

Small Town by Cindy

Part 1

Author's Notes: This is a totally different concept for me. I hope you guys like it. My thanks to Shannon Marie for being such a great beta.

Warnings: B/OM sex as part of Brian's background story. Don't worry it won't make you cringe.

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Brian heard the overhead bell ring as the door to the store was pushed open. He didn't move to see who it was, but instead continued with his tedious job of restocking the shelves. The footsteps that echoed off the tile floor grew louder as the customer approached his turned back. A scowl crossed his face, knowing that he'd have to deal with some stupid question and act like he actually cared. He was ready to turn around and deal with the annoying interruption when he felt a tingle crawl up his spine. His scowl instantly changed into a small smile. He knew who it was without even having to look. He turned, smile still in place.

"Hey."

"Hey, how's it going?" Brian returned, his smile growing wider.

"Um, good, I guess. Listen, could you tell me where I can find the, um, brown sugar?" the younger man asked uncomfortably. He hated being sent on these little errands for his mother, yet there he was, asking this guy about baking goods. 'Jesus, can it get more embarrassing than this?' he thought.

"Yeah, sure," Brian said, trying to hide his disappointment, "third aisle over, left side."

"Thanks."

And that was it. The blond smiled slightly and walked away. Brian's shoulders slumped forward, his head hung down and he closed his eyes. "Fuck," he whispered under his breath. He knew the guy's name was Justin. He'd asked around discreetly after the first time he'd seen him. He wondered if the blond knew his name?

He'd been so close this time. Close enough that he could smell the intoxicating scent that wafted from the angelic looking young man. He smelled like a combination of vanilla and fresh, clean clothes right out of the dryer. It was a great smell, one that reminded him of sunshine on a beautiful day. Maybe it was also that the boy was stunningly beautiful. His pale skin and slight, trim frame were so appealing to the tall, lanky man. The mesmerizing bright blue eyes that he found himself drawn into whenever he spoke to him were the most amazing eyes he'd ever seen. Then there was his golden hair. It looked like strands of silk and Brian longed to run his fingers through it.

The boy was a complete opposite to him and he liked that. He'd never liked the way he looked. He was so tall and his legs and arms were long and awkward. He was thin, but toned. He worked out with a set of free weights he'd bought with his savings from working at the store. He didn't want to be skinny like he was when he was younger. He worked hard at his body and it was starting to pay off. He wanted to be proud of the way he looked and he knew that if he kept at it, maybe one day he would.

But the blond boy was already beautiful. Every time he saw him on the street, or when he'd come into the store, Brian's breath was taken away. He had a feeling that he was also gay and wanted to get to know him, but his mind would go blank and he would get so nervous that he couldn't think of anything to say. Rather than looking like a complete jerk, he would stay quiet, but inside his mind he was screaming.

He always knew when the younger man was around. Something in him felt his presence. He didn't understand it, but he really liked it. It made him feel that maybe there was some special connection that the two of them shared. Maybe the other boy felt it too and one day something would happen. He raised his head, opened his eyes and took a deep breath then released it.

`Who knows?' he thought with a smile.

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Justin returned home, dropped the keys to his mother's car on the front hall table and made his way into the kitchen.

"Did you get it for me?" his mother turned and asked when she saw her son.

"Yeah, I did," the boy replied with an attitude.

"Justin, don't be like that. Sometimes all I ask for is a little help. I needed you to get this for me so I could finish the pies that I'm baking for the Spring Festival. I promised to have them ready for tomorrow." Jennifer Taylor always baked the pies for the town festival and she wasn't about to let them down this year.

"Okay, sorry, Mom. I know how hard you're working on these. Everyone loves your pies and I know they'd be upset if they weren't ready."

"Thanks honey. I appreciate it. Now why don't you go do your homework until dinner is ready."

"Yeah, okay." The boy took an apple from a bowl on the table, grabbed his knapsack and headed up to his room.

He really didn't have much homework to do. He had a biology test to study for, but he pretty much knew it all. He threw the apple core in the garbage then flopped down on his bed, dropping his knapsack beside him. Right away his mind began to wander to the dark-haired guy at the grocery store. He was pretty sure his name was Brian. He was gorgeous. Justin figured he was a year or two older than him. He remembered seeing him around school a few times, but he was in a different grade and the older guys didn't usually have anything to do with the younger ones.

He'd seen him around town and every time he'd felt like a million butterflies had taken flight in his stomach. His palms would start to sweat, his mouth would go dry and he'd feel a chill running down his spine. He knew he'd never felt like that around anyone else. The blond sighed heavily. He was sure that the amazing guy had never even given him a second thought.

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The next day was the Spring Festival. It was a big event in their small town. Excitement buzzed in the air and everywhere you went people were busy getting things ready for the celebration that evening at the town hall. Everyone in town would be there. It was the highlight of the year.

Justin's mother was head of the food committee. She was busy organizing the various dishes on the long tables that ran along one side of the room. She delegated jobs to the other ladies that flitted around her. In no time, the large hall was all set. Multi-colored decorations hung from the ceiling and clung to the walls. The tables scattered around the dance floor were set and the disc jockey's area in the corner was ready to go. The women were pleased with the results of their hard work. It would be the best Spring Festival yet.

Brian was helping the men move the picnic tables that were to be placed around the bonfire. It was a favorite spot for the teenagers to go and hang out after the dinner part of the evening was over and their parents danced the night away. The adults always tried to get them to stay, promising that the music would get more up-to-date, but it never did. So, they all escaped out to the grass and sat around the bonfire. What their parents didn't know was that they would get high and drunk. They smuggled out any alcohol they could steal from their parent's liquor cabinets without being noticed and someone always brought a few joints that got passed around.

Brian had lots of good memories of those nights hanging out with the friends he'd known his entire life. That was the benefit of living in a small town. The kids you started off with in school were the same ones you graduated with. Strong bonds were formed from having such a close-knit community. There were also bad sides to this though. Everyone knew everything about you. It was hard to keep something a secret and once it got out it spread through the entire town like wildfire.

Brian knew he was different at a very young age. When all his friends seemed to notice the `pretty little girls', he was noticing the `pretty little boys'. It really didn't make sense to him then. He didn't know why he wasn't interested in the girls the same way his friends were, he just knew that he wasn't.

As he got older, it became clear to him just what his interest in boys was. He would see the other guys in gym class as they showered and would have to make a quick get away to the bathroom to take care of his hard-on. He would jerk off and cum as quietly as possible so no one would hear him. He thought he'd make it through high school with his little escapes unnoticed, until one day Billy Jessup walked in on him just as he was about to shoot. He'd forgotten to lock the door in his haste to get to his painfully hard cock and Billy pushed the door of his stall open, not knowing that anyone was in it. He was treated to the sight of Brian standing there with his sweatpants around his ankles and his leaking dick in his hand. Both boys were mortified. Brian for getting caught and Billy for walking in on such a private moment.

Instantly Brian lost his erection as terror ran through him. What would happen when everyone found out? Would they know he was gay and had to escape the locker room because the sight of his friends naked got him so excited?

Then the fog in his mind created by the instant terror cleared and he realized that they wouldn't know. He would just say that he'd gotten a boner and went to jerk off. That he'd been thinking about Mary Hastings and her huge tits and gotten hard from that. Yeah, that would work. Everyone would believe him. There was no reason why they wouldn't. He felt much better and the terror began to pass.

But all the time he'd been plotting the salvation of his reputation, he hadn't realized that he was still standing with his sweatpants around his ankles and his dick in his hand, and that Billy Jessup was still standing there watching him. He looked at the thin, red-haired boy that he'd known his entire life and saw the look of lust written all over his face. He repeatedly licked his lips and his eyes were wide and glassy. Brian followed the other boy's line of sight to see that he was staring right at his exposed cock, which was quickly regaining its previous rigidity. `Holy fuck,' Brian thought, `it's not just me'.

He was convinced that he was the only one in the entire town that thought about boys the way he did. He thought about them jerking him off until he came. He thought about them sucking on his hard dick in their hot, wet mouths. But mostly he thought about sticking his long, hard cock into some guy's tight ass and fucking him until they both exploded. Yeah, he thought about that one a lot.

So here was his big opportunity. The look on Billy's face was a dead giveaway that he would be more than happy to participate in one of the fantasies that Brian had. A sly smile spread across the brunet's face as he decided which one.

With his free hand he pulled Billy into the stall with him. The door swung closed behind him and Brian reached over and locked it. A mistake he wouldn't make again. The smaller boy looked up at him with trepidation. He figured that it was probably his first experience with another guy too. `Well, let's make it a good one,' Brian thought.

Brian leaned forward and pressed his lips against Billy's. The kiss started off uncertain but quickly grew intense. Brian pushed his tongue through the boy's lips. Billy jumped at the unexpected intrusion, then calmed and allowed the warm appendage to explore his mouth. The redhead moaned into Brian's mouth, then the moan grew louder as Brian cupped Billy's throbbing dick through his sweatpants. They pulled their mouths apart as a breath became necessary and stared back at each other, both a little scared of what would happen next.

Brian knew he wanted more, so he went for it. He grabbed the waistband of Billy's sweats and pulled them down to expose his erection. It was the first time he'd seen someone else's hard cock close up, so he studied it for a moment. It wasn't as long or thick as his was, but it would do. He took it in his hand and heard Billy gasp as his long fingers wrapped snugly around it. Brian's head shot up to lock eyes with the other boy. The message in his glassy hazel orbs was clear and Billy reached out and took hold of Brian's leaking cock. He also gasped as the warmth of the boy's hand encased him. Brian took the initiative and started to move his hand up and down his friend's dick and the other boy followed his lead. They both were so excited and knew it wouldn't be long before they would come. Precum leaked from their cocks as their hands sped up and jerked faster along the slick shafts. They moaned softly for fear of being caught and their breathing became short and labored.

Brian closed his eyes from the unbelievable pleasure he felt. He was used to jerking himself off, but this was so much better. The amazing feelings he got from having someone else's hand do it for him was mind blowing. He felt his balls start to tighten and he recognized the tell-tale sign that his orgasm was close. Just a few more strokes of Billy's hand and…

"Oh God…yeah…oh, fuck," Brian gasped as the cum exploded from his slit and shot against his stomach in thick streams, then ran down his friend's hand, covering it. It was the most intense orgasm he'd ever had.

Moments after his orgasm began, he felt Billy's cock throb in his hand and then watched as the cum shot against the boy's stomach and ran over his fingers, the same as his had done on Billy's hand. "Yeah…oh, yeah," the other boy whimpered softly as he came.

The boys struggled to get their breathing under control, both of them amazed by the intensity of their orgasms. They didn't speak as they each took some toilet paper and cleaned themselves up, then pulled their sweats back up. They looked at each other tentatively, not sure what to do after what just happened. Billy was the first to smile, reassuring Brian that it was alright, that they were still friends and that the knowledge of what they'd done wouldn't go beyond them. Brian smiled back and reached behind his friend to unlock and open the door. The redhead peeked out of the stall to make sure no one else was in the bathroom, then moved forward after seeing that the coast was clear. Brian didn't follow, but listened as the main door to the bathroom opened and then closed and he knew that Billy had gone.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath and released it slowly. `That was fucking amazing,' he thought with a smile. Even though he knew that things could have gone terribly wrong when he'd been discovered, he was ecstatic with the way they'd turned out. He opened his eyes, straightened his shoulders, walked out of the bathroom, and back to the locker room to retrieve his knapsack, acting as if nothing ever happened.

And that was the beginning of his illustrious career as a homosexual.

He'd been with Billy quite a few more times after that and even lost his virginity with the red-haired boy. But in their last year of high school, Billy's family moved to Colorado where his father had a big job lined up. It had been hard on both of them. They were used to being out with each other and weren't sure that either one would be able to find that comfort so easily again. Especially not for Brian, stuck in the little town where everyone knew everything and nothing was sacred. The fear of being found out as the town gay was something that Brian carried around with him like a lead weight on his shoulders. He knew that one day, he wouldn't be able to hide it anymore. The thought of that day scared him more than anything.

Brian was shaken out of his memories by a loud bell that wrung through the town. It signified the beginning of the Spring Festival. Everyone around him hurried to finish their task so they could head home to get dressed for the evening festivities. He got up from the bench he'd been sitting on and made his way home. He knew his parents and his sister would already be there and cringed at the thought of having to play perfect family for the night. The Kinneys were anything but and the show they put on when out at one of these town functions made Brian sick to his stomach. He wondered if anyone knew his father was a drunken bastard who beat him anytime it struck his fancy and his mother, well, let's just say that God had a permanent fan in her. She was more interested in what went on at her church then she ever was in her son's life.

They were never there for him other then to berate and abuse him, physically, mentally and verbally. It was no way to grow up and Brian knew that as soon as he finished the summer working at his family's store, he was headed for college and out of there. He'd kiss that little town goodbye and never, ever look back. That was the only thing that got him through the tough times. The thought of one day escaping and that day was getting closer and closer by the minute.

As soon as he got home he headed upstairs to his room and shut the door behind him. He striped off his sweaty clothes and threw them into the pile of dirty clothes in the closet, then made his way into the bathroom to grab a shower. The feel of the warm water as it ran down his body washing off the layers of dirt and sweat felt good. His hands smoothed over his body, soaping it up and then washing the bubbles away. When he got to his cock and balls he spent a little extra time there. His mind wandered to the beautiful blond that he was infatuated with. Brian wondered if he'd be at the festival.

He felt himself harden quickly as he pictured the boy's face and eyes and tantalizing mouth. He had never seen such amazing lips before and his mouth watered at the thought of tasting them. His hand moved quickly up and down his erection as the other one tugged at his full sack hanging between his legs. He was so excited by the thought of the boy and he gasped as he imagined it was his hand jerking his cock. His back arched as he moaned and shot his load all over the shower tiles.

"Oh, fuck," he panted. He shook his head and laughed slightly at how pathetic he was. He was losing it over a kid that he hadn't even said more than two words at a time to and who probably wasn't even gay. `Fucking pathetic' he thought as he rinsed off, turned off the water, and stepped out to dry himself.

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Across town, Justin had just finished getting dressed as his mother knocked on his bedroom door.

"Can I come in?"

"Sure," the blond replied as he ran his hand through his still damp hair to set it in place. He saw his mother open the door and enter his room.

"Are you ready to go, sweetie?" his mother asked with excitement in her voice.

"Yeah."

"Okay, then let's get everyone together and head over to the town hall," she said as she moved out of his room and practically bounced down the stairs. Jennifer loved the festival and always looked forward it. All the families had such a good time. It was what made their town so special and kept them all together. She couldn't wait.

They all piled into the family car and headed toward City Hall. Craig was in a good mood and looked forward to hanging out with all his buddies from work. They always had a blast. They got a little too drunk and a little too loud, but everyone had a good time. This year should be no exception.

Molly sat and pouted in the back seat next to her brother. She didn't want to go. She'd had a fight earlier that day with her best friend Cara because they couldn't agree on what to wear to the festival. Molly wanted to wear jeans and a belly top, but Cara wanted to wear capris and a halter. Neither one would compromise, so Molly ended up yelling and Cara hung up on her. She'd decided to wear jeans and a halter after all, hoping that when she got there, her friend wouldn't be too mad and they'd make up. It wouldn't be much fun if she and Cara weren't talking to each other all night. She wasn't sure what would happen when she got to the festival, so she continued to pout.

They pulled into the crowded parking lot. Craig parked the car and they all piled out. Jennifer hurried inside to make sure everything was ready with the food. She didn't want any problems while she was heading the committee. It would be a scandal as far as she was concerned. Justin rolled his eyes at the dramatics of his mother. God forbid the chicken should be greasy or the potato salad a little dry. The world would just end, plain and simple. `Women,' he thought and shook his head. He'd never understand them. He watched as his pouty sister walked away and knew that he definitely never would get them and that was fine with him. He wasn't interested in them anyway.

It was always boys that got him. He knew ever since he was little that it was boys that he was attracted to. He'd always been artistic and figured maybe it was part of his artistic nature. He wasn't sure, he just knew that that's the way he was. He'd never done anything about it and was sure that he was the only queer in the entire town. But he planned to one day change that when he left their small town and headed for the big city. He wanted to be an artist and an artist had to experience life. What life could he experience stuck in a small town with nowhere to go? Nope, he knew where he wanted to be and it was anywhere but where he was. He still had some time to think about it. He wasn't finished with high school for a few more months yet, then he had the summer and then he was off. He'd applied to some art schools and was waiting to see which ones he'd gotten into before making his decision. It would just be a short time before he knew and then he'd make his plans. He couldn't wait.

Justin realized that while he'd been daydreaming his family had all gone their separate ways, leaving him standing alone in the parking lot. He moved towards the big brick building and braced himself for the usual show he'd have to put on, pretending he was even remotely interested in the many, MANY girls his mother would introduce him to. Like he hadn't known them his entire life and never shown any interest in them before, so what would change that now? But his mother was determined to find just the right girl for him. She told him that he just hadn't found her yet and it was her mission in life to make that happen. `Fat chance of that,' the blond thought. `Now maybe if she could find just the right guy,' he smiled to himself at the thought.

He moved thorough the crowds of people towards the drink table set off to the side. He grabbed a can of coke, popped it open and took a sip. He had to hold back the burp that threatened to escape as the gas from the soda bubbled in his chest. He turned to make his way back across the room and slammed right into a tall, firm body.

"Sorry, I didn't see you." The blond started to apologize for nearly toppling the man over, when he looked up to see that it was the dark-haired guy from the grocery store. `Holy shit!' he thought.

"No problem, um Justin, right?" Brian said as he looked down at the amazing blond he'd been fantasizing about and smiled.

"Oh, um, yeah," Justin said, still a little taken back by the brunet's presence.

"Hi, I'm Brian, " he said simply with his smile still in place.

"Uh, yeah, I know," the blond said quietly.

Brian wasn't sure what to say next as his nervousness set in. He smelled that amazing scent that seemed to waft from the boy. He breathed in deeply, trying to capture as much of it as he could. He didn't say anything and neither did Justin, they just stood in awkward silence, starring at each other. Until…

"Hey, Sonny Boy, how's about getting your old man a drink?" Jack Kinney barreled as he slapped his son on the back a little too hard.

Brian and Justin were startled out of their gaze by the older man's loud voice. Then suddenly Brian's body jerked forward slightly as his father's hand connected firmly with his back. Justin saw the pained look on his face and without thinking grabbed his hand.

"You want to get out of here?" he asked.

Brian quickly looked at his father standing behind him. The man was engaged in a conversation with one of his bowling buddies so his attention was temporarily taken off of his son. He knew it was only a matter of moments before his father would be on him again and took advantage of the break to escape.

"Yeah, let's go," he replied and allowed himself to be pulled out of the room by the younger man.

Small Town

Part 2

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Justin pushed his way through the crowded room, dragging Brian behind him. Once they made it outside they continued on until they came to a secluded area of grass off to the side of the large building. It was quiet and empty except for a couple of large oak trees and a picnic bench. The blond finally stopped and pulled Brian with him to stand by one of the trees. In the distance, on the other side of the town hall, the men were starting the bonfire and the area would soon be filled with teenagers.

Brian turned to face his captive and they stood for a moment just staring at each other in silence. The quiet was broken as Justin realized that he was still holding Brian's hand.

"Oh, sorry," the younger man blushed and let go.

"No problem," Brian said softly. He'd realized that Justin was still holding his hand when they'd stopped, but he didn't mind. He loved the feel of the soft fingers wrapped around his. The moment the blond had grabbed his hand inside the building he'd felt a jolt of electricity run through his body. The longer he got to feel that connection, the better.

Justin smiled shyly. He wasn't sure what to say next. He felt so nervous and uncertain. What if he started to babble and the guy thought he was an idiot. `He's so cool and confident and I'm just an immature jerk. I'm going to blow this, I know it,' he thought to himself and sighed quietly.

Brian appeared to be all calm and collected on the outside, but on the inside he was a mess. His mind was freaking out. `Oh shit, I'm going to puke. He's so close, right here, waiting for me to say something. What should I say? I don't want to look stupid. Oh fuck, I'm gonna blow this.'

"Um, do you want to sit here for a while?" the older man asked nervously.

Justin looked around, "Yeah, sure." He moved and sat on the grass with his back up against one of the large tree trunks. Brian followed and sat down next to him. He was so close that he felt the heat radiating off the blond's body. He had to close his eyes for a second as a chill ran through him from the thrill of being with Justin. He was shaken from his bliss as the younger man began to speak. His eyes popped open and he turned his head to look at the beautiful boy.

"So, that was your dad?" he asked apprehensively.

Brian's face soured from the question. He'd been so happy sitting there in Justin's presence that he hadn't remembered why they fled in the first place. This was just one more time when he hated being Jack Kinney's son and knew that if they hadn't left the hall, he would have been subjected to more of his father's torment. He was thankful for the quick escape.

"Yeah, that's my piece of shit father that likes to pretend he's this wonderful, caring parent when we're out in public." Brian was a little surprised at his reply. The words just seemed to fly from his mouth of their own will. He never talked about his family with anyone and avoided questions at all costs. But here he was, sitting on the grass, airing his dirty laundry with a virtual stranger. But the weird thing about it was that he didn't feel awkward or guarded. He felt free and sure that Justin wouldn't judge him. He didn't quite know why he felt that way, he just did.

The younger man was taken back by the way Brian spoke about his father. He couldn't imagine thinking, much less saying those things about his own father. He remembered that he had heard rumors about Jack Kinney, about his volatile temper and how he was a drunk, but he never paid much attention to it. Rumors weren't usually reliable, but this time he figured they were.

"Wow, I'm so sorry. I can't imagine my father like that. It must be really hard to live that way." Justin was genuinely concerned. He moved his hand to rest on Brian's arm while he tried to offer comfort.

The dark-haired man was taken back by the caring of a guy he hardly knew. When Justin placed his hand on his arm he felt comforted and hoped that he wouldn't remove it. Any contact from him was good and wanted. The desire to kiss Justin was so strong that Brian had to mentally restrain himself before he captured those perfect lips with his. He looked at the boy's mouth and imagined running his tongue across the bottom lip before slipping it inside to explore. He felt his cock begin to harden and shifted slightly to relieve the pressure of his jeans against it. He hoped Justin didn't notice his movement or the growing bulge.

Justin sat quietly, not really sure what to say as he saw Brian's eyes become fixated on his lips. He watched the older man lick his lips unconsciously and then shift uncomfortably. His eyes flickered down to Brian's crotch and noticed the bulge. He was shocked and not sure what to do. `What is he thinking about? Could he be thinking about me?' Justin wondered then wiped those thoughts from his mind. That would be too easy and way too good. To think that this gorgeous man was gay, and if by some luck he was, that he was even the slightest bit interested in him. `Yeah, right,' he thought.

Brian hadn't realized he'd been staring at Justin's lips until he heard the younger man clear his throat and was brought out of his daze. `Oh, shit,' he thought, `I must look like a fucking idiot'. He remembered that Justin had said something to him. Just what it was he couldn't remember. He racked his brain for it and then it came back to him.

"Oh, yeah, well, he's a prick and I've just learned to deal with it. That's pretty much the way it is. Sometimes life sucks and you deal and then move on. I won't have to deal much longer though." A smile broke out on the brunet's face at the next thought, the one that always got him through things. "Soon, I'll be out of here and I'll never have to deal with my family's shit again."

"Why? What's happening soon?" Justin asked.

The older man turned his body so he was facing the blond. He was struck again by his unbelievable beauty, so pure and angelic. It was breathtaking. He felt like he could be himself with Justin. Open and honest.

"I took a year off after I graduated from high school to work and save money. That's why I'm working at my family's store. I got a full scholarship to NYU and as soon as the summer's over, I'm off. Out of this small town and onto bigger and better things. I can't fucking wait to be out on my own and free from all the shit I've had to deal with my entire life. Can't fucking wait."

Justin was floored. Brian had it all worked out. In a few more months he would be gone. They hadn't even really got to know each other yet, but the younger man felt a sudden sadness come over him. He didn't quite know why, he just knew that he didn't want the man to go. His eyes shifted down and studied the grass beside his leg as his fingers pulled absently at the blades.

"Oh, that's great, I guess. So soon you'll be leaving?" the blond said, his voice betraying his feelings.

Brian could have sworn that the younger man sounded sad. He looked at his lowered head and wondered why. He was pretty sure that Justin was gay. Was it possible that he felt some of the same things that Brian felt? His heartbeat quickened with the thought that maybe something could happen between them. He felt a surge of confidence and moved his hand to softly touch the side of Justin's face.

Justin's head shot up as he felt Brian's hand rub across his cheek and was met by intense hazel eyes staring back at him. At first he thought maybe he'd imagined the touch, but then Brian raised his hand again and rubbed his thumb over his full bottom lip. Justin's tongue darted out of its own accord and touched the tip to the other man's thumb.

Brian gasped at the sensation. `Oh, fuck,' he thought as a jolt of pleasure shot through his groin, causing his already hardened cock to harden further. He couldn't take his eyes off of the blond's face. He felt lost in the crystal blue eyes and didn't want to break the spell that seemed to be over them.

Justin felt his cock jump in his pants as his tongue made contact with Brian's thumb. It was so erotic and sensual. He felt his breathing become shallow as the excitement raced through his entire body. Brian's eyes were fixed on his. They were an amazing shade of hazel, dominated by green. They were so beautiful and he couldn't seem to shift from their gaze. He didn't want to.

"Justin?"

"Yes," the boy answered quietly, not really sure if when Brian whispered his name it was a question or a statement.

Brian couldn't restrain himself any longer. His head moved forward and he pressed a soft kiss to the younger man's lips. It didn't last long and Justin was so stunned that he didn't kiss back. They both sat silent for a moment, staring at each other until Justin leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Brian's lips, but this time the kiss was returned. When they pulled apart, Justin had a huge smile on his face. Brian thought his heart would burst out of his chest at the sight. The blond's smile was so blinding that it lit up the night sky. It was the most perfect smile he had ever seen and a warmth spread through him as if sunshine had beamed from Justin's smile.

"Sunshine," the older man said affectionately as he caressed the blond's face.

Justin's smile beamed brighter.

Brian moved in again and this time the kiss between them was deep and passionate. The older man's fantasy came true as he pushed his tongue between the soft lips and into the boy's warm mouth. Justin moaned and sucked on the offered tongue gently, then let it explore him. They parted only as a breath became absolutely necessary.

Neither one had ever experienced a kiss like that before. For Justin, it was his first kiss with a man and he couldn't believe how amazing it was. Even though Brian had kissed many other men, he had never had a kiss like that. It made him feel things he didn't even know he could. It was a little scary, but fantastic.

"Wow," was all Justin could say. His breathing was labored and his body felt so wired.

The older man laughed softly at Justin's reaction. "Yeah, wow," he agreed with a huge silly smile plastered across his face. He felt giddy with excitement. He couldn't believe that he was sitting there, with his dream. It was all so surreal. Just that afternoon he'd been hoping that the guy maybe knew his name and now he was making out with him. He felt like a little kid whose birthday wish had just come true.

Justin felt the same as Brian. He was in awe of the gorgeous man sitting in front of him. He couldn't believe that he was gay and would be interested in him. He could have his pick of anyone he wanted and he was sitting there with him. It was mind blowing.

Brian knew he wanted more and the throbbing erection in his jeans was confirmation of it. He looked down at Justin's crotch and saw that he was in the same situation. Even though every fiber of his being wanted to touch, suck and fuck the beautiful blond, he wasn't sure how far he should push his luck. He was still shocked that they were there together and didn't want to ruin it. He didn't know if Justin had ever been with anyone else and he didn't want to scare him off.

The blond felt his hard cock leak again in his pants as he stared at Brian. He wanted so much for the older man to touch him, but he was afraid to ask for it. He had no experience when it came to sex and didn't know what the right thing to do was. He figured that Brian had probably had sex before, as he was older, but he wasn't sure.

Brian leaned forward and rested his forehead against Justin's. The contact made them both feel so connected to each other with overwhelming feelings of comfort and belonging.

"I want you, Justin," the older man whispered.

A thrill ran through the younger man's body as he heard the words. He was scared but sure that he wanted Brian too. "I," he cleared his voice as it constricted with his fear, "I want you too, Brian."

Brian smiled, thrilled that Justin felt the same way he did, but he knew they couldn't risk doing anything where they were. They had already taken such a chance by just kissing and being together out in public. Who knows what could happen if someone saw them. It could mean big trouble for the both of them. It was not a risk Brian was willing to take, for himself, but especially for the younger man. He couldn't bare the thought of anything happening to him.

Brian pulled back and was drawn into the mesmerizing blue orbs. He saw deep into Justin's soul and knew it was one of goodness and love, once again proving that the two young men were complete opposites. He knew that if Justin were to look deep into his soul, he would see that it was so tainted by his upbringing. Brian wondered if it had ever resembled Justin's. But being there with the blond made him feel hopeful that maybe he did have those things within him, that they just had to be dug out from under all the shit that had been piled on top of them for so many years. Maybe there was a chance for him after all.

"Justin, we can't risk doing anything here," Brian said. He wanted to make it clear that it wasn't that he didn't want to be with Justin, but that it just wasn't the right time. He hoped that he would have the opportunity again and held his breath waiting for a response.

"Oh, I understand," the blond said sadly. Maybe Brian didn't feel the same way he did after all. He lowered his eyes to the ground as a feeling of disappointment washed over him.

