

DANNY – CONDOM CHRONICLES

Mikey's Story

Hunter and I came back to the Pitts. Ben and I had talked...oh fuck, nevermind. This is about Brian and Justin so I will spare you the details of why and how I returned. Just know that I did come back and gave Brian back his corvette. Now that he had Justin, he didn't need his boyfriend-replacement-therapy-mobile so he sold it. I thought that was a good sign for them as a couple.

Everything seemed fine for a while. When they were at Babylon, it was so cool. Everyone was always talking to them, thanking them and stuff. And they were my friends. It made it cool for me too to be hanging out with the most popular couple on Liberty Avenue. When all of us got together, we were always laughing and cutting up. I was even starting to appreciate Justin. He supported Brian, allowing him to make some big changes and I had to give him credit.

Brian asked Justin to move in with him and I was glad. I think he was ready to do it right this time. I really wanted what was best for him and I have to admit that Justin was it, so I was happy he wanted it this time. He didn't ask out of obligation to anyone, it was because he wanted to. Maybe it would work out this time. Maybe they could finally have what Ben and I have.

It started off to be really good for Brian. He seemed so content. Then I started to notice some slight changes in Brian when we were at Babylon. Not big changes, just small ones that only a best friend of 16 years would notice. I also noticed that Justin was paying for everything. I know Brian and I think that was his problem. He didn't like anyone taking care of him. He always said, he didn't need anyone and since he wasn't working, maybe he was needing Justin to help out with expenses and stuff. So I could see, that this wasn't a good sign. He needed to get back to work, but the rumors about what he did to Stockwell had scared a lot of agencies off from hiring him. They didn't understand that he had a reason for it. No one would understand, well, unless they were gay. They all thought that he would try to betray or undermine all their clients too. It was stupid. Brian said it would die down in a few months and I hoped he was right.

About a week ago, they quit coming to Babylon. I would see them at Woody's occassionally but not much. They didn't seem to be getting along. They were both so quiet and looked like they weren't having any fun. Then yesterday, I was at the diner and Brian came in looking like death warmed over. He hadn't even shaved or combed his hair and I have to say, the man stunk to high heaven. It was this mixture of stale sex and sweat. It made me shiver. Something was definitely wrong in the Kinney-Taylor household. Justin came out of the back room and he looked even worse but in a different way. He was upset and had been crying. His eyes were red and puffy and there was this slight pink tint to one side of his face. I looked back at Brian who had his

head down on the table with his fists clenched. I noticed some fresh cuts and the beginnings of bruises forming on his knuckles. Oh my god. Had he hit him? Why? They just stood there staring at each other. Neither one said a word. If they were fighting then there was only one reason. Brian was probably fucking around again. That pissed me off. I started yelling at him. Why couldn't he keep his dick at home? What was so fucking important about fucking everything in sight? He didn't even tell me to fuck off and mind my own business, he just let me yell at him. He was fucking killing himself slowly and now he was taking Justin down with him. This was different than the birthday incident. Now he had the scarf wrapped around both of their necks and I told him so. He didn't even look at me. Every now and then something I said made him wince, but other than that, he just sat there and took it. By God, he was going to listen to me and I was going to get through to him if it killed me. It had worked on Ben when he was taking those fucking steroids, so I knew it would work on Brian too.

I was right in the middle of some of the best fucking advice, I get that from my mother, when all of a sudden he asked me to repeat myself. What the fuck? Wasn't he listening? I do my best ranting on a whim, how the fuck was I suppose to know what I had just said? He yelled at me to remember. Oh yeah, so I repeated it. He jumped out of the booth, grabbed my face and planted one on me. A full-on smack on the lips. He told me I was brilliant. Ok, I already knew that, but shit, what did I say? It was just some stupid ass line about him fucking around and using a shit load of condoms. What was so fucking brilliant about that? He ran out of the diner without even saying goodbye. I was stunned. What the fuck just happened? I turned around with my jaw still on the floor and saw Justin standing there. He saw the whole thing. I can't be sure, but I think he had tears in his eyes.

Justin's Story

I never thought I would say this but I am dreading going home. These stairs are becoming farther and farther apart as I make myself take the next step. I'm tired because I didn't get much sleep last night. Actually not in weeks, but last night especially. My heart aches and my body's sore. Brian hurt me like he's never hurt me before. How did this happen? Things were going so well at first. Maybe it got to be too much for Brian. His life had been turned upside down and maybe me being there was what was keeping him from getting it back on track. Things have to change starting now, the minute I walk through that door, I'll have to tell him.

After last night, I have no idea what Brian will be on the other side of that door. There have been 3 different ones lately and I was getting used to which one would be present on which day. But last night...that was one that I hadn't seen before, so who knows what I will get tonight. I'm standing here naked, fully clothed, but naked just the same. I'm staring at that door, pacing back and forth, trying to remember when things changed. When did I lose the proud and happy Brian and gain these others that I don't understand?

The first few weeks after the election were great. Brian was happy. I was happy. We were happy together and getting along perfectly. It seemed like he didn't want to be without me and I certainly didn't want to be without him. Everyone was so proud of him, including me. We would go to Babylon and everyone would cheer for him. I can only imagine how that made him feel.

When Mikey brought the vette back, he traded it in for another jeep. I'm sure he got some money back on the difference but I didn't know how much. He asked me to move in with him again and promised that things would be different this time. I believed him because he was different. I was enjoying my independence living on my own and paying my own way. Ok, I was living with Daphne, but still, I had my share of the bills to pay so for the first time, I was fully independent and making my own way. No more Brian paying for everything, no more Debbie providing a roof over my head, no more of my mother hovering over me.

That was one thing that my time with Ethan gave me. A sense of pride in taking care of myself. I mean, he sure didn't make much money pedalling on the streets. I had Rage, the diner and the odd job from Brian. I was the provider for a change and it felt good. When Brian asked me to move back in with him, I thought long and hard about it. I couldn't go back to the way it was. I wasn't the helpless child or the wounded bird any longer. I was finally a man. I knew that Brian didn't have a job, I knew he didn't have much money, and I knew it would take him a while to get set up again so I thought this would be great for both of us. He wouldn't be able to be my keeper which would allow me to continue to take care of myself and he didn't have any money coming in so I could take care of things and repay him for all that he had done for me before. What sealed the deal was when we were talking about the emptiness of the loft. He told me that the only thing missing was me, and of course, the mushy romantic side of me took over and I leapt into his arms and showered him with kisses. I gave him my answer, I would move in.

Brian seemed content living in the empty loft but the practical side of me told me that there was no way that I could live there without some kind of furniture. I mean, we couldn't stay in bed the whole time. So I decided to take care of that problem. I had just gotten my check for my share of the third issue of Rage so I went to a cheap furniture store and bought a couch, coffee table and a dining room table with 2 chairs. They weren't the expensive Italian stuff like Brian was used to and they certainly didn't match the loft decor but they were cheap and temporary so they were Ok.

I showed up at the loft to move in with all my stuff. A very happy, or maybe I should say horny, Brian greeted me and was trying to peel me out of my clothes when the delivery truck came with the furniture. His mood changed instantly. He said they were ugly...no argument here...and he wouldn't allow them. Wouldn't allow them? If I was going to live there, there would not be any of this 'allowing' shit. I told him I wouldn't live there without them that I wanted a place to curl up with him to talk and a place to eat dinner with him. He told me that I was going to turn the loft into a bargain basement, which made me laugh. He relented and they carried it all inside. I began to notice that he wouldn't sit on

the couch unless I had dragged him over to it and promised him some special attention. Funny how he would sit his ass down for a blow job. He never ate at the table though, he always stood at the bar. I guess his butt was too precious for cheap furniture. He is such a label princess.

I increased my hours at the diner. If I wasn't going to be going to school then I needed to act like an adult and work full time. We needed some more money coming in and I could save some for my tuition when I did go back to school. I didn't know how long Brian was going to be unemployed, so I was on my own with future tuition money. We never discussed it, but I figured things had changed since he didn't have the money anymore, or a job for that matter. Plus, since I had been kicked out of school, it seemed useless to discuss it anyway, so I just made the decision on my own.

Full time hours at the diner meant that I was working all 3 busy periods. Breakfast, lunch and the early dinner. Occasionally I worked the late night shift, but not often. That was fine with me because then I would be home nights to be with Brian or so we could go out together. Besides, the late night drunk customers never tipped very well and were always grabbing at my ass. I liked the day shift much better. Working was just something that I felt I had to do. The more tips I got, the more money we would have. Being blond and having a great ass got me really good tips. Brian didn't like me working the long hours and complained about it constantly. I knew it was because I always came home and showed him all my tip money. He didn't like the fact that my ass was getting me those extra tips. I thought it was cute and teased him about how I thought that Brian Kinney didn't do jealous. Of course he came back with 'I'm not jealous', but I knew better. I loved it. I hated leaving him all day by himself though, but I had to. Sometimes when I was at work, my mind would wander and I would end up thinking about whether he was thinking about me and jerking off.

So things were great. Between my job at the diner and the money I got from Rage we were doing fine. The loft was already paid for so that wasn't a problem and the money he got from trading in the vette was paying most of the utilities. We mostly stayed in, but every few nights or so we would go to Babylon for drinks and dancing or to Woody's for drinks and pool. We were getting along great and having sex 2-3 times a day. I had to get up early to start my shift, but he always woke up with me for morning sex and coffee. I guess he didn't want to send me to work with a bunch of fags without taking care of my morning woody. I certainly didn't mind that. His possessiveness was my gain.

It was after one of those nights that we went to Babylon that I started to notice things beginning to change. We were having a great time as usual when Brian came up to me and told me he wanted to leave. It was still early and I didn't want to. He was doing that a lot lately when we went out. I didn't mind too much because the sooner we left, the sooner we could get home and fuck. That way I could still get 6 hours of sleep before I had to get up for work. But on that particular night, I didn't have to get up early because I was going to work the late shift the next day. This was a chance for me to stay longer and I didn't want to waste it. We argued about leaving. I told him if he was that horny

and couldn't wait, I would blow him in the back room and then we could stay. He finally told me that wasn't the problem and he didn't have anymore money for drinks. I was thinking 'so you didn't bring enough money with you, what is the big deal?' I told him 'no problem' and paid for the rest of the night. I didn't understand, but his mood changed. Then he made me regret not insisting on the backroom blow job because he kept grabbing at guys on the dance floor. He would grind on them while he was dancing and when they seemed lost in his allure and ready to be dragged to the backroom, he would look over at me, push them away and come back to the bar. I'd buy him another drink, which he would down quickly and then he was off again. I couldn't figure out what he was doing. Did he want to go the backroom with those guys or not? It was strange.

When we got home, he fucked me with this intense passion. It was a mixture of sweet and rough. He was pounding into me relentlessly while holding my hands down. He always interlaced our fingers of one hand, it was just one of those sweet things that he did. I never minded the rough stuff because no matter how intense it got, he always held my hand or played with my hair. But this time, he had both of my hands locked and held tight. I couldn't jerk myself off and neither could he. I kept begging him to touch me but he ignored me. He came pretty quickly. As he was shooting, he let go of my hands, grabbed a handful of my hair, jerked my head back and showered my neck with these extremely passionate kisses. It felt like he was trying to eat me. I was in desperate need to get off, but that feeling of him needing me so bad just went straight to my heart. I was lost in knowing how much he wanted me, how much he was needing me at that moment. My face felt flushed and I felt like I may have actually been glowing. Then he flipped me over and gave me one hell of a blow job. That was by far the best one that I had ever had. I shot into his mouth while screaming at the top of my lungs. He didn't even let me calm down before he covered me with his entire body like a blanket. He interlaced our fingers in both hands again and pulled them above my head as he kissed me. He still had some of my cum in his mouth as his tongue went diving into my mouth. He pushed it into me then lapped it back out without ever breaking the kiss. It just kept passing between us looking for a final resting place. It was the most erotic thing that he'd ever done to me. When I woke up the next morning, he was sleeping so soundly and looked so at peace, I decided not to wake him up and took care of my morning woody myself in the shower.

The next night when I came home, Brian was in the shower. I asked if I could join him. He said he was done, turned the water off and got out. I handed him the towel and leaned up for a kiss on the lips. He kissed me on the head and started drying himself off. We ate the take out dinner that I had brought home and talked for a little while about nothing important. He told me about his day and I told him about the different things that went on at the diner throughout the day. When we went to bed, he snuggled up behind me, wrapped his arms around my waist, kissed me on the nape of my neck and then nothing. After a few minutes, I just figured that he wanted me to start things up, so I did. He pulled my hands back off of him, kissed them, then wrapped them back inside his arms around my waist. This was so confusing. This was the first time that we went a whole day without any kind of sex at all since I'd moved in. I started to regret not waking him up that morning. I've always loved to cuddle, but it was usually after great sex, not

in place of it.

The next day, I came home to find Brian sitting on the couch. He never sat on the couch without me, so that was weird in itself, but when I walked closer to him, I could smell that he reeked of alcohol and he hadn't shaved or showered. I bent down to kiss him hello and he grabbed a hold of me and pulled me over the back of the couch. He threw me down and took me right there. It was such a turn on, I got hard instantly. He was plunging his tongue so deep into my mouth, I couldn't catch my breathe. His whiskers were scratching me and I could feel my skin burning. He more than made up for the lack of sex from the day before.

The third day, I came home to find Brian in a great mood. He greeted me right away and lavished me with kisses as he pulled my clothes off. When I was completely naked he explained that he had hidden a toy somewhere in the loft. If I could find it then I got to use it on him. If I couldn't find it then he would go get it and use it on me. This was one of those games where no one really loses, but since I was still just a tad sore from the rough housing the day before, I didn't think I would be up for much ass play myself. Besides, it wasn't often that I got to put anything but my tongue inside him so I really wanted to win this time. Lucky me, it was an easy find. I was excited at what was coming next and relieved big time when I saw which one it was, the big purple one with bumps on it. My ass was in no shape for that one at all. Brian looked at me like he was shocked that I'd found it so easily and told me that I would have to catch him first as he took off running. I knew he wanted to get caught because he ran into the closest bedroom entrance to him. I just ran through the other one and we crashed into each other right by the bed. How very convenient. We were laughing and pawing at each other. It was so much fun. Once we were done playing, we got in the shower and he rimmed me like he had never done before. His warm, soft tongue felt so good on my battered hole. It was like he was taking care of it. Pampering it to feel better after the abuse it was given the day before. I was in heaven. We got dressed and went dancing at Babylon.

Brian bought the first few rounds and I bought the last two rounds. I thought it was great. We were sharing expenses, sharing the loft, basically sharing our lives. I thought the weirdness of the last few days was over. The next day I found out that I was wrong.

When I got home, he was in the shower again so I undressed and opened the door to get in. He turned the water off and said he was done. It was an okay evening but once again, I tried everything and he wouldn't have sex with me. He just kept telling me he wanted to cuddle. Brian Kinney doesn't do cuddling. I knew something was wrong.

That was confirmed the next day when a very drunk Brian pulled me over the couch and onto the floor. He was all over me again full of this animalistic need. I came so hard.

Then game day came again when I was greeted at the door by a very happy man twirling a string of beads. I have to admit, I was really starting to like game night. Toys, sex and dancing at Babylon. The perfect date night.

We fell into this routine and I was getting comfortable with it. I enjoyed cuddle night, I loved rough night and, well, game night was just awesome. I did think that they were in the wrong order though and I asked him if we could change it. 'Since rough night always gets me sore then couldn't we change cuddle night to come after rough night instead of before it?' I just thought that way, my ass would get a rest and I would have more fun on game night. I guess he didn't agree because he just said that his tongue was giving my ass its due rest and things continued the way that they were. There weren't many surprises. I knew which Brian to expect when I got home and that was strangely comforting to me.

A little over a week ago, I was surprised and my safe, strangely comforting routine was disrupted. I had gotten off work early, just fifteen minutes, but I was still excited because that fifteen minutes would maybe get me some shower time with Brian. It was cuddle night and it seemed I always got home just as he was finishing his shower. I would be able to catch him this time and I was looking forward to some hide-the-soap fun. I ran up the stairs and just as I reached the platform before the last set of stairs, I saw him. This 6' tall guy with brunet hair was shutting the door to the loft. He had that freshly-fucked-by-Brian-Kinney look on his face. He trotted down the stairs happy as a clam and said 'hey' as he passed by me. I caught a whiff of him and he smelled like Brian. It made me sick to my stomach. I walked up the rest of the stairs and went into the loft just in time to hear the shower turn on. That fifteen minutes had allowed me to catch him alright. I was devastated. It wasn't that he was tricking, I could live with that, I understood that. I thought he had stopped but we never discussed it or anything. It really didn't matter. That wasn't the problem. It was the fact that the shower clean Brian that greeted me when I got home wouldn't fuck me or have sex with me or make love to me. Some would say that was respectful, who would want sloppy seconds, but you have to understand what I understood about the tricking. The tricks were in addition to me, never in place of me. If Brian wanted it or needed it and I wasn't around, fine, go get it somewhere else. That was Ok, I refused to make myself available 24/7 for his sexual desires, I had to live my own life. So of course, there would be times that I wasn't available and it was those times that he would trick. Fine. But he had never not been with me in order to trick. I was the first priority, not them. This was now different. They were taking away my time with Brian because when they had been here, he wouldn't be with me. They had crept into my space.

