feeling a bit discombobulated. It took him a moment to realize he was at the loft, and it wasn't a dream it was Brian's body he was lying across.

Justin nipped at Brian's chest to wake him up.

"Ouch, that hurts."

"Oh did I wake you?" Justin said innocently.

"Don't play coy with me." Brian effortlessly flipped Justin on to his back and kissed him on his lips

“Morning.”

“Morning...what time is it?”

Brian glanced at the clock “It’s after 7:00...shit, that’s way too early to be up on a Sunday morning.”

“Actually I need to get going.” Justin said as he made an effort to sit up.

“Going where?” Brian said pushing Justin back down against the bed.

“I have to go home, I don’t want Daphne and her family to leave before I can say goodbye.”

“Oh.” Brian loosened his hold on Justin and helped him to sit up. “Call her and tell her we will take them to breakfast before they go.” Brian got off the bed and headed towards the bathroom. “I’ll go start the shower.”

Justin called his apartment, Daphne answered the phone. “Hello.”

“Hey Daph, where you still sleeping?”

“Hi, no I was just lying here-you know your bed is pretty comfortable.”

“Glad you like it. Hey listen, what time where you guys heading back?”

“Hmmm, I’m not sure yet. I want to see you before I leave.”

“I know that’s why I’m calling. Brian wants to take you guys to breakfast.”

“That’s sounds nice. How soon should we be ready?”

“I say about an hour or so.”

“That’s sounds good, I’ll wake everybody up. So, I take it things went well last night?”

“Daphne things were terrific last night. But I can’t talk right now-he’s waiting for me in the shower.”

Daphne squealed with delight. “Then what the hell are you talking to me for-see you in an hour.”

Justin hung up with Daphne and walked into the bathroom to join Brian. Forty-five minutes, two blow jobs, one rim job and a used condom later Justin rummaged through Brian’s closet trying to find something of Brian’s that would fit him.

“What are you looking for?”

“Something to put on... Why do your jeans have to be so fucking long?”

“Um...maybe because I have long legs. Why are you looking at my clothes? Put on your own.”

“I would if I had some here. I took all my stuff when I left, remember.”

“Oh yeah, well you forgot your dirty stuff. I had them washed and they’re in the bottom drawer.”

Justin walked over to dresser and pulled out the bottom drawer. He found a couple pairs of jeans and some shirts.

As soon as they were dressed, they left to go to Justin’s apartment. Brian parked the jeep and followed Justin inside. The twins were running around the apartment playing while Daphne and Jonathan re-packed all of their stuff. The girls ran to Justin for a hug while the adults exchanged morning pleasantries. Daphne looked at Justin and noticed a difference in him right away. He looked happy, in love and very well fucked.

"I don't think I need to ask how your night was. You both have that well fucked look all over your faces."

"Daphne!" Justin said, as a slight blush crept over his features.

Brian smiled at Daphne before replying, "You're a very perceptive woman."

Jonathan looked at his wife and shook his head before turning to Brian and Justin. "This is where the twins get the potty mouth from. Not everybody can understand what they're saying, but I do and it's all bad words because of her." He pointed an accusing finger towards his wife.

"They're going to learn them anyways, might as well learn proper usage from their Momma."

"Baby, I think only you would see the logic in what you just said," Jonathan said as he playfully swatted her bottom when he walked by. "Okay, let's load up the van and get some breakfast."

Jonathan and Daphne followed behind Brian's jeep to the diner. There was a good crowd in there for breakfast, but the group was able to find a booth in the back. Jonathan helped Daphne strap the girls into highchairs that sat at the end of the booth table. Brian and Justin sat on one side and Daphne and Jonathan on the other. Daphne and Justin sat on the outer seats so that they could help the twins with their breakfast. Deb was out that morning, Kiki was working and came over to take their order. When she left Jonathan leaned towards Justin.

"Was that a man?" he asked in a low whisper.