Brian lifted the boy's chin and held on to it. He looked him straight in the eye to make sure Justin understood exactly what he was saying. "I do want to be with you Sunshine," Brian said and received a huge smile in reaction to the endearment he used. He smiled and continued, "but I don't want to get you in any trouble by being with you here, out in the open, where anyone could see us."

Justin smiled brightly at the other man to let him know he understood. Brian did want him, it was just too risky there.

Brian saw the beautiful smile and knew that the younger man understood him. He finally released the breath that he'd been holding. He gathered his courage and went for it. "So, I was wondering if maybe, you'd like to get together with me. Maybe hang out or go to a movie or something."

Justin was stunned, but so happy. He heard the trepidation in Brian's voice and could tell how scared he was in asking. He definitely wanted to be with the older man again. "Sure, I'd really like that," he answered with a huge smile.

"Great," Brian said, a little more confidently. He was so excited and couldn't believe that he was going to be able to see Justin again.

From the other side of the building they heard the teenagers around the bonfire get rowdy. They knew they should be getting back. Brian stood first and held out his hand to the younger man. Justin took it and the brunet pulled him up to his feet. They stood only inches apart, looking again into each other's eyes. Brian bent down and softly kissed Justin's lips one more time. He pulled back and smiled. The older man grasped the blond's hand in his larger one and pulled him behind him in the direction of the building. He held on firmly until they were close to the entrance then let go apprehensively. He didn't want to lose contact with Justin but had no choice. He turned to face him. "So, I guess I'll see you later?" he asked hopefully.

Justin smiled, "Yeah, I'll see you later."

Brian smiled back and Justin saw a sparkle in his eyes. Then he turned and walked away from the building and headed towards the parking lot. Justin figured that he didn't want to go back inside because then he'd probably have to deal with his jerk of a father. The younger man felt a sense of sadness at the thought of having to live that way. He was brought out of his daze by his sister's shrilling.

"Justin, Justin. Oh, there you are. Mom asked me to come and get you." Molly had obviously made up with her best friend Cara as they stood side by side in the exact same outfit. "She has some girls she wants to introduce you to," Molly said with a smirk. She knew how much her brother hated it when their mom tried to play matchmaker.

Justin shook his head and sighed, then made his way back into the building to face his mother's torture.

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Brian woke up the next day in the best mood. He jumped out of bed and got ready to start his day with a smile permanently fixed to his handsome face. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so good and every time he thought about a certain blond beauty his mood got even better. He arrived at work on time for once and got busy restocking the shelves. He didn't notice the strange look his father was giving him as he watched him go about his duties.

"Hey, Sonny Boy, looks like someone got lucky last night. Am I right?" Jack bellowed.

Brian turned to face his father and smiled weakly.

"Yeah, I bet you gave some girl quite a treat. Like father, like son after all. Right?" Jack sounded so proud of the thought that his son was a womanizer, like himself.

"Yeah, sure pop," Brian answered meekly. He had no intention of ever letting his asshole father know what he really liked. That he had no interest in pussy like the old man did. That his interest was purely in hot, hard cock and a tight, warm ass, and right now, he was only interested in one particular cock and ass. The thought of the person they belonged to brought the smile back to his face. He hoped that he'd get to see him again soon.

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Justin woke the next morning to his mother's incessant chatter.

Jennifer knocked on his door, waited a moment then walked in. "Justin, time to get up. You're going to sleep the day away the way you're going," she said in that motherly tone as she picked up the dirty clothes he'd thrown on the floor the night before.

"Okay, I'm up, I'm up," the young man moaned, his voice still husky from sleep.

"I'm taking Molly to the mall so if you want a ride anywhere you better get up and get ready. I'm leaving in a half an hour," Jennifer said and gave up on trying to tidy her son's room. She just shook her head in disgust of the mess he chose to live in and left his room. "Remember, I'm leaving in half and hour."

"Yeah, okay. I'll be ready."

Justin crawled out of bed and into the bathroom. He relieved his aching bladder and washed his hands. He brushed his teeth, rinsed his mouth and then looked into the mirror as he dried his wet face. The reflection staring back at him seemed different than it had the day before. He wondered why and then realized it was because there was a sparkle in his eyes that hadn't been there before. It was put there last night by Brian. Justin still couldn't believe what had happened between them and smiled at the memory. He felt his cock jump and begin to harden as he pictured the gorgeous man.

The blond climbed into the shower and started the water, adjusting the temperature and spray. His mind stayed locked on Brian and a rock hard erection was a result of it. He poured some shampoo into his hand, washed his hair and rinsed. He grabbed the soap and lathered up his body, avoiding his groin completely. He rinsed off then took the bar of soap, rubbed it between his hands to get a good amount of lather, grabbed his hard cock in one hand and his balls in the other and lathered them. The soap made his cock slippery and it felt so amazing as his hand slid along his shaft while his other hand tugged at his heavy balls. His eyes were shut as his mind focused on only one thing – Brian. He pictured the older man's swollen lips after they'd kissed intensely and how amazing they felt against his. He wondered what it would feel like with Brian's lips wrapped around his cock. He gasped as a jolt of pleasure gripped his balls at the thought. His hand sped up as it jerked along his leaking shaft. "Oh, God," he moaned as his orgasm ripped through him and the cum exploded from his dick. Shot after shot wracked his body and his balls spasmed until they were empty. His breath was heavy as he tried to take in the much needed air in the dense warmth of the shower.

He opened his eyes and tried to calm his breathing. He laughed softly. He'd used the thought of Brian so many times while jerking off before, but now he had something real and tangible to add. He hoped that the older man felt the same way he did today. He was happy and looked forward to seeing him again. He was a little scared that maybe Brian would change his mind and not want to be bothered with him. `No,' he thought, `I'm sure he feels the same way I do'. He rewashed his dick and rinsed off. He shut the water off, grabbed a towel and got out of the shower and dried himself off. He was ready to face his day and was looking forward to what it might bring.

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Brian huffed into the store, returning after making a pick up at one of their distributors. The shit he'd had to deal with while there had put a large damper on his mood. Jack waited for him to reach the back before lacing into him.

"What the fuck took you so long? I asked you to go pick up at Granger's warehouse, not across the fucking lake."

The younger man was in no mood to deal with his father. He glared at him harshly before answering. "They had me wait a fucking hour before anyone would let me get the goods. I thought you called there before hand to tell them I was coming."

Jack looked away for a moment. He'd forgotten to call and let them know that Brian would be coming to pick up their order, but he wouldn't let his son know that. "Of course I called." Jack saw his son roll his eyes and the doubt brought fire to his eyes. He narrowed his gaze and moved closer to Brian. "Are you calling me a liar, Sonny Boy?" the older man asked threateningly. Brian felt the familiar jolt of fear pass through him. He'd faced his father's temper too many times and tried not to antagonize him when he was in this state. He felt himself shrink back and hated himself for it.

"No, of course not. I just thought that maybe you forgot," the younger man replied timidly.

Before Jack could press the issue further, the bell on the front door chimed. The older man straightened up and his face lost the harsh look that had been directed at his son. "Go do your fucking job," Jack sneered at Brian, who nodded his head and hurried away.

As he made his way towards the front of the store he tried to calm himself and regain his composure. He hated the way his old man could still make him feel like a scared little kid. 'One of these fucking days, he'll be sorry. I'll see to that,' he thought. He rounded the corner and was just about at the front when he heard a familiar voice and his heartbeat instantly quickened.

"Hey," Justin said with a smile.

"Hey," Brian smiled back. He was so happy to see the blond. He wasn't sure if he'd get to see him again so soon and was thrilled by the surprise.

"I was wondering what time you're finished?" the younger man asked apprehensively. He'd convinced himself all the way over, as his mother drove him to the store, that he could do this. He didn't want to come off as a stupid kid.

Brian was a little relieved that Justin had made the first move. He didn't want to seem overbearing and pressure the younger man into something. He wanted to get to know him so badly and was worried that he might come on too strong. He looked at his watch and saw that it was almost 5:00. He hadn't realized how much time he'd wasted at Granger's.

"I'm done in about five minutes. Would you like to do something after?" the brunet asked hopefully.

"Sure," Justin said, smile still in place.

Brian felt warmed by the smile and was so taken with Justin that he didn't hear his fathers approach.

"Hey, Sonny Boy, are you heading home now?"

Brian instantly tensed at the sound of his father's voice. Justin saw the change come over him and he straightened up and lost his smile.

"Uh, no, I'm not." Brian motioned towards the blond with his head. "We're going to catch a movie or something," he said, trying to sound casual. He didn't want his father to start asking questions. But of course, nothing ever worked in his favor when it involved his father.

"Oh and who is this?" Jack asked mockingly.

"This is my friend Justin. His parents are the Taylors, you know, his father's the manager of Madson's Bank and his mother headed up the committee for the Spring Festival." Brian tried to play up the importance of the boy's parents to make sure his father knew that this wasn't just some townie. That he came from important stock and wasn't to be dismissed so quickly. He looked at his father's face and saw that his demeanor had changed. He knew that Jack would be impressed with the information.

"Oh, Justin. Well, it's great to meet you. Maybe you can knock some class into my son," Jack said sarcastically.

Justin smiled and answered politely even though he wanted to punch the fucker in the mouth. "Yeah, nice to meet you too."

"Well, have fun and don't do anything I wouldn't do," Jack said and wiggled his eyebrows then turned and walked away.

Brian sighed and looked apologetically at the blond. "Sorry."

"Hey, no problem. Let's get out of here," Justin said with a smile, wanting to alleviate the obvious negative feelings in Brian from his father.

Instantly Brian felt better. He grabbed his keys off a hook behind the counter and made his way out of the store beside his new friend.

Brian walked to a black jeep parked in the alley beside the store with Justin following. He unlocked the passenger side door and held it open for Justin, who smiled and got in. The older man shut the door then moved around the car to the driver's side. Justin reached over and unlocked the door from the inside before Brian got the key in the lock. The dark-haired man opened the door, got in, shut the door and turned to the blond and smiled.

"Thanks."

"No problem," Justin answered. Instead of turning away he kept his eyes locked on Brian's. The air in the car was charged with sexual energy. Both men found it difficult to breath as their pulses began to race. Without thinking, Brian moved towards Justin and captured his inviting lips in a deep kiss. Their tongues playfully battled in the younger man's mouth until he took Brian's tongue and began to suck on it. This caught Brian off guard. He gasped, then moaned and felt his cock jump and his jeans begin to tighten. Justin's cock hardened immediately and his pants became unbearably uncomfortable. He shifted to try to lessen the pressure on his erection. Brian noticed this and moaned again, knowing that the blond's cock was hard. He wanted so badly to touch it and taste it. The feeling was overwhelming.

They pulled apart, each taking a deep breath. A flash of panic overtook Brian as he remembered where they were. He quickly looked through the windows and around the alley, but no one was there. He sighed with relief. His father could have easily walked out and seen them, but thankfully he hadn't. He decided to take advantage of his lucky break and leave before it was too late. He smiled at Justin as he did up his seat belt and then reached across and did up the blond's. As his face passed by the younger man's he was rewarded with a soft kiss on the cheek. He looked up at the beautiful man with his smile still in place and was once again stunned that the boy was there with him.

Small Town

Part 3

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Brian started the car and pulled out of the alley. "So, where to?"

"I don't care. Where would you like to go?" the blond asked cheerfully.

"Well, it's still a bit early for dinner, but, I'm pretty hungry. How about you?" Brian asked.

"Yeah, I can always eat."

"Okay. I know this little place, it's a few towns over. How about I take you there?" Brian looked over at Justin with his eyebrow raised. He wondered if the blond would trust him enough to go so far with him.

"That sounds great!" Justin didn't even hesitate. He was excited by the idea of getting away from everything, just the two of them, alone.

Brian was impressed.

The drive took about thirty minutes and the trip was comfortably filled with talk about music and school and gossip about the many people they knew. Brian was surprised at how intelligent Justin was. He always knew that he was smart, but this guy gave him a run for his money. It was so nice to talk to someone who knew about other things besides how fast a car could go from 0 to 60 and how much it would cost for the latest edition of Playboy. He was thoroughly enjoying the blond's company and was a little disappointed when they arrived at the diner. They parked the jeep and made their way into the greasy spoon.

Justin had never been to this town before and was surprised by all the stores and restaurants that were there. They all seemed to be vibrant and colorful, not like the ones back at home. He felt instantly comfortable in his new surroundings. They walked over to a booth and sat on opposite sides. Justin picked up the menu and decided on what he'd order. He noticed that Brian hadn't even looked at his menu and was about to question him when he heard a loud, shrilling voice from across the room.

"Brian, honey. How the fuck are you? I haven't seen you here in ages. Where the hell have you been hiding?"

Justin was taken back as a large, red-haired, multi-colored dressed woman barreled over to their booth. She had a huge smile on her pretty face and emanated warmth.

Brian seemed to shrink back a little at the loud greeting and approach. He looked at the blond apprehensively, then back at the vivid woman. "Uh, hi Deb. How are you?"

"That's it? How are you? I'm fucking great, honey. How the hell are you?" she said jovially as she looked back and forth between Brian and Justin.

"Great. Uh, Deb, this is Justin. Justin Taylor," he said in answer to her silent question.

The blond smiled brightly at the woman, wondering who she was. "Hi," he said a little overwhelmed.

"Well, aren't you a gorgeous little angel. How the fuck did you end up with the likes of this?" she teased as she thumbed towards Brian.

"Fuck off, Deb, and leave him alone."

Justin was stunned at the way Brian spoke to Deb. The older man said it in a soft voice as if playing with her, but still…

"Okay, okay. So boys, what'll it be?" she asked as she pulled out her pen and order pad.

Brian motioned to Justin to order first.

"I'll have a cheeseburger, fries and a large chocolate shake please."

"That's what I like, someone who isn't afraid to eat." She turned to Brian, "And you? The usual?" she asked mockingly.

"Yeah."

"Alright, be back soon with your drinks," Deb said and moved towards the kitchen.

Justin watched the flamboyant woman go and then turned back to his friend. "Who the hell is that and how do you know her so well?"

Brian was a little apprehensive. He didn't like to offer too much information about himself, but he felt comfortable with Justin and wanted to get to know him so he decided to be as open as possible.

"I'd heard some guys joking about this area one day. I knew I was gay and I wanted to see for myself if the rumors were true." Brian paused for a minute and looked down at the table, his brows knit together and he seemed to be replaying something in his mind. Then as if clearing away the unwanted memory, he shook his head slightly and looked back up at Justin, and smiled. He took a deep breath and continued. "So, after a not so pleasant day in Kinney land, I made my way out here. I stumbled across this place and met Deb. She was always so nice and took an instant liking to me." He shrugged and continued. "Who knows why? Maybe she felt I needed something. I think I probably looked a little lost and freaked out by everything. I come out here a lot. I feel comfortable, like I can be myself. No hiding and pretending to be something I'm not. You know?"

Justin nodded because he did understand. He'd always felt like he didn't belong. He knew he was different, but he didn't know that a place like this existed where everyone was just like him. He was so happy that Brian had brought him there. He felt something click inside him and he smiled, knowing that he wasn't alone anymore, that there was someplace that he fit in.

Brian saw the smile spread across the younger man's face and knew that he got it. He was glad that he'd brought him there. He'd been a little unsure at first, but now he knew it was the right thing to do. "So, tell me about yourself. I don't even know how old you are or anything." Brian said.

"Oh, well, I'm seventeen, but I'm turning eighteen in two weeks. I can't wait. I'll be legal and able to make my own decisions without always getting ragged on by my parents. And you, how old are you?" the blond looked at him intensely.

"I turned nineteen about two months ago. My parents still get on my case, so being eighteen and legal had no significance for me." He replied matter of factly.

"You seem much older than nineteen," Justin stated apprehensively.

Again, a darkness seemed to pass over Brian's face when he spoke, the resignation in his voice was evident. "Yeah, well, life can do that to you."

The blond remembered what had happened the night before with Brian's father and what he'd told him about the man. He also saw the change in the brunet's face when he told him about how he'd found the diner and knew it had something to do with problems at home. He wondered what his mother was like. He didn't think it was the right time to ask him. He didn't want to take the chance of getting Brian more upset or of ruining the great time they were having.

Before they could get much further, Deb arrived with their orders and Brian seemed to be back to his usual self again.

"The cook is hopping today boys and your orders are ready. Dig in and enjoy," she said as she placed their meals in front of them then left them to eat.

"Wow, that looks good. What is it?" the blond asked.

"It's the turkey meatloaf surprise. I always get this when I come for dinner." He looked at the younger man who was eyeing his meal. "You want to try?" He asked with a sly grin and raised eyebrow.

"Yeah, sure," Justin said shyly.

Brian took his fork and broke off a piece of the meatloaf, then added some mashed potatoes on top of it and lifted it towards the middle of the table. He expected Justin to take the fork from his hand, but instead he leaned forward, locked eyes with Brian and seductively took the mouthfull off of his fork. Brian visibly shivered as a wave of pleasure rippled through his body, ending in his groin.

The blond smiled, seeing the affect he'd had on Brian. "Mmm, it's good," he flirted as he sat back down, eyes still locked on the other man's.

Brian swallowed hard, shifted in his seat to relieve the pressure on his growing erection and smiled. It was going to be an interesting night.

They ate their meals in comfortable silence, stealing occasional glances at each other. The air around them was charged with sexual energy. Anyone who came even close to their booth could feel it as it oozed from the men.

Justin finished first and sat back contently. He had never had such a great burger. He watched as Brian finished off his meal and smiled when the older man looked up at him.

"What?" Brian asked with a small smile.

"Nothing. I was just watching your mouth. You know that you have amazing lips. They're so full and the color of ripe berries. I like the way they move when you eat or talk or smile." Justin said seductively. He heard Brian swallow hard and lick his lips unconsciously. He decided to kick it up a notch.

"Your hands are so beautiful," he said as he reached across the table and took Brian's left hand in his. "They're so strong and your fingers are so long and graceful." He took his thumb and continuously brushed it over the upturned palm. Then one by one he took each finger and wrapped his fingers around them, moving them in an up and down motion, simulating a hand job.

The older man's eyes glazed over with lust and his breathing became shallow. He broke out in a sweat and his erection throbbed in his painfully tight jeans. He shifted but found no release for his aching cock.

Justin just smiled. He had never felt like this with anyone before. He felt so confident and self-aware. He didn't feel like he had to hide who he was or what he wanted. He felt like a man, not a kid. Like a gay man.

Brian threw down his fork, picked up the check that Deb had left at the edge of their table, exited the booth and made his way over to the cash register. He hoped that no one noticed the very large bulge in the front of his pants. Justin got up, followed the older man to the register and stood behind him. He watched as Brian paid the cashier and edged closer to the man.

Brian jumped slightly as he felt Justin's smaller form press up behind him and the younger man's erection pushed against his ass. Justin laughed softly as the brunet sighed then turned to look at him over his shoulder. He shook his head at Justin's tactics. "Brat," Brian said affectionately and grabbed the blond's hand, pulling him towards the exit of the diner. "Bye, Deb," the older man yelled and Justin waved.

"Don't be a stranger. You either, Angel," she yelled after them. She was happy for Brian. She could tell that he felt something for the beautiful blond. She just hoped he didn't get his heart broken.

Brian didn't stop until they reached the jeep, then he turned Justin around and pushed him back against the door and moved in close. Their bodies were only inches apart with their eyes locked on each other's. Brian swooped down and took the blond's mouth in a crushing kiss. His tongue darted between the ample lips and licked at the inside of his mouth. Justin moaned softly into Brian's mouth and then again louder as the brunet pushed his body firmly against his, grinding their hard cocks together. The kiss was long and deep and they pulled apart only when a breath became absolutely necessary.

"Oh, God," the younger man gasped as Brian's hand brushed over his still clothed erection and then rested against it. He rubbed his hand up and down on the bulge, first slowly, then increasing the speed. He watched the blond's reaction and was mesmerized.

Justin was so fucking horny. He couldn't believe how amazing it felt as Brian's hand rubbed briskly against his erection. Even through the fabric of his jeans, he felt the pressure and it was making him squirm. His eyes closed, his back arched and his hand grasped the older man's arm tightly. He felt like his body was on fire and he wanted to cum so badly, but not like this.

"Brian…Oh, fuck…please…please, stop," he panted.

"Why, doesn't it feel good?" the older man asked in a low voice. His cock was so hard that he thought he might explode just from what he was doing to Justin, but he couldn't stop or take his eyes off of the other man.

"Yes…it feels so good…I…I want…to cum," he gasped and couldn't finish his sentence.

Brian sped up his motion. Justin wanted to cum so he was going to take him there.

"NO!" the smaller man said firmly and grabbed Brian's hand to stop it. He took several deep breaths as he tried to continue. "Not like this."

When Justin told him no, he was stunned for a minute. Did he not want Brian to touch him anymore? He felt instantly hurt, but then he heard the rest of his words and realized that he didn't want to cum in his pants, there in the parking lot. He understood and removed his hand.

Justin tried to regain his composure and slow his breathing. Brian still watched him and waited until the blond opened his eyes to move in and place a soft kiss on his lips. Justin smiled and Brian knew that everything was okay.

"Come on, let's go," Brian said as he pulled Justin off the jeep, unlocked it and opened the door for him to get in. Once the younger man was seated, he closed the door and moved to his side and got in. They did up their seatbelts and took off.

"Where to now?" Justin asked as his breathing returned to normal.

The older man didn't answer, just grinned.

Justin felt that he could trust Brian, so he leaned back in his seat, looked out his window and watched as the scenery passed by. He couldn't wait to see what was next.

They drove for only a few minutes and Justin watched as Brian pulled into the parking lot of a motel. His eyes widened and his stomach lurched with fear. He quickly turned towards Brian.

The older man wasn't sure if this was the right move, but he knew he wanted to be with the blond so badly. He decided to take a chance when he pulled into the driveway of the motel. He felt Justin's piercing blue eyes on him, took a deep breath and turned to face him. He saw fear in those amazing eyes and wanted more than anything to banish that feeling. He reached out his hand and placed it on Justin's face, softly cupping his cheek. Instantly he saw the fear in his eyes lessen.

"Justin, I didn't mean to freak you out. I just want to be with you so badly and I thought that maybe you wanted me too. We don't have to have sex. This was the best thing I could think of, someplace where we can be alone." He spoke so softly. He was so scared that the blond would tell him no. He would understand of course, but he would also be upset. He had ached for the younger man for so long and now he was there with him. He just wanted to be with him and he was willing to take things only as far as Justin wanted.

Justin did want to be with Brian. He wanted it so much, but he was scared. He'd never done anything before and was worried that they were moving too fast. What if he let Brian fuck him and then he never heard from the man again? He would be crushed. He looked into the brunet's stunning eyes and saw the sincerity there. He felt that he could trust him. He saw such longing in the hazel orbs. He took Brian's hand off his cheek, brought his palm to his mouth and softly kissed it. The older man sighed with relief and ran his thumb across the blond's bottom lip. Just like the first time, Justin's tongue darted out and the tip made contact with the digit. Again, Brian gasped as the sensation shot straight to his already hard cock.

Justin waited in the car as Brian arranged for a room. When he got back they drove around the back to room #123 and got out. The brunet unlocked the door and moved inside. Justin was still a little scared and remained just outside the room. Brian held out his hand and the Justin took it, allowing himself to be pulled inside and into the larger man's embrace. They shut the door behind them.

Small Town

Part 4

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Once inside the room, Brian became a little more nervous. It meant so much to him, being there with Justin, having sex with him. He knew he’d fucked a lot of guys, especially for his age, but he felt that this was going to be different. He felt different. He’d never felt much of anything for the other guys, but Justin was special and he wanted to make sure the blond knew that right from the beginning. If this ‘thing’ was going to work between them, and he definitely wanted it to, then he had to be honest right from the start.

Brian released the smaller man and moved over to sit on the queen size bed. Justin looked around the room. It was decorated in early 90’s crap, pretty much like every other motel room around. He smiled at the thought that this could be the place where he would lose his virginity. He looked at the gorgeous man sitting on the edge of the bed and happily sighed, knowing that this was the man that he definitely wanted to lose it to.

Brian looked up and caught Justin staring at him. He patted the bed, silently telling the other man to join him. Justin walked over and sat down. The brunet was scared but wanted to do this. The worst thing that could happen would be that Justin would laugh at him or think he was a freak. He took a deep breath and spoke. “Justin, I want to tell you something.”

The younger man got nervous from Brian’s serious tone. He braced himself to be let down. Obviously Brian changed his mind and wanted to tell him that he was sorry, but they could still be friends. He braced himself and waited for the words.

Brian looked straight ahead. He knew if he even looked at Justin for a second he’d lose his nerve. “This is probably going to sound a little ridiculous to you, but I want to be honest.” He took a deep breath and released it, then continued. “I have fantasized about you for so long now. Every time I’ve seen you over the past several months, I couldn’t help but want to be with you.” The older man laughed softly and shook his head at the absurdity. “I know it’s juvenile, but I have such a crush on you Justin. Sometimes I think I’m going crazy because I want to touch you so badly.” He dared to sneak a quick look sideways at the quiet blond. He needed to see his expression. He couldn’t read what Justin was thinking, but saw that he was shocked. Not in a bad way necessarily, just shocked.

Justin sat stunned and dumfounded. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He was expecting to be brushed off and here he was being told how much he was wanted. His head was reeling with the knowledge that Brian felt the same way he did, even stronger. He was so fucking happy.

Brian got off the bed and kneeled on the floor in front of Justin. He put his large hands on either side of the younger man’s face and moved his head up so that their eyes met. He needed to find out how he felt about his admission. Neither one said anything and Brian started to get worried. Maybe Justin was overwhelmed by the intensity of his words. Maybe he didn’t feel the same way and didn’t know what to say to let Brian down easy. After a few minutes passed and Justin still hadn’t said anything, just stared intensely into the older man’s eyes, Brian started to panic. He knew he’d made a fool of himself and needed to escape. He let go of the blond’s face and began to rise, but before he could get up, Justin caught his hands and held them. Brian stopped and remained kneeled.

“Brian,” Justin spoke softly, “I am so unbelievably flattered by what you’ve just said. I’m sorry if I upset you by not saying anything right away, but I’m still a little shocked.”

Brian felt his panic level drop a little, but he still wasn’t sure what the blond was going to say.

Justin took a deep breath and continued. “I’m glad that you feel that way about me. I have my own confession to make.” He paused and looked down at the floor, a little embarrassed. He gathered his courage and looked back up at the gorgeous man before him. “I’ve thought about you for a long time too. Even fantasized about you.” Brian smiled and Justin blushed at his admission. Then his face became serious again. He spoke his next words apprehensively, not really sure how the older man would react. “But, I haven’t done anything before and I’m a little scared.” His eyes flitted down to the floor again and back up to Brian’s. He was sure that the brunet would think less of him now, that he was just some kid. His stomach tightened as he waited for Brian to speak.

“Justin, I understand. We don’t have to do anything if you don’t want to. It must be a little scary. Here I bring you to a motel room and confess my deep desires for you. You must be freaked.” Brian caressed the younger man’s arm as he spoke, his words full of concern.

Justin looked deeply into the amazing hazel eyes. What he saw there calmed and reassured him. He was overwhelmed with a sense of confidence and knew that everything was the way it should be. Being there with Brian was right. He smiled then moved forward, answering the older man’s concerns wordlessly. His lips pressed softly against Brian’s in a sweet kiss. He pulled back and smiled again when he saw that the brunet’s eyes were still closed, savoring the moment.

When Brian’s eyes snapped open he was met by the most beautiful sight he’d ever seen. Justin was licking his lips in anticipation of more, his bright blue eyes were glazed over with lust and his porcelain skin had taken on a light pink flush from his growing arousal. Brian smiled, but it quickly disappeared and a low growl rumbled from his chest as he felt the blond press his hard erection against his own turgid cock.

Justin gasped at the contact. Pleasure rippled through his body and he wanted more.

Brian rose off of the floor and took the younger man’s hand in his. He looked down at their joined hands and marveled at how Justin’s smaller one fit perfectly in his. He pulled the blond over to the side of the bed in silence. He wanted to take things slow and not scare or push Justin in any way. He’d never felt this way about anyone, ever, and he wanted to make sure that it wasn’t just a one-time deal. He wanted so much from the younger man and hoped that he would be able to get it.

Justin was nervous. He didn’t want to do anything stupid. He had no idea what Brian expected from him and where things would lead after this, but he hoped it would lead someplace they would go together. He was so captivated by Brian and he knew that for his first time, he couldn’t ask for better. He knew the older man would be gentle with him. He could tell by the way he looked at him, or caressed his face or kissed him. Yes, this was definitely right.

“I want you,” Justin whispered. He was still scared, but never more sure of anything in his entire life as he was at that moment. “Please.”

Brian was overwhelmed by a flood of emotion. He wanted to make everything perfect and special for Justin. He smiled, a warm, genuine smile and began to undress the younger man. He pulled the blond’s t-shirt over his head and threw it on a chair beside the bed. Justin shivered, not from the cold but from the raw need coursing through his body. Brian bent down and kissed his inviting lips reassuringly and then pulled back and continued to undress him. They held each other’s gaze as he undid the snap on Justin’s jeans and then pulled down the zipper. The room was so quiet that they could hear as the pulley passed over each tooth until it reached the end of its track. The younger man toed off his sneakers and kicked them aside, then pulled the waistband of his jeans down over his hips, further to the floor and then completely off. He threw them with his shirt on the chair and was left standing in only his underwear. He felt awkward and a little shy and smiled sheepishly at Brian.