So now I understood the 'no-sex' thing on cuddle night and it turned it dirty for me. Everything turned dirty to me. I was sitting on the bed and was wondering. Did he fuck him in our bed? Did he fuck him on our couch? Was there anything special for just us or had he tainted everywhere? I was feeling very hurt. He got out of the shower, walked over to me and kissed me on the top of the head like he always did. So this is why he didn't kiss me on the lips after his shower. The lip print on my head suddenly started to burn my skin. Was he kissing tricks again? We never discussed or set any rules this time, but I just assumed. Fuck. He smelled clean, like soap. He had tried to wash it all away. The soap smell started making me nauseous. Then it occurred to me that this was what I had done to him with Ethan. I had showered when I got home after I had

been with Ethan. I remember that night that he wouldn't let me go and he made that comment about liking the smell of me and not soap. I completely understand that now. When I showered, I smelled like soap, if I didn't shower, then I smelled like Ethan. This is why he had told me that night that I stunk. He wanted the smell of Justin back and I had been depriving him of it. Not only was I cheating on him, but I had taken away the smell of me from him as well. He refused to let me shower so he could try to get it back and I guess, when he couldn't find me and only found Ethan, he stopped. I guess soap was better to him than Ethan after all. But either way, I had taken away what belonged to him. Smell is such a powerful thing. I had no idea.

I didn't want him to know that I knew because I figured that he didn't want me to know, and because I didn't want him to think that I wasn't okay with the tricking. I tried to pretend that everything was fine and we went on about the evening. When we got in bed though, I didn't want the cuddling. It had been tainted. Instead of lying in the middle of the bed like we usually did, I scooted all the way over to the edge on my side. He laid in the middle, just looking at me. He didn't cross the imaginary line that I had drawn but he did reach out his arm and put his hand on my hip. I guess he just needed some sort of connection. His touch was burning me, but I let him leave it there.

The next day when I got home, I knew he would be sitting on the couch, drunk. I opened the door and the smell of alcohol reeked through my head. It had been there everytime but this was different. The smell took me over. That trick yesterday had gotten the real smell of Brian. I had gotten soap and now the stench of Jim Beam. I wanted to get away from it. I bypassed him completely and walked towards the kitchen. I didn't get very far before he was behind me, slamming me into the beam. My body reacted and tingled all over when he yanked my pants down, but my mind was racing in a different direction. The thoughts of smell were swimming around. He ran the fingers of one hand through my hair, kissed all over my neck and shoulders and used the other hand to jerk me off. He did everything right. A hard, fast fuck with soft touches and kisses but all my mind was thinking was that he reeked.

The next day was game night and I got the smell of Brian back. It made things a lot easier to take, but I needed to know what was going on with him. Why would he not have sex with me on the trick days? Why was he drinking himself into a stupor on the rough days? I watched his reactions to my every touch and when I had the vibrator buried deep in his ass and brought him to orgasm, I got as close as I could to him and just smelled him and looked for the answers. They say the eyes are the windows to a person's soul and if you look deep enough you can see their demons. They also say that people that wear masks can't help but take them off when they orgasm. This was my chance. I drank in the smell of the real Brian and sought to look deep into those intense hazel orbs at their most vulnerable moment. All I could see was anger buried behind the pleasure of his orgasm. What was he so mad about? What had I done? I had to think about things and got up to take a shower. I told him that I didn't need the usual attention he gave my ass on game night and shut the bathroom door behind me, indicating that I wanted to shower alone. He showered after I did then we got dressed to go out without really speaking. I said that I didn't feel like Babylon so we went to

Woody's instead. There was no dancing at Woody's so we could have more space between us. I needed the space.

The next three days went basically the same. I couldn't shake all the smells. I couldn't shake the vision of that guy walking past me. I couldn't figure out why Brian had so much anger in his eyes. I really was starting to hate the smell of soap. Would I ever get past it? Would I ever be able to wash him in the shower again? Would that smell ever stop reminding me?

I knew he would be in the shower when I got home because it was cuddle-don't-touch-me-I've-fucked-someone-else-night. I was pretty sure I would be able to keep my space. I needed to figure everything out. I pulled back on the door and heard glass breaking near my head. There was Brian, drunk, unclean, unshaven, sitting on the couch. Wait. This wasn't rough-drunk-I-fucking-stink-night. I was confused. What was going on? I wanted to avoid him completely. I wasn't prepared for rough, I needed to think. I walked toward the kitchen, passed between the island and the stove, around the dining room table and into the bedroom. My mind was racing. What was going on?

I started to take my jacket off when he came at me from the side and tackled me to the bed. It knocked the breath out of me but before I could take a breath back in, his mouth was covering mine. He pushed his tongue so far back into my mouth that I felt like I was swallowing it and it made me almost gag. I pushed my tongue back at him, trying to regain some space in my mouth so I could breathe. He pulled away and I took in a big gasp of air. I was almost scared of him. What had gotten into him? He had never kissed me like that before. He stared down at me. His eyes were mixed with anger and lust and at the same time they were distant. Like he wasn't inside anymore. I didn't like what I was seeing so I closed my eyes. I just couldn't look at him anymore. I opened my eyes back up while wishing that the Brian that I knew would be there. His eyes changed for a split second and I thought he was there, but then he moved away, pulled my pants off of me and attacked my dick with the same determination as he did my mouth. He had never blown me like that before either. I felt like he was trying to devour my dick whole. He even tried to nip at it like a fucking cat and it made me scream. He stopped immediately. Thank god. In his current state of mind, having teeth anywhere near my dick was terrifying.

I felt weak and unable to move. I was confused. What was happening? Before I could say anything, he flipped me over and pulled at me so I was on my knees. I could hear his heavy breathing. It sounded like an animal. While he was putting a condom on, I started to crawl away but he grabbed my hips and pulled me back to him, then I felt the coldness of lube shooting up my hole. I called out his name. He didn't respond. He put his dick at my entrance but he hadn't even prepared me yet. I felt the heat radiating from his cock. This was not going to be easy so I braced myself for the worst. When he pushed all the way in, the pain that I felt pushed all the air out of my lungs. It swooshed right out of my mouth. Fuck it hurt. I tried to scream but it came out sounding like a skipping record. It alternated between silent rushes of air and pitched vocalization. I don't know if he was responding to my reaction or what, but he didn't move. He just held

it there deep inside me. Maybe he was allowing me time to adjust. I don't know. I felt him lean over me and I heard him sniffing at the back of my neck, then he started pumping. Jabbing into me. It was so intense, but it was so scary. I needed him to touch me, to show me everything was alright. I reached for his hand and he slapped it away. I pleaded with him to touch me, 'Brian, please.' Again, he didn't respond. I nudged his arm with my head. I just needed him to touch me the way he always did. If he wouldn't hold my hand, then I needed his fingers in my hair. Just some kind of connection that was softer than the pounding in my ass. He grabbed my hair, but it wasn't soft. He pushed my head down into the mattress face first. I almost couldn't breathe. I tried to turn my head, but his grip was so hard that I couldn't move. I felt his cock swell inside me. He was close. I needed to end this. I'd lost my own erection a long time ago. This wasn't about me, it was all about him and I didn't like it. I tightened my muscles to finish him off. This made him thrust harder and then he did something really weird. He lowered his head to my shoulder and I thought maybe, finally, he was going to give me a sign that I was still safe. But he didn't kiss me, he bit into my shoulder...hard. It fucking hurt. I screamed from the pain and he started to cum. What the fuck was that? My scream from the pain made him get off? He pulled out and plopped down on the bed. I sucked in a big gasp of air, leapt off the bed and ran into the bathroom, slamming the door behind me. I had to get away from him.

I cleaned myself up and took care of the bite on my shoulder. Why did he do that? He's never done that before. The whole scene was so harsh and impersonal. Like he didn't even know who I was. He'd never treated me that way. Not even on our first night together. I tried to figure out why. This was supposed to have been the day that he had a trick over. What happened? Did he not show up? Was that what I was to him just now? A trick. Was that how he fucked his tricks? I felt so used. My emotions and my body both were raw.

I stayed in the bathroom until I was sure that he had fallen asleep. When I came out, he was sound asleep in the middle of the bed. He looked so peaceful. He had his arm draped over the empty spot on my side of the bed. Was he looking for a connection with me even when I wasn't there? I tiptoed to the other side, lifted his arm, slid in beside him and put his arm back around my waist. He tightened the hold around me, scooted closer and nuzzled his head against my neck without ever waking up. I laid there listening to the breaths going in and out of his body. I finally felt safe for the first time that night. I tried to go to sleep but I seemed to drift in and out of it. I couldn't stop thinking about what had happened and wondering why.

When the alarm went off the next morning, I was already awake. I eased myself out of bed slowly and almost limped to the bathroom...my ass was so sore. I got in the shower, careful not to get soap on the open bite wound. It kind of hurt to raise my arm. When I was washing myself, I felt a slight tender spot on the side of my dick from where he had nipped at me. God, I was a fucking mess. It was like I had been hit by a truck. I shaved, dried my hair, got dressed and made coffee. He never even stirred. He was sleeping so soundly. I put my jacket on and leaned down to kiss him goodbye. When my lips touched his face, his arm flew up and he slapped me across the face. The sting was felt

throughout my whole body. Tears welled up in my eyes. Why was he so mad at me? I ran out of the loft, slamming the door behind me.

I walked to the diner in a fog. I couldn't stop crying. Fuck. I knew it was going to be bad because when I cry my eyes get all puffy and bloodshot. I knew people would notice that I was upset. It was so obvious. The minute I walked into the diner, Deb was all over me. She was demanding to know what the asshole had done. I kept telling her that it was nothing, that we'd just had a fight. I wish that were the case, because if we had fought then maybe I would know what the hell was going on. But we hadn't, and I didn't have a fucking clue. She waited on all the customers so I could stay behind the counter and just fill orders and bus tables. I was relieved because I was in no shape to talk to anyone.

About an hour later, I came out of the backroom and found Brian sitting at the table with Mikey. He looked like shit. He hadn't showered or shaved yet. I couldn't believe he was here looking like that. Something was terribly wrong with him. I stared at him, but he didn't say a word to me. What had I done to him to make him treat this way? I couldn't stand to look at him anymore, and I almost started crying again so I went back into the kitchen. I started to hear Mikey yelling at him and he was getting louder and louder. He accused Brian of hitting me. That's not really what happened. Yes, he slapped me and I didn't know why, but since he was asleep I wouldn't really say that he had hit me. It was different. I came out to defend him and stopped dead in my tracks. Brian had a big smile on his face and jumped out of the booth. He planted a big fucking kiss on Mikey then ran out of the diner without even saying goodbye. That was the first time he'd smiled in days and he chose to share it with Mikey. I missed his smile so much. I was crushed. My heart ached.

I worked the rest of my shift in a daze then headed home. Would it still be my home when I got there? I climbed those fucking stairs and approached the door. I was so tired but I had to make Brian talk to me. I had to know what I'd done. What was I going to say? Thoughts were running rampant through my head. What Brian would be there? Would he be sober? I was so nervous. I was so scared.

Pacing back and forth for what seemed like an eternity, I pushed my key into the lock. This was slowly becoming the worst fucking day of my life.

Brian's Story

I never thought that I would say this, but I am a pathetic shit. I have been treating Justin badly for weeks now, but last night was the worst. I have to explain what happened and convince him that it won't happen again. I'm standing here, naked, I mean, really naked. I'm staring at that door, pacing back and forth, waiting for Justin to get home, and trying to remember how I got to this point.

After Stockwell lost the election, I was feeling really good about myself. I had done the

right thing. Me, Brian-the-asshole-Kinney had done a noble thing. Ha! Word spread quickly about what I'd done and everytime I went to the diner or to Babylon, people congratulated me and thanked me. I was used to people praising me, or I guess I should say praising my cock, but this was different. I was a real hero. It felt good and helped me forget that I was broke and unemployed.

When Mikey brought the vette back, I sold it, bought another jeep and used the rest of the money to stay afloat with my monthly expenses. I didn't have much money, but it was enough to last at least six months. That's how long I figured it would take for the hoopla surrounding my termination to die down before I would be marketable again. It was hard to take, being broke, but I was still doing okay and I was happy. It seemed none of the bullshit mattered because I had Justin. For some reason, that was enough for me.

I liked the person that I had become. Justin was proud of this person. He had led me down this path and I found myself wanting to be around him all the time. I wanted more of him to rub off on me. Plus, all the mess seemed to not matter as much when he was around. I asked him to move in with me again and I promised things would be better this time. He seemed reluctant to do it. I guess he thought that I would still be distant and maybe he was worried about the tricking. When we got back together he said that he understood, but now I'm not so sure. I thought he would want to be here with me. I decided to prove that it really would be different this time and that I had improved in showing my feelings for him. I told him that the only thing missing in my empty loft was him. I think that did the trick because he jumped on me and wouldn't stop kissing me. I couldn't catch my breath. I thought 'shit, if this is what mushy stuff gets me, I'm all for it'. He did the same fucking thing when I promised to take him Vermont. Why didn't I get a clue back then?

So he showed up on moving day with a suitcase full of clothes for starters. I was going to help him with his art stuff and computer later. I was actually happy to see him. I had been horny all day thinking about him. He barely got his suitcase put down before I started ripping his clothes off. As it happens every time we are trying to fuck, there was a knock on the door. He ran to answer it and the next thing I know two big bears are carrying in the most hideous looking couch that I had ever seen. I instantly asked him what the fuck was going on. He told me that he wasn't going to live here without furniture so he went and bought the essentials. Shit, I had the essentials. I had a fucking bed. What was wrong with staying in bed all the time? Was his butt too precious to sit on the goddamn floor? What a fucking drama princess! This really pissed me off. Not only was the furniture ugly, but who the hell asked him to buy me furniture? I didn't need furniture. I didn't need HIM to buy me furniture. I am not a pity case. This was not the reason that I asked him to move in. I decided to let him have his way anyway because I didn't want to fight on our first day of living together. This was the third attempt. Third times a charm, right? So, yeah, I buried my anger and gave in with the furniture thing but I also decided that I would show him how unnecessary it all was by not using it.

I worked on some advertising campaigns during the day and he went to work. I was

surfing the net for some companies that might need a face lift on their advertising and I would develop some ideas for them. Basically, I was building my portfolio of brilliance so that I was ready to go when the six months were up. He was working full time now so I had lots of time to build the perfect portfolio. I didn't like that he was working so many hours. I thought it was because he thought he had to because I wasn't. That really got to me. I didn't need him to support me. I had a plan and a budget. I was fine. He swore it just was something that he had to do since he wasn't going to be going to school any time soon. The consolation was that he was working the day shift. This had two advantages for me. It would leave me alone to get my stuff done and it would keep him away from the drunk fucks at night. Ok, so maybe three advantages. He was home at night so we could fuck or go out if we wanted to.

The part that drove me crazy was when he would flaunt his tip money. He would go on and on about how having a great ass got him extra tips. Pissed me off. He accused me of being jealous. Yes, he had a great ass, but sometimes I thought that he was getting the extra money out of pity for what we gave up to correct the Stockwell debacle. He was a hero to them too afterall, it wasn't just me. I didn't want to burst his bubble and tell him that I was pretty sure they felt sorry for us. I hate pity. I don't need it. So, I let him think that I was jealous. It didn't matter what I said, that is what he would have believed anyway. He was also bringing home groceries and household stuff everyday. He was constantly shopping for us. It was really making me mad. I had enough money for the essentials. I wanted him to keep his money, he had earned it afterall. I didn't tell him any of this, of course, he was working hard and was earning money. It was an honorable living. I didn't want to take any of that away from him or make him feel bad.

I don't think he knew what I was working on at home while he was at work. He probably thought I was spending the whole day thinking about him and jerking off. We were fucking or having sex or making love three times per day already. If I was jerking off as well, like he thought, that would have meant I was cumming all day long. Hell, I'm good, but that would be close to impossible for even me. I did make sure to wake up with him every morning though. A high protein breakfast is a great way to start the day and he always tasted the best first thing in the morning. I learned that after our first night together. So call me selfish, but it was one of the perks of having him living with me.