"No, that was Kiki. Kiki can be whatever Kiki wants to be." Justin said trying not to laugh at Jonathan's shocked expression. He knew this was just too much gay life for one straight man in such a short time.

Jonathan looked at his surrounds. "Is this a gay diner?"

"There is no such thing as a gay diner honey," Daphne said. "Jonathan this is Liberty Diner, it just happens to be located in a predominantly gay community."

Brian just sat back and watched the exchange in utter amusement. One thing he had to say about some straight people they could make him laugh on a rare occasion.

"Honey, are feeling uncomfortable, afraid some hot guy is gonna hit on you?"

"No Daphne, I was just surprised that's all. Sheesh can't a guy make a simple observation."

"Baby, I was just joking." Daphne reached over and patted her husband's knee.

They ate breakfast with plenty of conversation. Time was passing quickly and Daphne and her family needed to be heading home. Brian and Jonathan argued over who was paying the check until Brian wouldn't take no for an answer and Jonathan finally gave up. After breakfast, Jonathan and Daphne made a pit stop to the rest rooms before hitting the road. Jonathan gave Justin the keys to the caravan and he and Brian took the girls outside to strap them into their car seats. When Daphne and Jonathan came out the girls were ready to go. Jonathan said his goodbyes to Brian and Justin and climbed into the driver seat. Daphne pulled Justin aside before getting into the car. Brian leaned up against the van as the two friends talked.

"I love the way you look today," she said.

"It's just jeans and a shirt Daph."

"You know what I mean. You look relaxed, happy, and your eyes are sparkling. I have never in my life seen you look like this before."

“You’ve never seen me happy in love before.” Justin said matter-of-factly.

Even though Daphne took Justin aside, Brian could still hear them talking. He felt a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth at Justin’s words.

“Well being in love looks beautiful on you.”

“Thanks Daphne.”

“One more thing. That check I wrote has not gone through my account yet.”

Justin glanced over towards Brian, who pretended to be looking in another direction.

“Daphne, I don’t want to use your money unless I have to. I’m not sure what tests he’ll schedule and how much they might cost. So if I don’t have to use it I won’t.”

“Well no matter the cost, let us help you.”

“Okay. I will, but only up to a certain point. You and Jonathan have the girls to worry about not me.”

“I’ll always worry about you.” Daphne kissed Justin on his cheek and walked to the caravan. She stopped and hugged Brian goodbye before getting in.

Brian and Justin watched as the van drove out of site.

“Your friends aren’t bad for heteros,” Brian said as they walked back to the jeep. “I like them.”

Justin got in the jeep. When Brian got in and closed the door, Justin leaned over and kissed him.

“What was that for?”

“I just wanted to.”

Brian smiled as he started the engine and headed towards the munchers to see Gus.

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Brian and Justin spent the entire afternoon and large part of the evening at the munchers playing with Gus and all the new toys he got for his birthday. Lindsay and, surprising enough, Melanie insisted that they stay for dinner. Justin was also able to pick out the frame for Gus’ painting. Lindsay offered to drop it off at the framers for him. Gus wouldn’t allow them to leave until Mel insisted it was time for his bath.

The boys arrived back at the loft late. There were no doubts that Justin was coming back to the loft with Brian. They did stop off at Justin’s apartment so that he could pick up a change of clothes. The guys made up for more lost time before drifting off to sleep.

Justin woke early to find himself alone in the bed. The aroma of fresh brewed coffee drifted into the bedroom. He figured Brian was up and dressed for work. Justin got out of bed and pulled on one of Brian’s robes. He entered the living room, and instead of Brian being in the kitchen as Justin had suspected, he was sitting at the computer.

“Morning.”

“Hey sleepy head.”

“What are you doing, last minute stuff for work?”

“No” Brian answered.

“Too early for porn.”

“Never too early for porn, but that’s not what I’m looking up either.”

Justin was a bit curious. He walked over to Brian and looked over his shoulder. He was surprised and touched at the same time. He reached out and touched Brian’s arm affectionately.