Brian smiled back wanting to ease the younger man’s nerves. He stroked his thumb across Justin’s lips and up to his cheek. His eyes cast downwards over the slim body, then back up again. He was amazed that the flawless, porcelain skin covered his entire body. “You are so fucking beautiful,” Brian whispered breathlessly.

Justin blushed and smiled.

Not able to wait any longer, Brian ripped his shirt over his head and threw it along side Justin’s clothes. Then he pulled on either side of his button fly jeans and all the buttons popped open. He stuck his hand inside his pocket, retrieving a few needed items and placed them on the nightstand before he wiggled the tight Levi’s down over his hips, pulled them off and tossed them aside. He wasn’t wearing any underwear, having taken up the habit about a year earlier. It made his tight jeans look better and it made for easier access when needed. He stood completely naked and fully aroused in front of Justin and blushed slightly when the younger man’s eyes did a repeat of his own. Casting downwards over his long, lean body and then up again. A cocky grin spread across his face in response to the satisfied smile on Justin’s.

“You are gorgeous,” the blond stated. He had never seen anything so perfect in all his life. His excitement heightened with the knowledge that someone so amazing would want to be with him.

Brian pulled the smaller body tightly against his own. Both men moaned loudly as their hard cocks pressed together. Their breath quickened and hearts pounded. Brian pressed his lips firmly against Justin’s and darted his tongue out, seeking entrance. He swirled his long tongue around and around in the blond’s warm mouth. He tasted sweet like honey and Brian couldn’t get enough. He pulled back slightly, sucking and nibbling on the younger man’s full lips.

Justin’s mind was reeling from the amazing feeling of Brian’s mouth on his. The little licks of the older man’s tongue against his lips felt like they were being placed directly onto his throbbing erection. Every time Brian’s tongue darted out and made contact with his sensitive skin, he gasped and shuddered.

“Oh God,” Justin moaned as Brian’s mouth began its journey across his jaw and down his neck, stopping and sucking on a spot just below his ear that made him jump and a bolt of pleasure shot right to his dick. “OH, FUCK!” the blond screamed from the intensity. He felt Brian smile against his skin, obviously aware of the affect, so he repeated the sweet torture over and over again until Justin was panting and moaning uncontrollably.

“Does that feel good?” Brian asked, his voice low and dripping with desire.

“Jesus…yeeesssss,” the blond whimpered. Unaware of his movements, Justin’s hips began to thrust against Brian’s, seeking relief for his aching cock.

“Baby, slow down,” the brunet gasped, placing his hands on Justin’s hips to still them. The boy’s cock rubbing against his was driving him insane and he wanted so much to let Justin continue, allowing both of them to explode, but he had so much more in mind.

“I…I’m sorry,” Justin whispered, slightly embarrassed. He was shaking his head, trying to regain control over his mind and body.

Brian placed his hands on either side of Justin’s face and gazed into the glazed over, lust-filled pools of blue. He placed a gentle kiss on the slightly swollen lips then rested his forehead against the blond’s, draping his arms over the pale shoulders. “Don’t be sorry. I just want you to enjoy yourself and show you so much more. Show you how much you mean to me.”

Justin felt himself melting from the softness and sincerity in Brian’s voice. He felt safe in the older man’s arms and was sure he wouldn’t hurt him. Overwhelmed by desire and need for the brunet surged inside of him and he didn’t want to wait any longer. “Please, show me,” Justin whispered.

As the words seeped into Brian’s lust filled mind he lost the control he’d been fighting desperately to maintain. Instantly, he was attacking Justin’s chest, sucking firmly on the hardened nipples, first one then the other. Moans flew from the blond’s mouth, sounding like sweet music to Brian’s ears and feeling like pumping fingers to his leaking erection. He moved slowly downwards, savoring the taste and feel of the pale flesh. Dropping onto his knees, his final goal stood before his eyes. Even through the blond’s underwear, Brian could tell that the man was well endowed. He smiled at the knowledge.

Brian looked up to find Justin staring down at him. “These have to come off,” he said as he ran his fingers lightly across the bulge encased in cotton. Justin gasped, then smiled as Brian gently pulled the briefs down. The younger man held onto his shoulder as he stepped out of them and watched as Brian tossed them aside. Keeping their eyes locked, Brian wrapped his large hands around the backs and insides of Justin’s calves, then slowly ran them up his legs, ending with his fingers resting right at the inside top of the boy’s thighs, just under his balls. He felt the heat radiating off the heavy sac and felt the soft hairs tickle his skin.

Justin felt like he was on fire. The burning centered at his groin, then spread throughout his entire body. His heart pounded in his chest so fiercely that he was sure Brian was able to hear it. The site of the brunet on his knees before him and the feel of the man’s warm hands gripping his thighs made him feel weak in the knees. He wasn’t sure he could take much more before his dick would explode. He ran his fingers through the man’s dark hair and was astounded by its softness. He was about to tell Brian how good he made him feel when…

“OH, GOD…OH, FUCK!” Justin screamed so loudly he was sure the patrons at the other end of the motel would be able to hear him. His fingers tightened their grip in the silky strands as Brian’s mouth sank further down onto his cock.

Brian couldn’t wait any longer, he had to have a taste so without warning he took the head of Justin’s erection into his warm, wet mouth and began to suck. He heard the loud wail from the blond and felt his hair being pulled and knew the boy was enjoying himself. He took more and then more again of the leaking member into his mouth, loving the sweet taste of the dripping precum. He knew Justin had never experienced a blowjob before and wanted to make it one that he would always remember. He worked his tongue and lips expertly over the swollen shaft, his fingers working around to grip the heavy sac, gently massaging it to add to the boy’s pleasure.

“Bri…Brian…ahhhhhh,” Justin whimpered. He couldn’t believe how amazing it felt to have the man’s mouth on his cock. He’d always figured it would be great, but was totally unprepared for this. He felt his body start to shake from the intensity and his balls tightened and drew up against his body. He knew he wouldn’t last much longer as the warm mouth moved up and down his shaft. “Brian…I…oh, God… I’m…I’m… coming…aaaahhhhhhhh,” Justin yelled and shot his load into Brian’s mouth. Pulse after pulse drew the hot fluid from his balls until they were drained and Justin was left weak. Just as his legs started to buckle, he felt himself being pushed backwards and landed solidly on the large bed.

Brian licked his lips and swallowed. He didn’t want to miss even a drop of the man’s sweet cum. He raised himself and climbed on top of the beautiful blond spread out across the bed, hovering above him.

Justin’s breathing was slowing down and his brain seemed to have reconnected to his mouth, allowing him to speak again. “That was so amazing, Brian,” he panted, a huge smile spread across his face.

The older man looked at the blond beneath him. He took in the flush of his cheeks, the light mist of sweat over his face and the wild glassy look in his eyes and thought he’d never seen anyone look so beautiful before. He snaked out his tongue to lick off the sweat just above Justin’s full upper lip, eliciting a soft moan from the younger man. “That was just a small taste of what’s to come,” he whispered with a feral grin and ground his pelvis against the man beneath him.

“Oh Briiiaaannn,” Justin moaned. His head flew back and his eyes slammed shut as bolts of pleasure radiated throughout him as Brian’s erection rubbed against his hardening cock.

“Ahhh…I love it when you…say my name,” Brian growled out the last of his words. He was so close to coming but he knew he didn’t want it to happen yet. He stilled his rocking hips and tried to calm himself. He heard a loan groan of protest from Justin at the loss of friction and had to smile at the younger man’s impatience.

“Please…Bri…Brian…I want…more,” the blond finally got out. He was so excited again and wanted to feel the man’s beautiful cock inside of him.

Reaching over to the nightstand, Brian retrieved the condom and lube he’d put there earlier. Pausing for a moment, he looked at Justin said, “Are you sure you want to do this? We don’t have to do anything you don’t want to. We have lots of time.” His voice was soft and sincere. He didn’t want to make the younger man feel pressured. He knew that he wanted him, but he was willing to wait.

Justin looked at Brian and was certain that he wanted to be with him. He wanted to feel him inside of him. He didn’t want to wait. Instead of speaking, he reached over and took the condom from Brian’s fingers, ripped it open and raised himself slightly to reach the brunet’s cock. He placed the condom at the head of his leaking dick and Brian gasped.

Justin was barely touching him and still he felt like he was going to explode. Brian looked up to see a set of clear blue eyes focused on his erection with amazement.

“Your cock is so perfect. It’s so long and thick and hard,” Justin said with wonder in his voice. He licked his lips unconsciously, his voice lowering noticeably as he continued. “I want to taste it,” he said then his eyes raised up to connect with Brian’s.

The older man knew that if the blond took him into his mouth he wouldn’t last even a minute. He groaned at the thought of being inside the gorgeous mouth, those thick, soft lips wrapped around his cock. He felt his dick jump and leak and had to squeeze his eyes tightly to hold back his threatening orgasm. Once he got under control again, he opened his eyes and found Justin watching him, waiting for a response.

“I would love that, Justin. But, if you even touch me, much less take me into your mouth, I’m going to cum, and I don’t want to. Not yet. I want to come inside you.” Brian whispered his words tenderly and he emphasized them by rubbing his thumb lovingly across the blond’s soft cheek. “Don’t worry, you’ll get a chance to taste me. I promise.” He said the last part with a smile as he gently removed Justin’s fingers from his cock, rolling the condom on himself.

Both men were silent but their eyes remained locked as Brian flipped open the cap of the lube and squirted some out onto his hand, then tossed the tube aside. He rubbed the slick liquid between his fingers to warm it. He didn’t want anything about Justin’s first time to be less than perfect. “Ready?”

Justin was terrified but couldn’t remember ever wanting anything more in his entire life. He took a deep breath and released it, trying to calm his nerves. “Yes,” he answered and prepared himself for what was next.

“Spread your legs for me. Yeah, that’s it. Now just relax.”

“I’ll try.”

Brian moved his lubed hand towards Justin’s ass and momentarily shifted his gaze downwards, catching a glimpse of the blond’s puckered opening. He gasped at the sight of the most perfect little pink bud that he had ever seen, waiting patiently for him. He couldn’t hold out any longer. He placed his middle finger against the entrance, raised his eyes back to Justin’s, then pushed firmly and his finger slipped inside, up to the first knuckle. Justin’s face twisted from the intrusion, but quickly settled down as his muscles adjusted. Sensing it was okay, Brian slid his finger all the way in until it was fully encased in the younger man’s channel.

“Aaaahhhhhh,” Justin moaned at the incredible feeling and tried hard not to close his eyes.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Brian asked, not taking his eyes off the blond’s enrapturing face.

“Yes.”

Slowly, Brian pulled his finger out of the tight hole then pushed back in. Keeping an even rhythm, allowing the man to become accustomed to the feeling. But when he felt Justin’s ass begin to move, trying to force his finger deeper inside of him, he let loose. On a down stroke, he added a second finger, then plunged back into the channel, rubbing against the blond’s prostate as he went as deep as he could.

“OH, FUCK!”

Brian chuckled at the young man’s reaction and repeated the motion again and again, adding a third finger along the way. Justin bucked wildly, trying to fuck Brian’s long fingers, so the older man stilled his hand and let the blond have his way as he watched. Brian was overwhelmed with desire as his eyes flitted back and forth between Justin’s perfect ass rocking back and forth and his flushed face dripping with lust. He was floored at how Justin was unabashedly going for what he wanted. The feelings stirring inside him rushed over him and he felt himself lose all self-control.

Without warning he pulled his fingers from Justin’s ass and was instantly bombarded with the blond’s loud groan of protest, but not for long. Brian placed the head of his cock against the slightly gaping hole and pushed. The head slipped in and Justin gasped and then hissed from the unfamiliar pain.

“Just relax and breathe. Yeah, like that. It’ll get better, I promise,” Brian spoke soothingly as he remained still, letting the pain subside. When Justin’s face lost some of its rigidity, Brian pushed again and slid all the way in. “Ohhhhh, you’re so tight,” Brian moaned and his eyes rolled shut. It felt so good inside the blond, so right. He’d been with many other men and it had never felt this way.

Panting heavily, Justin wiggled his hips to let the brunet know that he was ready to continue. Brian understood and gently withdrew, then eased back in, wanting to get the younger man used to the feeling. Slowly, Justin began to relax and enjoy the movements. He stared at the man above him and was amazed by his beauty. Brian must have sensed it because he opened his eyes and instantly focused on Justin’s. A soft smile turned up the corners of Brian’s mouth and Justin couldn’t help but return it.

Feeling that Justin was ready, Brian pulled out then thrust hard back into the unsuspecting channel, sending shockwaves of pleasure throughout Justin’s entire body. He could hardly catch his breath as his own body trembled from the intensity. Again, Brian withdrew and then slammed back in, angling his hips to hit Justin’s prostate.

“AAAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!” Justin screamed as his head flew back against the pillows and his back arched way off the bed.

Justin couldn’t believe that fucking felt this incredible. He always thought it would feel great, but this was beyond his wildest dreams. He opened his eyes and saw Brian hovering over him, his body moving wildly, pleasuring them both. The sight of the man, so possessed, pushed him closer to the edge and he knew it wouldn’t take much more to send him flying over it. He felt Brian’s thick cock as it moved in and out of him, getting faster and faster. He jumped when the head of it jabbed against his prostate, sending bolts of immeasurable pleasure through his entire body. He was amazed that he was capable of feeling such intensity.

With every thrust and every jab, Justin felt his body building and building towards its ultimate goal. His chest heaved and he gasped for air in between his deafening moans. He began to shake, overwhelmed and ready to explode. He felt Brian move in and resume his attack on his neck, and then the man bit down on that spot…that spot and…

“OH, GOD…OH, FUCK…BRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNN!”

“Yeah…yes…come…come with me, Justin…ahh…ahhhhh….FUUCCCCCCCKKK!”

Both men erupted in earth-shattering orgasms, their bodies sharing in the unbelievable release. Justin’s cum shot between their sweat slicked bodies, over and over until he lay in a panting, quivering mess. Brian’s orgasm was the most intense one that he’d ever experienced. His balls drew tight against his body and spasmed, shooting his thick cum up his shaft and deep into the blond’s ass, over filling the condom. He felt the warm fluid run over his balls, causing them to twitch from the further stimulation.

Brian fell exhausted against Justin. He tried to keep most of his weight off of the smaller man, but couldn’t help it as his arms gave way and his body landed firmly on top of the blond. “Oh, Sunshine…I…I’m…sorry,” he said as he tried to pull himself up.

“No…stay,” was all the younger man could manage. He placed his hands on Brian’s ass, trying to keep them pressed together. He didn’t want to loose the feeling of the brunet’s body for even one second. He’d never felt so close to anyone in his entire life and he wanted it to last as long as possible. Forever, if he had his way.

Grunting with the effort, Brian lifted his head so that he could see Justin. He smiled in response to the look he saw on the blond’s angelic face. It was the perfect picture of satisfaction. But the most incredible thing about his appearance was the glow that shone from him. From his eyes, his skin, his being. He was breathtaking. Brian knew that he would never forget the sight of this stunning man. Not as long as he lived.

“That was…”

“Perfect,” Brian finished. He brushed his hand across the softness of the younger man’s face, then leaned down and placed a sweet kiss against his mouth. When he pulled back, he couldn’t stop the silly smile that spread across his face. He was happy, a feeling that he wasn’t very familiar with, and it felt great.

Small Town

Part 5

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Justin woke with a start. He blinked rapidly, trying to clear his eyes and looked around the unfamiliar room. His body stiffened as panic set in, until he felt someone move behind him. Instantly he settled down as a long arm wrapped around his waist and a warm body pressed against him from behind. He let out the breath he’d been holding and relaxed into the embrace. ‘Right, Brian, hotel room,’ he thought with a smile.

But just as quickly as he’d relaxed, he became agitated again and jumped up off the bed, turning towards the figure still lying on it. “What time is it?” he gasped. The darkened room told him that it was late, he just wasn’t sure how late it actually was. He looked frantically around the room for a clock, but there wasn’t one. He usually wore a watch but for some reason he’d forgotten to put it on that morning.

With a loud yawn, Brian pulled his jeans towards him, reaching inside the back pocket for his cell phone. He moved the object in his hand around, trying to catch a beam of light shinning in from an outside lamp so he could see the time. Squinting his sleepy eyes, he said, “Nine-thirty. It’s only nine-thirty, Justin.” He threw his phone on top of his discarded pants and settled back against the pillow. “Come back,” the older man said, holding his hand out to the blond.

“Okay, okay,” Justin said as he climbed back into the bed. He’d gotten himself so worked up. It felt strange being in a motel in the first place, and then not knowing if it was the middle of the night or what? He was thankful that they hadn’t slept too long because he needed to be home soon. There was no way he could spend the night out without his parent’s permission. He hated the fact that he still was under their control, but he was only seventeen and not much he could do about that – yet.

Brian was happy to see Justin calm down. He knew it must be weird waking up in a strange place with a virtual stranger in bed with you. He pulled the blond closer against his chest, wrapping his arms around the slim body. He loved the feel of the soft cheek against his skin and the silky hair brushing under his chin. He inhaled the sweet smell of the man and his senses filled with such strong desire. He never wanted to let Justin go. “Justin,” Brian whispered.

“Yes?”

“Thank you.”

Justin moved up so that they were face to face, but still locked in Brian’s embrace. The sincerity and warmth in the man’s words were so clear. The expression Brian wore was of unabashed happiness and fulfillment. Justin smiled and breathed, “You’re welcome.” He didn’t think anything else more was needed. He knew the brunet could see everything he needed to in his eyes as they locked with his searching hazel ones. He proved himself right as a beautiful smile spread across Brian’s face in response. The blond bent forward and placed a loving kiss against the warm, soft lips of the man beside him and knew that things were just beginning. He couldn’t be happier.

“I guess we should get going,” Brian said reluctantly as he rubbed lazy circles along Justin’s back. The younger man’s eyes flickered downwards, then back up again, and when they met Brian’s he saw a mischievous gleam in them, causing his heart to instantly beat a little faster.

“Well, you did promise me that I could have a taste,” the blond said with a sexy pout.

Brian felt his breath hitch at the sound of the man’s words and his semi-erect cock instantly stood at full attention. He couldn’t help it as his eyes fluttered slightly from the wave of pleasure that shot through his body at the thought of Justin’s full, soft lips wrapped around his aching dick. A low moan escaped his throat as the blond’s hand snuck down between their bodies and pressed against his erection.

“Can I?” Justin asked sweetly, just like a kid asking his parent for a candy.

“Ohhhhh, Justin,” Brian moaned as the younger man’s fingers wrapped around his balls, brushing the underside of them teasingly, just above his hole.

“Well, can I?” he asked seductively and flicked his tongue against Brian’s lips, running across the bottom one, keeping his eyes fixed on Brian’s.

“Yes,” the brunet growled.

Justin smiled and placed a sweet kiss against Brian’s mouth then slowly slid down his long body, stopping along the way to nip and kiss the warm flesh. He took a dark nipple into his mouth, loving the feeling of it as it lengthened and hardened against his tongue. He moved lower, intoxicated by the feel of the firm muscles beneath the smooth skin. He kissed all around the man’s belly button then dipped his tongue inside. The low moan and gentle arching of Brian’s back gave him assurance that he was pleasing the older man.

The blond pulled up slightly, now face to face with Brian’s hard, leaking cock. He sucked in a breath at the incredible sight. If ever he’d questioned his sexuality before, he knew for sure at that moment that there were no doubts, not one. The look, the smell and…he flicked his tongue out to swipe at the beading fluid that bubbled from the tip of the head and sucked it into his mouth…”mmmmm,” …the taste were perfect. He couldn’t imagine anything ever more perfect. His warm breath washed over the tender flesh as he watched it with fascination. He ran his fingers around the balls as they shifted ever so slightly. The large vein pulsed rapidly along the long, thick shaft and he couldn’t help himself as he flattened his tongue and ran it the entire length of the hardened member.

“Ahhhhhhhhh,” Brian moaned from the delicious contact. His breath came in short pants as he tried to keep his hips still and let Justin explore. He knew this was his first time and didn’t want to push him. He just didn’t think he could wait much longer.

Smiling at Brian’s reaction, Justin repeated the motion again, but this time ending with his tongue bathing the head of the leaking cock, taking in more of the sweet and salty liquid.

“Justin…you’re killing me,” Brian whimpered.

“Sorry, it’s just…you taste so fucking good,” Justin growled. His desire was so strong. He didn’t want to rush it. He wanted to savor the moment, imprinting every sensation to memory.

“Ohhhh…fuck…please…suck me.”

The sound of the brunet pleading and the look of his body writhing on the bed were too much for the younger man to take. He couldn’t hold back and lunged forward, taking the long shaft as deep into his mouth as he could without gagging.

“AARRRRRRRGHHHHHH,” Brian moaned loudly and his back arched high off the bed as his head flew back against the pillow. He wanted so badly to thrust into the man’s mouth. To fuck his face with abandon, but he knew he couldn’t and kept his hips calm, allowing Justin to set the pace. He wasn’t disappointed.

“Mmmmmmmm,” the blond moaned around his full mouth. He was in heaven and this was his reward. The silky skin of the hard shaft slid in and out of his mouth, eased by his saliva. His full lips wrapped around Brian’s cock and sucked gently, then more strongly as he held just the head in between them. He wasn’t too sure what he was supposed to be doing, so he just went with his instincts. He must have been doing something right because Brian couldn’t seem to keep quiet or still.

Letting the member slip from his mouth, he wrapped his fingers around it and began to jerk slowly up and down. His hand slid easily along the length. He looked up at Brian and asked, “Does it feel good?”

“God, yes…it feels…fucking amazing,” the older man panted. He lifted his head to gaze into the blond’s bright blue eyes and was captivated by the insecurity there. Brian reached down and cupped the back of Justin’s head, pulling him up so that they were face to face. “You’re amazing,” Brian whispered and captured the younger man’s swollen lips in a crushing kiss. His loud moan vibrated through the smaller man’s body as his hand sped its motion along Brian’s shaft. He broke the kiss, panting and gasping as the sensations ran through him. He pressed his forehead against Justin’s, his hand still wrapped in the silken locks, grasping and releasing it as the intensity continued to build.

“Brian,” Justin whispered.

“Ahhhhhh,” the brunet moaned. The sound of his name floating off Justin’s lips added fuel to the fire burning inside of him. He felt his body moving closer and closer to completion. His balls tightened and he felt a spasm rip through them as the blond’s hand continued to fly along his throbbing cock. His free hand wrapped around to cup one of the firm globes of the younger man’s ass and he couldn’t help but give a squeeze as his orgasm took hold. “Oh, God…Justin…uuuhhhh.”

“Yeah, come…come for me,” Justin growled. He watched Brian’s cock erupt as spurt after spurt of hot cum shot between them. The thick liquid coated his hand and he continued to pump until he heard Brian grunt. Understanding the sound he slowly released his grip on the sensitive flesh. He felt the tenseness in the larger body release and Brian slumped back fully against the bed, releasing a long contented sigh in the process. “Was that okay?” Justin asked timidly.

Forcing his eyes open to be met by Justin’s gentle gaze, Brian smiled and ran his hand along the side of the blond’s beautiful face. “It was perfect, Sunshine.”

Instantly, Justin beamed a smile worthy of the name and his eyes shone just as brightly to match.

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All the way home they couldn’t keep the silly smiles off of their faces. They kept stealing glances at each other and laughing when they got caught. Brian’s hand rested comfortably in Justin’s lap as they drove. They had no trouble filling the time, speaking easily about whatever crossed their minds. There was no awkwardness between them and both men were grateful for that. They both knew that what had happened was just the start of all the amazing things yet to come.

Justin was having such a great time that he didn’t want the night to end and was instantly sad as they got closer to town.

“So, can I take you home or will that raise too many questions from your parents?” Brian asked. He didn’t want to cause any problems for Justin.

“No, that would be great. My parents won’t think anything about it. I’ll just tell them that you’re my new friend. Which you are,” the blond said with a genuine smile.

“Yes, I am. I don’t have many real friends Justin, so I’m glad that now I have you as one. It’s always great to be able to count on someone, and I know that I can count on you.” Brian’s eyes flitted downwards for a moment and when he spoke again there was a meekness in his voice. “I can count on you, can’t I?”

Justin turned towards the dark-haired man and saw the sadness in his eyes. He understood that life wasn’t always easy for him and that he must have had to face many disappointments along the way. He knew that he would never cause Brian to feel that way. He placed his hand over the larger one that rested on his thigh and squeezed gently. “Of course you can. I’ll always be here for you,” he said with confidence and quickly saw the happiness return to Brian’s eyes.

“Well, I’m sorry to say it, but I think this is you,” Brian said as he brought the jeep to a stop in front of Justin’s house.

Too focused on Brian to pay attention to where they were, Justin was shocked that he was already home. He turned to look out the window, then back to the older man. “How’d you know where I live?” he asked surprised.

Moving forward and pressing his forehead against Justin’s, Brian whispered, “There’s lots of stuff I know about you. You’re just going to have to stick around to find out how much.”

“There’s no place else I’d rather be,” Justin replied, pressing his lips against Brian’s in a gentle kiss.

Small Town

Part 6

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When Justin finally pulled himself away from Brian after sitting in the car in front of his house for a good ten minutes, he walked up to the front door and unlocked it. Entering the house, he turned and gave a small wave and a smile towards the car, sighing when Brian drove off. He shut the door and locked it then turned off the outside light. With a huge smile still plastered on his face he headed for the kitchen.

“Hi, sweetheart.”

“AHHHHHHH!” Justin yelled and jumped. “Mom, you scared the shit out of me,” he said, gasping with his hand held across his chest.

“Justin. Language,” Jennifer reprimanded.

“Sorry, Mom.”

“So, where have you been?” Jennifer asked, picking up her coffee and taking a sip.

“Just out with a friend,” Justin replied, sounding slightly muffled as his head was stuck in the fridge.

“Oh, who?”

Pulling back and closing the fridge, Justin turned around, holding a soda in one hand and a chicken leg in the other, with a huge bite taken out of it. Waiting until he was done chewing, he swallowed then answered his mother. “Brian.”

“Oh, Brian,” the woman said with a nod of her head, then looked sharply at her son. “Brian who?”

Justin was well aware that his mother liked to know EVERYTHING that was going on in her children’s lives, but for some reason she was pushing beyond her normal nosiness. He furrowed his brows, wondering what was going on. Instantly a shiver ran down his spine as a terrifying thought ran through his head. ‘She saw.’ But she couldn’t have, she would have had to be looking out the window, watching to have seen. He eyed his mother, looking for a sign that she knew something , but the woman was giving nothing away. But still, it did explain her behavior.

“Justin, I asked you who exactly is this Brian?”

“Um, just a guy I know. A new friend. He works down at Kinney’s. You know, the market?” he said, trying his best to act nonchalant. He leaned back against the kitchen counter and continued to eat his cold chicken. He wasn’t really hungry anymore, having lost his appetite from the strange vibe he was getting from his mother, but he didn’t want her to notice, so he chomped away.

“Yes, of course I know Kinney’s, Justin. So, he works there?” she asked, taking another sip of her coffee.

“Mom, what’s with the third degree?” the young man asked, trying to ignore the churning in the pit of his stomach.

“Sweetheart, can’t I just ask about the people you hang around with?”

Laughing slightly at his mother’s answer, he said, “You’ve known the people that I hang around with my whole life, Mom. Why the sudden interest in someone new?” He definitely figured something was up. His mother had NEVER been so inquisitive before.

“Well, it’s just that you don’t really seem to make new friends that often, Justin. So, I was, well, just wondering who this new person was.” Jennifer knew she was being too pushy, but she couldn’t stop herself. She HAD seen Justin and the other boy in the car.

Justin looked at his mother, his eyes shifting downwards for a minute, then back up to meet the ones that were identical to his. He knew she knew something. It wasn’t a question anymore. Just how much, how much had she seen? He wasn’t ready to deal with all of it now. He wasn’t sure when he would be, but he definitely knew it wasn’t then. Pouring the remainder of the soda down the drain and throwing the can into the recycling bin, then tossing the half-eaten chicken into the garbage, Justin said, “Goodnight, Mom,” and left the room.

Closing her eyes, Jennifer slowly let out the breath that she’d been holding since her son had walked into the kitchen. She’d always suspected that Justin was different from the other boys around town. He was artistic and seemed to see things from a different perspective then most of the other kids did, but she thought it was just his personality, his nature. Now she knew what it was. She shook her head, “Maybe I’m wrong. Maybe they were just, talking, closely, over the loud music.” She tried to tell herself any other reason that she could think of for what she knew she’d witnessed, but she couldn’t even convince herself. She knew what she’d seen. She wasn’t confused. She just kept hoping that maybe there was another explanation. But deep inside, she knew that there wasn’t.

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Upstairs in his room Justin’s head was spinning. “Fuck, fuck, fuck. What the fuck am I going to do?” he muttered under his breath as he paced. He knew she knew. He knew it. She was acting too weird and asking for just too much information.

She’d been spying on me? Watching me from the window? Why? Why would she feel like she had to watch me?

Sitting down on the edge of his bed, he dropped his head into his hands and took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down. He couldn’t help but laugh as a stupid thought passed through his mind. ‘Well, at least she won’t keep trying to play match-maker now.’