I was trying to keep the money thing in check, but it kept creeping on me. We were at Babylon one night when it really hit home. To keep myself on my 6-month plan, I budgeted how much money to spend when we went out. Once I started drinking, I knew the budget would fly out the window, so to keep from overspending, I only took a small amount with me and spent a lot of time on the dance floor. That would make the money last longer because I would drink less if I was busy dancing. So basically, when the money was gone, it was time to go home. I didn't tell anyone about my budget or my plan. Justin just thought I wanted to get home so I could fuck him, so needless to say, he was fine with our early evenings. But that night, when I ran out of money, he didn't want to go. He wanted to stay because he didn't have to get up early the next morning. I didn't figure that in as part of my plan. We ended up bickering about it and in a heated moment, I told him I didn't have any more money for drinks and wanted to leave. He just

nonchalantly said 'no problem, I've got money'. He went and bought the drinks and we stayed.

That pissed me off. I mean, shit, like I didn't know he had money already. He reminds me every fucking day. But this really pissed me off. It wasn't that Justin paid for the drinks, big deal, it was that he HAD to pay for them. I was angry at Stockwell, I was mad at Vance and I was pissed at myself for being pissed which made me mad at Justin. All the pride that I had felt for my good deed had died. Justin and the money weren't the cause of the death, they were just the trigger that created the wound. I started feeling worthless and undesirable and I was mad. I went out on the dance floor, grabbed the first good looking guy and gave him all my best moves until he wanted me more than anything. Then I saw Justin standing there watching me. The guy wasn't who I wanted. Justin was. I pushed the guy away and walked towards Justin to take him home. I got to the bar and what did he do? Bought me another fucking drink. Thanks, rub it in. Back to the dance floor again. After my third trip back to the bar, he was finally ready to go home. I was horny from all the grinding on the dance floor and I was mad.

When we got home, I pushed him down on the bed and fucked him within an inch of his life. I wanted him to know what it felt like to be held down and unable to pleasure yourself. That's how I was feeling. The word about why I was fired had spread and it was holding me down from getting a job right now. I was mad and unable to do anything about it. I wanted him to know, to feel what I was feeling. After I got off, I flipped him over. I wanted to see the helplessness on his face. I was not prepared for what I did see. It was a look of frustration and confusion, but still filled with contentment and happiness. Just pleasuring me was enough? I remember thinking how absolutely beautiful he was at that moment and I just wanted to swallow him whole. Whatever he was feeling, I wanted it. I covered his dick with my mouth and tried to suck it out of him. When he finally allowed me to drink in his happiness, he was screaming and it was music to my ears. I wanted to share it with him so I kissed him.

I went to sleep no longer angry, but it all came back to me the next morning. I woke up to an empty, cold bed. All that anger came back. I needed to get laid. During those first weeks after the election and up to this point, I had stopped tricking. It wasn't a conscious decision, I just didn't do it. I never seemed to think about it. I liked being with Justin. Don't think I started up again because we didn't have sex that morning, that wasn't it. I just needed it. I called someone to come over and we fucked. In a weird way, it felt good to be back in the game and know that I could still get whoever I wanted. After he left, I got in the shower. The next thing I knew, Justin was standing in the bathroom asking to get in the shower with me. I quickly turned off the water and got out. I just didn't want to be with him right now. I was fine being around him, in fact, I wanted to touch him and hold him. I just didn't want to be with him or kiss him. I was able to put him off the whole night, but when we went to bed, it got hard. He tried and tried to get me going. Truth be known, it was working, I had a hard on in the worst way. I just couldn't bring myself to fuck him after what I had done. I just continued to hold him until he finally gave up and went to sleep.

I felt like shit. I had never deprived him before and I didn't really understand why I needed to. This made me feel guilty. Not for tricking but for depriving him without explanation. The stupid thing is, I deprived myself too, so now I was feeling guilty, frustrated and still a little angry. I poured a glass of Jim Beam and sat down to work on my portfolio. I couldn't clear my head, so I drank more and paced around the loft. That still didn't work because all I could think about was Justin wanting it and me wanting to give it to him. Right now. I was getting horny, getting drunk and getting nothing accomplished. Then I would remember that he was at work, earning money and buying things for him, for us, for me. I got mad all over again. By the time he got home, I had worked myself up into frenzy. He came over to kiss me, I pulled him down onto the couch and kissed him hard. I just couldn't get enough. I think I was trying to lick his throat. There was this heady aroma in the air that smelled like pure sex. It set me on fire. I was torn between being mad at him and just wanting him. I yanked his pants down and his dick hardened immediately. I had to have him right then. We fucked three times before we even had dinner. It was fast, hard and long. I know it was rough but I couldn't seem to help myself and I guess he didn't mind it. He was screaming and grunting but he came with me every time.

By the third day, I was thinking that I had been really rotten to Justin the past two days. I was starting to feel regret and I hated that but I put it aside and decided to make it up to him. I planned the whole evening out. I would let him have some fun with me then I would have some fun with him in the shower. I was sure he was a little sore from the day before so I figured a nice slow sloppy rim job would ease his pains. Then I planned to take him out dancing. I promised myself no fuck ups. I wouldn't get upset about the money or the budget, we would just stay as long as he wanted to. It was going to be his night. He loved the little game I planned out. I actually enjoyed it as well. He can be so attentive when he is having his way with me. He pays attention to every move and every sound that I make. He gives me more of the good stuff and backs away when it's just not working. I guess that's the artist in him. He treated my body like a canvas and he was painting a picture that would reflect an orgasm when he was done.

It's really the most awesome thing. I've led him to believe that it's such a hardship to give myself to him, but it's really not. Every time it turns out to be the best that I've ever had. Each time tops the time before. He is such an amazing lover. When he was done with me, I was so relaxed from his deep internal massages. The passionate mood flowed over into the shower and my plan for a soothing rim job. When my tongue was done making love to his ass, he was a bowl of mush. We went to Babylon and danced all night. I never let him out of my grasp. The whole time we danced like we were in our own little world. Some part of our bodies were touching at all times. Our hands, our lips, our foreheads, our dicks, it didn't matter, we had to be touching somewhere. When he was ready to leave, we went home and made love again. It was a really good night.

I don't know why, it was just one of those things, but I had another trick the next day. I went to the drug store to buy more condoms and there he was. I brought him back, fucked him, sent him on his way and got into the shower. I don't think Justin knew anything, he seemed fine with just cuddling when I told him that's what I wanted. Then I

guess out of guilt, the next day, I drank all day again. No shower, no working on the portfolio, just drinking. My own little pity party sitting on 'Justin's' couch and thinking about what a shit I was. By the time he came home from the diner, I was so worked up that I attacked him again as he kissed me hello. I dropped him to the floor and pummelled him fast and hard. The next day I came up with another game and it went well. I rimmed him again, but this time as he was lying on the bed. I love the moans that come out of his mouth when my tongue is bathing his hole. Especially when the flesh is already so raw and tender. He almost mews like a kitten. It's so sexy and I get hard all over again. We went out to Babylon again, but I forgot to make my promises to myself and the fucking money thing came roaring its ugly head again.

So there we were, caught in this vicious three day cycle. Tricking, drinking, playing and dancing. Otherwise known as no sex, rough sex and play sex. I don't know if he caught a pattern in my moods or what, but he asked to change the tricking/no sex night to after the drinking/rough sex night. I was like 'what the fuck?' 'What do you mean, you'd have more fun on game night if your ass wasn't sore?' Fuck me. I was taking damn good care of that ass. He loved to get rimmed. What was the fucking problem? I know he didn't know that cuddle night was really tricking/no sex night but now he wanted to change the days? I trick when I want to trick, dammit, not because it was on a schedule.

Okay, so I was doing it on some kind of schedule, but I didn't plan it that way, it just happened. I bet if he knew what cuddle night really was, he wouldn't have asked to change it. That's all I'm saying. I was fucking up royally, but I was trying to keep him happy the best I could. I never really connected the type of night we would have with my self-pity moods about being jobless and hating the fact that Justin was trying to support me. I just wanted to be with Justin, I didn't want to need him or his money. I hated what was happening, but it seemed normal to me and he seemed okay with everything. Justin loved cuddling, always has. He liked it a little rough sometimes, same as me. Sure, he can be emotional and stuff, but he loved to fuck as much as the next guy, so when I threw him down with lust and need in my eyes, his dick immediately got in the game. And regardless of his other comment, I know he loved the play sex night the best, I did too. It was usually the only night that I wasn't racked with guilt. So it was this comfortable, weird, vicious cycle. But it was us.

This past week, just out of the blue, he changed. He started pulling away. He didn't want to cuddle anymore. He slept on his side of the bed the whole night. I didn't push the issue, I just figured he was upset about something and would talk to me about it when he was ready. He always wanted to talk about feelings, so I just decided to respect his space and wait. Then the next day he didn't approach me for a hello kiss when he came home. He walked right by me. In my drunken stupor, he made me go after him. Our rough romp was no longer on his couch or the floor in front of it, it was where I had caught up with him. Wrapped around the support beam by the kitchen. He still enjoyed it, I mean he did come, but it just didn't seem to be the mind-blowing ordeal like they had been. Then on play night, it was really different. When he was playing with me, he never took his eyes off of mine. I felt naked. I was naked, but I mean emotionally. He was looking for something with those beautiful blue eyes of his. He built my body up to

orgasm and when I let loose, he moved up close to my face, almost nose to nose, his eyes narrowed and he just watched me get off. It seemed so personal. Afterwards, he got up, went to the bathroom and closed the door. Since when does someone give up a rim job? And since when does he not want to shower with me? Then he didn't want to go to Babylon so we went to Woody's to play pool. Since when does he not want to go dancing?

The last time he changed this much so quickly, he had met Ethan. What had I done to cause this? He promised me. What was he not getting that he felt he had to look elsewhere? It must be something bad, because he wasn't talking and that was so not like him. The money thing crept into my thoughts again. I was no longer the man that could protect him and take care of him. Maybe that was what the allure was with me after all and I wasn't that man anymore. These thoughts got the better of me as usual and they got worse over the next three days because they went basically the same way. He slept on the edge of the bed again on cuddle night and he avoided me when he came home the next day. He kept smelling me. It was unnerving. On game night, there were no smiles, no chasing each other around the loft, no fun playing. Where was his laughter? I missed it so much. He stripped me naked physically and mentally and roamed my entire body. Every inch of it. What he didn't touch, he smelled. It was erotic, but very confusing. What was he searching for? He refused to shower with me before we went out again and he didn't want to go dancing.

I was bewildered at Justin's demeanor and oddly enough it pissed me off. I didn't have money for hustlers so I had to go out and get the tricks. Yesterday I just didn't feel like it. I wanted to fuck someone into the mattress but I didn't want the hassle of getting dressed up and going out. I had been pacing the loft trying to figure out how I was going to find someone to fuck without spending any money or going out so I did the unthinkable, I called someone that I knew. I ran across his phone number in the bottom of one of my desk drawers. It had probably been there for years. I had never used it because after he gave it to me, things changed and there was no point. He was supposed to have been one of my many tricks way back when, but he had ended up being Justin's. For some reason, being pissed at Justin and feeling like I had lost my role as his protector and provider had made me feel undesirable. The last time that I'd felt that way was with this same guy. He dumped me for Justin, so when I saw his name next to the number, it made sense to me. He would be the one to get me back on track. I could prove that he still wanted me even though he had chosen Justin all that time ago. I called him and told him to get his ass over here and to not keep me waiting. I paced the loft waiting for him to show up. What was wrong with Justin? Why had I called this guy? I was definitely slipping into the abyss. I was so fucked. My boyfriend was unhappy and I was waiting for one of his discarded tricks to show up. The whole situation was pathetic. Now I really had to prove something. I was going to make him regret choosing Justin over me.

No one, including Justin is as good as me. Yes, Justin is a great lover, but that is only with me. He doesn't fuck his tricks the way he fucks me so I knew this guy hadn't gotten Justin's best. Neither one of us fuck each other the way we do strangers. It's different

with us. Whether its fast, slow, hard, soft, whatever, we have an emotional connection that never waivers. It may only be the interlacing of our fingers or caresses through our hair, but it's something. It always has been. I remember interlacing fingers with him, the second time we fucked. I had never done that before with anybody. I also remember that it surprised me, but it felt good, so that's the way we've had sex ever since. So this was my chance to make this asshole regret the night he chose Justin instead of me. I was going to show this fucking twink what a good hard fuck really is. I was going to fuck him all the way into next week.

All these thoughts about Justin were swimming in my head when Shawn knocked on the door fifteen minutes later. As soon as I opened the door, I grabbed him and kissed him hard while slamming him up against the loft door. My tongue dove deep into his mouth and it felt strange. It didn't feel right to me. My tongue started to search around. I started thinking about what was it searching for? The thought of Justin's warm and inviting mouth, pouty lips and slippery tongue popped into my head. This wasn't Justin's mouth. Giving up the search, I pulled apart quickly, leaving him breathless and confused. So was I, and not in a good way. I stared at his face. My eyes darted back and forth, searching. These were not Justin's sky blue eyes. Fuck! I slammed my eyes shut tight, I couldn't look at him.

I yanked his pants down, got down on my knees and attacked his cock. My tongue washed over every inch of his cock searching for familiarity. It couldn't find it. Everywhere my tongue searched, it just wasn't there. I heard him moan. That wasn't the sound that Justin makes. This wasn't Justin's cock. I didn't know what was happening. Was this guilt? Was this regret? I let his dick fall from my mouth and I just stayed like that. I was on my knees in front of this big dick and I couldn't fucking move. He asked me if we were going to fuck or what. That shook me from my daze and I was more bound and determined to get Justin out of my head. Now I had to prove that I could still do this. I stood up, grabbed Shawn by the shoulders and spun him around. In a split second I had my pants down around my ankles and a condom on my dick. I moved to prepare him for the onslaught and I found him lubed up already. I guess he knew what he came here for. I bypassed the fingering and went straight for the big push. He cried out. Again, it wasn't Justin's voice. I was getting angry. Why couldn't I get Justin out of my fucking head? I squeezed my eyes closed as my dick plunged all the way in. It felt strange. Not as tight. Not like Justin at all. Dammit! Now I was really mad. I bucked hard and fast. I kept telling myself that I could do this. He moaned and yelped at the attack. That fucking voice. I yelled at him to shut the fuck up. I opened my eyes and caught our reflection in the full length mirror by the desk. I was standing there fucking the daylights out of some twink and all I could focus on was this ugly, unshaven, unclean man that looked an awful lot like me. Was this what Justin saw when he looked at me? Was that me? I pulled out, pulled my pants up and pulled open the door. I told him to get the fuck out, which he did, cussing me all the way down the stairs. I turned back to the full mirror. I felt sick, so I ran to the bathroom and threw up.

Now you would think that this revelation would have snapped me out of my self pity cycle, but it didn't. I was fine with not tricking before because I didn't really want it. But

this? This was inability and this was fucked. I flew into a rage. I needed a drink. I poured a full glass of Jim Beam and downed it. I poured another one and went to sit down on 'Justin's' sofa and put my feet up on 'Justin's' coffee table. Fuck Justin. I downed the second glass and threw it at the wall. That's when Justin opened the door.

I stared at him, he stared at me. Was that fear on his face? Was it disgust? What was it? He walked towards the kitchen, around the island and into the bedroom through the far door. What? No kiss? No, 'honey, I'm home?' Little twat. I felt my anger surge through my body and it took me over. I bolted off the couch, ran to the bedroom and tackled him to the bed. He grunted as we landed but I hushed him up with my mouth. I kissed him hard. I drove my tongue deep into his mouth, searching for that mouth, that tongue, for Justin. I needed to find him. He finally returned the kiss. Aaah, there he was. I pulled away. He gasped for air. His eyes opened wide. What was that look? Was he scared of me? I stared down at him, searching for those eyes that I love. He closed his eyes and then reopened them. They were softer. He seemed to be pleading. There he was in those pools of blue.

I yanked his pants down and covered his dick with my mouth. I bobbed up and down and ran my tongue over every inch of his cock. It curved just the right way to fill my mouth. I knew every vein and every bump on this cock. This was Justin's cock. I was so hungry for it. I dove for it over and over and twisted and turned my head like a dog with his favorite chew toy. His dick accidentally grazed my teeth and he yelped which got my attention. That was the voice that I wanted ringing in my ears. I released his dick from my mouth, flipped him over and pulled up on his hips so he was on his knees. I couldn't seem to catch my breath. He had such an amazing body. I was panting uncontrollably and all I could think about was searching for his ass. I needed to feel it grip my cock. I rolled a condom on my dick and squirted lube up his ass. He was mumbling something but I couldn't really hear him. I mounted him and pushed all the way in. I heard him scream and it sounded a little strange but I just held it there. I had found what I was looking for. He was tight and slick and warm. We fit so good together. He surrounded my entire cock so snugly. I was starting to feel like myself again. I hadn't lost it. I was still me. I leaned over him, closed my eyes, took in his scent and started pumping. I felt something on my hand and I jerked it away. I don't know why. I just did. He mumbled again but I still couldn't understand what he was saying. I remember he lifted his head and for some reason, I pushed it back down and held it there. I thrust harder and was very close to cumming. I dropped my head to his shoulder and nipped at the soft flesh. He let out a yelp and I spiralled into a mind-blowing orgasm, shooting my load deep in his ass while listening to that sweet voice echoing in my head. I pulled out and fell back on the bed breathless and relieved. I had found Justin and it felt so good.