“I just wanted to be prepared when we go to your appointment today. So, I got up early to see what I could find on Epilepsy.”

“You’re coming with me today?”

“Yeah, I have to go to the office for a few hours to delegate a few things, then I’ll be back to pick you up. I made a few notes, I just want to understand what he’s talking about. And I want to know the right questions to ask. That’s, of course, if you don’t mind my coming a long.” Justin opened his mouth to speak, but the words did not come out.

Brian pushed back from the desk and grabbed Justin by the waist and pulled him into his lap. Justin placed his hands on either side of Brian’s face. He looked at him with shiny eyes. He still couldn’t trust himself to speak. Brian didn’t need him to, everything was said loud and clear in his eyes.

Brian leaned forward and touched his lips softly to Justin’s. “Now I have to get to work,” Brian said. When Justin didn’t make an attempt to move Brian spoke again. “That means you have to let me up.”

“Oh,” Justin said softly. He stood to allow Brian up. Brian walked over to the couch and retrieved his jacket and brief case.

“I should be back before 12:00, your appointment is at 12:30 right.” Justin nodded. “I’ll see you later.” Brian slid on his jacket and walked to the front door and slid it open.

“Brian wait,” Justin said, finally finding his voice.

Brian turned around and smiled. “Ahh, he speaks.”

Justin walked toward him and wrapped his arms around Brian’s neck and lowered his head down for a kiss. It was a tender sweet kiss of love that Brian returned in earnest. When they pulled apart, Brian smiled down at this blonde enigma that had stolen his heart. His smile soon turned into a faux frown.

“Thanks a lot Justin, now I have to go to work with a hard on.” Brian said with mock irritation.

“Well I can take care of that for you right now,” Justin said seductively.

“You will take care of it, but later. I have to run so I can free up my calendar for this afternoon.”

Brian kissed Justin on his forehead before disengaging himself, “Now I have to go, Later.”

“Later.” Justin whispered to his retreating back.

Justin slid the door closed and went over to the computer desk. Brian left his notebook there and Justin glanced over the notes he made. Brian’s research was very thorough. Justin backtracked through some of the sites Brian used to gather his information. He was amazed by all the information that was readily available at the click of a button. Justin looked at the sites himself. He found that what he was going through was not uncommon. It is possible that it may never happen again, but that was not guaranteed. Justin followed Brian’s lead and made a few notes of his own of what his options were at this point.

After a while Justin showered and dressed. He checked what Brian had in the fridge to eat and decided to run down to the store to get the fixings for a light lunch. Brian actually came home earlier than anticipated.

"Hey you're early." Justin said when the door slid open and Brian walked in. He was in the kitchen preparing sandwiches. "I was just preparing lunch. Nothing fancy, just sandwiches."

"Great I'm starving. I'm early because I think I scared my assistant and she just wanted me the hell out of there."

"Scared her... how?"

"I was this raving, bitching grouch all last week, and I walked in there today somewhat pleasant. She just didn't know what to do with me. I think she thought I finally lost it." Brian said with a chuckle. "She was clearing my schedule like crazy."

"Well, whatever the reason, I'm happy to see you." Justin said as he placed a sandwich in front of Brian.

They finished their lunch and headed over to the clinic. Justin told Brian about all the paperwork he had to fill out the first time, they decided to head over a little earlier just in case this visit was the same. They sat in the waiting room for over an hour and a half before Justin's name was called. Justin had to keep Brian from going to the desk and yelling at the nurses.

"This is ridiculous Justin, your appointment was for an hour ago."

"I know Brian. Just be patient, Dr. Roth is really nice. I'm sure he is doing the best he can."

"Fine." Brian sat back and waited, but not patiently.

Finally Justin's name was called. The medical assistant instructed Brian to wait in the waiting room. Brian politely said no in a way that left no room for argument as he held Justin's hand and followed her to a small examining room in the back of the clinic.