He shook his head, too tired to deal with it anymore. He stood up, removed his clothes, tossed them into the hamper and crawled into bed. He hadn’t bothered to turn on the light when he’d first entered his room, too distracted by his mother’s behavior to even notice the darkness. He closed his eyes, wanting to push it all away. He didn’t want to think about it anymore. So what if she knew? She was his mother, she would love him no matter what. Wouldn’t she?

He tried to focus on something else, something better and instantly his mind went to Brian. A smile spread across his face at the mere thought of the man. He still couldn’t believe what they’d done, what he’d done. His smile widened as he said to himself, “I’m not a virgin anymore.” He felt as if he’d suddenly acquired a new badge from Cub Scouts. The ‘taken it up the ass and proud of it’ badge. ‘Hmph, I wonder if there really is such a thing?’ he thought. You never know with those Cub leaders, they always did seem kind of shifty around all of us.

Needing to shake the sick image from his mind, once again his thoughts turned towards Brian. Just the idea of the man made his dick twitch and his heart beat a little faster. He never knew he could feel like that about anyone, and was amazed that after such a short time he felt like the man was so important. He couldn’t wait to see him again and hoped that Brian felt the same way. He was pretty sure he did.

As he settled in to sleep, the conversation with his mother long forgotten, he replayed every little detail of the evening’s activities. He finally fell asleep with a huge smile on his face, a warm feeling throughout his body and the image of Brian’s beautiful face lingering in his thoughts.

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When Brian got home, he unlocked the door, walked into the house and quietly shut and locked the door behind him. He looked around and seeing that no one was still up, he was able to relax. He walked into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge, downing it in one long gulp, then carefully tossed the empty bottle into the recycling bin. His mother freaked out if even one scrap of something that could be recycled landed in the garbage. She said that she wouldn’t allow her family to make any contributions to the demise of God’s precious planet. He snorted at the thought. She didn’t give a shit about the demise of her son’s life at the hands of his abusive father or neglectful mother, but she worried so much about a little bit of garbage that may fall into the wrong bin and destroy the precious gift from God. He sure knew his place in her life. Right below the garbage.

Making his way towards the staircase, his eyes caught the sight of his father passed out on the couch and instantly a jolt of fear passed through him. He tip-toed up to his room, making sure to avoid the spots on the stairs that he knew creaked. Sighing with relief he finally reached his room, shutting and locking the door behind him. He closed his eyes and rested his forehead against the back of the door. ‘Just a few more months,’ he repeated over and over in his head and felt himself start to calm. He was so tired of all the shit he had to deal with. So fucking tired of it.

He flopped down on the bed, laying on his back and resting his head on the pillow. Without thinking, he slid his hand underneath his mattress and pulled out a magazine. On the cover was a big, glossy picture of Patrick Swayze. He never got tired of looking at it, which was very obvious by the well-worn corners. Opening to the middle, he pulled something out and tossed the magazine beside him. A smile instantly spread across his face as he looked at the object held gently between his long fingers. It was a photograph of Justin.

He still remembered the day he’d taken it. It was just a few months ago. He was outside the store, taking a break when he saw the blond walking down the street. When he first caught sight of him, his heart began to beat a little faster and his palms started to sweat. His normal reaction to the man. But then he saw that he was with a girl, and his heart instantly fell. Maybe he was totally wrong? Maybe what he’d thought he sensed from the man was nothing more than a misreading of vibes on his part? He tried to shake the thought from his mind by telling himself that he couldn’t be wrong. He wouldn’t allow himself to even think about it. He needed to be right. It was one of the thoughts that kept him going when things got really tough. The hope that maybe one day, they would be together.

So, as he stood there watching the pair talk and laugh, he was taken back by the incredible beauty of the man and ducked into the store, grabbed a disposable camera, ran back outside and started shooting. He didn’t care that as he continued to take pictures the man had turned and walked away. All he cared about was that hopefully at least one of the shots would come out and he would have a permanent reminder of the blond. Something he could take out and look at whenever he needed a little boost. He couldn’t believe how many times he had needed to look at the photograph. He wondered what Justin would think if he told him? Would he think he was a nut? He laughed at himself, thinking that maybe he was a little crazy. But as he gazed at the face of the man on the only picture that had actually turned out, he knew that he was definitely crazy. Crazy about an amazing blond guy named Justin.

Small Town

Part 7

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Justin awoke to the incessant buzzing coming from the alarm clock on his nightstand. Groaning he reached over, finally hitting the off button on the third attempt and putting an end to the irritating sound. Instantly his eyes begin to close and just as he felt himself starting to drift off, the loud knocking on his door shook him awake again.

“Justin, are you up?” his mother’s voice called out from behind the closed door.

“Yeah, I’m up, I’m up,” he yelled, his voice still heavy with sleep.

“Okay, because I don’t want you to be late for school. Hurry up and I’ll drive you.”

“Alright,” he moaned, forcing himself to sit. A loud yawn split his face in two as he dragged himself from his warm bed and, still half asleep, headed into the bathroom. He relieved his full bladder, washed his hands and brushed his teeth. He looked into the mirror above the sink, gazing deep into his blue eyes, trying to find even a hint of a change. He didn’t see any. He wondered if anyone at school would be able to tell that he was different. That he was now a man. Well, at least by definition of having lost his virginity, he was a man. He still had a few more weeks to go until he would officially be one, and he couldn’t wait.

Stripping off his underwear he climbed into the shower enclosure and turned on the water, adjusting it to just the right temperature. He moaned in pleasure as the hot water ran over his still tired body, soothing it and getting it ready for the long day ahead. He hated school. He couldn’t wait until he was done. It wasn’t school exactly that he had a problem with, it was certain kids. Kids that thought it was fun to pick on him because he was different. Because he wasn’t interested in playing sports or hanging out and shooting the shit about all the girls that he had supposedly fucked. Because he was gay.

No one at school actually knew that he was gay. He wasn’t dumb enough to tell them. Well, except Daphne. She was his best friend and she knew. He couldn’t keep something so big to himself. He had to share it with her. They shared everything important and realizing that you’re gay, well, that’s pretty important. And she was totally cool with it. When he told her that he thought he was gay, she didn’t act surprised at all. She said that she always knew that something about him was different than most of the other guys they knew, and now they both knew what it was. He was gay. No big deal and things went on just like they always had. With them by each other’s side.

Justin finished his shower, turned off the water and stepped out to dry himself. As he ran the fluffy towel across his skin, his thoughts instantly turned towards Brian. He felt his cock begin to harden at the memory of the previous night and smiled. How the hell was he going to be able to get through the day without thinking about the man? Because every time he did he got an erection. Not that he minded. He liked that the image of Brian did that to him, but he didn’t think that walking around school with a permanent boner was a great idea.

“Hurry up, Justin,” he heard his mother yell from downstairs. “Breakfast is waiting.”

He pulled on some clothes, ran a brush through his damp hair, grabbed his knapsack and headed downstairs. When he walked into the kitchen, his father was taking a last gulp of his coffee before he headed out the door for work. He watched him kiss his mother goodbye, then the man turned towards him and Molly, who was already sitting at the table and said, “Have a great day at school you two. See you when I get home.” And with a smile and a little wave, he was gone.

“You too, Dad,” Justin said as he slumped down in a kitchen chair. His mother instantly placed a plate of bacon and eggs in front of him and he began to eat.

“So, Justin, will you be home right after school today?” Jennifer asked him as she stood by the stove, sipping her coffee.

“Um, I’m not sure. Daph and I might go hang out or something. Okay?” he asked. He didn’t want to think about what had happened last night and what he thought about her inquisition about Brian. He still wasn’t ready for that.

“Sure. Just let me know. I’m taking Molly to Cara’s after school and she’s staying there for the night because Daddy and I have a dinner to go to and we won’t be home until around eleven or so.” Jennifer wanted to ask Justin more about last night, but after sleeping on it, she decided that she wouldn’t push. She would wait and see what happened. Give her son the benefit of the doubt. Maybe she was just jumping to conclusions about what was going on in the car with his new friend, Brian. She knew that was probably all it was.

“Yeah, I get to sleep over on a school night,” Molly shouted around a mouth full of food.

“Molly,” Jennifer said sternly, “Don’t talk with your mouth full.” She shook her head at the lack of manners that her daughter possessed. “And the only reason I’m letting you stay at Cara’s on a school night is because I don’t want you and your brother fighting and torturing each other while we’re out.” Then turning her attention back to Justin she said, “I really do wish you would both try to get along better.”

“Me?” Justin said incredulously, then turned towards his sister and stuck his tongue out at her, mimicking her actions.

“Yes, YOU,” Jennifer said with a laugh.

“She started it,” he whined.

“She started it,” Molly repeated mockingly.

“Goof,” Justin said to his sister.

“Goof,” Molly repeated.

“You shit,” Justin said as his patience began to fade.

“You shi…” Molly started to be quickly cut off by her mother.

“Hey,” Jennifer said, staring sternly at her daughter, then even more so at her son. “Watch it, Justin,” she warned and watched as the supposedly mature one crossed his arms over his chest and sulked.

“Well, she did start it,” Justin said softly then stuffed a piece of bacon into his mouth and took out his frustration on it as he angrily chewed it to shreds.

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Across town, Brian was already at work. He hated Monday mornings. Not that the weekends were that much better, because most weekends he had to work, but at least it was still the weekend. Mondays just reminded him that he had another entire week to deal with his father’s shit at the store. Not that he got away from it at home either. He was never that lucky.

“Hey, Brian, get your ass in here,” Jack yelled from the back. He knew there wouldn’t be any customers that could hear him because the store hadn’t opened yet. He knew that Brian was just restocking the shelves, like he always did every morning.

“Yeah?” Brian said as he made his way into the stockroom.

“What the hell is this?” Jack asked pointing to the large boxes stacked against the wall.

Not really sure what his father was getting at, Brian looked at the boxes puzzled for a minute, then answered. “They’re the boxes of corn flakes that I picked up from Granger’s last week,” Brian said flatly. He didn’t understand what the man was getting at.

“Do you see that, over there?” the older man asked, pointing to a few boxes on the floor on the other side of the room.

“Uh, yeah.”

“Well, Sonny Boy, why would I want you to get MORE corn flakes when we obviously have a few boxes left? Why would I want these to sit here, turning stale, when we still have all of those to sell? Can you answer that for me, smart boy?”

“I…I just picked up what you ordered. I didn’t think that…”

“You didn’t think what?” Jack cut Brian off before he could finish. His voice growing more and more forceful as he continued to speak.

“I…I didn’t think that, that I should, um, I mean, uh, I didn’t think that you knew we had those so I just took what was in our order,” Brian said, hating the weakness he heard in his voice. Hating himself for feeling so weak.

“You don’t think I know my own store? What I do and don’t have in here?”

“No, no, that’s not what I meant. I just…” Brian didn’t know what to say. He knew that they had the boxes of cereal left when he’d picked the others up, but he knew better than to question his father and kept his mouth shut. He just did his job and took the boxes that he was told to pick up from their supplier. But as he watched his father’s anger continue to build, he knew he had to think of something quick or he’d find himself at the end of a fist, connecting with his face and various other body parts of choice. Clearing his throat, he tried again. “Sorry, I guess I made a mistake. I’ll…I’ll take them back to Granger’s and tell them that I screwed up. I’m sure it’ll be no problem. They’ll just credit our account.”

“Yeah, you do that. And while you’re at it, make sure you pick up the things I ordered for this morning,” Jack said as he turned to walk away, throwing over his shoulder, “And don’t fuck up again.”

Brian let out a huge sigh of relief as he watched the man walk away. When he was out of sight, he finally let himself fall against the wall behind him, silently giving thanks that his legs hadn’t given way while his father was present, because they were shaking so badly. He fucking hated the fact that he still scared him so intensely. Hated it. Taking a calming breath, Brian reached for the first of the three large boxes and proceeded to bring them out to the alley so that he could load them into the truck and take them back. He just hoped that they didn’t give him any problems with returning them. That was all he needed. Then Jack would really have something to say.

Jack sat down in his battered old high-back leather chair in his dingy little office at the back of the store. He grabbed a bottle from the bottom drawer of his desk and a glass and poured himself a shot of Jim Beam, downing it in one gulp. He loved the slow burn as the amber liquid traveled down his throat. He poured himself another, downing it just as quickly before returning the bottle and glass to the drawer. He closed his eyes and rested his head back against the chair. He knew it was his fault that they’d gotten more boxes of cereal. He hadn’t realized that they had a few boxes still left tucked away in the corner of the stock room. He remembered moving them there the week before when he was trying to rearrange some other stuff and had forgotten all about them. But he couldn’t let his son know that he had ordered the new ones. He wouldn’t give the too smart for his own good son of a bitch the satisfaction of his slip up. Nope, he always had to have the upper hand. He laughed at his own joke. “Yep, the upper hand, the lower hand, any hand as long as it could throw a punch,” he said to himself and laughed even harder as the alcohol worked its way into his system. “Always gotta keep the control.”

Small Town

Part 8

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“Hey Daph.”

“Hey, where were you last night? I called and your mom said you were out, but she didn’t know where.” Daphne asked as they walked along the cement path up to their school.

“I was out with Brian,” Justin said, not even trying to conceal the instant smile that spread across his face from the thought of the amazing man.

“Brian?”

“Yeah, you know, the guy I told you about,” Justin said, slightly irritated that his best friend didn’t even remember the only guy that he had been talking about for the past few months. He stopped and looked at Daphne, who just shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. Taking a dramatic breath, “You know Brian. The one I told you…” Justin stopped and looked around. He had to be careful that no one was listening. That’s all he needed, someone else to hear him going on about a guy. Seeing that the coast was clear, he continued in a quiet voice, “…that I had a crush on.”

The dark-haired girls eyes flitted downwards, obviously searching her brain for the memory and then as if picking it out of a bin of thoughts, she smiled, remembering at last. “Right, Brian. The guy who works at Kinney’s.”

“Yeah, him,” Justin said, his smile brightening again.

“What were you doing with HIM?” Daphne asked, her eyes going wide.

Looking around again and noticing that it seemed to be getting crowded, Justin said quietly, “I’ll tell you later. But trust me, it’ll be worth the wait.” Then he wiggled his eyebrows and started to laugh at the shocked expression on his best friends face.

“Arrrrghhhh, this is going to be a LONG morning,” the girl groaned as she wrapped her arm around Justin’s and they headed into school.

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“So, any problems?” Jack asked when Brian returned to the store. He noticed the new boxes of goods that his son had with him and noticed the lack of the big boxes of the corn flakes.

“Nope, no problems,” Brian stated as he unloaded the truck and brought the new stuff into the stockroom.

“Good. Now go out to the front. I’ve got some work to do in my office, so don’t bother me unless it’s urgent,” the older man said, turning his back on his son, walking into his dingy little office and shutting the door behind him.

“Yeah, don’t worry. I won’t,” Brian said, his eyes burning into his father’s back as he watched him retreat. He didn’t understand why the man was so horrible to him. What had he ever done, except to be born, to make the man hate him so much?

When Brian got to Granger’s and explained that he had screwed up and taken something that they didn’t need, he was relieved to find that Harry, the guy who ran the warehouse, was very understanding. He had a feeling that Harry was gay and had a crush on him, but he was far from interested in the short, slightly balding, thirty-ish man. Not that he was so bad looking, but he was way too old for Brian. Thirty was like ancient to the nineteen year old. He couldn’t even imagine being that old.

But the thing that made Brian’s blood boil, was when Harry pulled out his copy of the order that he had taken from Jack himself, requesting the boxes of cereal. “Are you sure?” Brian asked, and Harry handed him the paper to see for himself. “Why that fucking piece of shit,” Brian mumbled, handing the slip back.

“Everything okay?” Harry asked. He couldn’t help but notice Brian’s obvious anger.

“Yeah, yeah. I guess some things never change,” Brian said, sounding more defeated than he would have liked to. He couldn’t believe that Jack had made it all seem like HIS fault instead of just admitting that he had been the one that screwed up. Brian shook his head in dismay. He was so tired of all of his father’s controlling, conniving, deceitful shit. The man was never going to change. Never going to give him a break.

“Well, don’t worry about it, Brian,” Harry said, placing his hand a little too eagerly on Brian’s back, slightly lower than necessary.

Brian turned to look at the older man with a hard stare, letting him know that the touch was not welcome.

“Hey, can’t blame a guy for trying,” Harry said with a little laugh and a shrug of his shoulders as he drew back his hand.

“Sure you can. But I won’t hold it against you,” Brian answered with a smirk, then loaded the new order onto his truck and drove off, without so much as a backwards glance at the man who regretfully watched him go.

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“Okay, so spill,” Daphne told her friend as they settled on the grass in a secluded spot at the back of the school field. She was bouncing around, barely able to contain her curiosity. She’d had to suffer through the entire morning, waiting desperately for lunch to come so that Justin could tell her about Brian.

Smiling at his friend’s eagerness, he decided to torture her a little bit more. Casually he took a large bite out of his sandwich and slowly chewed.

“JUSTIN,” she shouted, punching his arm lightly.

“Ow,” the blond said, grabbing his sore arm. “Meanie,” he pouted.

“Ohhh, you’re such a wimp. I didn’t hurt you. But, if you don’t start to spill right now, I will.”

“Okay, okay, relax,” Justin said with a laugh. He couldn’t believe how riled up Daphne was. He took a quick look around and noted that thankfully they were alone. He scooted a little closer to his friend, getting right in her face and said, “I did it.”

Confused, Daphne pulled back slightly and said, “Did what?”

“Arrrrghhhh,” Justin moaned dramatically and reached out to pull his friend close again, “Did IT.” His eyes bore into hers, trying to make her understand.

Again, she shrugged her shoulders and searched his face for some sort of clue as to what the hell he was talking about. Then as if a light had suddenly gone off in her head, she sat straight up and said, “YOU DID IT?”

“Shhhhhhhh, Daphne, keep it down.” Justin looked around quickly, making sure that no one was watching them. A few other students had made their way out to the field, but none of them seemed to have noticed the girls little outburst.

Moving in close again, Daphne whispered, “You did it?”

“Yep,” the young man said with a proud smile.

“Holy shit, you and Brian. You did it with Brian?” she asked with a huge smile.

“Yep.”

“Oh. My. God.”

“Why is it so hard to believe? Do you think he’s too good for me?” Justin said a little taken back by his friend’s disbelief. Maybe she thought that he wasn’t worthy of the older guy? The thoughts made all his own doubts and insecurities about Brian rise to the surface.

“No, no, Justin, of course not. No one’s too good for you. You know that. You’re the best thing that could have happened to Brian. The best thing that could happen to anyone. He’s lucky to have you.” Daphne was being completely honest. She adored Justin, unfortunately too much for her own good. She knew he was gay. She thought that she probably knew before he even did. But it didn’t stop her from having these little fantasies about them. That maybe one day they would be together. She tried to push the feelings away, because she knew that there was no way that it would ever happen, but it was hard. Hard to deny your feelings for someone that you’ve loved for as long as you can remember.

Taking a deep breath, Daphne looked into her friends saddened blue eyes then reached out and took his hand. “Justin,” she sighed, mentally watching all of her dreams about the two of them fly off into the wind. “Tell me about Brian.” Seeing her friend’s smile return at the mention of the other guy’s name, she said with mock anger, “NOW.”

“Alright, alright. Don’t get your panties in a bunch,” Justin with a genuine smile. He knew that Daphne didn’t think he wasn’t worthy of Brian. He was just being a drama queen, something he knew he tended to do on occasion.

“Hmph,” she said and pushed him back slightly.

Laughing, the blond began reciting his tale and didn’t stop until he had recounted the entire story of his and Brian’s so-called history, from the night they got together at the Spring Festival until that very moment. He even included his brief encounter with his mother in the kitchen after he came home from his evening with Brian. Daphne sat and listened. She was speechless and didn’t say a word through the entire story, just occasionally nodded and gasped and grunted in places where the drama called for it.

“Holy shit. Holy fucking shit,” Daphne said as her friend sat back, finally done and waiting for her response.

“That’s all you’ve got to say?”

“No, I’m just getting started.”

Small Town

Part 9

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Just as Daphne was about to begin, Justin’s cell phone rang. The blond fished it out of the side pocket of his knapsack, looked at the number on the display and didn’t have a clue as to who it was.

“Hello.”

“Hey, Justin.”

“Brian?” Justin asked hesitantly.

“Yeah. How’s it going? I hope I didn’t catch you at a bad time. I knew it was your lunch break, so I figured this was a good time to call,” Brian said. His voice was a little hesitant. He didn’t want to seem pushy by calling Justin and bothering him. He just couldn’t wait.

“No, no. I’m right in the middle of my lunch break so it’s perfect timing,” Justin told the man. He was thrilled to hear his voice and glad that he had called. “But, Brian, how did you get my number?” he asked, a little confused.

“You gave it to me last night. Don’t you remember?”

“No, I don’t. I guess I had other things on my mind,” Justin said with a huge beaming smile.

“Yeah, I guess you did, Sunshine,” Brian answered softly. Even though he couldn’t see him, he could hear his beautiful smile loud and clear across the line.

“Brian,” Justin whispered intimately.

“Ahhhh, Justin. Don’t do that to me when you’re not here.” Brian looked around the alley, making sure that no one was around to hear him, then moved the phone even closer to his mouth. “You’re driving me crazy, baby.”

Justin felt like he was floating on a cloud. He was so overwhelmed by his feelings for the man on the other end of the line, especially when he called him ‘baby’. Again, he sighed and for a minute, both men were silent, basking in the memory of their previous night together.

Justin was stunned out of his memories by the sound of an irritated voice next to him.

“Justin. Who the hell is that?” Daphne asked, slightly annoyed by her friends sudden interest in the phone instead of her.

“Oh, sorry, Daph. It’s Brian,” the blond said, his smile widening again as the man’s name rolled off his tongue.

“Well, that explains it.” She looked at her watch, noting that they only had about ten minutes left on their lunch break. “I’m going to go in. I’ve got to get my stuff together for my presentation this afternoon in English. I’ll see you later and we’ll finish where we left off.” And with that, she began to leave, calling over her shoulder, just a few feet away, “Say hi for me,” then laughed and walked away.

Shaking his head at his friend, Justin turned his focus back to his cell phone. “My friend Daphne says hi.”

“Oh, okay. Well, tell her hi for me too,” Brian said, slightly taken back that his friend would know who he was.

“He say’s hi too,” he yelled to his friend’s retreating back and she raised her hand over her shoulder and wiggled her fingers. Justin laughed.

“So, how’s your day going?” Brian asked, leaning casually against the brick wall of the alley, smoking a cigarette.

“Oh, it’s okay. You know, same old, same old,” the blond replied. “And yours?”

“Oh, same old, same old shit as usual,” he answered with a laugh. He was still amazed that he felt so at ease with Justin and could say whatever he wanted to, no holds barred.

“Is your father getting on your case again?” the younger man asked with concern.

“Well, it wouldn’t be a normal day if he didn’t, so I guess the answer to that would be yes.” Brian felt his anger returning just thinking about how Jack had fucked him over once again for his own sick twisted pleasure.

“I’m sorry, Brian.”

“Hey, nothing to be sorry about, Sunshine. That’s just life. As fucked up as it is.” Brian didn’t want to dwell on his father anymore, so he changed the subject. Perking up he asked, “So, are you, um, are you busy later?” He was still afraid of being rejected and his voice betrayed his insecurities.

Justin remembered that his parents were going out for the evening and his sister was sleeping at her friend’s house, so that left him all alone. “Nope, I’m not. Why, did you have something in mind?” the blond asked hopefully.

“I was just wondering if you wanted to get together. Hang out or something?” Brian was so happy for the younger man’s quick reply. It meant that he didn’t even debate whether or not he wanted to see him again. It made him feel really good.

“Sure, I’d like that.” Just then, the bell rang signaling the end of lunch.

Brian heard the sound of the bell in the background. “Okay, I know you have to go now. So, um, why don’t I pick you up at home, if that’s okay, around five thirty?”

“Great. Can’t wait. Bye, Brian.”

“Later, Justin. It’s always later,” the brunet said softly. He never wanted to hear the words good-bye from Justin. Later meant there would always be more.

Understanding the older man’s words, Justin whispered, “Later,” then hung up, grabbed his knapsack and hurried into the school.

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Brian couldn’t wait until five-thirty so that he could see Justin. He’d had a shitty day, like most of his days. The only bright spot was the conversation with Justin on his lunch break. He couldn’t believe how just the sound of the other man’s voice made him feel better.

“Hi, Brian.”

Brian turned towards the voice. “Hey, Ricky. How’s it going?” Brian asked the part-time employee. He liked the kid. He was always on time, always willing to lend a hand when needed, really funny and most importantly, he thought that Jack was a complete asshole.

“Okay, can’t complain,” the red-haired guy said. “You off now?”

“Yeah, I’m leaving in a minute. Just a warning, stay as far away as possible from the old man tonight. He seems to have a bug up his ass about something,” Brian warned.

“Huh, how can you tell? I figure the guy has a bug up his ass pretty much EVERY day,” Ricky said with a laugh and Brian joined in.

“Yeah, you’re right. But it’s even worse today. Lucky you.”

“Oh yeah, lucky me,” Ricky said sarcastically, heading down the aisle to the backroom. “I’ll see ya, Brian.”

“Yeah, see ya. Tell my dad I’m leaving, would you?”

“Sure, no problem,” the redhead called over his shoulder before he disappeared behind the swinging door.

Brian grabbed his keys from behind the cash register and headed out the front door, just as the clock on the wall struck four.

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After school, Justin and Daphne walked home. Daphne lived only three doors down and they usually ended up together at one of their houses.

“So, you wanna come over for a while, help me pick out what to wear?” Justin asked his friend.

“Sure. But only if I get to stick around to meet Brian for myself,” Daphne said with a wicked smile. She was still slightly shocked by her friend’s tale of his previous evening. She had told him as much and laughed when he admitted that he was still kinda shocked over it himself. But she wanted to meet Brian, see what all the fuss was about. Not that she didn’t already know who he was. There was no way she wouldn’t have noticed the gorgeous guy in such a small town, people like him just didn’t go unnoticed. But she’d never actually talked to him or seen him close up. She couldn’t wait.

Justin looked hard at his friend. He wasn’t sure if she had something up her sleeve. Something that was going to come back and bite him in the ass. He decided that she was just being her nosey self and gave in. “Okay, but you’d better not embarrass me,” he warned.

“I promise I won’t. Ohhhh, I’m so excited. When did you say he was coming to pick you up again?”

“Five-thirty,” Justin said, looking at his watch as they walked along the front porch of his house. “It’s four o’clock now, so we have plenty of time to get me looking irresistible,” the blond said with a sweet smile.

“Hmph, I don’t think it’s enough time,” the dark-haired girl said with a laugh as she followed her friend into the house.

“Ha, ha. You’re just soooo funny,” Justin said drolly, closing the door behind her.

“Yeah, I know,” Daphne replied, punching her friend on the arm.

“Ow, you’re always hitting me,” the blond pouted, rubbing his arm.

“It’s just because I love you so much,” Daphne said with a toothy grin.

“Right. That must be it,” Justin replied sarcastically, but he knew that it was really true. She did love him a lot, just like he loved her. Just not THAT way.

“Hi kids,” Jennifer yelled from the kitchen as she heard voices in the front hall.

“Hi Jennifer,” Daphne said, dropping down into a kitchen chair and placing her knapsack on the floor beside her.

“Hey, Mom.”

“How was school?” the woman asked with genuine interest as she spooned fruit salad she’d just finished making into two bowls and placed them on the table in front of the teenagers.

“Thanks,” Daphne said then picked up her fork and began to eat.

“Thanks, Mom. School was, well, school. Same as always.”

“Good. Well, I’m going to go get ready. Your father should be home soon. We have to leave around five o’clock. Molly’s already over at Cara’s house. I took her right after school. So, what are your plans for the night?” Jennifer asked as she covered the fruit salad and put it in the fridge.

“Oh, nothing big. We’re gonna just hang out for a while and do our homework. That’s it,” Justin said with a glare in his friend’s direction.

“Um, right. Nothing much,” Daphne confirmed, not really sure why Justin had lied to his mother.

“Great, well, have fun you two. We’ll be back around eleven.” And with that, Jennifer was gone.

“Why did you lie to your mother?” Daphne quickly turned and asked.

“I just didn’t feel like getting into the whole thing with her right now. I think she suspects something’s up with Brian, and I don’t want her to know that I’m going to see him again tonight. That’s all. So do me a favor and don’t say anything else about it. Okay?” Justin looked at his best friend with pleading eyes. He knew she hated when he asked her to lie for him, but he also knew that she would do it.

“Fine. But you’d better be home BEFORE they are. I don’t want to get in trouble over this. Got it?”

“Thanks, Daph. You’re the best,” Justin said with a huge smile.

“Yeah, tell me something I don’t already know,” the dark-haired girl said conceitedly.

Justin just laughed.

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Part 10

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“Alright, we’re off. Have a good night you two. We’ll see you about eleven, Justin. Okay?”

“Yeah, have a great time. Enjoy the dinner,” Justin told his parents as they stopped by his room on their way out.

“Bye, have fun,” Daphne added.

The two teenagers remained quiet for a moment, listening to the front door open, then close again as the adults finally left.

“Alright, I’ve only got a half an hour to get ready before Brian’s here. I’m going to jump into the shower and you pick out something for me to wear. And remember, I want to look cool, but sexy,” Justin told his friend with a devilish grin.

“Right, that shouldn’t be TOO hard,” the girl replied, rolling her eyes.