Justin skampered off the bed, ran into the bathroom and slammed the door. I was startled at first, but then I realized that I was so lost in my search for him that I hadn't gotten him off. I figured he was pouting so I resolved to finish him off with the best blowjob of his life when he returned. I settled into the middle of the bed and waited.

The next thing I knew, there was a slight tickle on my cheek. Fucking flies. I hate them. I

swatted it away and rolled over. I was suddenly jarred awake by the slamming of the loft door. I sat straight up. My eyes burned from the bright sun and my head was pounding. I tried to remember the night before. Where was Justin? I couldn't recall anything. It was just a blank slot of time. I felt the urge to pee and got up to go to the bathroom. I held onto the wall as I pissed to keep from swaying. I figured I was hungover. Did we go out last night? I flushed the toilet, moved to the sink, turned the water on, splashed some on my face and felt the stubble. I looked up into the mirror. There was that man again. That man that I didn't recognize. Then all of a sudden, in one big swoosh, the entire night came crashing into my memory. The trick, Shawn, the mirror, the liquor, the fear in Justin's eyes. The fear in Justin's eyes? Oh god! Justin. What did I do? I'm such a pathetic shit. I smashed the mirror with my fist and bolted to the kitchen. I took a swig of Beam to clear my head. I had to figure this out. What could I do to fix this? I needed to know how bad it was, I needed to see Justin.

I put my clothes on and headed to the diner. When I walked in, I didn't see Justin anywhere. I noticed Mikey so I approached him and slumped down into the booth across from him. Justin came walking out of the back room and I was horrified at what I saw. His eyes were puffy and red and they only get like that when he has been crying. Fuck. I had made him cry. Why? What did I do? Why was one side of his face pinkish in color and not the other one? I just stared at him, I couldn't speak. I leaned down on the table and rested my chin on top of my stacked fists. Mikey looked at him, then at me and instantly started in on me.

I deserved this, someone needed to verbally kick the shit out of me. It might as well be Mikey. He started ranting and raving about what a shit I was. He was right, but he had it wrong too. He saw Justin's face and the cuts on my knuckles and thought that I had hit Justin. Fuck. I would never do that, would I? Mikey can be so intense when he is putting you in your place and trying to save your life. He went on with all kinds of things. I was getting such a headache. He said something about a scarf around both our necks this time. I wasn't really paying attention. Then something about my dick and why did I always to have fuck and fuck things up. My head was pounding. Then he said something that struck a chord. My head bolted up.

"What did you say?"

"Jesus, Brian. Pay attention," he whined at me. "I'm trying to save you here, don't you realize..."

"Mikey. Shut up! What did you say, dammit?" I yelled at him.

He looked dumbstruck like he couldn't remember then the eyebrows went up. "Oh yeah, I said as much as you fuck around, you should have invested in a condom company. You know you would be fucking rich by now. You are so...."

"That's it! You're brilliant!"

I jumped out of my seat and planted one hell of a kiss on Mikey's mouth. Thank God for Mikey's ranting lecture. I bolted out of the diner and headed back to the loft. When I got there, I swung the door open and ran to the closet. I pushed everything out of the way and grabbed the metal box that was in the corner on the top shelf. I rushed to the bed, opened it and turned it over to dump out the contents. I sifted through the mementos of my so-called life. My highschool diploma, my college degree, Gus' hospital ID bracelet, a Valentine's Day card from Justin. I paused and realized that I had completely forgot about my problem with Justin and had left the diner without even speaking to him. Fuck. I am such a shit. This was the first Valentine's Day card that I had ever received, it was also my last one. I didn't give him one and I told him that I thought they were meaningless. I tossed it on the table after reading it. He never gave me another one. I'm sure he thought that I threw it away. He would have my ass if he knew that I'd kept it. Actually, he's going to have my ass anyway. Fuck. I have to fix this fucking mess. I tossed the card aside and continued digging. There it was on the bottom of the pile. The most important thing in my life right now. Not the most important person, just the most important thing. I'm not that much of a shit. I do know the difference. I grabbed it, kissed it and ran to the phone.

After making several calls, my suspicions were confirmed. My life was turning a corner finally. I could feel it. Now to fix this mess with Justin. I showered and shaved. I cleaned up the broken glass by the door and in the bathroom. I went to the hardware store and spent this week's drink allowance to replace the broken mirror in the bathroom. I ordered dinner from the Thai Restaurant down the street. When it arrived, I had to pay them out of Justin's stash money so I vowed to pay him back. Besides, I didn't think he would really mind after I shared my news with him. I laid the food out on 'our' dining room table, lit some candles, took off all my clothes, walked over to the front of the door and waited for Justin to come home. I was playing it all out in my mind. What was I going to say to him? Would he understand? Would he believe me? Shit.

Pacing back and forth for what seemed like an eternity, I heard the key in the lock. This was quickly becoming the best fucking day of my life.

Brian heard the key in the lock and thought, 'Oh, shit.' He ran back to the bedroom, pulled open the condom-filled top drawer of the nightstand, grabbed the bowl of extra condoms sitting on top, poured its contents into the drawer, pulled the entire drawer out and ran back towards the door. He dumped the drawer-full of condoms onto the floor, kicked them all around, ran back to the bedroom to replace the drawer and ran back to the spot in front of the door where he had been waiting for Justin to come in. He stood there out of breath and panting.

A very shakey hand turned the key in the lock, turned it back the other way, then pulled it completely out. Justin wiped his face with his hands to remove all the evidence of his uncontrollable tears that had been running down his face all the way home. He grabbed the door handle and squeezed tightly trying to stop his hand from shaking. After he took a deep breath, he pulled back on the door and found a very naked Brian standing in a sea of condoms with his arms stretched out to the sides, looking at him with a smile on

his face. Justin was stunned. This was not what he was expecting to see when he got home.

"Hey," Brian said, as if everything was normal and he wasn't standing there like a new ad for a condom commercial.

"Hey," Justin responded instinctively.

"So, are you coming or going..." Brian started in.

Justin interrupted before he could finish, "Don't Brian."

"Don't what?"

"You know what. Don't start saying things that you've said before thinking that I'll get all melancholy and pretend that we don't have a big problem," Justin answered. He was still standing outside the door. This was yet another Brian inside and he wasn't sure that it was safe to go in yet.

"Okay, okay. All I meant was, are you coming inside or are you going to stand out there with the door open all fucking night. Quit being a drama princess, come inside and close the damn door. I'm standing here naked, you know." The smile never left Brian's face as he spoke.

Justin stepped inside. Turning to shut the door, he spoke over his shoulder, "I'm not in the mood Brian."

"Not in the mood for what?"

Justin turned back around and looked at Brian. He jutted his head out slightly and dropped his jaw. He couldn't believe Brian wanted to play games now. Word games at that. "Duuuuhhh, Brian. You're standing there fucking naked with condoms all over the floor. What I am suppose to think that means?"

Brian opened his mouth to answer but Justin cut him off. He had some things he had to get off his chest. "You know what? Don't answer that. I don't know what to think anymore. I don't know what anything you do means anymore. Why don't you just tell me, because I don't fucking know you. Who are you? Who are you today? Who were you yesterday? What about the day before that? You want to know what I think...I think you're fucking Sybil and today you think you're condom man."

Brian laughed.

"Stop it. It's not fucking funny."

"Yes, it is," Brian repeated, looking at Justin with raised eyebrows.

"God, you're so frustrating! Didn't you hear anything that I just said other than the word condom?" Justin was getting angry.

"Justin, come here."

"No." Justin started walking toward the kitchen.

Brian reached out, grabbed his arm and said it again, "Justin, come here."

Justin winced at the touch and closed his eyes. "No," he repeated with a cracked voice. Brian let go of his arm but Justin didn't move away. He just stood there with his back to Brian, trying to stay angry. If he got upset and emotional, he wouldn't be able to make Brian talk about their problem.

Things weren't going like Brian had planned. He knew Justin was upset because of the way he looked at the diner earlier. He really just wanted to lighten his mood so he could tell him the good news. He decided to take a different approach. "I heard every word you said and I'll answer all of your questions. I just want you to come here and look at me."

Justin didn't move. Keeping his eyes closed wasn't helping. He felt the hot tears burning behind his eyelids and threatening to escape.

"Please."

Justin opened his eyes. A single drop fell and rolled down his cheek. He turned around to face Brian who had his arms stretched out again. He stepped closer to him, but not close enough that Brian could touch him.

That was good enough for Brian. He had a lot to say and he didn't know where to start. He wanted Justin near him, to give him the courage to talk and just taking those steps closer gave him some comfort. He let his arms fall to his sides and let out the breath he'd been holding. "Thank you," he sighed. The corner of Justin's mouth turned slightly upwards, acknowledging that he understood what it had meant. "Okay, first question...Who am I?...I'm your boyfriend, that's who I am."

The little smile that Justin had, disappeared. "Really? You sure haven't been acting like my boyfriend. And you sure as hell haven't been acting like I'm yours."

"I know."

"You know?"

"Yes, I fucking know, alright?" Brian answered with a raised voice.

"So now you're mad at me?"

"Yes. No. Goddammit!! Stop doing that."

"Stop doing what?"

"That."

"What?"

"Stop changing the subject. I'm trying to answer your questions and you're interrupting me."

"It's called talking Brian. We're having a conversation. A much needed conversation."

Brian rubbed his face with his hands and growled. "This is not how I envisioned this would go."

"And how did you envision it? You thought I would walk in here, see you naked and drop to my knees? Do you know how insulting that is. You saw me at the diner. You knew I was upset. You didn't say a fucking word to me, you get all happy, kiss Mikey right in front of me and then you just bolted out the door like what was wrong with me didn't matter to you in the slightest. Now I come home and find you standing there naked with a fucking smile still on your face. Like if we just get off, everything will be fine again."

"No, that's not what I thought. Give me some credit. I know we have a problem. I know that I haven't been a very good boyfriend lately..."

"Yeah, you already said that. And stop throwing that word around like it means something to you, because I know it doesn't."

"What word? Boyfriend? You know what I mean, Justin. Are we going to play word games now? This is getting us nowhere. We need to start somewhere else."

"Well why don't you start with telling me why you're naked then. And what's up with all the condoms on the floor?"

"We'll get to the condom part later. I'm naked because I wanted to talk to you."

"And you can't talk with your clothes on?"

"Something like that."

"I don't understand. What does talking to me have to do with whether or not you're wearing clothes?"

Brian reached out and grabbed Justin's hand, pulling him towards him. Justin took one step closer. Brian put his hands on the collar of Justin's jacket and began to pull it off of him. Justin stopped him. "Brian, answer me."

"Because you have been looking at me weird lately. Like I was a stranger."

"You have been a stranger. For the last week, I didn't know what you were going to be like when I got home. You would look at me with such anger in your eyes. It scared me. I didn't know who you were anymore."

"I know. I didn't mean to scare you. That's what I'm trying to tell you."

"So far you haven't told me anything."

Brian sighed in frustration. "This is really hard for me Justin." He reached out to Justin's hands and held them, squeezing tightly.

Justin squeezed his hands back. "Just tell me."

"I knew that you were questioning who I was. I needed to tell you what was going on with me, but I was afraid that you wouldn't know who it was that was talking to you. I wanted you to know that it's your boyfr...that it's me. The real me. You said yourself earlier, you don't know me anymore so I wanted you to see me. So you would know."

"Brian?"

"Yes, it's me. Look at me, Justin. It's just me. No masks, no stranger, no liquor, just me with my balls hanging out."

Justin took another step closer, stood up on his toes, placed a kiss on Brian's lips then took a step back. "Thank you. I understand."

"You do?"

"Yeah. But that doesn't explain who you were yesterday and the day before that and last week..."

"That was an unhappy, self-loathing, drunken, broke, unemployed man who was taking all his anger out on you."

"You're not unhappy anymore?"

"No."

"You're not self-loathing and drunken anymore."

"I'm not drunk, that's for sure."

"But you're still self-loathing?"

"A little bit."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like what I've been doing lately. I'm not even sure exactly what I've been doing. What I've been doing to you. So I still hate myself for that."

"Hmmm. What about the broke and unemployed parts? You're not broke and unemployed anymore?"

"No. Why don't we eat dinner?" Brian let go of Justin's hands and moved towards the table. "The candles are burning down to nothing and I'm sure the food is getting cold."

"Brian! You got a job? That's wonderful." Justin ran up behind him and snaked his arms around his waist giving him a hug.

"No, I didn't. Come on. I know you're hungry." He unwrapped Justin's arms from his waist and walked towards the table.

"So, you didn't get a job?"

"No, I didn't. Justin, you know, you didn't even comment on the candles. I thought you would think they were romantic. Gee, I try, for once, to do something romantic, and you don't even notice."

"Fuck the candles, Brian. You're talking in circles AND you're avoiding the question." Justin leaned over and blew the candles out.

"Well, that's a new one." Brian grabbed some plates out of the cabinet and moved back to the table.

"What?"

"You, not wanting romance." He began dishing out some of the food onto the plates.

"This is hardly the time, Brian."

"How hungry are you? You want a lot or just a little?"

Justin grabbed Brian's hand with the spoon in it. "Stop with the fucking food. Tell me what is going on? You're not broke or unemployed anymore, but you didn't get a job."

"Right."

Justin growled. He was getting impatient and frustrated.

Brian saw that Justin was getting pissed so he put the plates down. He let out a big sigh. "Fine. We'll eat later, but it will be cold by then."

Justin looked at him with pursed lips and raised eyebrows. He was waiting.

Brian approached Justin, grabbed his jacket again and started to pull it down off his shoulders. "Brian, what are you doing?"

"Taking your clothes off so we can talk."

Justin backed away and finished taking his jacket off by himself. He threw it over the back of one of the chairs then pulled the chair out and sat down. "I don't need to take my clothes off. You know who I am."

"Is that so? Why did you start sleeping on the edge of the bed? Why did you stop wanting to take showers with me? Why are you always smelling me? Why did you stop telling me when something was bothering you? Hmmm? Those aren't the actions of the Justin that I know."

Justin squirmed in his seat, uncomfortable with how the conversation had turned around to be about him. Maybe Brian was right. Maybe he had changed as well. Maybe he had started to wear a mask too. He pushed the thoughts out of his head and decided to bring their talk back to Brian and his sudden happiness and wealth. "Brian, you're just trying to change the subject. This isn't about me. It's about you. What is going on?"

"That's where you're wrong, Sunshine. It is about you. But I can fix it now."

Justin looked up at him in confusion. "Fix what? Brian will you just sit down and talk to me?"

Brian looked at the other chair by the table and then back at Justin. Justin wondered what he would do. Brian had never sat in these chairs before.

Brian huffed, grabbed the back of the chair, pulled it over by Justin and sat down. "The first thing we are going to do is get rid of your hideous furniture. I can afford better now. Maybe not Italian like I used to have, but better."

"Our hideous furniture." Justin corrected him with a smile.

"No, it's yours. You bought it."

"I bought for us, Brian. That makes it ours."

"No it doesn't."

"How do you figure that?"

"I already told you. You bought it so it's yours."

"So, by what your saying then, this table and chairs, the couch and the coffee table are all mine and not yours."

"Yes."

"So, the bed, the refrigerator, the computer desk, the shower and the fucking toilet are all yours then and not mine."

"No. They're yours too. You live here."

"But you bought them, so by your definition then, they're just yours."

"That's different."

"Why is it different, Brian?"

"It just is."

"Why?"

"How do we keep getting off the subject. Can I tell you my good news now and how I'm going to fix our problem?"

"Fine."

"Okay, but no interruptions."

"Fine."

"Promise?"

"Brian, fuck, quit stalling."

"You and I are going to start up our own ad agency. Right here in Pittsburgh. I thought about New York, but the rent is so high in the city and I don't have that much money so I figured we could start here and then, when we are the hottest agency in town, which we will be of course, maybe we'll branch out to New York."

"Brian...."

"Uh, uh, uh...no interruptions."

"But how...."

"You'll head up the art department. I'll get us the clients and be the idea man. I am an advertising genius you know. You'll make my ideas come to life with your incredibly gifted hands. We'll bring Cynthia on board. She knows how to get all the other stuff done. It'll just be the three of us until we start making the good money. But with my brilliance and your talent that won't take long at all. I feel it. This is right. This is the answer to our problem. So, what do you say?"

"What do I say? I think you've lost your fucking mind. What the hell are you talking about? How are we going to start a business and hire Cynthia, no less. You know she makes a ton of money at Vanguard. If you haven't noticed Brian, you're broke, and I'm barely making enough at the diner to keep us afloat."