They waited another 20 minutes before Dr. Roth arrived. He walked in reading Justin's file and apologized.

"Justin Taylor, I'm so sorry you had to wait so long ...hello." He said when he noticed Brian sitting in the room as well.

"Hello Dr. Roth, this is my um...my fr..."

"I'm his partner, Brian Kinney." Brian stood and shook the doctor's hand. Justin looked at his lover and smiled.

"Well, nice to meet you, Mr. Kinney."

"So Justin, when you called you said you were feeling dizzy and lightheaded at times."

"Yes."

"Did you have any more seizures?"

"Yes, I had one on Saturday, Brian was with me."

"Did you have any warning signs?"

"Um... no not anything I could recognize, I just felt hot."

"Vomiting."

Justin looked to Brian. “No, he didn’t vomit. His body convulsed and shook and he lost consciousness.”

Dr. Roth jotted some info down in Justin’s chart. “We discussed running some tests if a second seizure occurred. We usually do an EEG or an MRI. I would prefer to do the MRI, but it will be rather expensive and with you not having insurance is a big issue.”

“Doctor don’t worry about money,” Brian said. “Schedule whatever he needs, payment will be taken care of.”

“Brian I can...”

Brian cut Justin mid protest. “We’ll discuss it later. Right now we need to set appointments for your test.” Brian turned back to the doctor. “So do you feel the EEG would be less accurate than the MRI?”

“I would prefer to schedule an MRI. It would give me a clear of picture to see if there is pressure on his brain.”

“I’ve had both before-my doctor back home found them both useful in different ways. I personally don’t care for either one, but I’ll do whatever is needed.”

“Good,” said Dr. Roth. “I’ll set up a referral with my nurse and she will call you when the appointments are made. What’s a good phone number to reach you at?”

Justin gave him his cell number and also the number at Brian’s loft. They spoke with the doctor a little while longer to gather more information. Before leaving, Dr. Roth wrote a prescription for Dilantin, an anti-epileptic drug. He also gave Justin a few samples to use until he filled the prescription. Dr. Roth saw the disappointed look on Justin’s face.

“Justin, there is a strong chance that these seizures may still be isolated incidents. You may not have to be on the medication long-it’s just a preventive for now. After the MRI, we’ll see if there is something more. If not, take the pills for about a year and if you do not have a seizure in that time frame we can wean you off them again.”

“Thank you Dr. Roth. Is there anything I need to give the front desk to set up the appointment?”

“No, my receptionist will take care everything. What’s better for you mornings or afternoons?”

“Doesn’t matter, either is fine.”

“After the MRI is done, we’ll schedule a follow up.”

“Sounds good,” Justin said. He walked out of the examining room with his hand clenched tightly around the samples the doctor gave him.

Brian followed behind him quietly. He knew Justin wasn’t happy about going back on medication and he wanted to give him his space for the short walk back to the jeep.

Justin got into the car and sat back with his eyes closed. Brian sat in the driver’s seat and watched him. It took Justin a few minutes to realize that Brian had not started the engine. He opened his eyes and looked at him.

“Justin, they’re just pills.”

“I know.”

“You may not have to take them for very long.”

“I know,” he said again. “It’s just that it’s a part of my life I thought was behind me.”

Brian smiled and answered, “I know.”



Justin chuckled softly. Brian started the jeep and pulled away from the curb.

"I really don't feel like going to the diner today."

"That's an easy fix." Brian pulled out his cell and dialed the diner's number.

"Brian what are you doing?"

"Shh,... Hey Debbie, it's Brian. I'm good...listen Justin is a little under the weather today so he won't be able to make his shift. We're actually leaving the clinic right now... No he'll be fine, just won't be able to make it today, I will. Thanks Deb."

"Brian, I can't believe you just did that. I can't believe you know the diner number by heart."

"I practically grew up in the place, of course I know the number. I have one more call to make." Brian pressed in the numbers to Cynthia's desk.