“Oh, just find me something to wear.” And with that, Justin walked into the washroom and closed the door. He stripped off his clothes, tossed them into the hamper and stepped into the shower. Adjusting the temperature and spray, he grabbed the shampoo, poured some into the palm of his hand and quickly washed and rinsed his hair. Next he lathered up his body with the vanilla scented soap he loved so much and rinsed off. His thoughts strayed towards Brian, and the anticipation of seeing the man again made his cock begin to harden. He had to stop himself from giving into his desire, wanting badly to grab the pulsing member and jerk off. He consoled himself with the thought that maybe when he saw the man, he could get him to do it for him. He quickly reprimanded himself for such a thought. After only one night of sex, he couldn’t seem to control himself already. He hated to think how he would be in a few months. He smiled, knowing that he would hopefully be very happy and very satisfied.

Justin turned off the shower and climbed out. He was grateful that his cock had softened. The last thing he wanted was to have to go into his bedroom, to Daphne, with an erection tenting his towel. He dried off, wrapped the towel around his waist, brushed his towel-dried hair into place and walked into his room.

“Okay, I’ve narrowed it down,” the pensive girl said as she saw her friend’s approach. She’d laid out three outfits on the bed and was trying to decide which one was the best. She turned towards Justin and asked, “So, what do you think?”

Realizing that Daphne was taking this very seriously, he looked at the clothes spread across his bed and said, “Well, I like this one because it will bring out the blue of my eyes. I like this one because it will show off my trim body. And I like this one because it will accentuate my best feature.”

When Daphne gave her friend a puzzled look as to what feature he could possibly be referring to, he said with a bright smile, “My ass.”

“Ohhhh, Justin. You’re too much,” she groaned, but then started to laugh when Justin began to wiggle his best feature around.

“No, not too much. Juuuussssstttt the right amount,” he replied, patting his towel-clad ass.

Rolling her eyes and turning back to the clothes, Daphne suggested, “Okay, so why don’t we take this t-shirt for your eyes and these pants for your, well, for your ass.”

“Sounds good to me,” the blond said, grabbing a pair of black briefs from a drawer and sliding them on under the towel before he tore it away and tossed it aside. He picked up the clothes they’d decided on and began to dress.

Daphne watched her friend in awe. Justin was completely comfortable with her in just his underwear. After all, they’d been hanging out together since, well, forever and they’d definitely seen each other in even less than that. But now, as she watched him get dressed, she realized how beautiful he truly was. She had to stop herself from reaching out and touching his pale flesh. It was just so tempting.

“Daph…Daph, you okay?”

“Huh, what? Um, yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” she said, slightly startled.

“Okay, well, it’s just about five-thirty and Brian should…” before he could finish, they heard the doorbell ring.

“Be here,” Daphne finished with a laugh, and Justin joined in. “Nervous?”

“Um, a little. I just hope everything’s as great as last night. I don’t mean that we have to have sex for it to be great. I just mean I hope we get along as great,” Justin rambled.

“Just relax and remember to breathe and everything will be alright. Now, let’s go so I can meet this gorgeous guy of yours,” the girl said, heading down the stairs.

Justin grabbed her arm before she made it to the front door and reminded her, “Don’t embarrass me. You promised.”

“Yeah, okay, I won’t,” she said resignedly. “Now open the door.”

“Right, right. Here goes,” he said. Taking a deep breath he turned the knob and opened the door.

“Hey.”

“Hey,” Justin greeted Brian with a huge smile, mirroring the one on the brunet’s face.

“Justin, manners,” Daphne reminded her friend as she stood beside him.

“Oh, sorry. Brian, this is Daphne. Daphne, Brian. There, happy?” he asked the girl.

“Ecstatic. So are you gonna ask him in?” she said, rolling her eyes at Justin’s unusual behavior.

“Yeah, right. God, where are my manners. Brian, come on in.”

“Thanks,” Brian said, walking into the house and looking around. “Great place. Are your parents home?”

“Nope. It’s just us. They’re out for dinner and won’t be back until around eleven.”

“Oh,” the brunet replied, not really sure what else to say. He turned towards Daphne and smiled. “So, you’re the one that said ‘hi’ this afternoon?”

“Yep, that’s me. It’s great to meet you. I’ve seen you around, but never actually got to meet you. You know, to talk to you, face to face. Like now. Uh-huh.” She knew she was going on and on, but she just couldn’t stop herself. She couldn’t believe how fucking gorgeous the guy was close up. She knew he was great from a distance, but close up – unfuckingbelievable.

Justin looked at his friend like she’d suddenly lost her mind. His eyes silently asked her, ‘What the fuck?’ and she just shrugged and smiled, not able to explain.

Brian however was amused by the girl’s blatant demonstration. It was obvious that she was enamored by him and he liked it. He didn’t usually care for girls, didn’t have much use for them. But this one, he liked. Maybe it was because she was Justin’s best friend or maybe it was the way she was falling all over herself over him? Either way, he liked her. “Well, it’s nice to finally meet you too. I’ve seen you around and it’s great to get to actually talk to you too. Face to face.”

Daphne blushed and smiled a flirty little smile.

“Hello, does anyone remember that I’M in the room here too?” Justin asked, slightly pissed at being ignored.

“Of course we remember you’re here, Sunshine. I could never forget about YOU,” Brian purred, then placed a soft kiss against Justin’s lips.

“O-o-okay,” Justin stumbled, blushing from the attention.

Daphne just sighed and wished it was her. She just wasn’t sure if she wished she were Justin or Brian. Shaking her head to clear it from the jealous fog, she picked up her knapsack from beside the couch where she’d dropped it and said, “Well, I’m gonna get going. Have a great time you two and don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

“That doesn’t leave very much, does it?” Justin told his best friend with a sweet smile.

“Ha, ha, very funny. Bye, Brian. It was great to meet you.”

The older man leaned down and brushed a gentle kiss against the girl’s cheek. When he pulled back, he was amused to see a blush creep across her face and her hand go up and touch the spot where his lips had been. “Nice to meet you too, Daphne. I’ll see you soon, I hope.”

“Yeah, soon. Really soon,” she said in a daze and walked out the front door, her fingers still touching her cheek.

“You’re bad, you know that?” the blond laughed and swatted Brian’s chest with the back of his hand.

“You don’t know the half of it,” Brian said with a smile. “You look great tonight.”

Justin couldn’t help himself as he stood on his toes and captured the brunet’s mouth in a passionate kiss. His tongue snuck out and licked along Brian’s full lips, seeking entrance and the man opened his mouth, letting it slip inside. Justin moaned as Brian sucked his tongue deeper into his mouth. Gasping for air the two parted, both a little flushed and both already hard.

“Justin,” Brian breathed with his forehead pressed against the smaller man’s.

“Mmmm, you feel so good,” Justin whispered, running his hands up and down Brian’s back.

“I think we’d better go, before I lose all my control and take you right here,” the brunet said, running his fingers through the soft golden hair at the back of Justin’s head.

“That sounds good,” the younger man purred, moving his hips forward and brushing his hardened cock against Brian’s.

“Ahhhhh,” Brian moaned from the contact and his fingers tightened in the silky hair.

Again, Justin rocked his hips forward, grinding against Brian’s and gasping as a jolt of pleasure shot from his groin through his entire body. “Brian,” he whimpered. “Please.”

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Part 11

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“Justin,” Brian warned as the blond continued to rock his hips against his, rubbing their jean-clad erections together. He felt his control slipping away and didn’t think he could hold out much longer.

“Ahhhh…please, Brian…touch me,” Justin whimpered.

Growling, Brian pushed Justin against the back of the sofa. The blond’s hands instantly came down and grabbed hold of the cushions and his ass rested along the top. He couldn’t believe that he was standing in the middle of his parents living room, watching as his…friend, lover, boyfriend? He wasn’t really sure what Brian was…started to go down on him.

Brian hadn’t planned on attacking Justin, but the man had left him no choice. His teasing and taunting took away all his will power and he felt like he wouldn’t be able to last another minute without a taste of the man’s hard cock. He slowly slid down Justin’s body and got onto his knees. Reaching up he opened the button and fly of the blond’s jeans, then pulled them down over his hips, leaving them to rest just above his knees. He spread the man’s legs open as far as they would go, still encased in the restrictive material and settled between them.

Justin looked down and gasped as Brian’s hazel eyes locked with his as the man opened his mouth, wrapped his full lips around the head of his leaking cock and gently sucked. “Oh my God…Brian,” Justin whimpered, sliding his fingers into the thick, dark hair at the back of Brian’s head and pulling him closer. He gasped again as the motion pushed his cock even further into the warm, wet mouth. He had to fight with his eyes as they fluttered constantly trying to close when he desperately wanted to keep them open, not wanting to miss even a second of seeing the man on his knees, pleasing him.

“Mmmmmmmm,” Brian moaned around Justin’s cock. He felt it pulse in his mouth and tasted the precum as it bubbled from the tip and slid along his tongue. It was the sweetest thing he’d ever tasted. He couldn’t get enough and sucked harder, trying to coax more of the nectar out of Justin’s slit.

“Brian…Brian…oh, fuck,” Justin moaned and his grip tightened in the man’s hair, twisting the stands around his fingers. He panted heavily, watching the soft lips move along the length of his cock as it slid in and out of Brian’s mouth.

It was too much. The sound of his balls slapping against the older man’s chin as his head bobbed up and down. The feeling of the warm, wet tightness wrapped around his throbbing cock as Brian increased the pressure of his sucking. The look of the lust- filled, glazed-over hazel eyes as they remained locked with his. Too much pleasure, too much perfection, too much…”AHHHHH….BRIIIAAAANNNNN!” Justin screamed and his eyes rolled shut, his head flew back and his back arched sharply into the air. His cock exploded shooting spurt after spurt of hot fluid into Brian’s mouth, which the man swallowed greedily. Justin’s fingers tightened even further in the dark hair and he gripped the back of the sofa, trying to keep himself from falling forward.

Sucking one last time along the length of Justin’s softening dick, then letting it slide gently from his mouth, Brian raised up and pressed his mouth against the blond’s. Wanting to give him a taste of himself, he slid his tongue into the parted lips.

“Mmmm,” Justin moaned as he sucked at the appendage greedily, loving the sweet-salty taste that he knew was his. With his fingers still wrapped in Brian’s hair, he pulled the man closer, deepening the kiss. He enjoyed it even more when he heard Brian’s low moan then felt as it vibrated inside his mouth. Not able to control himself any longer, Justin reached down and ran his hand over Brian’s hard cock, still trapped inside his jeans.

“Ahhhhhh,” Brian groaned into the kiss.

Justin’s fingers quickly undid the fly and reached inside the jeans, pulling out the hot, hard, leaking erection. Again, Brian moaned and the sound sent a chill down Justin’s spine. It was an amazing sound.

Pulling back in need of air, both men panted heavily as their eyes locked in a passionate gaze.

“Ohhh, Justin…I…I…oh, God,” Brian moaned as the blond’s fingers wrapped tightly around his cock and pumped up and down, sliding easily along the length as the leaking precum lubed the way. The brunet’s hips bucked wildly, trying to fuck Justin’s hand as the man’s soft lips and wet tongue nipped and sucked along his neck.

“Feel good?” the blond whispered into the taller man’s ear then bit down on his lobe, nibbling on the supple flesh.

“Yes…fuck…oh, yes,” the older man growled as Justin’s hand tightened further around his shaft and sped up. He loved the feel of the nimble fingers flying along his meat and the warm breath washing over his skin. He figured he might have a mark or two on his neck the way the blond was sucking hungrily on it, but he didn’t care. He felt so good. A spasm gripped his balls and he knew he was almost there. He pulled up his t-shirt, not wanting it to get wet with his cum then he swooped down, taking Justin’s lips in a crushing kiss as his body began to convulse as his orgasm tore through his body with incredible force. His cum shot out against his stomach in long, pearly streams until his balls were completely empty. He moaned loudly into Justin’s mouth, finally separating as the need for air became dire.

“Was that good?” Justin asked when Brian finally stopped gasping.

The older man pressed his forehead against the blond’s and smiled. “It was fucking amazing.” He took a deep breath, still trying to calm himself down. “And you? How did you like yours?” Brian asked, even though he knew the answer was quite obvious.

“Holy shit, I don’t think I’m ever going to recover from it,” the blond said with a silly grin. “How the hell did you ever learn to do that so well?”

“Well, you know what they say. Practice makes perfect,” the older man said bluntly.

Justin’s eyes flitted downwards. He wasn’t sure if he should ask Brian what he was thinking or not. It wasn’t really his place and…

“Justin,” Brian said, pulling his head back slightly so that he could look into the man’s eyes. He watched the bright blue orbs travel slowly upwards to meet his. He knew what he was thinking. His reaction to Brian’s last comment gave it away and the sadness in his eyes confirmed it. He placed his hand along the side of Justin’s face, running his thumb across the soft skin and smiled when the man leaned into the touch. “You need to know that I’m not a saint. Far from it. I’ve been with my fair share of men and I’m not ashamed of it. You have to understand the way I grew up. Never mattering, never important enough to be cared about, always alone. It made me want to be needed, desired, even if it was only for a few minutes. It was better than always being ignored.” Brian’s words were soft as he tried to make Justin understand. He watched the blue eyes fill with unshed tears as he listened to him bare his soul. He wiped away a stray tear that fell and placed a soft kiss against the younger man’s lips.

“I’m sorry,” Justin whispered against the brunet’s lips before the man drew back.

Brian’s eyebrows narrowed, and he asked quietly, “What are YOU sorry for?”

Sniffling, the blond replied, “I’m sorry that you felt you were alone. You’re not alone anymore.”

The older man’s heart swelled, now filled with the words that he had longed to hear for, well, as long as he could remember. He wasn’t alone anymore. He felt the warmth of the words spread through his body and wash over his soul. He closed his eyes and pressed his forehead against Justin’s again. He wasn’t alone anymore.

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“So, where to?” Brian asked when they climbed into the jeep. He knew that Justin was still a little upset because he hadn’t let things get any further. But he didn’t want the man to think that that was all he wanted from him. Sex. He knew he could get that anytime he wanted on Liberty Avenue. He hadn’t told Justin about that part of the area when he’d taken him there the day before. Sitting in the diner, you didn’t get a feel for a lot of what really went on there. But for now, the blond didn’t need to know about that.

What Brian wanted from Justin was much more than just sex. He wanted a relationship, a partner, a friend. And okay, he also wanted sex. Hey, he wasn’t stupid. He had the most beautiful guy he’d ever laid eyes on interested in him. Of course he wanted sex. He was just willing to relax and not make it just about that. He wanted it all and he was going to get it. He had no doubts.

“I don’t know. Wherever you want,” Justin replied quietly. He was still a little upset that Brian hadn’t given in and fucked him. But he understood. He knew that the man didn’t want to scare him off just as things were getting started. He thought about how sweet that actually was. How much Brian must really care about him and he decided to drop the immaturity and act like the man he wanted to be. He straightened up in his seat, turned towards the brunet and said, in a cheerful voice, “Why don’t we go to the point?”

With a raised eyebrow and a questioning glare, Brian asked, “YOU go to the point?”

“Yeah, I…I’ve been there…once,” Justin confessed meekly.

“Uh-huh. And why were you there, um, once?”

“I went with a bunch of people after a school dance that my mom forced me and Daph to go to,” he said sourly, remembering the lame ass time they’d had at the stupid dance. Then his face brightened up when he thought about the great time they’d had at the point. “It was really cool. The point I mean, not the dance. That part sucked.”

Laughing at the recount and the faces the blond had made, Brian said, “Okay, we can go. But I don’t know who’s gonna be up there now, so we have to watch out.”

“Kay,” Justin said excitedly. “But I’m kinda hungry. Do you think we can stop at McDonalds on the way?”

“Sure. But you’d better watch all that grease and junk that you put into your body. It’s nothing but fat.”

“It’s okay. I’m young and I have the metabolism of a racehorse. It can work anything off and I never gain an ounce. You should try eating a little more. You’re so thin.”

Brian looked at Justin and asked, “Do you think I’m too thin?”

Noticing the hurt look in the brunet’s eyes, Justin quickly responded, “No, I think you’re perfect.” He was happy when he saw the hazel eyes lose their sadness and a sweet smile spread across Brian’s lips.

“McDonalds, here we come,” the older man said as he started the jeep, backed out of Justin’s driveway and headed in the direction of the grease trap. Silently he was hoping that when they got there, the place would be closed. He looked over at the happy face of his companion and wondered what he’d gotten himself into. The guy was going to kill him. Either with his horrible choice in food or his seemingly insatiable desire for sex. Either way, he was a goner – and he couldn’t have been more thrilled about it.

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Part 12

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“Are you gonna finish those?” Justin asked, eyeing Brian’s half-eaten order of fries.

“Nope, help yourself.” Brian watched the blond attack the offered food and shook his head in amazement. He couldn’t believe what Justin had consumed and was at a loss for where the hell he put it all. “Are you sure you don’t have a tapeworm or something?” he asked with a laugh.

Finishing off the last of the fries and patting his finally full stomach, Justin smiled and said, “Nope, just a healthy appetite. I am a growing boy you know.”

“Oh, I’ve seen you grow and I wouldn’t exactly call you a boy,” the dark-haired man said with a wicked grin.

Justin just blushed.

“Okay, we’re here.”

“Ohhh, I wonder if anyone I know is up here?” Justin asked excitedly.

“Never know who’s here. All the guys come up here to hang out and do, well, whatever it is that straight people do,” Brian said with a cringe.

“You’re so bad,” the blond laughed.

Putting the jeep into park, Brian shifted in his seat, moving closer to Justin. He leaned across the stick shift, his face just inches from the younger man and seductively whispered, “You don’t know the half of it.” His eyes shifted from the slightly-widened pools of blue, down to the man’s perfect mouth. He seemed to be entranced by the full, berry-ripened lips and gasped softly as the tip of Justin’s tongue darted out and licked across the supple flesh. Taunting him. Teasing him. Daring him to take a taste.

“You have the most amazing mouth,” the older man rasped, completely in awe of the feelings coursing through him. He couldn’t believe the hold the blond had on him already.

“Hmmmm,” Justin said in a soft, little moan, licking across his lips again, this time letting his tongue linger a little longer in Brian’s view.

“Fuck,” Brian moaned, the boy already knew how to get to him. He felt his cock jump inside his jeans and harden fully.

A knowing smile passed across Justin’s mouth, loving the fact that Brian was so worked up already. It was fun teasing the man, but he had also done a number on himself and shifted slightly in his seat, trying to lessen the pressure of his jeans on his throbbing erection.

The movement didn’t go unnoticed by the brunet and he smiled. “Seems we’re both in the same situation,” Brian said, eyeing the matching bulges in their jeans.

“Looks that way,” Justin agreed, happy for his affect on Brian.

Moving forward and pressing his forehead to Justin’s, Brian laughed softly and said, “I have a feeling this is going to be a recurring problem when I’m around you. I just can’t seem to help myself. You get me so excited.” His voice continued to deepen as his words continued to flow.

“I feel the same way,” the blond whispered.

Just as Brian was about to capture Justin’s lips with his, he heard voices coming closer to the jeep and instantly pulled away, turning to look out his side window. “Fuck,” he cursed.

“What’s wrong,” the younger man asked, concerned about the sudden change in Brian.

Turning back to face the blond, Brian said, “It seems that we have company.”

And with that, Brian’s door was flung open and they were instantly faced with a rowdy bunch of guys.

“Hey, Bri, how’s it goin?” one of the guys asked loudly.

“Great, Jim. Hey guys, what’s up?” Brian returned.

“Nothing, man. Just hangin out, you know…hey, who you got in there?” another one of the guys asked, looking over at Justin.

Turning his gaze back to Justin, his eyes silently pleading with the man to just go along, then looking back at his friends, Brian said casually, “Oh, that’s Justin. He’s cool. He’s just a friend.”

“Oh, cool. Well, we’re just going up to the break, wanna come?”

“Ahh, well,” turning back to Justin, wanting to see what he wanted to do and catching the man looking like a deer caught in headlights, he answered his friends, “No, nah, we’re gonna head back. Maybe next time.”

“Okay, well, I know Jane’s gonna be here tomorrow night and you know how she has it bad for you, man,” Jim said with a wide grin.

“Yeah, right, well, have fun guys,” Brian told his friends and watched as they headed away from the jeep, towards the break. He closed his door and faced forward, letting out a long sigh of relief.

“What the fuck was THAT all about?” the blond asked, not too happily.

Jumping slightly at hearing Justin’s voice, having forgotten for a second that there was someone else in the car with him, Brian turned towards the silently fuming man. “What?” he asked, knowing full well what Justin was talking about.

“Brian, don’t play dumb with me. ‘He’s just a friend’. That’s great. Well, it’s not like I expected you to out yourself to the crowd, but you sure were quick to discount me,” the younger man said sadly.

Looking out the side window quickly, making sure that they were alone again, Brian turned back towards Justin, placed his hand on the sides of his beautiful face and said, “I didn’t mean to make you feel bad. It’s just…well…you don’t know what kind of shit that we could have gotten ourselves into if the guys had come up even a minute sooner and seen us together, like we were. It could have gotten messy.”

Sighing, knowing that Brian was right, Justin leaned into the man’s caress and nodded his head in understanding.

“Trust me, I don’t like the fact any more than you do that we have to hide who we are when straight couples can just do whatever the fuck they want, wherever the fuck they want to do it.” Brian’s voice was soft and comforting.

Smiling brightly as the words sunk in, Justin’s blue eyes locked with Brian’s hazel’s and he shyly asked, “Does this mean that we’re a couple?”

Unable to stop the contagious smile that spread across his face, Brian answered, “Well, I was kinda hoping that we could be. What do you think?” he asked meekly, afraid that it was too soon and that the blond wouldn’t want the same thing as he did.

His smile brightening impossibly further was answer enough for the older man and he couldn’t help himself as he leaned forward, capturing Justin’s tantalizing mouth in a breathtaking kiss.

When they finally parted, both of them panting, glassy-eyed and once again painfully hard, Brian said, “I think we’d better get going. I don’t want to have to worry about anyone disturbing us again.”

Fastening his seat belt and licking his lips to gain every drop of taste of the older man off of his still slick lips, Justin smiled and nodded. He was happy, knowing that Brian wanted him, but wouldn’t risk getting him into any trouble. He felt safe, knowing that he could count on Brian to protect him.

Justin watched the scenery of the point fade away into the distance as it flew past his window. His second time at the place hadn’t gone exactly as he’d expected it to, but as he looked over at the man beside him, and thought about the bunch of guys that had almost caught them in an intimate situation, he knew it could have definitely gone worse. Much worse. He rested his hand at the top of Brian’s thigh and smiled at the brunet when he turned to look at him, sighing softly as the man placed his larger hand over top of his and gave a squeeze.

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“Are you sure you don’t want to come in?” Justin asked again, pouting for affect.

“No,” Brian said with a chuckle at the obvious show the blond was putting on for him. Trying to get him to give in.

“But, Brian,” the younger man whispered, moving closer to his target, “I want you to come in.” His blue eyes flashed in the dimly lit car as the outside streetlamp cast a soft glow throughout the jeep.

“Justin,” the brunet warned. Just as earlier in the evening, he felt his resolve slipping away. He wondered if this was how their relationship was going to be. Justin batting his pretty blue eyes at him and him giving into whatever the man desired. He looked at the incredible man in front of him, and smiled, realizing that it wouldn’t be too bad after all. Not when the reward was Justin.

“Okay, I’ll come in. But only for a little while. It’s already nine, and you said your parents were going to be home around eleven. I don’t want to get you in any trouble.”

“Right, wouldn’t want that,” the blond said mischievously.

“Justin, you have to be good,” Brian warned.

“Oh, don’t worry, I’ll be good. I promise,” Justin grinned wickedly, licking his lips.

“Arrrggghhhhh. I’ve created a monster,” the older man groaned, but secretly loving the fact that Justin desired him just as much as he desired Justin.

The younger man just laughed and got out of the jeep, meeting Brian by the hood of the car and pulling him towards the front door of his house.

Small Town

Part 13

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“So, what do you want to do?”

“Why don’t we just watch some TV?” Brian said, pretending to not notice the suggestive wiggle of Justin’s eyebrows.

“Oh, okay,” the younger man said defeatedly.

They went into the family room and Brian sat down on the sofa, watching the blond move across to a stack of DVD’s. He couldn’t help lick his lips at the sight of the younger man’s perfect ass as he bent over, searching through the movies.

“How about Groundhog Day?” Justin asked, standing back up and turning to face Brian.

“Huh, um, sure,” the brunet said, slightly startled out of his fantasy of what he would love to be doing to the blond’s ass.

Noticing the slight flush of Brian’s cheeks, the way he jumped and what his eyes were focused on when he did, Justin smiled and put his plan into action. He bent down again, exaggeratingly jutting his ass farther out than necessary and taking his sweet time putting on the DVD. When he stood up, he didn’t turn around right away. He started the movie and fast-forwarded to the beginning, all the while giving Brian an unobstructed view of his ass, which he swayed slightly from side to side. Teasingly. Tantalizingly. Torturously.

Not able to contain the low moan that escaped his throat from the excruciatingly long view of Justin’s amazing backside, Brian shifted on the sofa, trying to lessen the pressure of his jeans that continued to tighten as his cock continued to harden. Brian sighed with relief as the blond FINALLY turned around and joined him on the sofa. He was sad to have lost the captivating view, but was thankful that his aching cock was being given reprise for at least a few minutes.

Think again.

Justin sat down so close to the brunet that he was practically in his lap. His body rubbed up against Brian’s teasingly. His eyes traveled longingly down to the large bulge in the older man’s jeans and licked his lips with the desire to have a taste. His eyes quickly flew up to meet Brian’s as the brunet turned his attention towards him. “Hey,” Justin said with a smile.

“Hey,” Brian returned. He was so fucking excited and the warmth of the blond’s body next to his had him buzzing. He drew in a sharp breath, unable to hide his desire as Justin raised his fingers and teasingly ran them along his full, soft lips. The tip of his pink tongue slipped through his parted lips and brushed against his fingertips. “Justin,” he moaned.

“Hmm?” the blond asked innocently, slipping one of his digits into his mouth and sucking it provocatively.

“Oh, fuck…Justin,” Brian panted. He was so turned on and the little show he was getting from the blond was driving him wild. He watched the finger slip into the man’s mouth, then saw it glisten with saliva as it was pulled back out again. He imagined it was his cock that was moving in and out between the thick lips and moaned again.

“Brian,” the blond whispered.

“Ahhhhhh…God.”

“Can I…” Justin started, pulling his finger from his mouth and moving his hand down to the front of the older man’s jeans, rubbing over his rock-hard erection. “…taste?” he asked in a sultry voice.

“Ohhhhhh,” the brunet panted as precum bubbled from his slit inside his painfully tight jeans. “Yes…please…suck me.”

In a flash, Justin had Brian’s jeans undone and his erection freed. He moved onto his knees in front of the man, positioning himself between Brian’s spread legs. Smiling up at Brian, he moved forward and licked at the tip of the leaking cock, running the point of his tongue along the slit, lapping at the fluid.

“Ahh…Justin,” Brian gasped. His eyes fluttered closed, but he quickly opened them again, not wanting to miss a second of the show. His hand moved down and his fingers threaded through the soft, blond hair at the back of Justin’s head.

Still so new to the art of giving head, Justin just did what he thought would feel the best. He sucked the head into his mouth and increased the pressure as his lips wrapped tightly around it. He heard Brian’s moans grow louder and knew the man was enjoying himself. Wanting to give the man even more pleasure, he slid his mouth down along the shaft, his tongue flattened against the rigid member as he went. He tried to relax the muscles of his throat so that he could go as far as possible and was quite pleased with himself when he managed to get right down to the man’s pubes.

As a reflex, Justin swallowed and was unprepared for the loud moan that flew from Brian’s lips in reaction. He thought he must have done something good, so he swallowed again. Once more, the sound rumbled from the brunet’s chest and Justin knew he was onto something. Over and over he repeated the motion while sucking forcefully along the shaft until Brian was one constantly moaning, writhing mess.

“Justin…Oh, God…I…I’m gonna cum,” Brian warned. He didn’t know if Justin was ready to have him cum in his mouth and wanted him to have time to release him. He felt his body stiffen and knew he couldn’t hold off another second. He pulled back on the blond hair slightly, trying to get the younger man to understand that he was there, but Justin didn’t budge. “Ohhhhh….Juussssstttiiiiinnnnn,” Brian growled and shot his load into the man’s mouth. His body spasmed and jerked as spurt after spurt flew from his slit, sliding down Justin’s still constricting throat, until he was completely empty.

Slowly, Justin released Brian’s softening dick from his mouth, sucking gently to make sure he got every drop of the sweet cum. He sat back on his haunches and watched the brunet try to regain his composure. He smiled broadly when the glazed over hazel eyes opened to meet his. “Was that good?” he asked innocently.

Brian’s hand cupped the side of Justin’s face lovingly, and the dazed man returned the smile. “That was fucking fantastic. I think you get a gold star for that one.”

”Oh, a gold star already? What are you gonna give me when I get REALLY good at it?” the blond asked with a wicked grin.

“I’m sure we’ll think of SOMETHING,” Brian answered, not missing the implication that there would be many more opportunities for Justin to repeat his performance.

Both of them laughed and Brian got re-dressed then they settled in to watch the remainder of the movie, neither one bothering to look at the clock on the mantel that was approaching eleven o’clock.