Brian winced at Justin's comment but decided to let it go. "I'm not broke anymore."

"You said that before but you haven't explained shit. How are you not broke anymore?"

"When I was in college, I interned for Ryder, just like you did for Vanguard."

"Yeah, so? Interns don't get paid."

"That's right, they don't."

"So?"

"There was this company that was just starting out and they came to Ryder for their launching advertising campaign. I was part of the team that developed it. They wanted a young hip team for fresh ideas because they wanted to focus their advertising towards highschool and college students. Their commercials were going to be on MTV and magazines that catered to the young. They used our ideas and their business was launched. They did pretty good in the beginning. Not great. But they were new and slowly growing. Their product was all the rage on college campuses across the country, so they were getting what they wanted out of our ideas. Everyone on the team got bonuses from Ryder when the company signed the contract. I was an intern, so I didn't get one. The owner of the company found out and wanted to do something nice for me, you know, to encourage me."

"Uh huh."

"What?"

"Was the owner of this company gay?"

"Yes, but..."

"Uh huh."

"Justin stop it."

"Did you blow him?"

"No."

"Uh huh."

"Okay, okay. But I didn't blow him. He blew me."

"I knew it."

"Yeah, yeah, you know me so well. Can I get back to my story, now?"

"Go ahead."

"So, we were in the bathroom and he was blowing me. After I shot my load in his mouth he said thanks for the gift and that he had one for me too. He pulled this piece of paper out of his suit pocket and handed it to me."

"What was it?"

"A stock certificate for a hundred shares of his company's stock. He said it wasn't much because the company wasn't really worth anything, but he wanted me to have it. He told me not to tell Ryder about it. Which I didn't. I didn't really know what a stock certificate was anyway back then, if it wasn't green, I wasn't interested. I came home, tossed it in my lock box and forgot about it."

"So what made you think of it now and what does that have to do with anything?"

"Quit interrupting me and I'll tell you."

"You know, you have a lot to learn about talking. A conversation means that both of us talk. Not just one person."

"Duly noted. Can I finish now?"

Justin didn't answer.

"I was at the diner this morning. I saw you. I knew I had done something terrible to you

last night. Mikey knew it too. He started yelling at me...."

"Yeah, I heard him," Justin interrupted again.

Brian raised his eyebrows at him. Justin rolled his eyes back at Brian. "Go on."

"So he's yelling at me about how if you're upset, then I must be fucking around..."

Justin raised his eyebrows.

"What? Of course, I knew it was more than that. I know the fucking around doesn't bother you, but this is Mikey we're talking about and he thinks that everything bad between us revolves around our dicks."

Justin squirmed in his seat. Brian was only partially right about the fucking around. He decided to be honest. "That's not completely true."

"What?"

"It does bother me now."

"What the fuck, Justin? You said..."

"I know what I said and that is still true. I understand it. But it's different this time."

"Why? Because you're living here? If that's true Justin, we've got bigger problems than I thought. I can't promise you that, you know that."

"I know."

"Then why is it different?"

"Because you chose them over me."

"What? They aren't the ones living here Justin. Fuck."

"I knew when you were doing it. You wouldn't touch me afterwards. I thought it was romantic that sometimes you just wanted to hold me, but then I came home early one day and saw him leaving. That was one of those days when you wouldn't make love to me or kiss me. I realized then that you were only pushing me away because you had already been with someone else. You chose to trick over being with me. You had never done that before and it hurt. It turned your romantic gesture of cuddling into something dirty. It made me sick."

Brian was speechless. That must have been when Justin started sleeping on the edge of the bed. "Justin..."

"Why? Why would you push me away if you knew that I was fine with it?"

"I don't know."

"That's not an answer."

"Maybe I wasn't fine with it. You ever think about that?"

"Huh? That doesn't make any sense Brian. If you weren't fine with it, then why do it?"

"I don't know. I needed to, I guess."

"Fine. Why push me away?"

"I don't know."

"Quit saying you don't know. You do know. Tell me."

"Because I felt guilty, I guess."

"You never promised me anything, Brian. You didn't need to feel guilty for tricking."

"Yes, I did."

"Why?"

"Because I did it because I was mad at you, that's why."

"Mad at me? What did I do?"

"Nothing. You were just being you. But it was pissing me off."

"Brian..."

"Did you know that I hadn't fucked anybody else for a long time?"

"I thought so, but then when I saw that guy, I thought I was wrong."

"You weren't wrong. It had been a long time. I was fine just being with you."

"What changed?"

"You moved in."

"What? You asked me to. You wanted me to. You said you wanted to be around me all

the time."

"And that was true."

"So?"

"So, you started buying things. You bought this hideous furniture of yours."

"Ours," Justin corrected him.

"You bought this furniture, you started buying groceries and stuff then you started paying for everything when we went out. Don't you know how that made me feel?"

"Uh, no, I don't know how that made you feel. What is the big deal? You didn't have money, I did. So what?"

"So, I didn't like it. It wasn't suppose to be that way. I was supposed to be taking care of you. Not the other way around."

"Why were you supposed to be taking care of me?" Justin paused. "Oh, I get it now. This is that macho bullshit."

"Huh? No, it's just..."

"Bullshit Brian. You don't need anybody. Right? Isn't that what you always say? And you needed me, so to assert your masculinity you went out and starting fucking again. That's bullshit, Brian."

"Yes. No. Slow down, dammit. Listen to me. No, I don't need anybody. Yes, that is what I always say. No, I didn't need you to take care of me."

"You didn't?"

"No. What do you think I'm stupid? I had enough money to get by until I got my shit together. I didn't need your money. That is not why I asked you to move in. I just wanted to be with you."

"I thought..."

"I know what you thought and you were wrong. It pissed me off."

"Okay, I'm sorry about that. But still, why did it matter that I bought us furniture or groceries or paid when we went out? If we are together than it doesn't matter who pays. That's called a partnership, Brian."

"Really? Doesn't matter who pays?"

"Yes. And. No."

"I think you need to get undressed now."

"Huh? No, Brian. We're not done here."

"And we'll never get done, if you don't start being honest with me, with us. I don't know who YOU are right now. You're lying and you don't usually do that."

"I'm not lying."

"Yes, you are. Tell me how you felt when you lived with me the first two times. Did you feel protected?"

"Yes."

"Did you feel taken care of?"

"Yes. But..."

"How else did you feel?"

Justin just sat there. He didn't say a word. He was starting to understand. "I felt..." he started to say, but then stopped. He looked at Brian. He had never told him how he felt before. Well, he kind of did, but not completely.

Brian raised his eyebrows. Justin stood up and started taking his clothes off. Brian smiled. "Now we're getting somewhere." He started helping him.

When Justin had all his clothes off, he grabbed Brian's hand, pulled him up, led him to the middle of the floor then sat down, pulling Brian down with them. "I felt weak."

"You were never weak, Justin."

"No, not mentally, but physically, I was weak. The first time I lived here, it was because of my age. I was still in highschool, you had to take care of me. Then the second time, it was because of my body and again, you had to take care of me. I was weak."

"I liked taking care of you."

"I know. But this time, I thought that you needed me. I could repay you for when you took care of me. I liked taking care of you. I liked being needed. Feeling needed. You said that you liked taking care of me. Did you like the fact that I needed you? Did you like feeling needed?"

"Yes. I guess I did."

"Then you understand why I was taking care of things now?"

"Yes, and you understand why I didn't like it. It made me feel weak, too."

Justin smiled.

Brian laughed. "We have a real problem here, don't we?"

Justin laughed as well. "I guess we do."

"You know when you started sleeping on the edge of the bed, you said it was because you'd found out about the tricks and it made you sick."

"Yeah. So?"

"If you would have just told me what you were feeling, we could have solved this a long time ago."

"Me? What about you? You can't blame this all on me."

"True. But you're the one that's good at this stuff. I kind of rely on you guiding the way with the feelings and shit."

"So, you need me?"

"Okay, okay. Yes, I need you. But not for money or for you to take care of me. I just need you to help me with the relationship stuff."

"So, we're in a relationship?"

"Fuck you, Justin. I thought you were cheating on me again."

"What?!? Why would you think that? I promised you, Brian. I don't make promises lightly."

"I know. I don't either. But you were pulling away from me. You didn't want to cuddle anymore. Then you stopped kissing me hello when you got home. In fact, you made me come after you. What was I suppose to think? It was like it was before."

"I'm sorry, Brian."

"Justin, don't. It was my own fault. I pushed, you reacted, I reacted back."

"We really need to talk more."

"You think?"

"So we agree to talk more. What about our 'big problem'?"

Brian leaned over and kissed Justin softly then pulled away. "Well I have a solution."

"You do?"

"Yes, I've been trying to tell you all evening, but you keep interrupting me."

"Brian."

"Okay, so Mikey was bitching me out about fucking around..." He paused waiting to see if Justin would let him finish this time. When Justin didn't say anything, he went on.

"...and he said something about how I should have invested in condoms and it reminded me...."

"Condoms? What does that have to do with anything?"

Brian raised his eyebrows at him again.

"Oh, sorry. Go ahead."

"Have you ever heard of Hot Rods?"

"Yeah, those are the condoms that come in all different bright colors and flavors and stuff. They were real popular at my school. Ohhhhhh! Was that the company that you did the ad for?"

"Smart boy. You get a gold star."

"So you really are condom man." Justin was laughing hysterically.

"Well, aren't you the funny man, now?"

"Brian," Justin said rolling his eyes. "They're a big company now and you have a hundred shares of stock with them. So, how much are they worth? Are you rich now?"

"I called my broker and he says they are currently worth \$300,000.00. We're hardly rich, but it's enough to start up an agency. You know, get an office, pay for a year's rent, furniture, all the latest art stuff for you, and of course, we'll need travel money to go out and get those clients."

"You keep saying 'we'. Those are your stocks Brian. It's your money."

"No, it's ours."

"Like the furniture is mine, but the refrigerator is ours."

"Yes."

"We have another problem then."

"What?"

"Why is it when I buy something it belongs to me, but when you buy it or have it, it belongs to both of us?"

"Because."

"Because why?"

"Shit, Justin, I don't know, it just is. I want you to have it so they're yours. Ok?"

"No."

"No?"

"No. Brian, look. What's your plan with the company? How will it solve our problem? You have been saying all night that you can fix this. How does this solve anything?"

"Because we can use the money from the sale of the stocks to open the agency. We will be partners. 50/50. We'll split all the expenses and split all the profits. We'll do the work together. Isn't that romantic?"

"Hmmm. Yeah, I guess."

"Gee, Justin, try to sound a little more enthusiastic, will you? This is a big fucking deal. Did you ever think in your wildest dreams that you would own your own company at the age of twenty? Fuck! This is huge."

"You would own it," Justin mumbled.

"What?"

"Nothing. We need to go back a little here."

"To what?"

"To the tricks and you pushing me away."

"Justin, didn't we already figure out why I did that? I was mad and feeling weak. I needed to assert some of that macho bullshit as you called it, then I felt guilty for being so pathetic. I thought you understood now."

"I do understand that now. But there's something else that I need you to know that I understand now too."

"What?"

"Soap."

"Huh?"

"When I was living here and I had met Ethan..."

Brian got up off the floor and walked towards the bedroom.

"Brian, where are you going? We never really talked about it. We have to..."

"I have to take a piss, Justin."

"Are you going to come back?"

"Are you going to continue with this need to share about that grease fuck?"

"Yes, you need to know."

"Then no, I'm not coming back."

"Brian." Justin got up and followed Brian into the bathroom. While Brian was taking a piss, Justin washed his hands and then dried them. He waited for Brian to finish. When Brian joined him at the sink, Justin put his hands up to Brian's nose. "Smell."

Brian batted his hands away. "What the fuck, Justin?"

Justin put his hands back under Brian's nose. "Brian, just smell. What is it?"

"It's soap."

"Yeah, does that remind you of anything?"

Brian washed his hands, dried them and leaned against the counter, just looking at Justin, trying to hide the fact that he understood perfectly what he was getting at.

"On those nights that you just wanted to hold me, I would always come home and find you in the shower."

"So? I take showers everyday."

"Yes, but usually with me at night or in the morning. Never in the early evening and you never wanted me to get in with you. The day I saw the trick leaving the loft I put it all together. The cuddling, the pushing me away, the showers."

"What? You would have rathered that I didn't shower after fucking some guy?"

"No, that's not it. You were clean and smelled like soap. So just like it turned the cuddling into a bad thing, it also turned the smell of soap on you into a bad thing and it made me remember...."

"Stop. Don't do that."

"I know now what I put you through."

"Stop! Damnit!"

"Brian, I'm so sorry."

"Jesus! Stop it Justin! We are not going to talk about this. Ever!"

"Brian, we have to."

"Why do we have to? It's over. You're sorry. I'm sorry. We're both sorry. Can't we just move on from there?"

"But Brian I can't get past the smell of soap. Will it ever go away or fade? I miss taking showers with you, but it's just too hard."

"So, that's why you wouldn't shower with me on the nights we went out."

"Yes. Brian, I have to know, how did you get over the smell of soap? How can you stand to smell me clean now? How will I ever come home and smell you clean and not think that you've been with somebody? How do you not think that about me now?"

"Well, for starters, you always come home smelling like fried fatty foods."

"Brian, I'm serious."

"Okay, but I have a question first. Was it really the smell of soap on me or that I wouldn't have sex with you?"

"A little of both, I guess. I don't know. I just started associating the clean with the fact that you wouldn't kiss me or fuck me. So maybe, it's that you wouldn't have sex with

me."

"Well then, that's easy. You don't have to worry about that anymore. No matter who I fuck, I will always fuck you afterwards. Okay?" Brian laughed.

"Brian," Justin whined.

"Justin, I'm kidding. Look, I just won't withhold it from you. If you want it and I want it, we'll do it. No more guilty bullshit. We'll just always know that it's separate. We won't let it come between us anymore. I won't let it come between us anymore."

"Okay, but...."

"Justin, we'll change the brand of soap again. It will smell different."

"Again?"

"Yes, again."

"Oh."

"Can we go back to the other room now? I liked it better on the floor." Brian swatted Justin on the ass as he walked out of the bathroom.

"Why don't we sit on our couch? It's more comfortable."

"You mean, your couch," Brian said laughing.

"Brian, OUR couch."

"Fine, our couch. But no, I don't like that couch."

"What do you mean you don't like it? You would fuck me into oblivion on that couch."

"Yeah, I would drink sitting on that couch."

"That's another thing, why would you be so drunk on the days after the trick? What was that about?" Justin grabbed Brian's hand and pulled him to the couch.

Brian plopped down reluctantly as he let out a big sigh. "I'm getting tired of all this talking, Justin. Can't we fuck and make up now?"

"Nooooooo, not yet. Why were you drinking the day after, was there a connection?"

"I guess so. I was feeling guilty about pushing you away. Feeling guilty made me mad at you. I was sitting on your couch, that you bought, and it made me mad. I just drank to

stop thinking about all the bad feelings that I had. The guilt. The anger. To stop thinking about you."

Justin leaned over and kissed Brian on the neck. "Did it work?"

"What do you think?"

"Well considering how you would fuck the shit out of me when I got home, I would say that it didn't."

"Another gold star."

"Brian do you realize how stupid all this is? I mean, I hated it when you financially took care of me, but when I was trying to take care of you, it never occurred to me that you might feel the same way."

"Yeah, and I understood how powerful the sense of smell was but yet I couldn't figure out why you kept smelling me. I should have known. And I should have known that you wouldn't cheat on me again. That would have saved me a lot of grief yesterday."

"Brian, can we talk about yesterday now? Because I really need to understand why you treated me that way," Justin asked quietly.

"See, that whole thing is weird to me now. It was so erotic to me. I really felt like I was making love to you. I know that's how I felt at the time. It's hard to explain. But then this morning when I woke up, I looked in the mirror and all these other thoughts came flooding into my memory. So then I was confused as to what really happened. It's like all my first thoughts about how sensual it was got mixed with you calling my name and running off the bed. I can tell you what I was feeling at the time, but I think you'll have to fill in the rest because I have a feeling that what I think I did, is not necessarily what I actually did."

"I think you're right. Why don't you start at the beginning, but I'm going to interrupt when it strays from what really happened."

Brian nodded and began. "Do you remember the other night when you were playing with me with the vibrator?"

"Of course I do." Justin blushed. "But we're talking about last night Brian and what you did, not what I did the night before. That doesn't matter. Besides, I thought you liked it when I was playing with you."

"Yes, I did. You know you're amazing at that. I always feel so fucking turned on but at the same time so relaxed."

"Brian, you're stalling."

"No, I'm not. What went on last night actually started the night before."

"Huh?"

"I was laying there and you were working you're magic...did I tell you that you're sooo good at that?"

"Yes, now go on."

"So I was all turned on and feeling kind of hot and lazy...you know I don't get that way too often..."

"Yes, I know, but I like it."