"Cynthia, Brian...clear my calendar for the rest of the day, I won't be returning to the office, Sounds good. See you tomorrow."

"We have the whole day to ourselves," Justin said excitedly. "What do you want to do?"

"Whatever you want."

Justin thought for a moment. "Want to go back to your place, order Chinese and watch movies?"

"Fine by me, I supposed you want to cuddle up on the sofa as well."

"Cuddling? Nope, never crossed my mind. But since you brought it up, I may be inclined to cuddle."

Brian smirked as he drove the jeep towards home.

"Hey could we stop at my place or the video store to get DVD's."

"I have movies at home."

"All you have is Brando and James Dean flicks." Justin said, the last part with mock grimace.

Brian quickly took the defensive. "Marlon Brando and James Dean are the greatest actors of all time. There is no one out there today who can compare." Brian continued driving towards the loft as he spoke. "What are you a Vin Diesel or worse yet Collin Farrell fan?"

"No way, I'm an artist. I like the talented but the unknown. My favorite actor right now is someone you probably never heard of."

"Try me."

"Okay... Gale Harold."

"I've heard of him... he's hot."

"Yes he is. You kind of favor him a little."

"Really, then he is definitely hot, but of course I'm hotter."

“Of course.”

Brian did stop off at Justin’s so that he could get the movies he wanted to watch. They spent the entire afternoon and evening enjoying each other’s company.

Tuesday morning Dr. Roth’s assistant called to let Justin know his appointment was scheduled for the upcoming Friday at 2:00, she also scheduled his followed up with Dr. Roth the same day at 4:00pm. Brian took off work early to accompany Justin.

Dr. Roth didn’t see anything from the MRI that would suggest why Justin’s seizure had returned. He instructed Justin to continue on the meds for the next year and to come see him every three months. He told Justin to call him if he had another seizure. Justin wasn’t happy, but he had no choice but to accept that he had to take the meds again.

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The past three weeks with Brian had been terrific. Two weeks ago was Justin’s 25th birthday. He didn’t expect anyone to remember, he was wrong. Brian arranged, with the help of Emmett and Lindsay, for a small surprise party to be thrown at Justin’s apartment the Sunday before his actual birthday. Daphne was not able to make it back down but she called Justin on Sunday, as well as Monday, to wish him a happy birthday.

After all the guests left, Brian took Justin back to the loft for his present. He led Justin into the bedroom. Above the bed was the painting Justin gave him. Brian had it framed. It looked perfect hanging above Brian’s bed. It was a birthday Justin would remember always.

Today Justin was making one of his twice a week efforts to visit his apartment, so he could check his mail and phone messages. Justin sat on his sofa and kicked off his sneakers as he flipped through his mail. His heart lurched when he saw the envelope from the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts. It was a thin envelope and this was throwing him off. He was always told acceptance envelopes were fat, but this was far from fat. With trembling fingers Justin picked up the envelope and opened it. He unfolded the letter and began to read it preparing himself for the reject.

‘Dear Mr. Taylor, We are pleased to inform you that your request for admission to the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts has been accepted.....’

“Accepted, accepted. I’ve been accepted!” Justin squealed out loud to his empty apartment. He ran into his bedroom and jumped on his bed before reaching for the phone and calling Brian’s direct line at the office.

“Kinney.”

“I’ve been accepted, I got in.” Justin said excitedly.

“Terrific, I never had any doubt. So you got the fat envelope huh?”

“No.” Justin shouted, “It was thin and that nearly gave me a heart attack. It said at the bottom of the letter additional forms to follow.”

“Calm down drama queen. Listen, I have to get back to work. We’ll celebrate later.”

“Okay.” Justin said slightly disappointed. He actually wanted to talk longer “Later.”

“Later...hey.”

“Yeah.”

“I’m proud of you.”

“Thanks.” Justin smile was beaming from ear to ear.

“See you tonight.”