So engrossed in the hysterical movie, neither man heard the front door open as Justin’s parents got home.

“Justin?” Jennifer called, hearing the sounds of the television coming from the family room.

“Oh, shit,” Justin jumped, hearing his mother’s voice. He quickly moved apart from Brian and said to the man, “Just follow my lead. Okay?”

“Yeah, okay,” the brunet said, a little stunned by the nervous behavior.

“Hi, Mom,” Justin said as Jennifer entered the room. The woman’s eyes immediately landed on Brian and then shifted back to her son. Her obvious confusion at finding the other man there was evident. Motioning with his hand, Justin said, “Mom, this is my friend, Brian.”

“Hi, Mrs. Taylor. It’s a pleasure to meet you,” Brian said politely.

A little taken back by the fact that the man she had seen her son so, um, cozy with in the front seat of his car the previous night was now in her home, Jennifer stood silent for a moment.

“Mom?”

Shaking her head, trying to clear the millions of questions running through her mind, Jennifer said, “It’s very nice to meet you too, Brian.” She looked back at Justin, not really sure what to make of the whole situation and was about to ask her son why the man was there, when Craig walked it.

“Hey, Justin, how was your evening?” he asked, not noticing the man sitting next to him as Jennifer blocked his view. But as he got closer, he saw Brian and was a little startled by the presence of the other person in the room. “Oh, sorry, I didn’t see you there. Hi, I’m Craig Taylor, Justin’s Dad.”

“Hello, Mr. Taylor, I’m Brian. It’s nice to meet you.”

“Justin, I thought you and Daphne were going to just hang around tonight?” Craig asked casually and Jennifer was glad that it wasn’t her that had to ask.

“Well, we were, but Brian called and I told him he could come over to hang out. Daphne was here for a while too, but then she left.” He didn’t see the need to tell the WHOLE truth. He had left out a few small details, but hey, he wasn’t exactly lying. He just wasn’t disclosing all the facts. No big deal.

“Oh, okay, well, I’m beat. Goodnight and it was nice to meet you, Brian,” Craig said, exciting the room.

That just left Jennifer who was staring down at the two young men. Justin could tell that she wanted to say something, but instead she just smiled and said goodnight, then left the room, heading upstairs to join her husband.

Justin let out the breath he’d been holding since his parents walked into the room, and he fell backwards on the sofa so that he was lying along the cushions.

“That was uncomfortable to say the least,” Brian said, referring to Justin’s mother’s strange staring technique.

“You can say that again,” the blond replied. His heart was beating so fast and so loudly that he thought it might burst from his chest at any second.

Lying down on top of the smaller man and getting his face right in Justin’s, Brian said, “Good thing they didn’t come home much earlier or they would have been treated to something really special.” He wiggled his eyebrows and laughed softly at the shocked expression on the younger man’s face at the thought of his parents seeing him sucking on Brian’s cock.

“Oh, God…I would have died,” Justin whimpered.

“Hmph, I’m not really into necrophilia, but hey, you never know?”

“Ewwww,” the blond groaned and couldn’t help but laugh as Brian wiggled his eyebrows at him suggestively again. “You’re twisted,” he said through his laugher.

“Yep, lucky you.”

“Yep, lucky me,” Justin breathed, his laughter fading away as the look in the hazel eyes locked with his told him just how lucky he truly was.

Upstairs, Jennifer couldn’t keep the thoughts from her head as she heard the soft laughter, then silence from the two men downstairs. Her imagination ran wild and she knew that there was no way she would be getting to sleep any time soon. Just then, Craig let out a loud snore and she wondered how the man could sleep so soundly when their whole life was changing in the blink of a hazel eye.

Small Town

Part 14

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“I guess I’d better get going,” Brian said quietly, his forehead pressed against Justin’s as he hovered above him on the sofa.

“Do you have to?”

Pulling back slightly so he could see the blond’s entire face, his eyes traveled down to the full lips, then back up to the piercing blue eyes, he sighed and regretfully answered, “Yeah, I think I’d better before you get into trouble.” He knew he wanted to devour the man’s mouth, ravish his body and stay inside him forever, but Justin’s sleeping parents upstairs were causing a little damper in that plan. He knew he should go. He didn’t want to get on the wrong side of the Taylor’s. Especially not so early in their relationship. He couldn’t help the smile that spread across his face at the thought that he was in a relationship, with Justin. Something he had fantasized about for so long, and now it was real.

“What’s the smile for?” Justin asked.

“For you.”

Justin’s beaming smile lit up the room and he couldn’t help himself as he reached up and captured Brian’s lips in a open mouthed, tongue probing, mind blowing kiss.

When they finally broke apart, panting and aroused, Brian looked at the glassy-eyed man beneath him and growled, “You’re gonna kill me.”

Laughing softly, Justin just smiled and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

Shaking his head, trying to get a grip on his resolve that was quickly slipping away again, Brian said, “No…no.” But when he saw the pout on the blond’s still swollen lips, he felt himself swaying in his decision, until once again his rational side took hold, telling him that they couldn’t do it and to leave before he just gave in and attacked the man. He stood up and held his hand out to Justin, who took it and pulled himself up beside Brian.

“I really don’t want you to go yet,” the blond whispered.

Running his fingers through the soft, blond hair that hung over the nape of Justin’s neck, Brian smiled softly and said, “Neither do I, but I have to. Don’t worry, I’ll see you really soon. In fact, are you busy tomorrow night?”

“Wow, three days in a row? I’m gonna start to think that you really like me or something,” the younger man said with a sly smile as they walked towards the front door.

“I do,” the brunet said sweetly.

Justin instantly felt his insides turn to mush and his knees weaken from the unbelievable sincerity in Brian’s words and the intensity in the hazel eyes that were locked on his. Already he could tell that whatever he needed to know could always be seen in Brian’s expressive eyes. All he had to do was look for it, and it was there. “I do too.”

Placing a gentle kiss against Justin’s lips, a promise of more to come, Brian opened the front door and let himself out. Turning around as he made his way down the porch steps, he smiled and waved at the blond who was clutching the front door, watching him. “Later,” he called out softly.

“Later,” Justin said with a sigh…he couldn’t wait.

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The next morning, Brian woke up late, rushed through his shower and hurried to the store. When he’d gotten home the night before from Justin’s house, he was so worked up, thinking about everything that had already happen between them and how great it was going that he couldn’t seem to fall asleep. Finally, he did, but it was late and when his alarm went off, he intended to hit the snooze button, but must have been so out of it that he turned it off instead and slept in.

“Sorry,” Brian called out as he made his way into the backroom. He just hoped that his father wasn’t in a bad mood. Not like he was ever in a good mood, that was definitely a rare occurrence, but he just hoped for the best so that the day would at least be tolerable.

“Hey, Sonny Boy, glad to see you finally made it. Wouldn’t want your job to interfere with your sleep, now would we?” Jack said sarcastically as he saw his son approach.

“My alarm didn’t go off,” the younger man said simply, not wanting to get into a fight.

“Uh-huh, well, try to not let it happen again,” Jack returned, then walked off towards his office.

“Hmph, that was easy,” Brian said softly, amazed at his father’s lack of anger. ‘Maybe it won’t be such a bad day after all,’ he thought, making his way out to the front of the store and beginning his morning ritual of restocking the shelves.

A few hours later, while Brian was trying to take stock of their inventory, seeing what they needed to order from their suppliers, he was shaken from his thoughts by his father’s loud voice.

“Well, look what we’ve got here,” Jack said amusedly.

“What?” Brian looked at his father, and shook his head, not having a clue what the man was talking about.

“Seems like someone got some action last night,” the older man said, pointing at Brian’s neck.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Sonny Boy, I know hickies when I see them. I’m not dead you know, and I get my fair share of action, not that the warden has anything to do with it,” Jack bragged.

“Ewww, not a picture I really want to think about,” Brian said with a grimace, then realized what his father had said and grabbed the side of his neck. ‘Oh shit!’ he thought. ‘Justin.’

“So, who was she? Did you nail her?” Jack asked with pride in his voice.

“Oh, God, yeah, that’s just what I’m going to talk to you about,” Brian said sarcastically. He had no interest in discussing his sex life with his father, especially when the man would have a coronary if he found out that it wasn’t a SHE but a HE that gave him the marks.

“Come on,” Jack nudged his son with his elbow. “Give an old man a thrill.”

Laughing at the idea that his father usually had nothing to say to him, unless it was berating and belittling, and now he wanted to dish about his sex life…yeah, maybe in another lifetime, but certainly NOT in this one. He looked at his father, but said nothing, silently letting the man know that he was done.

“Awe, you’re no fun. Okay, okay, keep all the details to yourself, but remember to use something. The last thing you want is to get yourself into a situation where you have no choice,” the man said as he turned to walk away. “Never should have been a family man…never had a fucking choice…fucking kids…” he continued to mumble as he headed towards the back.

Sighing heavily, Brian rushed over to the mirror on the wall by the cash register and looked at his neck. “Holy shit,” he said under his breath at the sight of the purplish marks littering his skin. Then he couldn’t help but laugh as he thought about Justin’s pale skin and the vivid marks that would be on him. They would look like beacons against his porcelain skin. He just hoped he noticed them BEFORE he left the house.

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Justin reached over and slammed the button on the clock radio to get it to finally stop buzzing. He hated that fucking sound. He hated getting up for school. He pretty much hated mornings. But what he didn’t hate was knowing that the sooner he got out of bed, the sooner he got to school and the sooner that the day would be over, giving way to the evening so that he could see Brian again. This brought an instant smile to his face and he leapt out of bed.

He made his way to the bathroom and was washing his hands after relieving his aching bladder, when he caught sight of himself in the mirror. The bright smile instantly left his face, to be replaced by a gasp of horror.

“Oh, my God.”

He grabbed at the skin of his neck, rubbing it to see if it was possibly just some dirt that would wipe off, when in reality he knew what they were the second he saw them.

“I am so fucked,” he groaned, thinking about having to face everyone at school with all the hickies on his neck.

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“Justin, why are you wearing a turtleneck when it’s 80 degrees outside?” Daphne asked her friend as he headed up the stairs towards her.

“I, uh, I think I’m getting a cold. I had the chills this morning, so I wore this,” Justin said, trying to make it sound as believable as possible. He’d gotten the same drilling from his mother at breakfast. He hadn’t told her the same story though, because he didn’t want her telling him that he couldn’t go out that evening. He told her that he was presenting a project in class and had to look the part of a French painter, hence, the black turtleneck. He had been surprised at how easily she’d bought his excuse, and was hoping that Daphne would be just as gullible.

“Well, you look fine to me. Maybe it’s just all the excitement from last night,” Daphne said with a knowing smile.

“Maybe,” Justin returned, his smile growing brighter at the thought of last night and Brian.

“Well, I just think that…hey, what’s that?” Daphne stopped what she was going to say when she noticed something peeking out from under the collar of Justin’s top.

“What?” the blond asked, trying his best to act innocent, hoping that maybe his friend would just let it go. But, he knew her better than that.

“That,” Daphne said, pointing to his neck and the one large purple mark that he just couldn’t seem to hide.

“Fuck, okay, it’s a hickey.” Justin looked around to make sure that no one could hear them, then moved closer to his friend and looked her straight in the eye. “My neck is covered in them, and I didn’t know what to do, so that’s the real reason I’m wearing this fucking hot turtleneck when it’s stifling outside.” The blond felt better, having gotten it out in the open. He hated lying to Daphne.

“Oh, my God,” the girl said, pulling the neck of the top down slightly and getting a better look at the marred skin. “Wow, you guys must have had a REALLY good time.”

Smiling, Justin said, “Yeah, the best.”

“Well then, I guess that you’ll just have to wear this until they go away, which hopefully won’t take too long,” the girl said with a worried look on her face. “Remember, you have swimming in gym class today.”

“Oh, fuck,” Justin ground out, closing his eyes as he tried to calm himself. That’s all he needed. For Chris Hobbs and the other jocks to see the marks. They heard the bell sound and Justin opened his eyes to find Daphne watching him with concern. “I guess it’s going to be a LONG day,” the man said resignedly, making his way into the school with his best friends supportive arm around him.

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The store had been so busy all day and Brian couldn’t be happier that quitting time was just around the corner. He hadn’t even had a spare moment to call Justin and let him know when he’d be picking him up. He hoped the man wouldn’t be upset with him. He had been worried all day that Justin would have problems because of the marks on his neck that matched Brian’s. Just as the brunet was reaching for his cell phone, finally alone and able to call, the front door bell rang, signaling another customer and Brian sighed. “I’m fucking never gonna be able to call him.”

He turned to see who it was and was pleasantly surprised to find the blond man that had been racing through his mind all day in front of him.

“Hey,” Justin said with a beautiful smile.

“Hey,” Brian returned, unable to stop the silly smile that spread across his face from the thrill at seeing the blond. “Why…what are you doing here?”

“I hadn’t heard from you all day, so I decided to come and make sure you were okay. Daphne’s mom dropped me off after school. I hope that’s okay?”

“Yeah, of course, I’m so happy you’re here,” the brunet said sincerely, having noticed Justin’s uncertainty and wanting to reassure him. “Sorry about not calling. It’s been a bitch of a day. I just couldn’t get away.”

“That’s okay. You’re here now,” the younger man said softly, almost intimately.

“Yeah, I am and so are you.” Brian couldn’t help the giddiness he felt welling up inside of him. Just as he was about to say something else, he heard his father coming up behind him.

“Hey, Brian, I have something to tell you before you head out. Oh, I didn’t realize you were busy,” Jack said, noticing another person with Brian, then smiling slightly when he saw who it was. “Oh, Justin, nice to see you again.”

“Yeah, you too Mr. Kinney,” Justin replied, trying his best to keep the smile on his face.

“So you boys gonna do something again tonight?”

Looking at his father like he’d grown a second head, Brian was amazed at the way his father was acting like the model parent. Something was definitely up, and he wondered what. “Uh, yeah, actually, we’re heading out now.”

“Great, well, have good time.” Then Jack turned towards his son and said, “I’ll talk to you in the morning and try not to be late again.” Then the older man turned and walked away.

“I wonder what he wants to talk to you about?” the blond asked.

Turning his attention back to Justin, having just been wondering the same thing, Brian shrugged and pushed the thought to the back of his mind. There was no way he was willing to let his father infringe on one single moment of his time with Justin. “Come on, let’s go,” the brunet said, grabbing hold of Justin’s arm and pulling him out the front door.

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“Justin.”

“Uh, yeah?” Justin turned, slightly dazed.

“Where were you? That was the third time I called your name,” Brian said with concern.

“Sorry, I was just thinking about something that happened at school today.”

“Everything alright?”

“Yeah…yeah, fine.”

“You don’t sound very convincing, Justin. Is there a problem at school?”

“No, nothing out of the ordinary. Just the same old stupid jocks with the same old stupid attitudes,” the blond answered. He didn’t feel like getting into it with Brian. He’d had a difficult day, especially in gym and didn’t feel like reliving it.

“Well, if there’s anything you want to talk about or need help with, I’m here,” the brunet said, resting his hand on top of Justin’s.

Justin looked down at their hands and was amazed at how completely his smaller one fit inside of Brian’s larger one. He smiled and looked back up at Brian, his face so open and honest. Willing to do whatever he needed to do to help. It made Justin tingle all over, knowing that he had that kind of support from the man. “Thanks,” was all he said, the perfect smile on his face saying the rest.

Brian gave Justin’s hand a squeeze, reading everything he needed to know in the man’s beautiful smile.

“By the way, nice turtleneck,” Brian said with a laugh.

“Oh, sure, torment me. Like I didn’t have a hell of a day already, trying to explain to EVERYONE who asked why the hell I was wearing a turtleneck in this incredible heat,” Justin said, flailing his arms about for affect.

“Well, at least you realized BEFORE you left the house. I didn’t notice until dear old dad was kind enough to point the hickies out to me. Let me tell you, that was a treat,” Brian scoffed.

Laughing at both of their little performances, Justin looked at Brian and the man couldn’t help but join in. They both sure knew how to bring on the drama queen moments when they wanted to.

Happy for the lightness that had returned, Justin asked, “So, where are we going?”

“Well, I thought that maybe you’d like to see some more of Liberty Avenue?” Brian turned towards Justin, wanting to see the man’s reaction.

“Sure, I’d love that,” the blond said excitedly. He’d loved the diner and thought that Debbie was a hoot, and he couldn’t wait to see more of what the area had to offer.

“Great, so that’s where we’ll go. Do you want to call your parents and let them know that you won’t be home for supper?”

“No, I already told my mom that I was going to the library after school with Daphne and wouldn’t be home until late.”

“Why did you have to lie?” Brian asked, not sure why he felt a slight pang of sadness at the thought that Justin didn’t tell his parents that he was going to be with him.

Justin thought he heard something in Brian’s voice and turned to face him. He saw a veil of sadness pass over the man’s face and knew what he was thinking. “Brian,” the younger man said softly, “I don’t want my mom asking a million questions, not yet, so I lied. I’m sorry if you think that I’m ashamed of you. I’m not. I just…I don’t think my mother would understand and I know that she already suspects something.”

Brian turned sharply at the younger man’s last words. “She does?”

“Yeah, she was acting all weird when I came in from being with you that first night. I know she wanted to ask me more, but I left before she had a chance. And then last night, I saw the way she was looking at you.” Justin shook his head and closed his eyes. He was scared of what his mother’s reaction would be when she found out the truth. And his father – shit – he didn’t even want to think about that one. Feeling Brian’s hand tighten around his, Justin opened his eyes and looked back at the man.

“It’ll be okay. Whatever happens, we’ll face it together. Alright?” Brian said reassuringly.

“Yeah, okay,” Justin whispered and smiled, thrilled that he would have Brian by his side. No matter what.

Small Town

Part 15

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The drive to Liberty went by quickly as the boys talked, joked and laughed the whole way there. They were both incredibly comfortable with each other, something that neither one was too familiar with. They’d always felt like they were on the outside of things before, although not really sure why until they realized they were gay.

But Justin had Daphne, who he’d confided in right away, needing the constant support of his best friend and wasn’t let down when she provided it, unconditionally. And Brian found Liberty Avenue. It became his playground, his haven when things got too heavy at home or he just needed to feel like he fit in, like he belonged to something, and now Justin had that too.

Plus now, they had each other. That was the best part of it all.

Brian parked the jeep behind the diner and they got out and walked hand in hand towards the front door. As soon as they opened the door and stepped inside they were bombarded by a shrilling voice.

“Brian, Angel, get your asses over here.”

“Hey, Deb,” Brian said.

“Hi, Debbie,” Justin said with a huge smile. He’d really been looking forward to seeing the flamboyant woman again. She made one hell of a first impression.

They sat down across from each other in the same booth they’d been in the last time they were there. What Justin didn’t know was that it was ‘Brian’s’ booth. His and his friends. It had been since he’d started coming to the place a few years ago.

Debbie stopped beside the booth and said, “You’ll never guess who’s…”

“Brrrrriiiiiaaaannnnn,” came the loud whine from the back of the restaurant, cutting Deb off and causing pretty much everyone in the diner to cringe.

“Here,” the woman finished, with a roll of her eyes. She wondered if her nephew would ever get a fucking clue and grow the hell up. She looked back at him, standing by the entrance to the kitchen holding an overflowing drink in one hand and a plate that was slowly dripping gravy onto the floor in the other, and shook her head, answering her own question with a big, fat NO.

“Let me guess, Michael,” Brian said sarcastically, silently dreading the fact that he had decided to bring Justin there for dinner. It’s not that he was ashamed of the blond in any way, far from it. He just didn’t want to deal with the shit that he knew would be coming from Mikey. He took a deep breath and released it, preparing himself mentally for the battle ahead.

“Brian, hey, how are you? I haven’t seen you in like, forever.” Michael said, yipping like a little dog as he approached the booth and sat the drink and plate down in front of him.

“I saw you in March, Mikey. That’s not that long ago. And I can see that you’ve survived the separation just fine,” Brian said with a smirk.

Not even paying attention to the fact that Justin was sitting there, Michael slid into the booth, brushing up against the blond and continued to talk. “Yeah, well, it seemed like forever to me. So, what have you been up to? How’s work? Anything new happening around here?”

“Michael, slow down, you’re gonna give yourself a heart attack if you don’t calm down.” Brian looked at Justin, who was just watching the interaction between him and his friend wordlessly. He looked like he was following a tennis match the way his head kept moving back and forth between them. He couldn’t believe that Michael hadn’t even noticed the man that he was sitting right beside. The guy was amazing, and not in a positive, life affirming way.

As if he’d suddenly been burned, Michael jumped in his seat, finally noticing that someone was sitting next to him. “Who the hell are you?”

“Gee, Mikey, have any manners?” Brian asked, annoyed with the way he was speaking to Justin.

“Brian, who is THIS?” the obnoxious man asked, emphasizing his last word as if he were speaking about something distasteful.

“Michael, meet Justin. Justin, this is Michael.” Then he looked back at his friend and said with a smirk, “Happy?”

Letting his eyes roam over the blond beside him, and not noticing his obvious shudder from being dissected so disapprovingly, Michael replied, while locking his gaze onto the bright blue eyes of the man next to him, “No.”

Justin felt Michael’s ice cold stare shoot right through him and his gut wrenched from the hatred he felt emanating from the whiny little man. He wondered how Brian knew him and how the fuck he tolerated him. He was making his stomach turn and he’d only met the guy seconds ago.

“Fuck off, Mikey. Don’t give me any shit. Justin is with me, he’s…well, he’s my boyfriend.”

Both of the men sitting across from Brian turned at the exact same moment to stare at him. Both of them wide-eyed and shocked. Justin because it was the first time that he’d heard Brian say those incredible words and Michael because it was also the first time he’d ever heard his friend say those words, and he wasn’t very happy that they weren’t about HIM.

“Brian,” Justin purred with a beaming smile and reached his hand across the table to instantly be taken by the older man who was sporting a dazzling smile of his own.

“Brian,” Michael whined harshly, instantly halting the wonderful feelings that were coursing through Brian with the sound of his irritating voice.

“What, Mikey?” Brian asked, his voice straining as he tried his best to keep his temper under control.

“What the fuck do you mean boyfriend? Since WHEN do you do boyfriends? You’re not. You don’t. You can’t,” the gimpy little man droned out.

Closing his eyes and silently counting to three, then opening them and looking directly into his friends dark, brown eyes so that the man would make no mistake about the seriousness of his words, Brian said calmly, “I am, I did and yes, I can.” He let his gaze linger a little longer, his intense hazel eyes burning into his friends, making him understand.

“But, but, I…we…you were supposed…”

“Michael,” Brian said exasperated, “You know it was never going to happen. I’ve told you that too many times to count.”

“I just thought that maybe, in time, you’d realize that WE were meant to be together. Us, not you and HIM,” Michael said, turning back towards Justin and almost spitting his last word out at the innocent man.

“Well, you thought wrong.” Brian tightened his hold on Justin’s hand, rubbing his thumb soothingly across the soft, pale skin and repeated, “Justin’s with me and you’re just going to have to get used to that, Mikey.”

Deb had overhead the entire thing as she made her way around the diner, serving the customers with her usual flair, but always having one ear on the conversation between her nephew and Brian. She shook her head, feeling sorry for Michael. Even if the kid was a royal pain in the ass, he was still family, and she loved him and didn’t like seeing him hurt. She looked over at him, sitting beside the blond angel that had obviously captured Brian’s heart and could almost hear his breaking heart.

She knew that Michael loved Brian, but she also knew that Brian had made it perfectly clear to him many times that he was only interested in being friends. He’d never given Michael even a hint of the possibility that there would ever be more. But her nephew, dense as he was, chose to ignore the man and form his own little fantasies about the two of them someday being a couple. And now look where it had gotten him. Broken hearted and by the look on his face, still not paying attention to what Brian was telling him.

“Will the fucking kid ever learn?” she asked herself, moving over to their booth to take their orders. “Hey, Angel, how you doing sweetheart?”

“Um, great, Deb, thanks. And you?” the blond replied apprehensively. He heard Michael breathing heavily beside him and saw that his focus was still fixed on Brian. He wasn’t sure if he should remain quiet or not.

“I’m great, couldn’t be better,” she answered with a smile, then looked at her nephew, bowing her head slightly forward, trying to catch his eye, but not succeeding as the man didn’t seem to notice that anyone else was in the busy diner besides Brian. She decided to give it a try anyway. “Michael?” she said softly, but got no reply. “Michael,” she tried again, but still nothing. Her eyes shifted pleadingly to Brian’s and the man sighed heavily.

“Mikey,” Brian said flatly and the sad little man instantly came back to life.

“Yeah?” he said in his usually high-pitched manner.

“There, see, he’s fine,” he told Debbie, motioning with his hand towards her nephew.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Great. Just perfect,” Michael answered as if nothing had ever happened. The only clue that hinted at a problem was the fact that Michael hadn’t turned his head even once towards Justin. He acted as if he, Brian and Deb were the only ones in the conversation. “Well, I gotta get back to work. Hey, how about going to Babylon later, Brian? Me, Ted and Emmett are meeting outside at nine. Come with us.”

Knowing what his friend was doing and not very happy about it, Brian said, “I don’t think so.”

“Oh, come on, it’ll be fun. Please, Brian, we haven’t been there in ages,” the weasely little man whined as he stood beside the booth.

Looking towards Justin he raised his eyebrows in question of what he wanted to do and the younger man just shrugged his shoulders, not having a clue as to what Babylon was. Turning back to Michael, Brian replied, “Fine, Mikey, WE’LL meet you there at nine.”

“We?”

“Me and Justin,” Brian said, raising his hand from the table that was still holding the blonds.

“Oh,” Michael replied defeatedly.

“Bye, Mikey,” Brian said meekly, having surpassed his limit for the man’s pissy attitude.

“Yeah, bye, see you at nine, Brian…oh, and, uh, Jason?”

“Justin,” the blond corrected with a fake but sweet smile.

“Right, Justin,” Michael repeated, saying the man’s name like it was a foul word.

“Michael,” Brian warned, his eyes glaring dangerously.

The man said nothing, because there was nothing more he could say without setting Brian off, so he turned and headed back to the kitchen.

Brian turned towards Justin and said, “I’m sorry.”

“Hey, it’s not your fault that the guy is obviously crazy about you. Who wouldn’t be?”

“Would you be?” the older man said with a sly smile.

“I would definitely be,” Justin returned, his eyes sparkling brightly.

“Hmm-hmph.” Debbie cleared her throat.

“Oh, hey, Deb…I forgot you were there,” Brian said, blushing slightly at having an intimate moment overheard by the woman.

“Well don’t mind me. I just fucking work here,” she said with a genuine smile. “So, what can I get ‘ya, Angel?”

Still a little put off by the woman’s name for him, Justin blushed sweetly then ordered the same thing as he’d had the last time. It was the best hamburger he’d ever had and he hoped it would be just as good again.

“And you?” Debbie asked Brian, sounding a little annoyed.

“Usual, Deb, but hold the attitude.”

“I’m sorry, Brian. I know it’s not your fault that my nephew is sitting back there with a broken heart. The little shit just never listens.”

“Debbie, I’ve never said anything to make him think that we would get together,” Brian said defensively.

“I know, I know,” she replied, nodding her head emphatically. “It’s just that, well, I hate to see him hurting.” The woman gave a weak smile then left to put in their order.

“Brian, I don’t want to cause problems between you and your friends,” Justin stated.

“You aren’t, trust me. Michael has always had a thing for me, no matter how hard I’ve tried to discourage it. It’s not your fault. He just…he wishes that it was him instead of you that was doing this,” the brunet finished, holding up their linked hands.

Smiling broadly, the blond said, “Well, I’m glad it’s me.”

“Yeah, so am I,” Brian returned, and he really was.

Small Town

Part 16

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Brian and Justin finished their dinner and smiled thankfully when Deb brought over a couple of lemon bars for dessert.

“Mmm, these are so great,” Justin said enthusiastically.

“Yeah, well, it’s an old family recipe, and if you’re good, maybe one day I’ll let you have it,” the woman said sincerely.

“Really? That would be so amazing. Thanks, Deb.”

Debbie felt her heart swell from the genuine joy in the beautiful boy’s response. The kid seemed to get right to you. She didn’t think that Brian ever stood a chance. But then she saw the way that Justin looked at Brian and realized that neither one of them did, and she couldn’t be happier for them.

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“So, where to now?” Justin asked excitedly as they walked along the sidewalk outside the diner.

Looking at his watch, seeing that it was almost eight, Brian said, “Well, we have to meet Michael and the boys in an hour, so how about we just walk around so you can see some of the sights?”

“Great, let’s start this way,” the blond said, taking Brian’s hand in his and leading him away from the diner.

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About an hour later they were making their way back and Justin was going on and on about all the amazing stores, galleries, tattoo and piercing parlors, and the many other eccentric places they’d just seen. His eyes were wide and his face was slightly flushed as the excitement of the magical place coursed through his blood.

“Justin, relax,” Brian said with a soft chuckle. He couldn’t believe how happy the blond was. It was infectious and he found himself feeling a little lighter and more carefree then he had before.

“I can’t, it’s all just so great. Thank you…thank you…thank you,” the younger man said, placing a kiss on a different part of Brian’s face after every ‘thank you’.

Laughing out loud and wrapping his arms around the bouncing blond to keep him still, Brian bent down and captured the man’s soft lips in a crushing kiss, leaving them both panting for air when they finally parted.