"Me too. How about if I let you play right now? I'm getting kind of horny here."

"No. Go on."

"Later, then?"

"Maybe, it depends on how well you do with this part of the conversation."

"Oh, God. Pressure. Well, I always say I do my best work under pressure. And on my feet." Brian stood up and starting pacing in front of Justin.

"Brian, you're stalling."

"Okay, okay. I was about to get off when you moved up to my face, smelled me and just stared down at me. It made me feel so exposed, so vulnerable, it was kind of unnerving."

"I was trying to look inside you. I didn't understand what was going on with you. I knew you were mad at me but I didn't know why. I was trying to figure it out. I thought that when you were in that vulnerable state, right before you came, that I would be able to see something that would tell me what was going on."

"Did you find anything? What did you see?"

"I saw anger and resentment mixed with pleasure and it scared me. So then I knew that it wasn't my imagination, you really were mad at me. I just didn't know why."

"You know I looked into your eyes too at that moment. Do you know what I saw?"

"What?"

"Confusion, disgust, pain. That's what I saw. Then you left me there lying on the bed, vulnerable and open, went to the bathroom and shut the door. You wouldn't let me shower with you. You didn't want to go dancing. You barely talked to me at Woody's. I thought you'd met someone else again. I thought you saw me as this pathetic man that couldn't take care of you or myself. I thought I'd let you down. I thought that I'd caused you more pain. I thought that since I wasn't the confident, successful Brian Kinney that you first fell for, that you didn't want to be with me anymore."

"Wow Brian, that's a lot of thoughts for one look. But, you know, you weren't the confident, successful Brian Kinney that I first fell for anymore. That was the problem. But not because you were unemployed and didn't have money. It was because you were looking at me with anger in your eyes and you were pushing me away."

"I didn't realize that I was doing that. You were disgusted with me and I didn't like how it made me feel."

"I was disgusted with you, but not because of the reasons that you thought."

"Well, I understand that now, but I didn't then. I was sure that you were going to leave me again. It made me feel more pathetic, then angry, then disgusted. All these thoughts kept going through my mind over and over all night. When I woke up, I started drinking right away. I felt worthless. I wanted to be desirable again. I needed someone to want me, to need me."

"I needed you and wanted you."

"I didn't feel that."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't do that. You keep apologizing when it was me. You were just reacting to what I was doing. It was me, not you. Don't you see that?"

"But Brian, I should've talked to you. You said it yourself, that I'm better at that stuff. I've never been afraid to tell you what I was feeling before and I've never been afraid to tell you when you were fucking up. I didn't this time and I'm sorry."

"Stop it. Shit."

"Okay, I'll stop. So you were needing someone to want you. You called a trick, right?"

"Yeah."

"I knew it. You know there was this cycle. The days you would trick were when you wouldn't have sex with me, then the next day you would be drunk and fuck me all over the place. Then the next day, you would let me have my way with you and you would

take care of my sore ass. God, I loved that third day. That was the only day that I felt like I knew who you were. So the night that I made you vulnerable was one of those nights, which meant that you would trick the next day."

"Hmmm. I didn't really realize all that. It was just kind of happening that way. I didn't plan it like that."

"Well, that's how I knew that you would've called a trick yesterday. But when I got home, you weren't in the shower. You were drunk and sitting on the couch. It was the wrong day. I got confused. You were panting, I could tell that you were angry. When you looked at me, I couldn't see Brian at all. It's like you were someone else and it scared me. I just wanted to get away from you to figure it all out but you came after me and I couldn't get away."

"Justin, you're jumping ahead. There's a reason for all that. A reason why the days got combined into one. There was only one other time that I had felt like I wasn't hot anymore. Do you remember the King of Babylon contest?"

"Yes, of course."

"You took that Shawn guy away from me. Do you remember that?"

"Yeah, he was hot."

"Stop it."

"Brian, you know I really wanted to be with you that night."

"I know. I went to the backroom and saw you fucking him. It really hurt me, but I didn't understand why."

"Cause you loved me." Justin looked at Brian with a smile.

Brian rolled his eyes. "Anyway...that was the last time that I felt like I wasn't such a hot stud afterall. And yesterday, that's how I was feeling. I called Shawn."

"What? Shawn was yesterday's trick? Oh, Brian."

"I know. Pretty pathetic, huh?"

"You're not pathetic, Brian."

"Well, you don't know the half of it yet. My plan was to fuck him senseless. Make him regret ever choosing you over me. I thought that I would be able to get some of my dignity back. I kept thinking about you and how I'd let you down. By the time he came over, I was pretty worked up. I started kissing him..."

"Brian, you can skip the details. I don't want to hear all that."

Brian walked back to the couch, sat down and took Justin's hand in his. "You have to hear it to know where my head was at by the time you came home."

"Okay, but don't give me too many details. I don't want it to taint parts of the loft for us."

"Oh, right. But I have to tell you where we were because it's important."

"Okay."

"He came inside, I shut the door and backed him up against it. He never came inside anymore than that. I was kissing him, but I was still thinking about you. The kiss didn't feel right. It freaked me out."

"So you are kissing tricks again."

"Yes. No. I mean, I wasn't. But I did him. I was thinking about you. I just needed a kiss. A kiss like you give me. I needed to feel what I feel with you but I didn't so I pulled away. I went down on him, but that didn't feel right either. It wasn't your cock that was in my mouth so I stopped. It's like I just couldn't get you out of my head. I got very angry. That had never happened to me before. I turned him around and started fucking him. It still didn't feel right. I didn't really want to be fucking him. I wanted you. I wanted to be inside you. To feel what I feel when I'm there. He was moaning and stuff and it just wasn't your voice. I told him to shut the fuck up. I was having a hard enough time without adding your voice into the mix. It made me angrier. When I opened my eyes, I saw myself in the mirror. I hadn't shaved or anything. I looked awful. I didn't even know who I was. Then it occurred to me that was what you saw when you looked at me. That was the disgust in your eyes. I stopped and kicked him out. It made me sick and I threw up."

"Brian, I need to ask you something."

"What?"

"Why do think that I don't trick?"

"Because you believe in monogamy, the white picket fence and happily ever after."

"You know, that's wrong. That's not it at all. All I want is to feel your mouth kissing me or wrapped around my dick. Your cock in my mouth. Your cock up my ass or mine up yours. That is what feels right to me. That's what I like to feel. No one else feels the same way to me so I don't want them. I'm not monogamous because it's what your suppose to do. I'm monogamous because I want to be."

"Hmmm. So that's what I was feeling yesterday?"

"I'm assuming so, but it's more than that too. You always tricked because you enjoyed it, not out of need. Then you stopped tricking because you said you just enjoyed being with me. That's how I feel. But then you started tricking out of need. That made you feel guilty, which made you feel disgusted and then sick. I can understand that. It wasn't because of guilt or disgust, for me. It was about you. You weren't doing it because you enjoyed it, you were doing it because you needed it. You don't like to need things, so it made you sick."

"Well, that's pretty fucked."

"Not really. I think you're closer to monogamy than you think." Justin smiled.

Brian moaned. "Like I said, that's pretty fucked. Is the world coming to an end now?"

"Hardly. You soooo love me, Brian Kinney."

"Shut up."

Justin leaned over and gave Brian a kiss. He pulled away smiling then turned serious. "So, you kicked him out, then what?"

"Jesus! We're not done yet?"

"Nope, just getting to the good part."

"Your ass is gonna owe me when we're done here."

"Yeah, we'll see who owes who. Go on."

"After I got sick, I poured another drink, downed it and then poured another. I just kept thinking about, how thinking about you, kept me from performing with Shawn. I was getting mad at you...mad at me...mad at everything. But I was still also feeling like I needed to be with you. I felt like I'd lost you and I just needed to feel you. To feel safe again. Of course, that made me mad again and I started to think about the drinking and how it made me treat you. I was so rough when I was drinking. I'm sorry about that."

"No, you don't have to be. Sometimes that can be so hot. I like it like that sometimes. It's like you need to be inside me so bad and you can't get enough. I feel that way all the time, so when you express that, it really turns me on."

"I thought you liked it, but sometimes I felt like I was hurting you too."

"No, that's not what hurts me. You always make me feel safe. You touch me or hold my hand or run your fingers through my hair. It's this intense passion with a sensitive touch. It's so sexy."

"Then why were you so scared yesterday? Why was it different from any of the other days that you came home and I was drunk? Why did you want to get away from me?"

"I heard a glass breaking when I opened the door. I knew you were angry. Then I got confused. It was the wrong day and you had this hatred in your eyes. I got scared and then you came after me."

"So? I always came after you. It didn't seem any different to me. I just needed to feel you, so I ran after you, like I always did."

"But it wasn't like before."

"Why? What was different for you? You said you liked it rough sometimes. You should have been turned on and you were."

"Yeah I was at first. You tell me what you did."

"You know what I did."

"Yeah, I do. But do you?"

"I think so. I remember kissing you. I remember that it was pretty hard and intense. I couldn't get enough of your mouth. I didn't want to let go. It was what was missing when I was kissing Shawn."

"Your tongue was so far down my throat that I almost gagged. I couldn't breathe, Brian."

"What? There is no fucking way that my tongue could make you gag. You take my whole cock in your mouth all the time. You're exaggerating."

"Well yeah, but when your dick is down my throat, I'm relaxed and I can move my tongue out of the way. I have control. This time I didn't. It was different. I felt like you were suffocating me so I pushed your tongue back out with mine."

Brian smirked. "I thought you were kissing me back. I needed your mouth wrapped around mine so badly. I guess I just went for it."

When Justin didn't see the humor in the misunderstanding, Brian got serious again. "I'm sorry."

"Uh huh. Sorry's bullshit. Then what?"

"I went down on you. Your cock felt so good in my mouth. I know your cock so well, just like it was mine and I wanted to know it all over again. I remember going over every inch of it. It's so perfect, you know that?"

"You tried to bite it."

"What? I did not."

"Yes, you did. I yelled out when you did it and you stopped."

"I remember you screamed. It was an accident, I was kind of in a cock zone, my teeth got in the way."

"I don't think so. It's still sore in that spot."

"No way. Let me see."

"Here." Justin pointed and Brian leaned down and licked at the spot. Justin gasped and Brian continued. Justin started to hardened so he put his hands on Brian's head and pulled him off. "Brian, no."

"I'm sorry, I guess I got carried away."

"We're not there yet."

"No, I mean last night. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I guess I knew that. When you stopped kissing me, I looked into your eyes. I couldn't find you. I was scared...the blow job was intense but scary at the same time. But then you did stop when I yelled out and it made me feel better. I thought that it would be alright because you would never hurt me on purpose."

"You know that I wouldn't."

"I knew that, at that moment, yes. Then what?"

"I flipped you over and fucked you."

Justin laughed. "I think there's quite a bit missing in there, don't you?"

"Not really. I wanted to be inside you. I wanted to feel you surround my dick. I wanted you to call out and moan like you always do. And you did. It was so great. It was exactly what I needed. I couldn't kiss you because I was behind you, but I remember kissing your shoulder and you really screamed. I love it when you do that. I came so hard, but when you ran to the bathroom, I realized that I'd forgotten to get you off too. I'm sorry about that."

"That's what you're sorry for?"

"Yes."

"You have it all wrong."

"Well, I know it was pretty rough, but you already said that you like that so why be sorry about it?"

"Because it wasn't just that it was rough, Brian. You weren't you. You weren't even there. I kept calling out your name to get you to come back to me but you just ignored me. I told you, the thing about being rough with you is that you always make me feel safe, no matter how hard or intense it gets. You touch me, you talk to me. It's me and it's you. We're connected. But that wasn't you....and I don't think that you thought you were fucking me."

"No, I knew it was you. That's why it was so good. I couldn't find it earlier that day. But when I was inside you, it was all you. I got lost inside, but it was still you."

"Then why wouldn't you hold me, touch me, talk to me? You were fucking me like a stranger. Do you know that?"

"No, no I wasn't. I knew it was you."

"Then why not touch me?"

"I don't know."

"That's fucked Brian. It was because I was just a trick to you."

"No, that's not true."

"Yes it is. You didn't prepare me at all. I tried to crawl away but you pulled me back. You just rammed into me. You fucking split me wide open. I tried to brace myself, but it hurt like it's never hurt before. It scared the shit out of me. I reached for your hand, I just needed you to touch me, to show me it was safe. You smacked my hand away, then instead of running your hands through my hair, you held my head down so hard into the mattress, I couldn't breathe..."

Justin's voice was raised and he'd stood up over Brian, with tears welling in his eyes. Brian was wincing, listening to all that Justin was saying. He tried to get up and Justin pushed him back down.

"No, that's not what happened."

"No?"

"No. It was the best. I'd never felt that connected to you before. I felt so safe inside you. I knew then that you wouldn't leave me, that you couldn't leave me. We fit together so

perfectly. It felt so good. You were into it. You were screaming and moaning. I know you were. It was muffled and echoing in my head. It sent me over the edge."

"Yes, I was moaning, because it hurt. And it was muffled, because my face was smashed into the mattress. And yes, I screamed. You want to know why I screamed?" Justin's words were harsh with anger but he still had tears streaming down his face.

Brian didn't answer. He closed his eyes tight. He just couldn't look at Justin. He couldn't believe what Justin was saying and didn't want to hear anymore. He would never purposely hurt Justin.

"I screamed because of this." Justin turned around slightly. "Brian! Open your eyes and look at what 'sent you over the edge'. Look, damnit!!"

Brian opened his eyes and saw the purple and red bite mark on the back of Justin's shoulder. He ran to the bathroom and threw up. He sat on the floor of the bathroom, beside the toilet and leaned against the wall. He drew his knees up and put his face in his hands. He couldn't believe it was true. His vision of what had happened was so different, but yet this morning he knew that something bad had happened. He just felt it, but he didn't know what it was.

Justin entered the bathroom and moved to kneel in front of the despondent man. "Brian?"

"Don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't look at me. You must hate me. I'm so sorry. You have to know...."

"I know Brian and I don't hate you. Sorry's bullshit, remember?"

"I would never hurt you, Justin. I'm starting to think that being sorry isn't such bullshit afterall. Will you ever be able to trust me again?"

"Yes, eventually. I just need to make sure that you know what happened and why so it won't happen again."

"I don't know why. Why would I do that to you? What happened to me?"

"You're asking me? Fuck if I know."

"Well if you don't know then we are fucked."

"No, we're not. I just think things got out of control. Not just last night, but for the last few weeks. We didn't deal with what we were going through. We used sex to get us through

it. We can't do that anymore."

"We can't fuck anymore?"

Justin laughed, breaking the somber mood that was in the air while wiping the remaining tears away. "No."

"No? Now that's bullshit." Brian looked like a child that had been deprived of his favorite toy.

"No, Brian. Not no, we can't fuck anymore. No, we can't use sex to work through our problems. Geesh, I would never give up having sex with you. You're the only one I want to be with, remember, and celibacy is out of the question. So that means you have to get your shit together so we can have a normal, healthy sex life. You know, I'm young and need it all the time."

"We'll never be normal, Justin."

"You're probably right."

"What if I do this again?"

"You won't."

"How do you know? How can you be so sure?"

"Because you said you could fix our problem. This is our problem, Brian. How are you gonna fix it?"

"This wasn't the problem that I thought we had. I just thought the problem was me, not liking it when you thought that you had to take care of me, and pay for everything. But I know that you didn't like it when I did it to you. So that's two problems. Now this. This wasn't part of my plan."

Justin laughed. "Why don't you finish telling me how your plan will solve the problem that you thought we had? Because I think that all three problems that you mentioned are really the same problem."

"Justin, it's not funny."

"No, it's not, but I also don't think it's hopeless if you really understand the problem."

"I already explained my plan. We sell the stock, start up our own company then move on to the happily ever part."

"No, that doesn't work for me."

"What? It's perfect. A dream come true. Justin, we'll be great. Sure, it won't be easy, but with my ideas and your talent we'll be brilliant."

"Brian, that solves your problem, it doesn't solve my problem."

"Huh? You said they were the same problem."

"They are."

"Okay, now who's talking in circles?"

"Brian, the stocks are yours. If you sell them, then the money will be yours. If that money is used to start the agency, then the agency will be yours, not mine."

"No, I already told you. 50/50."

"With 100 percent of your money."

"So you don't want to be partners?"

"I didn't say that."

"Then what are you saying? I want to do this, Justin. For us."

"So you can take care of me."

"Fuck."

"Uh huh. So you go sell those stocks, start up your agency and if you want to hire me, then I will come and work for you. But I have to tell you, I make really great tips at the diner, so it'll cost you."

"So you've told me a million times. Justin, this is fucked, but I see your point."

"Are you going to stop feeling like a pathetic loser now?"

"Hmmm."

"Are you going to let me continue to buy stuff that's needed until your agency starts making money?"

"Hmmm."

"Brian are you listening to me?"