Justin lay on the bed looking over his acceptance letter, before reaching for the phone again to call Daphne. She was so happy for him. They talked for a long while before hanging up. There was one more phone call he needed to make. He needed to call his mother. He finally talked with her briefly a few weeks ago when she, his father and sister called to wish him a happy birthday. He didn't tell her about the seizure or being back on his medication or even about Brian. But he felt now was time.

Justin dialed his old home number; his mother picked up on the second ring.

“Hello.”

”Hi Mom.”

“Justin, baby hi. How are you? ”

“I'm doing terrific actually. I have some news.”

“Oh?”

“I've been accepted to the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts. I start classes in the fall.”

“Oh, well... um... that's wonderful. I'm happy for you. I know that's what you always wanted.”

“Mom it is wonderful and it is what I wanted.”

Jennifer Taylor was quiet on the other line.

“Mom...mom are you still there?”

“Yes...I'm here.”

“Are you crying?”

“I know I'm weepy at times. Justin it's just that you're my baby, I worry about you.”

“I'm not your baby, Mom. Molly is your baby. I am 25 years old.”

“I know, and you are doing so well on your own. I guess I was so used to taking care of you I didn't know how to stop.”

“It's okay Mom. I appreciate everything you've done for me, I just wish you gave me more space.”

“I know, it's just that you were so sick and I was afraid. Now you are all better and...”

“I'm not mom.”

“...not what.”

“I'm not all better. I'm back on my meds. I had a couple of seizures last month, but I can deal with them.”

“Justin, why didn't you tell me? You need to come home...” Jennifer was slightly frantic by Justin's admission.

“No mom, I am home. And I am okay. I may never have one again, and then again maybe I will. But I am okay. I will start school in the fall, I will continue my meds and I will live my life. I want you to be a part of it- but you have to respect I’m an adult, and not your sick son.”

“Justin, I just can’t believe you kept this from me. You need to be taken care of-you’re there all alone.”

“I’m not alone. I have friends here and ... and I have somewhere I’m involved with. We’ve been seeing each other for almost 3 months.”

“Oh...a man?”

“Yes mom it’s a man. I am gay, you know.”

“I know, it’s just that you really didn’t have much interest in Ethan.”

“Ethan was not my type.”

“Oh, but is he okay with everything? Maybe I should come and stay with you.”

“No Mom. I’m at Brian’s most of the time anyway. He’s been great...I really care about him, Mom.”

“Oh I see... well you’ve had a very productive three months. Well... what’s this Brian like, and when can I meet him?”

“Mom, Brian is hard to describe, except he’s beautiful and he takes care of the people he cares about. I’m so lucky to have found him.”

“Justin, it sounds as if you are in love with this person or something.”

“Mom, I love him.”

“After only a couple of months?”

“I loved him after only one day.”

“Justin...”

“Mom, I love him. And I want you to meet him. I’ll talk to him about us taking a drive up to Philly one day to see you and Dad.”

Again Jennifer was quiet.

“Mom?”

“You don’t need me any more do you?”

“Not the way I used, no. But I will always appreciate how well you took care me. And I will always love you.”

“I love you too, baby. I hope you and your friend can come see us soon.”

“Okay... I have to go now Mom. I will call you again, maybe later in the week.”

“I would really love that.”

“Bye Mom.”

“Goodbye Justin, congratulations on your college acceptance.”

“Thanks.”

Justin hung up with his mother and let out a huge sigh of relief. Now everything was out in the open. He could move forward with his life. It was slightly different than how he envisioned it when he first moved to Pittsburgh-but hey, nothing ever goes directly as planned.

## Epilogue

“Justin, come on, you’re going to be late.”

“Brian the ceremony doesn’t start for another 3 hours.”

“We have to stop by the munchers to pick up Gus- he wanted to ride with us. And, your mother wanted us to stop by the hotel for pictures.”

“Fine, fine, I’m ready.” Justin came down the stairs of the loft bedroom dressed in a tailored dark gray Armani suit. “How do I look?”

Brian walked over to straighten Justin’s tie. “You look exquisite. Armani was made for you.”