Sighing contentedly, Brian looked at his watch again and realized that they had to start towards Babylon and the guys.

“Brian, can I wear a turtleneck to a dance club? I don’t want to look out of place.” The blond was slightly nervous as it was, going to a gay club and the last thing he wanted was to stick out like a sore thumb in his hickey-hiding mechanism.

“Right, that, well, I have a shirt in the jeep that you can wear if you want.”

“Don’t you think it’ll be too big?”

“Nope, I think it was a little snug the last time I wore it, and I’ve been working out a lot since then,” the brunet said, leading Justin towards the jeep.

“Mmm,” Justin said approvingly, running his hands along Brian’s well-developed arms. “And I’d say it’s definitely paying off.”

Brian licked his lips unconsciously and swallowed hard. The man certainly knew how to get to him without much effort. They reached the jeep and Brian pulled his arm from the blond’s grasp to unlock the door. He took a deep breath, thankful for the space and the little bit of relief for his already aching cock.

“Here, try this.”

“Thanks,” Justin said, taking the t-shirt from his lover, having already pulled off his turtleneck and tossed it onto the front seat.

“No…no problem,” the older man said around the lump in his throat from the sight of the blond’s pale chest and abdomen now fully exposed. He had to take another deep breath to try and mentally calm down as the man turned towards him, now wearing the royal-blue t-shirt and running his hands down his torso to smooth out any wrinkles.

“Does it look okay?” Justin asked innocently.

“Uh, yeah,” Brian said, then stopped to clear his throat. “Yeah, it looks, um, great, just great.” The blue t-shirt seemed to brighten the blond’s amazing blue eyes even further. He was truly breathtaking.

Smiling warmly, happy for the unmistakable reaction from Brian, Justin let his eyes roam downwards along the older man’s long, lean body approvingly, then back up to meet the glazed-over hazel eyes again. “You look great too,” he purred and watched with amusement as Brian again cleared his throat and swallowed loudly.

Shaking his head, but wearing a huge grin, Brian said, “It’s gonna be a long night.”

Wiggling his eyebrows suggestively, letting the other man know that he was definitely in for some sweet torture, Justin replied, “Yeah, but I promise that you’re going to enjoy every minute of it.”

Brian laughed, then swatted Justin’s ass and received a loud yelp for his efforts. He locked up the jeep and took the blond’s hand in his. “Let’s go, I want to show you off,” the brunet said with a smile and headed towards Babylon and the guys.

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“Hey,” Michael shouted when he saw Brian coming towards him, but his smile faltered when he caught sight of the blond beside him.

“Yummy, yummy,” Emmett purred then leaned into Michael and asked, “Who is that tasty little morsel with Brian?”

Rolling his eyes Michael frowned and replied, less than happily, “That’s Justin.”

“Mmmm, Justin. Well, I think he’s delicious.” Emmett turned to his friend on the other side who seemed to be engrossed in picking a piece of lint off of his shirt that just didn’t want to leave, shook his head in dismay, then asked, “Don’t you think that blondie is positively divine, Teddy?”

Looking up to where Emmett was pointing, Ted instantly straightened up at the sight of the incredible man walking towards them. He smiled, wondering if maybe the Gods were smiling down upon him and were finally giving him a chance at something special, when suddenly he saw who was walking beside the blond. “Brian,” Ted scowled. He knew that the fates would never be so kind to him as to actually give him something so fine, but they would definitely toss it Brian’s way. The man never seemed to have trouble with things like that.

“Hey boys, how’s it going?” Brian asked with a smirk. “This is Justin.”

“Well, hey there, baby. You sure are a beauty,” Emmett drawled with non-threatening affection. “I’m Emmett, this is Ted and I believe you’ve already met Michael.”

“Uh, hi,” Justin said nodding towards Ted, who was giving him the creeps by the way the bland looking man seemed to be staring at him.

“Hi,” was all Ted could manage. He had been completely stunned by the young man’s incredible beauty from afar, but was totally in awe as he stood in front of him.

Trying to shake off the ickiness, Justin turned to Emmett and smiled. He sensed an innate goodness in the man and he couldn’t help but be affected by him. “Hi, I um, I really like your pants.”

“Yeah?” the taller, rather flamboyant man asked looking down at his red, shiny pants then back up at Justin, smiling broadly. “They are rather fabulous, aren’t they?”

“Definitely,” the blond agreed, then turned towards Michael and tried his best to keep the smile on his face as he instantly felt daggers shooting at him from the man’s dark eyes. “Hi, Michael.”

“Hi,” the man replied meekly.

Noticing the response from his friend, Brian wrapped his arm around Justin’s shoulder and led him towards the club. “Well, Sunshine, this is Babylon. Welcome to your world.” And with that, they passed through the main door, barely slowing down as the bouncer waved them through with just a nod of his head in Brian’s direction.

“They didn’t even card us. How come?” Justin asked Brian. He’d been so nervous about not getting in because of his age, but the bouncer didn’t even look at him as they walked in.

“Because you’re with me and everyone, um, what I mean is, the guy knows me.”

“Oh, okay,” the blond said, nodding his head.

Brian looked at his lover, wanting to make sure that he didn’t catch his little slip, but the man seemed totally satisfied with his answer. He smiled and tightened his grip a little more.

“Holy shit,” Justin gasped at the incredible sight before him. He was stunned by the lights, the music, and all the scantily clad men. It was like a fucking dream and he couldn’t believe that a place like that actually existed. He turned towards Brian who was watching him to see his reaction and couldn’t contain himself as he practically jumped into the man’s arms, pressing his lips firmly against Brian’s in a breathtaking kiss.

“Mmm, now that’s what I call thankful,” Emmett whispered to Michael.

“Yeah and it’s what I call a slut,” Michael groaned.

“Well, look who’s calling the kettle black? I seem to recall quite a few times when you’ve thrown yourself at some hunky man for less than that.” Emmett wasn’t blind. He knew how Michael felt about Brian and went through the same old shit every time he came to stay with Debbie. Even though he adored the sweet man, he had to admit that he enjoyed the breaks he got when Michael went back to Indiana. The little Michael and Brian show got to be too much to handle sometimes, and only because of Michael. Brian was just the innocent victim in Michael’s plan. Emmett often wondered if his friend would ever get his wish, but as he looked at the pretty new addition to their group who seemed to have captured the attention of the usually illusive Brian Kinney, he realized that Michael didn’t stand a chance. Not anymore.

“Wanna dance?” Brian asked Justin.

“Oh, God, I, ah…I’ve never danced at a club.”

“Just relax and let yourself go. That’s all there is to it,” Brian said into the blond’s ear, wanting to be heard over the loud music.

“O-okay.”

Brian smiled, took the younger man’s hand and led him out to the middle of the dance floor. At first the blond’s movements were stiff and awkward, but once he let himself relax, let the music wash over him, he began to move with the beat and then he was gone.

“Fuck, you can dance,” Brian shouted.

Smiling seductively, Justin just winked and continued to move. His hips swayed back and forth to the rhythm and his eyes darted around the room, taking in all the lights and colors and men. So many gorgeous men. Most of them looked pretty young. The oldest men he saw looked like they were maybe in their late twenties. He couldn’t believe that there were so many gay men in one room. He looked back at Brian, who was watching him intensely and smiled brightly. “This is amazing,” he shouted over the loud music.

“You’re amazing,” Brian returned, causing his lover to beam even brighter.

Their bodies moved closer and closer together until after a few songs, you couldn’t tell where one left off and the other one began. Justin turned around and let his hips sway across Brian’s groin, feeling the man’s hardness brush against his ass. He tipped his head back to rest against the brunet’s shoulder and moaned softly when Brian’s soft, warm lips sucked at the heated flesh of his neck and collarbone.

Brian’s hands wrapped around Justin’s slender hips, pulling his body tighter against him so that Justin could feel his need as it pressed firmly against his ass. The older man couldn’t contain his moan at the contact and held the blond’s body still for a moment as he desperately tried to regain his composure. “You’re going to make me come in my pants if you don’t stop teasing me,” Brian growled into his lover’s ear then nipped at the tempting lobe.

“Ahhhhhh,” Justin whimpered, then took hold of one of Brian’s hands still on his hip and slid it down to rest on his aching hard-on. “You’re having the same affect on me,” he panted, pushing back slightly and grinning at the sound of the brunet’s gasp.

“Oh, you’re gonna get it for that,” the older man said giving a squeeze to the tempting package beneath his hand.

“Oh, fuck…oh, Brian,” the blond moaned. He picked up his head to look around, remembering where they were and was surprised to find that no one really cared what they were doing. How carried away they were getting. Everyone seemed to be doing their own thing. He did notice some men watching them, but he saw the look of lust in their eyes and smiled, strangely excited with the knowledge that he had put it there. Him and Brian. He turned around, pressing his body tightly against the larger man’s. He wrapped his fingers along around the nape of Brian’s neck, playing with the dark, silky hair and pulled the man down to his waiting mouth.

He let his tongue play along Brian’s full lips then slipped it inside the man’s warm mouth when his lips parted, granting entrance. He moaned uncontrollably as Brian sucked greedily on the appendage. The incredible sensation shot right to his dick, causing it to harden impossibly further in the restrictive confines of his jeans. He pulled back, desperate for air and whimpered against the brunet’s lips, “Oh, Brian…I’m so fucking hard.”

“Me too, baby. I need you,” Brian returned, letting his hands slide down to grab Justin’s firm ass and pulling the blond’s body against his, rocking their erections together over and over again.

“Uhhhh…Bri…stop…please…please,” Justin begged. He knew if they didn’t stop, he was going to explode inside his jeans and that would have been totally embarrassing.

Brian released his hands and the younger man moved back slightly, putting some much needed space between their bodies. They continued to dance, enjoying the closeness but making sure to keep their aching groins apart, allowing them to calm down a little.

“Well, like I said, a slut,” Michael said smugly. The three men had witnessed the entire interaction between Brian and Justin from the moment they stepped out onto the dance floor until now. And even though Michael would not admit it to anyone else, the two men together were fucking HOT. He thought Brian was gorgeous, always had been, always would be, but together with the blond, who he begrudgedly admitted was incredibly beautiful, they were beyond anything he had ever seen. They were… perfection. He felt his gut tighten at the thought.

He didn’t want Brian to be with the blue-eyed, blond-haired, bubble-butted, angelic-looking man. He was everything that Michael wasn’t and that was what bothered him the most. Obviously he was not what Brian had been looking for right from the beginning. He knew he’d only been kidding himself, not paying attention to all the times that Brian told him that they were just friends. He wanted more, so much more that sometimes he felt the ache so deep that it was overwhelming. And now, as he looked out onto the dance floor, watching all his dreams slip away it made him mad. Madder then he’d ever been, because that perfect blond had everything he’d always wanted. He had Brian.

Small Town

Part 17

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“Hey, boys, quite a show out there. I feel like I should be paying you for it,” Emmett joked with Brian and Justin as they joined them at the bar.

“Well, you can buy us a beer and we’ll call it even,” Brian told the man with a smirk. He wasn’t happy that things hadn’t gone further, and his rock hard cock was still aching inside his jeans, but he knew that out on the dance floor was not the place that he wanted things to progress. And there was no way that he would take Justin to the backroom. The blond didn’t have any idea about such a place and he had every intention of keeping that part of his past a secret for the time being. He didn’t want to do anything that would scare the man off.

“Can do,” Emmett replied and turned, trying to flag down the bartender, then ordered five beers for the group. “Here you go, baby,” the flamboyant man said, handing Justin a beer, then he handed one to Brian, Michael and Ted. They all clinked their bottles together and said “Cheers,” before downing the cool liquid.

“What time is it?” Justin asked.

Looking at his watch, then back at Justin, Ted replied, “It’s ten-thirty.” He knew it wasn’t a witty comeback or pretty much anything more than a demonstration of his ability to tell the time correctly, but still, he was happy to have something to say to the blond. He was still completely taken with the man and wanted to be near him. He knew that he was taking his life in his hands, well aware of the fact that Brian would kick the shit out of him if he dared to get to close to Justin, but he couldn’t help himself.

“I have to be home soon. Is it okay if we go?” Justin said rather loudly, wanting to be heard over the music.

“Sure, why don’t we just finish our beers and head out?”

“Great,” the blond said with a sweet smile which grew even brighter after Brian kissed him softly on the lips then pulled back, leaning their foreheads together in a show of affection.

‘What the fuck?’ Michael thought and began to panic. He said the first thing that popped into his mind. “Brian, you can’t go yet. We haven’t even danced.”

Brian straightened and looked at his friend with furrowed brows. ‘Not again.’ He sighed quietly, wrapping his arm around Justin so that the man would clearly get the picture. “Michael, we have to go. It’s at least a half an hour drive home.”

Not wanting to stick around to see more of the same old whiny mess, Emmett took Ted’s hand and silently led him to the dance floor and away from the mess that Michael seemed to be getting himself deeper and deeper into.

“I know, but, well, we didn’t get to dance. We always dance together, Brian,” he continued to whine. He knew he sounded pathetic, God, he felt pathetic, but he couldn’t help himself. He couldn’t let the perfect blond walk away with HIS man.

“Michael,” Brian warned.

“No, Brian, it’s okay. Why don’t you go dance with him? I’ll wait right here for you. Go on, dance.” Justin turned to Michael and tried to give him his most genuine smile. He saw the man’s desperation and felt sorry for him. He also saw the incredible amount of patience that Brian was exhibiting and it made him proud. Proud to be with someone who cared so much.

“You sure? I’ll be back after one song. You’ll be okay?” Brian asked, his eyes telling his lover wordlessly how sorry he was for getting them into this mess with Michael.

“I’m sure. Go, have fun.” And the smile for Brian was genuine. He didn’t want the man to feel guilty for caring about the feelings of his friend.

“Well, alright, we’ll just…”

“We’ll be back soon. Just relax and enjoy yourself,” Michael said, cutting Brian off as he took hold of the taller man’s arm and dragged him onto the dance floor. He made sure to move far away from the bar and that Brian’s back was facing Justin so that he had his complete attention. “Isn’t this great, Brian?” Michael asked, letting his body move freely to the music.

“Yeah, great,” Brian said, still not happy about leaving Justin alone.

“I’ve missed this. Me and you, together. It’s the best, right?” he shouted loudly.

“Uh, sure, Mikey. It’s fine.”

Michael could tell that Brian wasn’t really with him and it made him push even further. “I couldn’t wait to come back here. I came three weeks earlier than I was supposed to, just so I could see you.” Michael knew he was going to have no voice in the morning from all the yelling, but he didn’t care. He was on the dance floor, at Babylon with Brian. That’s all he cared about.

“Yeah, great, Mikey,” Brian said absently. His mind was focused elsewhere and it took only three guesses as to where, with the first two not counting.

“BRIAN!” Michael shouted, completely pissed off at being ignored. He realized that the man hadn’t even paid attention to what he was saying and he didn’t like it one little bit.

“What the fuck is the matter now?”

“You didn’t even hear what I said. About us.” Michael whined.

Brian cringed at the high pitch of his friends annoying voice and shook his head, completely fed up with all the man’s shit. “There is no US, Mikey. There is a me and a you, but no US. Get it?” He knew he was being harsh, but he didn’t know how many more times he could say the same thing to the man without it penetrating his thick skull.

“Brrriiiiiannnnn.”

“That’s it, I’m outta here.” Brian turned around and headed off the dance floor, leaving Michael to trail behind him with a childish pout on his face. Brian pushed through the sea of men and finally made his way back to the bar, to find Justin face to face with a gorgeous man who seemed to be getting quite friendly with the blond.

“I said no thank you. What part of that didn’t you understand?” Justin said firmly. It was the third time he’d told the guy no and he still hadn’t moved away. He didn’t like the fact that the guy was much taller and much bigger than he was. It made him feel intimidated, but he wouldn’t let the stranger know that. He stood at his tallest and tried to be as hard-assed as he could. It just didn’t seem to be getting him very far.

“Come on, beautiful. You know you want to be with me. I’ll show you such a good time, you’ll never want to leave,” the guy said seductively, inching even closer to Justin.

“I’m sure I heard him tell you no. Now FUCK OFF.”

Justin had never been so happy to hear someone’s voice as he was to hear Brian’s.

“What the fuck business is it of yours?” the other guy asked, trying to intimidate Brian.

Moving in beside Justin and wrapping his arm possessively around the smaller man’s shoulder, he got right in the other guy’s face and said, “Because he’s MINE.”

Justin shuddered as a thrill ran down his spine at hearing his lover claim him so fiercely. Michael gasped at hearing the unmistakable ownership so clearly in Brian’s voice. And the stranger, well, he got the fuck out of there, not wanting to mess with the depth of fury he saw present in Brian’s glaring eyes.

“You okay, baby?” Brian asked Justin, pulling the boy protectively against his body.

“Yeah, I’m fine, but can we go now?”

“Sure,” Brian said, placing a kiss against his lover’s temple them moving him to his side but keeping his arm wrapped firmly around the younger man’s waist. “Bye, Mikey,” he called over his shoulder as they walked out of the club.

“Bye,” Michael whispered sadly as he watched his dream walk away.

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“I should never have left you. I know what kind of assholes hang out at that place,” Brian said in the jeep as they drove back home.

“Brian, I’m fine. It wasn’t a big deal. The guy wasn’t that bad. He was just hitting on me,” the blond said with a smile.

Hearing the lilt in his voice, Brian glanced sideways to find a smile playing across his boyfriend’s lips. “What the fuck are you smiling for?” he asked, not amused by the blond’s mood. Then suddenly it dawned on him and he turned again to glare at the other man. “You think it’s great that the guy hit on you. Don’t you?”

“Well, I, uh…” Justin looked at his lover and his smile slipped slightly, but quickly returned. “Yeah, I guess I do,” he said amusedly. “I mean, I was scared at the time. I didn’t know what the fuck the guy was going to do, but now, I think it’s kinda, I don’t know, flattering.”

“WHAT? You think that some guy, other than ME hitting on you in a club is flattering somehow?” Brian knew he was being ridiculous. He always had tons of guys hitting on him. But this was Justin, and he was with Brian. He couldn’t help it as his insecurities came thorough.

“Brian, relax. Oh, come on. Here I am, this little gay boy, going through life thinking that I’m the only one there is for like, millions of miles around. Then I find you,” he turned to look Brian and smiled. “Well, I guess we found each other. But I find out that I’m not alone. There’s someone else like me. And now, you take me to Babylon and I see that there are hundreds, maybe thousands of guys, just like us, right around the bend, so to speak. It’s a little overwhelming and exciting. And I thought it was neat that someone else thought I was hot, I guess.” He looked out the window for a second, then back to Brian and continued in a softer voice, “You don’t think I’m hot?”

Brian pulled the jeep over to the side of the road and shifted the gear into park. He turned towards the blond, cupping the side of his face in his hand and running his thumb across the softness. “Of course I think you’re hot. You’re fucking gorgeous. I just don’t like the idea of anyone else hitting on you. Flattering or not. It made me…well…jealous.”

“Why,” the man asked so softly as he leaned into his lover’s touch.

“Because,” Brian started, not too sure where to go. He’d been honest with Justin about everything up until now and he didn’t think it was time to start lying. He took a deep breath and slowly released it, gaining the courage to continue. “Justin, I…I’m not really good at the emotional stuff,” he confessed.

“I think you’re great at it,” Justin said honestly. He’d found Brian to be very honest and open with him at all times. He loved that about the man.

Laughing, Brian shook his head and dropped his hands into his lap. “Yeah, well, I think it’s something that you do to me because trust me, I’ve NEVER been a talker or open with my feelings. It’s hard, you know, having grown up the way I did. Never wanting to let on how you really feel for fear of ridicule. Never letting anyone get too close, afraid that they’ll just leave when they see how I really am. Not wanting to let someone in because I don’t feel good enough to have them care about me, to love me.”

Brian couldn’t look at Justin. He kept his eyes cast downwards, trying so hard not to give in and look back at the warm and inviting pools of blue. He didn’t want the man to see the truth, that he didn’t deserve him and was terrified that soon he would be gone. That he’d find someone better and leave. He would be crushed if that happened.

“Brian. Look at me.”

Justin’s voice was so soft, so comforting. He wanted to give in, to look at him, but he was afraid. He felt a tear slip out from the corner of his eye and run down his cheek. He couldn’t believe he was fucking crying, but his emotions were running so close to the surface. He couldn’t believe the things that the blond did to him.

“Look at me, please.”

Brian couldn’t help it. His eyes traveled back up along the perfect torso, the pale column of his neck, the flawless chin, the full lips, the cute nose, finally resting on the intense and mesmerizing bright blue eyes. God, he fucking loved those eyes.

“It was nice that the guy hit on me, for about five seconds it made me feel hot. But what I feel with you, when I’m with you, no one and nothing can compare to that. You make me feel wanted and needed. You make me feel sexy and desired.” Justin saw another tear slip down Brian’s face and brushed it away with his fingers. “I see who you really are and I adore you. You’re good enough, more than good enough for me and I hope that I am deserving of you. I care about you and I promise that I’ll never leave you.”

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep, Justin.”

“You’re right. I can’t promise that, but I can promise to try to work things out so that it doesn’t get that far. Do you agree with that?”

“Yeah,” Brian said softly. He was so overwhelmed. He had longed his whole life to feel the way he did with Justin. To hear the things that the blond was telling him and it felt so good. Maybe he did deserve to be happy, to feel, well, love. He wasn’t ready to share that little bit of information with Justin just yet though. He could handle only so much emotional bloodletting for one night and he had just about reached his limit.

“So, I think that all in all it was a great evening. I had the best hamburger and got to meet your friends, enjoying some more than others,” Justin said with a laugh.

“I feel the same way myself right now,” Brian agreed, shaking his head, still floored by Michael’s blatant display of exactly what, he wasn’t quite sure.

“And I got to go to a real, gay dance club…and I had a beer.”

“Oh, big man now,” Brian teased.

“Okay, okay, well, at least we found out tonight that we are truly lucky people.”

Glancing questioningly at the younger man, Brian asked, “How do you figure that?”

“Because no one noticed the hickies. That would have opened a whole new can of worms.”

Laughing he nodded, realizing that Justin was right. That was all he’d needed. For Michael to have noticed and gone off about how the hell he’d gotten them and if he’d seen the same marks on the Justin’s neck? Holy shit. It would have been a whine-fest like never before.

Just then he felt Justin’s hand brush across his thigh softly and he looked down to see the man’s perfect hand resting on his leg.

Yep, he was definitely lucky. Lucky to have Justin and he hoped that his luck never ran out.

Small Town

Part 18

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They pulled up in front of Justin's house shortly after eleven. The blond noticed that all the lights were off and was thankful that he didn't have to worry about his mother's spying eyes.

Turning his attention back to Brian, Justin smiled slyly and scooted over as close to the other man as he could without sitting on top of the gear shift. "So," he drawled out while wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

"No, Justin. We can't. Your parents can come out and catch us," Brian said, placing his hands against the younger man's chest to hold him back. Problem was, that since his hands were occupied he wasn't able to stop the blond's roaming hands that were making quick work of undoing his jeans. "Justin," he warned.

"But I just want to play a little," the blond said innocently while his intentions were anything but.

Laughing softly, Brian replied, "Yeah, well, I don't think that…ahhhhh, Justin."

"Something the matter?" Justin asked sweetly, looking at his boyfriend's lust-ridden face and his glazed-over eyes as his hand wrapped firmly around the man's erection and slowly slid up and down the length.

"Yeah, I'm involved with a brat," the brunet gasped. He couldn't believe how amazing he felt at the slightest touch of the man next to him. His breath hitched as Justin's thumb brushed across his slit, dipping in slightly as it passed.

"Mmm, you feel so good," the younger man panted. He was so excited from just touching Brian. He wanted more and didn't want to wait. With his free hand he undid his own jeans, pulled out his hard cock and began stroking it in time with Brian's.

"Justin, oh, fuck…you're so bad," Brian moaned at the sight of the blond pleasuring himself. His dick pulsed and he felt the combined sensations when the hot precum hit the cool air as it ran over the head of his cock.

"Ohhh, it feels so good, Brian. But, I want more. I want you to fuck me," Justin whimpered, leaning forward so that their foreheads pressed together and their mouths were just inches apart.

"God, baby…ahhhh," the older man moaned at the sound of his lover's words and felt his balls spasm in response. "I want to…oh, fuck, I want you so bad…but we can't, not here," he panted. He was so close and felt himself moving even closer as his eyes cast downwards, watching the blond's hands fly along both of their erections.

"Uhhhh…Bri…please," the younger man begged. He knew they couldn't do it in front of his house, but his mind wasn't working rationally right at that moment. All he could focus on was the feeling he'd had when Brian was inside of him. His hands sped up on both of their cocks and he heard Brian's breathing become more ragged, matching his own.

"Baby," was all Brian could manage.

"Kiss me, NOW," Justin demanded and instantly moaned as his lover's mouth came down on his in a crushing kiss. He parted his lips, moaning at the feel of Brian's soft tongue as it slipped inside. He sucked on the offered appendage with delight, feeling the brunet's cock pulse in his hand from the added sensation. He did it again and felt the same reaction.

"Oh, God, Justin…I'm gonna…ah…ahhhhh…urrrrgghhhh," Brian growled breathlessly as he broke the kiss and was suddenly shooting hot spurts of cum into the air between them.

"Bri…yeah…now….ahhhhhhhhh," Justin shouted and joined his boyfriend by shooting his own milky fluid in long streams against both of their shirts.

"Fuck, that was… so good," the older man whispered, his forehead still pressed against Justin's as their breathing began to return to normal. He felt his lover's warm breath wash over his face and knew the other man felt the same. He didn't think he would ever be able to get enough of Justin and it scared him to death.

"Mmm, it was."

Pulling back so that he could see the blond's face, Brian's hand came up and caressed his cheek, running his thumb along the irrisistably soft skin. "Thank you," he whispered sincerely.

With furrowed brows, Justin asked, "What for?"

"For everything," Brian said simply, because there were just too many things that he was thankful for, so `everything' just seemed to suffice.

Smiling brightly, Justin kissed his lover's lips softly and replied, "You're welcome."

Looking down at the mess on both of their shirts, Justin smiled and said, "Um, I guess you don't want this back just yet." He held out the front of the t-shirt that he'd borrowed from Brian that was now covered in his, Brian's, he wasn't sure who's cum it was, but it was all over the blue material non the less.

Laughing, Brian looked down at his own shirt that for some reason didn't seem to be as wet and answered, "Well, I think that you can keep it. But I'd suggest washing it before you wear it again."

"Duh, you think?" the blond asked with a goofy smile on his face.

"Twat."

"Yeah, but I'm your twat."

"Lucky me," Brian whispered, snaking his fingers through the silky, blond hair at the back of Justin's head and pulling the man towards him for a soft kiss.

"Yep, lucky you," Justin agreed with a smile when they parted and received a loud laugh from Brian in return. Looking at the man who made his heart beat faster, he doubted if life could ever get much better than it was. He really didn't think it could.

"So, um, I was wondering if you were free Friday night?" Brian asked.

Smiling brightly at being asked in advance for a date, Justin replied, "For you, I'm definitely free."

"Good," the older man said relieved. He knew that things were going great, but he was still a little nervous about the whole relationship thing. He didn't want to pressure Justin but at the same time he couldn't bear the thought of being without him. "I was hoping that maybe you could tell your parents that you're sleeping at a friends house and spend the night with me."

Justin was so excited by the invitation that he leapt forward, pressing his lips against Brian's in a sensual kiss that grew even more enticing as he teasingly slipped his tongue into the older man's mouth, needing to taste every inch of the warm cavern.

"Mmm, should I take that as a yes?" the brunet asked breathlessly as they finally came up for air. His cock was hard again and he saw the younger man eyeing it lustfully.

"Yes, it's a definite yes," Justin said huskily, his desire for his lover overtaking him again.

"No, Justin. You have to go inside and I have to go home. I don't want you to get into trouble with your parents. Especially not now, when we have ALL of Friday night to look forward to."

Sighing dramatically, but knowing that Brian was right, Justin tucked his hardening dick back into his pants and made quite a show of fastening the zipper and button around the enlarged member. "Fine," he whined.

Brian rolled his eyes at the blond's antics and tried to stifle the laugh that threatened to erupt from his chest at the award winning performance coming from the drama queen beside him. Grabbing hold of Justin's chin and lifting it so their eyes met, Brian said, "Friday, Justin."

The blond just smiled.

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Brian made it to work the next morning on time. The fact that his father hadn't freaked out on him the day before for being late had shocked him and he didn't want to tempt fate again. As usual, Brian headed into the store to begin restocking the shelves and was soon joined by his father.

"Hey, Sonny Boy, nice to see you're on time this morning."

Brian didn't answer. He just rolled his eyes and kept on filling the shelves.

"So, there's something I wanted to talk to you about, and…"

"Excuse me, can you please tell me where I can find the olive oil? I've looked all over but can't seem to find it," a woman asked, cutting Jack off mid sentence.

Looking at his father, wondering what the man was going to say but knowing that it wasn't the time to ask, Brian turned to the customer and smiled politely, then guided her towards the oil section.

It seemed that every time Jack had started to tell Brian what he had to say, they were interrupted by a customer or the phone or some other problem. Brian figured that the old man would just have to wait until the morning to tell him because it was nearing five o'clock and then he was out of there.

"Hey, Rickey," Brian said as the kid approached him.