Brian got up off the bathroom floor, walked back into the living room and sat down on their couch, lost in thought.

Justin walked to the bedroom doorway. "Brian?"

"Let me think a minute."

"Do you want me to heat up the dinner?"

"Ummm, sure." Brian was still not really paying attention.

Justin heated up the food, filled their plates and delivered them to the couch.

"Hey, Justin. I have another solution."

"What's that?"

"I cash in the stocks and start up the agency but still with you as a partner."

"Brian, that's the same plan, and the answer is still no. I don't want you to just hand it to me. It's just like my tuition money. I have to pay that back. I don't want handouts. I can take care of myself."

"Are you finished now? I understand all that. Just listen. You could buy into the partnership with your profits."

"Huh? How would that work?"

"Each month the profits would be divided up between us, 50/50. Half of your profits, or 25% could be put back into the company as operating funds or into an escrow account until your half was paid for. I would be making more money than you until your buy-in was complete, but eventually you would be a full partner. No one would have to know our arrangement. To everyone else, you would be a full partner from the start. I really don't want to do this without you. Does that sound acceptable to you?"

"And we would draw up papers outlining everything. Payment schedules, interest and whatever else."

"Yes, but no interest. It's not a loan. It's just you buying into the company. Your earnings at first will be because of your talent and your contribution to the company. So your 50% of the profit won't be just handed to you. You'll have to earn it, just like I will."

"Well, that sounds good then." Justin started laughing.

"What's so funny?"

"Brian, there is a lot of humor in the fact that this opportunity has come up because of a condom ad, a blow job, us fucking each other over and Mikey."

Brian laughed as well. "Yeah, I guess your right. Ooooh, and Stockwell. That asshole. I guess we have him to thank too."

"Yeah, I guess so. This is going to be good, Brian. I can feel it. I've always wanted to be your partner."

"So, you'll be okay with me making more money than you for awhile?"

"As long as everything here at home is split. Let me pay my own way."

"Fuck."

"What?"

"That means we have to live with this fucking furniture a little while longer."

"Oh, poor baby."

"Mmmm. Yes. Can we have sex now?"

"I think you should eat something first."

"Why, I'd rather just get to the fucking and sucking."

"So you won't get the urge to bite me again."

"Fuck you, you twat."

"You have to catch me first."

Justin took off running through the entrance to the bedroom. Brian grabbed a handful of condoms off the floor and took off after him through the door on the other side. They crashed in the middle and landed in the middle of the bed. Their favorite spot.

"Ow! Fuck!"

"What? Did I hurt you again?"

"No, I'm lying on something. Get up."

They sat up to find Brian's lock box still lying on the bed with all of its contents strewn about. Justin started picking up the items.

"No! Wait!" Brian tried to grab the items out of Justin's hands.

"What is all this?"

"Just the stuff that was in my lock box with the stock certificate. Give them here."

"No, I want to see what else you kept in here." Justin clutched the stack of documents in his hands and jumped off the bed.

Brian dropped his head in his hands signalling defeat. 'Fuck.'

Justin sifted through the items until he came across the Valentine's Day card that he had given Brian their first year together. He held it up. "And what is this, may I ask?"

"I don't know. What is it?"

"You know damn well what it is, Brian Kinney. You are so fucked."

"God, I hope so."

"Brian Kinney! You are a such a liar!" Justin exclaimed, smiling and staring down at his embarrassed lover sitting in the middle of the bed. His heart as well as his cock swelled three times their normal size at the thought of Brian keeping the card he had given him so long ago. He knew Brian loved him now, but he had no idea that he had really loved him way back in the beginning.

"No, I'm not," Brian said trying to be convincing, but he knew he'd been caught red-handed. Well, caught red 'carded' anyway.

"Meaningless, huh?" Justin asked teasingly as he swept the lock box and all of its belongings off of the bed and onto the floor.

"Yes," Brian answered with a slight grin.

"Sentimental bullshit, huh?" Justin asked seductively as he crawled onto the bed toward his lover.

"Yes," Brian answered barely above a whisper.

"It's just words. Actions are what's important?" Justin, still grinning, approached Brian slowly, moving so that he was face to face with the defeated man.

"Yes!" Brian called out in frustration. He covered his face with his hands, growled and flung himself backwards on the bed. He just hated it when his own words were thrown in

his face.

"Well, if that is true then what do you suppose this action means?" Justin asked while holding up the 3 year old Valentine's Day card that Brian had obviously thought enough of to keep with his other most prized possessions. He then crawled on top of his lover making it impossible for him to escape the question.

Brian removed his hands from his face and looked into the eyes of the young man peering down at him with a very sexy, but smug smile on his face. He knew damn well what it meant but he didn't want to admit it to Justin. He decided to stall the inevitable, "I don't know. Why don't you tell me what it means."

"Actions, Brian," was all Justin said. They had been using words for hours and now it was time to use actions to show the other how they felt.

Justin lowered his head to Brian's neck and nipped at the soft flesh, making Brian flinch. He dragged his tongue up Brian's neck, across his jawline, up his chin and across his lower lip. Before he could pull his tongue back inside his mouth, Brian captured it between his lips and drew it inside his waiting mouth. They kissed passionately for the first time that entire day. The kiss was slow and comforting for both of them. It was not the fast, hungered kisses of the last few weeks, there was no need to rush, they had all night to reacquaint themselves with one another.

Brian felt Justin's erection dangling above his groin, lightly grazing the soft hairs there when it twitched. The feel of that hardness nudging him, the comfort of Justin towering over him and the soft sensual kiss filling his mouth caused Brian's body respond. His cock hardened and reached upward to meet Justin's. The open slits of their cocks kissed, mixing their pre-cum droplets just like their mouths were mixing their saliva. They both moaned at the touch as their bodies told them what they wanted.

Brian stopped to take a breath and Justin took that as an opportunity to start kissing elsewhere on the man's body. He dropped his head to kiss the smooth skin of Brian's neck.

Justin smiled as Brian sighed at the subtle pleasure. He loved it when Brian didn't hold back how he was feeling. He was normally quiet during sex, preferring to let his actions speak for him, but every now and then he wouldn't hold it in and he would let his voice tell Justin how his body was feeling.

As Justin's mouth moved down to Brian's chest, his cock broke its kiss and moved down Brian's long shaft, marking it with the glistening liquid as it went. Justin teased the nipples with his teeth until again, he got an audible response. His dick nudged at Brian's balls. He continued his trek licking and nibbling his way down to the soft treasure trail, his cock jumped as it was pulled away from all contact. Instead of taking in Brian's throbbing erection he bypassed it, doing nothing more than breathing on it as he descended gently kissing and biting on Brian's inner thighs.

Brian's cock was in dire need of another kiss so he reached his hand down, brushed his fingers through the blond hair and applied a little pressure on Justin's head. "Just...in," Brian hissed, almost desperately.

Justin knew what Brian wanted but he didn't want to be coaxed. He wanted control and wanted to set his own pace so he stopped altogether, waiting for Brian to release the pressure.

Brian knew what Justin was telling him in his stillness. He gave up the control and removed his hand. He would let Justin do whatever he wanted.

Once Justin felt the hand slip away, he lowered his head and nuzzled his nose in between Brian's balls. He breathed deeply taking in the heady smell. This was the smell of Brian and he had missed it. When he thought he couldn't wait anymore, he flicked his tongue out, licked at the plump sac and then all the way up to the leaking tip of Brian's cock. He put his mouth on Brian's aching hard-on and began to suck hungrily, swirling his tongue all around the sensitive head. Justin wrapped one hand snugly around the base of Brian's cock and gently pumped as his mouth continued to surround the head. Brian arched into it, lifting his chest off the bed as more sounds expelled from his throat. Justin needed to feel more of his lover so he let his other hand roam over Brian's chest, feeling the strong heart pounding under his touch. Unable to resist, he tweaked the hard nipples, earning a loud moan from his lover in response.

Brian moved one hand back to Justin's hair, twisting and pulling at it while the other sought out Justin's free hand. His hand covered Justin's and stayed with it as it continued to move across his chest. After a few minutes, he brought it to his mouth, inserted two of Justin's fingers and sucked on them mimicking Justin's actions on his cock. Brian arched his back in pleasure as he felt the warm wet tongue bathe his cock. He moaned around the fingers at every pass of Justin's tongue over the sensitive tip of his dick. Their tongues mirrored each other's actions.

The sounds coming from Brian, the fullness in his mouth and the sucking on his fingers went straight to Justin's cock, making it harden even more as an orgasm threatened to erupt. He knew Brian's body well enough to know that his lover was close to the edge as well and he wanted Brian to be inside his ass, not his mouth when they came, so he gave it one last lick then stopped. His hand released the twitching member and caught up with the hand in his hair. He interlaced their fingers and pulled it over Brian's head as he moved up his long body. He watched as Brian held his hand in his mouth and continued to suck on his fingers. Justin tugged slightly and Brian opened his mouth to release the hold he had on the saliva-slicked fingers as Justin bent down to kiss Brian's parted lips.

Brian sucked on Justin's tongue and moaned again into his partner's mouth. He pushed Justin's dripping fingers down between his legs. As they continued to kiss, Justin inserted first one and then the second finger into Brian. When he did, Brian groaned,

squeezed the hand that rested above his head and instinctively bent his knees, opening himself up wider.

Justin slowly inserted and withdrew his fingers in Brian's tight hole as he rocked his hips, rubbing their cocks together. Brian rewarded him with moans that continued to vibrate in their mouths. He pulled away from the kiss and they both gasped for air. Brian arched his back again in response to the dual sensations going on between his legs. He hadn't felt this good in weeks and he just wasn't able to keep still.

Justin moved his mouth next to Brian's ear, "Welcome back, Brian. I missed you."

"Mmmm, show me," Brian purred while returning to capture his lover's lips in another kiss, this time more intense, deeper and longer. Their lips crushed together harder as Brian lifted up and pushed Justin back and over. Using their clinched hands and his planted feet for leverage, Brian was able to roll them over without ever breaking the kiss or Justin having to remove his fingers. Justin followed the roll willingly, he knew his lover would be deep inside him soon. His ass twitched with anticipation. He broke away from the passionate kiss, leaving them both gasping for a breath of air.

Brian, now on his knees, hovered over the smaller man and rocked back and forth, pushing then pulling the fingers in and out of his relaxed ass. He knew his lover would be deep inside him soon and his ass twitched with anticipation. He pulled his hand away from Justin's grasp, reached for the lube and a condom and placed them in Justin's hand.

Justin removed his fingers, opened the packet, pulled the condom out and started to place it on his lover's dick when Brian stopped him and pushed his hands down to his own cock.

Justin looked up confused. He missed the sensual Brian that treated him lovingly and that was what he wanted. He wanted Brian to make love to him, not the other way around. He reached for Brian's dick again, and once again Brian pushed his hands down towards his own erection. They stared into each other's eyes understanding what the other one wanted, but neither one wanting to give in. There was absolute silence except for the sound of their heavy breaths. Their earlier actions seemed to just flow, as if they were a choreographed dance with each following the actions of the other. No words were necessary, they just knew what the other wanted. But now they were faced with a new problem. Their actions needed to be defined, the words had become necessary again.

Brian cracked a smile and spoke first, "Well, this is a first."

Justin couldn't help but laugh. "What do we do now?"

Brian sat back on his heels, reached for Justin's cock and started stroking it. Justin moaned and writhed underneath him. "Well, let's see," Brian said pulling his bottom lip

into his mouth. "Are you tired?"

"Nope."

"Good. Then I would say we do both." Brian continued to tug on Justin's dick then brushed his thumb over the tip.

"Oh, God," Justin gasped and arched into Brian's hand. "Me first, please."

Brian figured that Justin's need was more immediate than his, so he decided to oblige his lover's request. Brian moved away and nudged Justin's leg.

"Yee Haw," Justin teased as he quickly rolled over onto his stomach.

Brian climbed back on top of Justin, straddling his thighs. He leaned down and placed soft kisses on his neck as he moved the blond hair out of the way. He followed his normal path, kissing and licking across the neck and down the middle until he moved to the sides and kissed on the tip of the shoulder blades.

Justin mewed like a kitten at the sensation of Brian's tongue over his neck and upper back.

Brian closed his eyes, letting his mouth lead the way, unsure of where it was going to travel. He moved to the right then the left side. He felt a rough patch of skin and heard Justin quietly gasp as his lips touched the spot. Brian stopped and opened his eyes to find his lips grazing on the red and purple bite mark. Shivers ran down his spine and his heart ached. He leaned his forehead against Justin's shoulder and just stared at what he had done, paralyzed and unable to move.

Sensing where Brian's lips had travelled and why he had stopped, Justin reached his hand back and held it open waiting for Brian to take it. Brian saw the offering and covered it with his hand, interlocking their fingers. Justin squeezed it for reassurance and whispered, "It's okay, Brian. Please don't stop."

"Justin..." Brian whispered.

"No more words, just actions," Justin reminded him.

Brian took a deep breath to push his guilt deep inside then moved further down and pulled up on Justin's hips, bringing him to his knees. He flattened his tongue against the dip at the end of Justin's back and dragged it downwards along the crack as his hands gently massaged the firm buttocks. As he passed over the sensitive knot of flesh, Justin gasped. He moved the pads of his thumbs to the center and gently pulled the cheeks apart. Brian licked again at Justin's hole and started to push in when he felt a slight difference in the flesh against his tongue. Justin winced but still moaned. Brian stopped and backed away.

"Brian, please. Why did you stop?" Justin asked, slightly frustrated.

Brian didn't answer. He crawled to the light switch and turned on the glowing orange light above the bed. He grabbed Justin's hips and turned him around so that his ass was illuminated by the soft light. Brian's fingers were shaking but he knew he had to do it. He had to see. His fingers spread the cheeks apart and he saw what his tongue had felt. Justin's normally small pink pucker was now red and puffy. "Shit, Justin did I not even use lube?"

"Yeah, you did. I felt it. Why?" Justin replied turning his head over his shoulder, trying to see what Brian was looking at.

"Are you sure?" Brian asked with concern. His thumbs made tiny circles on the soft skin just to the sides of the injured hole.

"Well, it was cold. Unless you used something else," Justin giggled.

"It's not funny, Justin." Brian was deadly serious.

Justin got worried. He couldn't see what Brian was seeing. "Why? What's wrong?"

"Well, I don't see any permanent damage, but it's swollen," Brian quietly said, more to himself than to answer Justin's question. "Does it hurt?"

"Just a little bit, but you can kiss it all better," Justin said teasingly as he wiggled his hips in Brian's face.

Brian did as Justin suggested with one quick soft kiss then released his grip on the cheeks and patted them gently. "Turn over."

"No, Brian, I'm okay, really. Besides, you always know how to take good care of it. Come on. Please?"

"Nope. Roll over."

"Brian, no. I want to do this. I need to feel you inside me. It'll be okay. I promise." Justin was almost begging.

"Justin, we can't. Not tonight. It would only make it worse and I just won't do it. I won't hurt you again." Brian rubbed his hands up and down Justin's ass cheeks that were glowing in front of him. He loved that ass and he did know how to take good care of it and that meant that for tonight, Justin's ass was off limits.

"I can take it, Brian. I've missed you, the real you, so much."

"I don't want you in pain, Justin. We just can't."

Justin sighed and stretched his legs out so that he was lying flat on his stomach. "This really sucks, Brian."

"Sucking, I can still do. Roll over and let me show you what I've missed."

"Fine. I'm all yours," Justin said, clearly disappointed as he rolled over onto his back.

Brian shook his head at the drama princess laying in front of him. "Gee, Justin, show some enthusiasm. I'm gonna give that perfect cock of yours a nice tongue massage and then you're going to bury it in my ass until we both cum. I would think that you could at least be a little excited."

Brian's description of what was about to happen shot through Justin's body. He lifted his head, looked down at his bulging hard-on then looked back up at Brian with raised eyebrows and a devilish grin. "I am excited."

Brian smiled at the sight in front of him then crawled back on top of Justin's lithe form. "You're so easy," he said placing a kiss on Justin's lips.

"Yep, and you love it," Justin said into the kiss. "Besides, I'm aching to feel what you've missed. I want us to make love now. No more waiting." He continued to kiss Brian in between each sentence. "I think..." Kiss. "You said something about..." A lick and a kiss. "A tongue massage..." A longer kiss with a swirling tongue and hands that grasped Brian's ass. "And my dick in your ass..." A peck on the nose, an eskimo kiss, a smile and a firm squeeze of his buttocks that pushed him down into Justin's groin.

"Oh, God," Brian moaned as he rested his forehead against Justin's and looked into the glassy blue eyes staring up at him with lust and desire. He leaned down for another kiss.

This kiss was more forceful and filled with a crushing passion. It was Justin's turn to moan. The uncontrollable sound expelled from his throat and got lost inside Brian's mouth. Their tongues twisted and twirled against each other. Their pulses began to race as the blood pumped through their veins at a rapid pace. Both were becoming dizzy from lack of oxygen so they broke the kiss to take in a gasp of desperately needed air. They were both breathing heavier, their chests moving up and down in a synchronized comfortable rhythm, Brian inhaled as Justin exhaled.