“Well thank you for buying it for me. I think this may be the best graduation present I receive today.” Justin picked up his cap and gown and headed out of the loft with Brian behind him.

Two years ago, Brian traded in the jeep and upgraded to a Cadillac Escalade. It was fully equipped, with leather interior and tinted windows. It was quite impressive. Brian and Justin had quite an enjoyable time breaking it in.

They pulled up to the munchers’ house and Gus was waiting for them on the front step.

“Geeze guys, what took you so long?”

“Look at Justin, he was the one primping in the mirror.” Brian said, as he climbed out of the truck to walk over and greet his son.

Gus looked at Justin as he got in and inspected his suit. “I told Pop to get that color, he wanted to get black.”

“Your father doesn’t know a thing about fashion.”

Both Gus and Justin looked at Brian and shook their heads sadly.

Brian just gave them a raised eyebrow. “Gus, just go tell your mothers we’re here so we can go.”

“Sure thing, Pop.”

Brian looked at Justin and smirked when Gus went into the house. “When did he grow up? I still can’t get used to this Pop business.”

“I think it’s cute...Pop. But I know what you mean, the twins look like fashion models now.”

Gus came back as quickly as he left. "Justin, my mothers want to see you before we leave. They'll be right out.

Mel and Lindsay came out to congratulate Justin and to get a couple of pictures before they left. The next stop was the hotel where Justin's parents were staying, as well as Daphne and her family.

Since Justin moved in with Brian over 3 years ago, Emmett rented the basement apartment to someone else.

His parents and Molly where waiting in the lobby. Justin's mother and Molly loved Brian and Gus. Craig, on the other hand, was tolerant of their relationship. A few pictures were taken of Justin and his parents before everyone headed over to the campus for the ceremony.

The graduation ceremony was held outside and Justin had the biggest cheering section out of everyone there. After the formal proceedings, they returned to Emmett's for post-graduation celebration.

Justin opened his graduation presents, which were mostly money and clothes. The final gift was brought over by Justine and Taylor. Justine handed Justin a card and Taylor handed him a small box. It was the size of a jewelry box. Justin opened the card, it was the typical congratulation on your graduation. At the bottom a personal message was written in.

"We all pitched in to get you something to make this day just a bit more special"

The card was signed by his parents, Molly, Daphne and her family, Mel, Lindsay, Gus, Emmett, Ben, Debbie, Vic and even Michael, (over the past few years Michael and Justin developed a semi-understanding of each other). The only name missing from the card was Brian's. Justin opened the smaller box and a smile split his face when he saw the keys in side.

"You guys brought me a car?"

"Yes, we did baby." Emmett squealed in delight. It's parked right outside.

Justin ran outside with everyone behind him. The only car he saw was a Vintage Mustang convertible GTI.

"Holy shit!" Justin was in awe. "You guys brought this car? It's fucking amazing."

"Honey, your language" Jennifer admonished.

"Oops sorry, this is awesome."

Justin thanked and hugged everyone for his gift. When Michael came forward for a hug he whispered in Justin's ear.

"Brian picked out the car and he paid the majority for it. He wanted it to be from everyone else, that's why he didn't sign the card."

"Thanks, Michael."

"Thank Brian, we were going to get you a Passat."

Later that night while lying in their bed, Justin was lazily tracing circles with his finger on Brian's chest. He leaned back and looked at Brian. "Thanks for the car."

"I got you the suit, not the car."

"Michael told me the truth. And thanks for not allowing them to buy the Passat. The Mustang was a much better choice."

“Michael has a really big mouth. I figured you deserved a cool car. You sat patiently with your license for whole year. You graduated at the top of your class and landed such a great job at the Museum. You really deserved to be rewarded and a Passat was not going to do it. Did I tell you how proud I am of you?”

“Not recently.” Justin said with a smile. “Have I told you how much I love you?”

“Not in the past hour, you’re really slacking.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

**The End**