Brian moved his mouth down Justin's chin, towards his neck, dragging his tongue along the way. He kissed and nipped his way to the sensitive spot just below Justin's earlobe. A quiet moan murmured from Justin's lips as he tilted his head back to allow Brian better access. "You're so sexy," Brian whispered in his ear before returning to the place that made Justin shiver.

Justin's head was swimming. Even if Brian couldn't make love to him the way that he wanted him to he was more than making up for it. The sensual and loving Brian always made him turn to mush and he knew the man had only just begun.

Brian licked across his lover's neck to his Adam's apple which quickly disappeared when Justin instinctively swallowed at the contact. Brian waited for it to return then kissed it softly and continued downward. He licked across Justin's left nipple and felt it harden under his tongue, then pulled back and blew on it. Justin shivered again as soft murmurs emerged from deep inside his throat. Brian flattened his tongue and slid it across to the right nipple. His tongue circled the rigid bump then lifted the little gold ring to his teeth and softly tugged.

Justin's back lifted off the bed at the action and his moans became louder. His dick lept up and nudged Brian's stomach leaving a droplet of wetness as it laid back down. The air began to rush in and out of Justin's lungs as he started to pant. He was quickly becoming lost in the euphoria. He reached his hand to Brian's head and ran his fingers through the soft auburn hair to ground himself. He didn't push, he was perfectly content letting Brian set the pace, he just needed to touch a part of the man that was giving him such intense pleasure.

Brian closed his eyes at the feel of Justin's delicate fingers combing through his hair. He licked and tugged at Justin's nipple again before moving on. He kissed across the taut abdomen to reach Justin's navel. He dipped his tongue inside, gently rimming at the sides of the shallow cavern.

Justin's stomach retreated and he groaned as his lungs panted faster. His dick arched up again, giving a wet kiss to the lump in the center of Brian's throat.

Brian pulled his tongue out of the navel then hovered over Justin's leaking erection. He opened his mouth and waited for it to come inside. Like a magnet, his hot breath caused it to rise up and find its way to the warm wetness of his mouth. He closed his lips around it before it fell back down.

"Ahhhhhh," Justin sighed as the warmth of Brian's mouth surrounding his shaft sent him rising up off the bed. He bent his knees, drew his legs up and planted his feet beside Brian's shoulders. His fingers tightened in Brian's hair making a fist. Wild sensations were controlling his hands and they tugged and twisted at the silky strands, urging Brian deeper.

Brian quickly obliged Justin's need and lowered his head until the tip of Justin's cock bumped against the back of his throat. Justin squeezed his legs together and growled into the air. Brian wrapped his arms around Justin's thighs and pulled them back apart. He pulled his mouth up, swirled his tongue around the head, wiggled his tongue against the open slit then slid back down and constricted his throat, squeezing the head snugly.

Justin yelped and pushed his hips up with his feet. Brian released his grip on Justin's

thighs and let him go. Justin began bucking up and down into Brian's mouth. Brian tightened his suction on Justin's cock making a very tight fit. He could feel all the textures of Brian's mouth surrounding his thick dick. The smoothness of Brian's tongue against the underside, the roughness of the roof of Brian's mouth along the top and softness of his throat tapping against the head. Justin became more aggressive at all the sensations and ground harder and deeper. He was getting so close. His breathing got heavier and his cock started to throb. "Oh, now.....Brian.....now."

Brian immediately grabbed a hold of him again to force him still. He didn't want him to cum that way. He needed him to be hard for the second part of his plan so he tried to pull away but Justin's legs were stronger than Brian's arms and he continued to thrust. Brian opened his mouth to release the suction. Justin whimpered and begged, "Please, don't stop." His thighs squeezed together again not allowing Brian to let his dick slip from his mouth.

Not wanting to deny his lover now that he was so close to the edge, Brian quickly formulated plan B in his head. He would have to keep Justin hard even after he came. Brian was able to do it himself in those extreme circumstances, but he had never tried it with Justin. This would be one of those firsts and he hoped his young lover was up to it.

He closed his mouth again and pulled in hard bringing in the suction hold. Justin arched his back up and let out a scream. Brian pulled himself up on his knees so he would be ready to move in a hurry. He held Justin down and bobbed his head feverishly until Justin exploded. As soon as the warm cum splashed against his throat, he swallowed over and over and rose up on Justin's dick. His hand encased the shaft and pumped out every last drop as his mouth milked on the head. He pulled his mouth off and pumped his hand faster.

Justin's head was rolled back, his eyes were closed and his mouth hung open. He was entering that state of laziness that normally surrounded him after an intense orgasm and Brian had to stop him.

"No, no, no," Brian said as he moved quickly up Justin's body. "Stay with me, Justin." He covered his mouth and plunged his tongue inside. He had to keep his blood pumping and his breathing hard, no calming down was to be allowed. Brian pumped harder and squeezed on his sensitive cock.

Justin kissed him back as if this was the loving kiss that always followed a blow job. He tasted himself and moaned into the kiss. When Brian didn't stop right away, Justin whimpered and tensed at the uncomfortable feeling on his dick and instinctively pushed with his feet to get away.

Brian held on tighter, deepened the kiss and moaned in Justin's mouth. Brian felt Justin's body loosen up and he knew he had him.

Justin's head was spinning. He pulled away from kiss, panting heavily and gasping for air. He opened his eyes and looked up at Brian in amazement. "Holy fuck, Brian, I'm still

hard. It kind of hurts."

"I know. It'll pass. Don't think about it, just stay with me." Brian had to keep him on that hungry level of passion so he dove for his neck, nipping and sucking before returning to his mouth for more intense kisses. His hand continued to pump on his rigid shaft. When he heard Justin moaning again, he knew the sensitivity had passed and Justin was once again in the state of arousal. He pulled away from the kiss breathless and looked down at sparkling blue eyes smiling up at him. "Hey," Brian said in between pants.

"Hey," Justin responded also gasping for air and heaving with his chest.

"I want you inside me now. You ready?" Brian asked as he pressed their foreheads together.

"Uh huh," Justin answered, brushing his nose against his lover's. "Are you?"

Brian chuckled through his breaths, "Mentally, hell yeah. Physically, probably not, but I don't care at this point. I want you inside me right fucking now!" He sat back on his heels, released Justin's dick from his hand, pushed Justin's knees down flat, crawled forward and straddled Justin's thighs as he reached over for a condom and the lube.

"Want some help?" Justin asked teasingly as he quickly wet two of his fingers, reached around to Brian's hole and slipped them in all at once.

Brian reared up on his knees. "Fuck! That'll do it." His hands were shaking as he tried to open the condom. His chest was heaving with need. He had waited so long to have Justin buried inside him and now it was just moments away.

Justin grabbed his own cock and continued the strokes that Brian had abandoned. "Hurry, Brian." His fingers continued to pump in and out of Brian's hole.

Brian finally got the packet opened, pulled the condom out and rolled it down Justin's shaft as Justin moved his hand away. He opened the lube, squeezed a good amount into his hand and applied it generously to Justin's sheathed dick. He tossed the lube aside and leaned down to capture Justin's lips once more.

Justin sucked on Brian's tongue as he pulled his fingers out and grabbed his dick at the base to hold it in place. He locked eyes with Brian and tapped Brian's leg to signal him to lift up on his knees. Justin positioned himself and grazed the tip of his dick against Brian's hole.

They never broke the kiss and both moaned loudly as Brian lowered himself. When the large head passed through the tight entrance, Brian's moan hitched and his eyes closed tightly. Justin put one hand on Brian's hip and snaked the other one around the nape of his neck. He pulled Brian deeper into the kiss and didn't let go until Brian was all the way down and sitting flat on his groin.

Brian pulled away from the kiss and smiled down at Justin. He was so emotionally worked up from the extensive foreplay and wanted to move things along quickly so he didn't take much time to adjust. He sat up, pulled Justin's knees back up then leaned against them as he started to slowly bounce up and down on Justin's cock. He clenched his muscles as he slid down and released them as he rose back up.

The feeling between his legs was sending Justin reeling for the second time. Brian was milking his cock and it felt so good. He arched his back up, closed his eyes and gripped Brian's thighs with his hands. His fingers dug deeper into the flexed muscles every time Brian slid down and squeezed on his dick. He was lost in the soothing sensation and seemed relaxed as if being rocked.

Brian loved watching Justin's reaction to his every movement, he was so beautiful. He continued with the slow long movements until he couldn't take it anymore. He pulled Justin up and on top of him as he rolled to his back. He wrapped his legs around Justin and pushed his ass down with his feet.

Justin eyes sprung open at the sudden change in position. "Wake up Sunshine, time to go to work," Brian told him and he knew what he was expected to do. Leaning down he kissed Brian hard and started thrusting slowly, but when the kiss intensified and their adrenaline sped up, so did the speed of his thrusts. Within a few minutes he was slamming into Brian just the way the man liked it.

Brian kept shouting 'harder...harder', so he sat up on his knees, grabbed Brian's legs and pushed them forward. He pulled almost all the way out then jabbed back in, in short strokes causing the widest part of his head to pass in and out of the tight outer ring. The repeated jolts of pleasure shot throughout Brian's body. His ass was spasming at the assault and his toes were curling. Justin knew he was getting close. He let go of one leg and grabbed Brian's dick, pumping it in quick strokes, matching the pace.

The intensity of the jabbing in his ass and the pumping of his dick was working on Brian. He felt his orgasm creeping up on him quickly. He reached for Justin's neck, face, head or hair, anything to hold on to. He ground his teeth and yelled out, "Justin, NOW, go deep!"

Justin did as he was instructed, plunging deep in one swift motion. Brian's body began to spasm as the cum ripped through his balls and shot sharply from his piss hole, landing on his neck, chest and stomach. His spasming hole tightened and squeezed on Justin's cock causing him to erupt into his own orgasm.

Justin collapsed, falling on top of the man underneath him as they both tried to catch their breath and calm their heart rates. Brian lowered his legs, wrapped his arms around Justin's waist and kissed the top of the blond head as the lazy feeling washed over them.

"God, I really needed that," Brian admitted.

Justin smiled but never opened his eyes. Before they could fall asleep, Brian eased Justin off of him and onto his back. He removed the condom from Justin's dick and tossed it in the garbage as Justin nestled against his shoulder.

There was absolute silence except for the quiet sounds of the two men breathing. The silence was broken when Justin's stomach growled, reminding them that they never ate dinner, even though Justin had reheated it. Justin laughed at his noisy appetite and looked over at Brian, smiling as he asked, "Dessert?"

Brian laughed back but couldn't resist the temptation to tease his hungry man. "I thought we just had dessert," he smirked.

Justin elbowed him causing Brian to pretend to wince in pain as he grabbed his injured side. "Ow."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Justin said, rolling his eyes. "Ice cream?" he asked as he moved to get off the bed. He walked toward the kitchen, calling over his shoulder, "You coming?" He took one more step then stopped, realizing what he'd just said. 'Shit.' He turned around to look back at Brian who was sitting up on the bed, his eyebrows arched and his mouth open as if he was about to say something.

When Justin turned around, he had that look of expectation as if he knew what Brian was going to say. Never wanting to be completely predictable, Brian quickly closed his mouth to stifle the comment that was threatening to emerge, but he also thought he had to say something so he mustered a look of innocence and simply asked, "What?"

Justin shook his head, turned around and continued to the kitchen. He opened the freezer door and quickly jumped back as the gush of cold air reached his naked cock. "Shit!" he yelped out loud.

He jumped again when Brian laughed right behind him. Brian snaked his arm around Justin's waist, covered the cold and retreating member with his hand and said, "Careful Sunshine, frost bite can be a bitch."

Justin giggled and reached for the ice cream now that he was fully protected in Brian's grasp. He shut the freezer door and turned around in his lover's arms. It seemed like such a silly gesture, but there was something about it that made Justin swoon inside. He did like it when Brian protected him and made him feel safe. He looked into Brian's eyes and in all seriousness said, "Thanks."

Brian studied Justin's face. He knew that there was so much meaning in Justin's one simple word. Brian shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Just doing my job."

"What job is that?" Justin asked.

"Keeping you safe," Brian answered pretty proud of himself. He was sure that it was

more of that romantic shit that Justin loved so much.

Something about Brian's answer bothered him. Was Brian still thinking that he had to be his provider? Had he not understood that they were in this together as equals? He decided to push the issue to be sure. "I don't need you to take care of me, Brian. Did you not get anything out of all that we talked about tonight? I can't believe..."

Brian shut him up with a kiss, ending it with a light peck on his lips and a smile.

Justin wasn't going to give up. He started to push again, "Brian..."

Brian kissed him again.

As soon as the kiss ended, Justin went on, "Brian..."

Brian laughed and kissed him again. When he pulled away, he said, "You gonna shut up now?"

Justin remained silent this time, wondering what Brian would say.

"It's OUR job. Don't you get it? I keep you safe, you keep me safe. I take care of you, you take care of me. Fuck, Justin I thought you were the relationship expert. I can't keep having to explain all this to you," Brian teased and planted his tongue in his cheek waiting for Justin's answer.

Justin looked at Brian as if he was still serious, then grinned ear to ear. "One spoon or two?"

Brian swatted Justin on the ass before he walked to the living room and plopped down on their cheap sofa. He answered proud as a peacock, "One, of course."

Justin took the lid off the ice cream carton, grabbed a spoon and stuffed his mouth with a big bite as he joined Brian on the couch. His mouth was still full when he started to talk, "Bwriun, are we gonna tell eberyone about our pwans?" He fed Brian a bite as he talked.

Brian chuckled at Justin's words. It was a good thing that he understood Justin's ice cream language. He swallowed his bite and said, "Well I think that we need to at least tell Deb and Mikey then let the gossip mill take it from there. Besides they are the only ones that know there was something wrong before, so we need to tell them that everything is fine between us now. If I know them, they're thinking the worst."

"Yeah, Deb was freaking out on me this morning. She just knew you'd done something. I told her we just had a fight and it was no big deal, but I don't think she believed me."

"Of course not. I'm always the asshole," Brian said as he took in another spoon-fed bite.

Justin laughed. "Yup, that's wat see cod you," Justin said with a full mouth again. Ice cream oozed from the corners of his mouth.

"Shit, and Mikey too. He lit into me about all kinds of shit." Brian leaned in and licked the ice cream that was dripping down Justin's chin. "Why do you always loose all your manners when eating ice cream?"

"It's more fun this way," Justin answered, holding a full spoon in front of Brian's open mouth. He jiggled the spoon, dripping some on Brian's chest. "Oops." He grinned, pushed the spoon into Brian's mouth then bent down to lick up the spill.

"Hmmm, I agree. You know, Mikey even accused me of hitting you."

"Yeah, I heard him," Justin said while kissing around on Brian's chest. "I was just about to come out from the kitchen and explain to him that it was an accident when I saw you get up, kiss him and bolt out the door."

Brian grabbed Justin's face and pulled him up to look at him. "An accident? What do you mean? I didn't hit you."

"Yes you did. Well, maybe you didn't really hit me, but you did slap me."

Brian released his hold on Justin. "Justin, I would remember that. When did this supposedly happened?"

"This morning." Justin dug the spoon into the ice cream again, came up with a spoonful and offered it to Brian.

Brian shook his head so Justin ate it himself. "I didn't even see you this morning. You left without waking me up or even saying goodbye. You just slammed the door on your way out. That's what woke me up."

"No," Justin paused to swallow then continued, "I did kiss you goodbye. That's when you slapped me. It stung like hell. I didn't understand why you would do that. I just thought you were still mad at me. I tried not to, but I cried all the way to the diner. That's why Deb was all over me when I got there. It was obvious even though I tried to hide it and I still had a hand print on my cheek. I couldn't really hide that, now could I?"

"Justin, I don't remember you kissing me at all. You know, I would never do that on purpose, don't you?"

Justin scooped up another big spoonful and held it. "Well, I didn't at first, but then I thought about it and realized you were probably asleep. I just figured that you were having a bad dream or something. You haven't been sleeping too well lately. That's why I didn't wake you up."

"God, Justin. I'm so...." Justin cut him off by filling the apologetic mouth with the huge bite of ice cream because he knew Brian would never talk with his mouth full.

"Don't. It's over. We're moving on now. Right, partner?"

"Wight," Brian said with his mouth full.

Justin laughed at Brian 'loosing all his manners' and had a devilish thought. "Brian?" he asked as he dished out a really BIG spoonful.

"Hmmm?" Brian asked as he took in the really big bite.

Justin was barely able to contain himself. Grinning ear to ear, he asked, "So what are we gonna do for Valentine's Day this year?"

"Fauk," Brian said spraying ice cream on his giggling young lover.

THE END