"Hey, Brian. Been busy today?"

"Yeah, crazy. I'm sorry for the mess I left in the back but I didn't get a chance to put the boxes away," Brian told his employee.

"No problem. I'll get to it later. Have a good night," the red-haired boy called over his shoulder as he made his way towards the backroom.

"Yeah, you too," Brian said absentmindedly as he concentrated on finishing up his paperwork.

"You too what?" A familiar voice asked and Brian's head shot up from the notes he'd been writing.

"Hey," Brian said happily, his mood instantly lifting at the sight of the blond.

"Hey, so, you too what?"

"Oh, I was just talking to Ricky, the part-time kid we have working here at night."

"Oh, alright." Justin looked around before continuing. "I just wanted to make sure that I wasn't in competition with anyone else," he whispered, his eyes twinkling mychieviously.

"No one could even begin to compete with you, baby," Brian said back just as quietly with a sweet smile on his face, which instantly faded when he heard his father's voice call out to him.

"Hey, Brian, I need to talk to you before you go," Jack said, approaching the front of the store.

Both younger men instantly stood straighter and tried to wipe the longing looks off of their faces.

"Oh, Justin, nice to see you again. Um, Brian, I need to tell you something."

"Okay, what?" Brian asked, not sure what the hell his father had been trying to tell him unsuccessfully all day.

Looking at Justin, then back at his son, Jack decided it wasn't a big deal for Brian's friend to hear so he started. "I made a date for you with Lindsay Granger, Tom Granger's niece. She's in town for the week. I made it for Friday night."

"You WHAT?" Brian asked in shock. He couldn't believe that his father was trying to play matchmaker. No way, no fucking way. He started to shake his head and opened his mouth to protest when his father cut him off.

"Now don't go getting all high and mighty on me. You're to pick her up at six-thirty at Tom's house, you know the place, and take her to dinner. Don't try to get out of it. I gave him my word and I won't go back on it." Jack's eyes flickered to his son's friend and saw something, some emotion play across the young man's face, but he wasn't sure what it was. Quickly he dismissed the blond and focused back on his irate son.

"No fucking way. I won't do it. I'm not your pawn to set up and play nice so that you can get some fucking deal from Granger's. Nice try, DAD, but no way." Brian was fuming. Never mind the fact that he had no interest in some girl, but he wasn't going to be used by his father like that. He wasn't some dog that he could command… sit up, lie down, beg, wine and dine and fuck some girl for me. No Goddamned way.

Moving closer to his son, getting right in his face, Jack temporarily forgot about Justin or the fact that they were in the middle of the store as he spoke in a voice that would surely intimidate even the most hardened serial killer. "Now you fucking listen here, Sonny Boy. I don't give a shit what the hell you think you aren't doing because I said you are. That's all you need to know. Not one fucking thing else. Do you understand me?"

Brian was frozen with fear and couldn't answer. He swallowed loudly and finally found his voice. "Yeah, yes," he said so quietly that Justin had to strain to hear him.

Moving back and losing some of his anger, Jack said, "Six-thirty on Friday and don't be late." And with that the man turned and headed to the back.

Brian closed his eyes, trying to regain his composure. His eyes flew open and he jumped slightly when he heard a voice, having forgotten that Justin was there.

"Brian, are you okay?"

Closing his eyes again and rubbing his forehead, trying to keep the headache that he felt creeping up on him away, he sighed heavily. He was mortified that Justin had witnessed his father belittling him like that. He wished he could hide or turn back time to make sure the blond hadn't seen a thing.

"Bri, it's okay. He's a fucking prick. Please, don't be embarrassed," Justin said softly, placing his hand on Brian's arm and soothingly rubbing his thumb along the exposed skin.

"God, Justin, I'm so humiliated. How could you see that and not think that I'm too fucking pathetic to be with? How could you not want to run as fast as you can away from me?" Brian asked sadly, staring right into the blond's amazing pools of blue.

"Because you didn't do anything. You tried to stand up to him but he just bullied you into submission. It's not your fault." Justin said sincerely. "Come on, let's get out of here."

"Yeah, okay," Brian said weakly. He grabbed his keys and headed out the front door with Justin by his side. They walked to the jeep, got in and Brian quickly pulled out of the alley and onto the street. They drove in silence for several minutes before the brunet pulled into a deserted alley behind several stores and turned off the car. He couldn't help it as he rested his head against the steering wheel and closed his eyes, letting his tormented soul get the best of him.

"Brian."

"Justin, I'm sorry, I just…I can't just forget it. He makes me feel like such a fucking piece of shit when he does that." The brunet turned towards his lover with tears in his eyes, not bothering to wipe them away as they slid down his cheeks. "Now do you understand why I am the way I am? Why I feel so unworthy of you?"

The blond's heart was breaking. He couldn't bear to see his boyfriend in such pain. Even though he'd only known the man for less than a week, he KNEW him and couldn't understand how someone who was supposed to take care of him, nurture him and protect him could treat him that way. "Don't feel unworthy of me, Brian. I…I love you," Justin said softly but with such emotion in his voice.

"Oh, God…Justin…how, how can you love ME?" the older man asked as the tears continued to roll down his face.

Justin cupped the side of his lover's face, brushing the tears off of the man's cheek as they spilled from his eye and said, "Because you're sweet, loving, wonderful, giving, funny, genuine, smart, unbelievably gorgeous and fucking sexy as hell."

Brian couldn't help but smile at Justin. He didn't understand what he had done to deserve the beautiful man beside him, but he was so fucking glad that he had him. He took a deep breath and decided to tell his lover the truth. "I love you too, Justin. I've loved you since the first time I saw you."

"Brian," the blond purred.

"Oh, God, Justin, you know how it makes me crazy when you say my name like that," the older man groaned. Even with all the anger and sadness he still felt towards his father, he couldn't hold back the lust that he felt spreading throughout his body, causing his cock to begin to fill.

Smiling brightly, Justin said, "I know."

"You shit," the brunet said with a laugh.

Moving forward, the younger man ran his tongue teasingly along his lover's bottom lip, tasting the salty wetness of the tears that had landed there. Then he took the supple flesh between his teeth, letting them slide along the fullness before his lips sucked on it, then finally released it. He moved back and smiled.

"Tease," Brian panted and shifted in his seat to lessen the pressure on his erection.

"I don't have to be one," the blond said as his hand moved down to the bulge in Brian's pants and began to rub.

"Ahhhh, Justin, I don't…"

"You don't what?" the younger man teased as his fingers undid the zipper and button.

Looking around and finding themselves alone, Brian looked into his boyfriend's bright-blue eyes and saw the love so clearly. Not pity, just love. But still, he wasn't sure that it was a good idea to…"Oh, fuck…Justin," Brian growled as the man's warm hand slid inside his jeans and wrapped around his leaking shaft.

"Fuck? No, I don't think we can do that here, but I do have something else in mind," the blond said with a wicked grin before he bent down and took the head of his lover's cock into his mouth.

"Justin!"

"Mmmmm," Justin purred, sending shivers down Brian's spine. He slid his lips further down his lover's dick, letting his tongue play along the underside as he went. He moved back up and flicked across the head, hardening his tongue and letting it dip into the slit, getting a taste of the leaking precum that bubbled from the end.

"Jus…baby…yeah," Brian moaned and felt his balls tighten and pull up against his body. God, the blond was a fucking natural at giving head. He'd never experienced anything like it before.

"You taste so fucking good, Bri," Justin whimpered and flicked his tongue across the head again.

"Ohhhhh."

"Yeah, feels good, doesn't it?" the younger man asked, but didn't wait for a reply before he sunk back down on Brian's cock, taking as much of it as he could into his mouth so that the head hit the back of his throat. He swallowed around it and heard Brian cry out in pleasure. He pulled back so that just the head was encased in his lips and sucked hard, then slid back down again, swallowing around the end.

Brian was gasping and moaning and trying desperately not to buck up into his boyfriend's mouth. He wanted so badly to fuck his face but he didn't want to gag him, so he let the man do what he wanted to, and what he was doing was amazing. His balls began to tingle and he knew he was going to come. "Baby…I…oh, fuck, yeah…I…I'm going to…"

"Mm-hm, mm-hm," Justin said around his full mouth. He wanted the man to come.

"God, Jus…I can't…ahh…ahhhhh…yeahhhhhh," the brunet grunted and his body froze as the cum shot hard and fast down his lover's throat. The sensation around the head of his cock was overwhelming as Justin continued to swallow the thick fluid until Brian was drained.

Letting Brian's softening cock slip out of his mouth, he pressed a gentle kiss to the tip then sat back up in his seat. When Brian turned and smiled at him, all glassy-eyed and flushed, he leaned forward and kissed the man on the mouth, letting him taste his own essence.

"Mmmm, you're right, I do taste good," the older man said with a smile.

"Perfect," was all Justin said.

Small Town

Part 19

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After Brian recovered from Justin’s stellar blowjob, he turned to his boyfriend and said, “I’m really sorry about my dad arranging the date. And on Friday night.”

“I was so freaked out that it didn’t even register that it was for Friday, OUR Friday,” the blond said sadly. He didn’t want to make Brian feel worse than he already did and tried to hide his disappointment but he wasn’t very successful at it.

“I know. But, I…I can’t do anything about it,” the brunet replied, sounding completely defeated.

Justin didn’t want Brian to think about what his father had done. How shitty he’d treated him. It made his stomach turn just thinking about the sound of the older man’s voice as he confronted Brian. Mentally shaking himself, Justin smiled as he thought of the perfect solution. “Brian,” the blond said excitedly.

“Yeah,” the older man replied, slightly confused by his lover’s sudden enthusiasm. After their perfect night had been completely obliterated by his fucking father and his schemes to get ahead, he wished that he could stand up to the prick, maybe knock some sense into HIM for a change. Yeah, that would definitely be a nice turn of events. If only….

“Brian!”

Turning towards Justin, coming out of his fantasy, Brian smiled, a little embarrassed at being caught drifting off. “Yes?”

“I was thinking, our night doesn’t have to be ruined after all.”

“I told you, I’m sorry, but I have to go out with Granger’s fucking niece and make nice for Jack. You heard the asshole yourself,” the brunet said, getting angry again at what his father had done.

“Brian…Brian,” Justin said, placing his hand on his lover’s arm to get his attention and keep it. “I know, and even though I’m not thrilled with the fact that you’ll be going on a date with someone else, I’m at least glad that it’s a girl, so I don’t have to worry about her stealing you from me.”

“Sunshine,” the older man said lovingly as he ran his thumb across the full, lower lip of the beautiful man beside him. “You don’t have to worry about that, no matter what. You have my heart. You always will.” Brian was sure of that. It was one of the things that he’d been sure about for a long time. Loving Justin from afar and now for real was something that he knew he was meant to do. The blond was it for him. He’d waited all his life to feel the way he did with the amazing man and he doubted that he was strong enough to give himself to anyone else if Justin ever left him.

“Brian,” the blond purred, and as usual, it had the desired affect on his lover.

“Ahh, Justin, you’ve gotta stop doing that,” Brian groaned, his head spinning with desire for his boyfriend from one simple, little word. He smiled knowing that he wouldn’t want it any other way. Receiving one of the blond’s blinding smiles in return, Brian sat back and finally relaxed, knowing that no matter what shit he had to deal with from his family, he had Justin.

The blond rattled off his plan for Friday night as Brian listened and agreed that it was perfect. What a team they made. Together, they could get through anything.

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Justin received some unpleasant news when he got home from school on Thursday. He wasn’t able to see Brian that evening because his mother was making dinner and had invited his grandparents.

He ate quickly, hoping that he’d be able to leave, but was politely informed that he would be staying in for the night. No debate. The blond was not very happy and made that fact quite clear as he stomped around the house brooding and by answering his parents and grandparents with one-word answers when they spoke to him.

“Would you like some more roast, Justin?” Jennifer asked.

“No.”

“How is school going, dear?” his grandmother asked.

“Fine.”

“Have you sent out your applications for the universities that you’re interested in attending next year?” his grandfather asked.

“Yes.”

“There’s really no need for him to have sent more than one out, Dad. He’s going to Dartmouth, just like I did. Isn’t that right, Justin?” his father asked with a huge smile on his face.

The blond had no answer to that one. Not even one word.

He knew that his father wanted him to follow in his footsteps. To go to Dartmouth, just like he had, and move head-first into a long and boring business career, like he did, but that wasn’t what Justin had planned at all. He wanted to go to a school for artists. That’s all he’d ever wanted to do. Art was a part of him. A part that he knew he couldn’t ignore. He was smart and would probably thrive in the business world, but that held no interest for him. So, as his father sat at the dinner table staring at him, along with the other members of his family, he said nothing. There was nothing to say.

“Well, how about dessert?” Jennifer asked in her most pleasant voice, needing to break the tension that had settled around the room.

“That sounds wonderful. Here, let me help you with it, dear,” Justin’s grandmother said as she followed Jennifer into the kitchen.

“Excuse me, I’m going to visit the little boy’s room,” Justin’s grandfather said and left the table. He could feel a storm brewing between his son and grandson and didn’t want to be a part of it. He’d had his own battles to fight with his own children and he wasn’t about to go to war again.

“Molly, please go see if your mother needs any help,” Craig told his daughter.

“But Daddy, Grandma’s in there and…”

“Molly, go,” Craig barked.

“Fine, I’ll go, but I never get to do what I want to do, I always have to do what YOU say, and what everyone else says…” Molly mumbled as she headed into the kitchen, dragging her feet along the way.

Turning to his son, Craig said calmly, “Justin, what was THAT all about?”

Taking a deep breath and slowly releasing it, Justin said, “Dad, I know you want me to go where you went, and I appreciate that, but I’m not you. I’m me and I have to do what’s best for me.”

“What the hell does that mean? Why wouldn’t Dartmouth be what’s BEST for you?” Craig asked, completely stunned and confused by this sudden news. He’d been planning for his son to attend his alma mater the boy’s entire life. It was something that he thought his son would want to do, not only to please him but for himself. It was a great school and it would get his business career off on the right foot having his degree from such a prestigious school.

Justin knew it wouldn’t be easy and that’s why he hadn’t said anything yet. He was waiting until he got his acceptance letters, which were due to come in a few weeks, to have this whole confrontation. But, it was happening now and he would just have to get it all out in the open. “Dad, I don’t want to go into business, like you did. I…I’m an artist and that’s what I want to study. Art. I want to get my degree in that.”

“What the hell kind of joke is this?” Craig asked furiously, then calmed down when he saw the frightened look on his son’s face. “Justin, yes, you are very talented, but drawing and painting, well, they’re hobbies, not a career. You need to have a business degree so that you can make something of your life.”

“I can be an artist and make something of my life, Dad,” the blond said defiantly. He hated the fact that his father thought his art was just ‘playtime’.

“No, you can’t. YOU are going to Dartmouth and that is the end of that.” Craig bellowed, standing up and pushing his chair back so abruptly that it toppled backwards.

That’s when Jennifer, Molly and the grandparents came rushing back into the dinning room. All of them shocked by the commotion that was going on between the two men.

“Dad, please, I can’t…” Justin started, only to be cut off by his father’s intolerant voice.

“Soon you’ll get your acceptance letter to Dartmouth. I’ve already spoken to Bill Conley, who’s on the board and I know that you got in.”

“You WHAT?” Justin asked, stunned at this new information.

“Justin, relax, I didn’t bribe anyone. You got in on your own merit. I just happened to find out about it a little early, that’s all,” Craig said, looking across at his wife who had a look between shock and pride on her face. He knew she didn’t like it when he did things that weren’t completely on the up and up, but he also knew that she was happy that their son had been accepted.

“Dad, you can’t make me go. I won’t go. I can’t go,” Justin said, starting off determined but slowly fading to pleading by the end.

“I can and you will. End of discussion,” the older man said before walking out of the room.

Justin felt utterly defeated. He slumped down into his chair and cradled his head in his hands.

“Justin, are you okay?” Jennifer asked softly, coming up behind him.

“No,” Justin replied meekly, back to the one-word answers.

Small Town

Part 20

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Justin didn’t care that his mother was calling him or that his grandparents were waiting for him to come back and join them. He entered his room and quietly shut the door behind him then locked it. There was no reason for him to slam the door. It wouldn’t make a difference. He knew that his father was done discussing his future. As far as the man was concerned, Justin would do what he said without question.

The blond had never felt so defeated in his entire life.

He didn’t bother turning on the light. The darkness seemed to match the way he felt inside. He crawled onto his bed, curled up on his side and let the tears that he would never let his father see fall.

Hearing his cell phone ring, Justin sniffed loudly and grabbed his knapsack off the floor then pulled out his phone. He didn’t bother looking at the call display. He was pretty sure who it would be.

“Hello.”

“Justin?”

“Yeah, Brian, it’s me.”

“What’s wrong?”

Sniffling again, trying his best to stop the tears from falling, Justin replied, “Everything.”

Hearing the pain in his lover’s voice, Brian instantly knew what he had to do. “I’m coming over.”

“No, you cant,” Justin said in a panic. “My parents are home and my grandparents are here.”

“I don’t care. I need to see you. I’ll climb up the trellis outside your window.”

Confused, Justin asked, “Brian, how do you know I have a trellis outside my window?”

Smiling knowingly, the brunet said, “Baby, there are so many things that I know about you.”

If he wasn’t so in love with the older man, he would have been spooked, but instead he just said, “Oh, okay.” He felt too weak to argue. Besides, he really needed Brian to hold him and tell him that everything would be okay, even if he knew that it wouldn’t be.

“I’ll be there in ten minutes,” Brian said then hung up.

Justin lay on his bed, clutching the disconnected phone in his hands, waiting for his savior to come.

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“Sorry, I gotta go,” Brian called over his shoulder as he walked out of the bar.

“See ya later, man,” his companion called out. He thought that he’d finally get a chance to be with Brian after lusting after the man for so long. He knew that Brian was gay. He’d been to Liberty Avenue a few times, just checking things out and had seen the man walking with a bunch of guys into a club called Babylon. He was surprised as hell to find out that he wasn’t the only one in town that was gay and had wanted so many times to talk to Brian about it, but he’d never had the courage, until tonight. Tonight he was going to make his move, and now, his chance was gone. Jim raised his glass and drained it of the amber liquid, feeling the burn as it slid down his throat. He looked in the direction that his friend had gone, but no one was there. He felt his stomach turn with the knowledge that he’d let the man slip away again without letting him know how he felt. He wondered if maybe he’d be lucky enough to get another chance.

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Justin heard a tapping at his window and quickly ran to open it.

“That’s not as easy as it looks,” Brian said as he climbed into the room then looked back down the way he’d come.

“Yeah, I know, I’ve used it before.”

Brian gave his lover a puzzled look, then said, “YOU. Sweet, little, innocent Justin has climbed out his window in the middle of the night?”

Rolling his eyes at the older man’s shock, the blond said, “Don’t get your panties in a knot,” to which he heard a snort from his boyfriend. Smiling for the first time that evening, Justin continued. “I’ve climbed out to go over to Daphne’s when she’s needed me and then snuck back in. Nothing daring or illicit.”

“Oh, and to think of all the images I had going around in my head. You could have scored some really big points if you had even come close to one of them,” Brian said with a wicked grin.

“Yeah, well, the most daring thing that I’ve ever done is to be with you, so no secrets here,” the blond said, landing on his back as he threw himself down dramatically on his bed. “But I bet that YOU could share a thing or two with me that might prove to be entertaining.”

Biting his lip nervously, not wanting to go there yet, Brian smiled and quickly changed the subject. “So, what’s the sad face for?” he asked, lying down on his stomach next to Justin so that he could see the blond’s face.

Instantly, any trace of relief that had come with Brian’s presence was gone. Justin felt the tears gather in the corners of his eyes as he looked at his lover’s face. “I…” He stopped and swallowed hard, trying to keep the sobs back. His eyes cast downwards and he tried again, this time barely above a whisper. “My father.”

“What happened?” Brian asked as he slipped his hand under the hem of Justin’s t-shirt and soothingly rubbed his stomach.

Justin knew that Brian was trying to calm him, but he couldn’t help it when the contact instantly sent a jolt of pleasure through his body. He sighed contentedly and tried to focus on what he was saying. “Um, my father freaked out about school. He wants me to go to Dartmouth and I don’t. I want to be an artist, not a businessman but he just can’t understand that. I…I feel so…I don’t know.” As hard as he tried, Justin couldn’t stop the tears that spilled over and ran down his face.

“So, why can’t he just let you go to the school that YOU want to?” the brunet asked, confused by the situation. From what his boyfriend had told him about his father, he seemed to be very supportive, so he didn’t understand why the man was being so controlling. It was Justin’s life, his future and career so shouldn’t he be allowed to choose it? He saw the tears escape Justin’s sad, blue eyes and quickly wiped them away as he slid his hand out from under his lover’s shirt.

“I can’t go to Dartmouth, Brian. I can’t.” Justin sobbed.

“Then you won’t.” Brian said with certainty.

“I won’t?” Justin asked, feeling a little stronger from his lover’s support.

“No. Justin, you have to make your own choices in life. You can’t let your father make them for you. It’s YOUR future, not his, so it’s your decision.”

“But, I…I don’t think that I can do it alone. Without his support.”

“You’re not alone,” Brian said softly, running his hand along the soft skin of the blond’s face and down along his arm.

Smiling at his lover’s words and feeling a warmth wash over him from the knowledge that he had Brian’s strength to help him, Justin reached up and placed a gentle kiss against his boyfriend’s full lips.

“Mmmm, you taste so good,” the older man whispered, licking his lips.

Justin’s smile beamed brighter.

As if a light had gone on inside Brian’s head, he instantly sat up and smiled down at his lover. “I have THE BEST idea,” he said loudly.

“Shhhhh, my parents,” Justin warned.

“Oh, sorry,” the brunet whispered, then got back down on his stomach and continued. “I’m sure there’s an art school in New York…”

“Actually, I applied to The New York Academy Of Art already. I’m just waiting to see if I get accepted. I should find out shortly. Why?”

“Because, remember, I told you that I’m going to NYU?”

“Yeah,” Justin replied, still confused.

“Man, and you’re supposed to be bright?” Brian chided, shaking his head. “I’M going to New York, YOU can go to New York…”

“Ohhh, so WE can be in New York together!” the blond exclaimed, finally getting with the program.

“Shhhh,” Brian reminded.

Justin blushed and smiled.

“Yeah, we can be together. I already have a full scholarship which includes enough for a small apartment, so we can live together and it won’t cost you anything.” Brian said excitedly, his eyes sparkling with hope. He watched his lover’s face and saw a frown appear and instantly wanted to kick himself for getting so far ahead. His eyes cast downwards and he quietly added, “Or, maybe you could see if…”

Justin heard the change in Brian’s voice. He saw the way his smile faded and his eyes shifted and he realized that he had to explain. Placing his hand on the side of his lover’s face and lifting it so that their eyes met, the blond said, “Bri, I would love to do that, be with you, but I…how? I can’t afford to pay for school. I don’t think that my dad will pay for it if I don’t go where he wants me to.”

Releasing the breath that he’d been holding and trying to get his heart to start beating again, Brian smiled and placed his hand over Justin’s then moved it to his mouth and pressed a kiss to his palm. “We’ll think of something. Trust me.”

“I do.”

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Part 21

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Hearing Justin say, without hesitation, that he trusted him sent a wave of pleasure right from the tip of his toes to the top of his head and had Brian smiling from ear to ear.

Justin’s breath was taken away by the incredible smile plastered across his lover’s face. He couldn’t help himself as his hand wrapped around the back of Brian’s head and his fingers threaded through the silky, dark hair as he pulled the man towards him, pressing their mouths together in a heated kiss.

Brian slipped his tongue out and Justin’s lips instantly parted, granting entrance. The brunet moaned, feeling the warmth and tightness wrap around him as Justin began to suck on the offered appendage.

“God, I want you,” the blond whispered when they broke apart, leaving both men breathless and aching for more.

“We can’t. Your parents are downstairs and they could just walk in,” Brian said with more determination than he felt. He wanted Justin so badly, but he didn’t want to get him in any more trouble than he already was. The last thing the blond needed was more shit from his father, and catching his son in bed with his male lover, well, that would certainly do it.

Looking up at Brian’s gorgeous face, knowing that he came to comfort him without hesitation, that he was going to be there for him, to help him through whatever shit his father dumped on him made his body long for him even more. It was too strong to fight and the truth was that he didn’t want to. He wanted to feel his lover, needed to feel him.

“The door’s locked and I don’t care if they’re home. I need you. Please, Brian, make love to me,” Justin whimpered.

“Justin,” the brunet moaned. Just hearing the blond ask him to ‘make love’ made his cock rock hard. He’d had sex and fucked countless times, but he’d never made love. Well, unless you counted his and Justin’s first time together, but that wasn’t mutual or spoken. But now, now it was real and he couldn’t believe the power the words had over him.

“Please, I want you inside me.” Justin didn’t care that he was practically begging. He didn’t care that his parents and grandparents were downstairs. He only knew that if he didn’t feel Brian’s naked body next to him shortly, he was going to die. He pulled Brian’s mouth back down against his and purred as the incredible kiss made him writhe. He arched his back, pressing his body closer to his lover’s and gasped as his painfully hard erection ground against Brian’s.

“Baby, oh fuck,” the brunet growled against his lover’s lips as a jolt of electricity shot through his groin. He gasped and moaned as the blond instantly wrapped his leg around the back of his calves and started rubbing their clothed cocks together.

“Mmmm, you feel so good,” Justin moaned softly. He couldn’t help himself or his actions. He needed more. “Brian…please.”

Feeling the last of his restraint slip away from the desperation so evident in his lover’s voice, Brian stood up, pulling Justin with him and began to remove his clothes. He tore his t-shirt over his head then ripped open his jeans and quickly slid them off after toeing off his shoes.

“You’re so fucking gorgeous,” Justin breathed, looking at the incredible sight of his lover standing naked before him.

Brian smiled, loving the way the blond saw him. He’d never felt so desired as when those incredible, blue eyes washed over him. Wordlessly, he removed Justin’s shirt and pants, tossing them into the pile with is own clothes. His breath caught in his throat at the sight of the flawless, lithe body of his lover. Shaking his head in amazement of how one person could make him feel so much, Brian said, in awe, “God, you’re beautiful. So perfect.”

Smiling brightly, Justin moved backwards and laid down on the double bed, on his back with is arms wide open, offering himself to his lover.

Brian didn’t hesitate. He climbed on top of Justin, settling between his legs and resting his weight on his forearms and thighs. Their cocks pressed together and both men gasped and moaned from the exquisite contact.

“Brian, I need you…please,” Justin whimpered, so overcome with desire.

“Okay, baby…okay,” Brian said, lifting off the bed.

Instantly Justin’s arms wrapped tightly around Brian’s back, holding him close. “Where are you going?”

“I have to get a condom,” the brunet said softly. He saw the younger man’s eyes clear of their confusion and then watched as a shy smile spread across his face.

“Here,” the blond said quietly after reaching into the nightstand drawer.

Brian raised an inquisitive brow at his boyfriend and the blond just blushed and said, “Well, you never know when you’re gonna need them. It’s always better to be prepared.”

“Mm-hm, a boy scout at heart,” Brian said, taking the offered supplies. He placed the condom between his teeth and ripped it open. He took out the small, latex disc and shifted so that he could roll it on, but Justin’s hand stopped him.

“Let me,” the blond said with a smile, taking the condom from his lover.

The older man nodded and watched as his lover’s nimble fingers rolled the condom down his aching cock. He gasped and sighed at the contact, not able to hold back the shudder that shook his body. Looking back up at Justin, Brian smiled and leaned down to capture the younger man’s soft lips in a deep, intense kiss that left them both breathless.

“Brian,” Justin pleaded.

“Ahhh, baby,” the brunet moaned at hearing his name slide of his lover’s tongue. Not able to wait any longer, Brian flipped open the lube and placed a generous amount on his fingers, rubbing it between them to warm the slick liquid. “Spread your legs, Justin,” Brian whispered and the blond obeyed. Instantly, his middle finger was at the puckered opening, rubbing gently across the sensitive knot of skin.

“Ohhhhh,” the blond moaned.

Not wanting to torture the man any further, Brian pushed firmly and his finger slid half way inside the tightness of Justin’s ass. The younger man bucked and arched his back off the bed, causing the digit to slip all the way inside.

“God, baby, you’re so tight,” Brian moaned, thinking about how good it would feel when his cock replaced his finger.

“Mmmmm…more…more.”

Without hesitation, Brian slid his hand back and added another finger when he thrust back in. Another moan flew from the blond’s lips.

“Shhhh,” the older man whispered with his face right above Justin’s.

“I’m sorry, it’s just…oh, fuck,” Justin gasped as Brian continued to pump his long fingers in and out of his spasming hole.

“Do you want more?”

“Oh, God…yesssss.”

“Do you want my cock inside of you?”

“Ahhhhhh…pl-please.”

Overwhelmed by the sight of Justin’s flushed skin, glassy, blue eyes and deep-red swollen lips, Brian growled and quickly pulled his fingers out then instantly positioned the head of his pulsing cock at the blond’s hole and pushed.

“Yesssssss,” Justin moaned quietly as Brian slid all the way into him in one push. His back arched high off the bed, sending the brunet even deeper inside his ass and forcing their bodies impossibly closer, trapping his aching dick between their sweat-slicked stomachs.

“Justin,” Brian breathed. His eyes were shut and he remained perfectly still as he tried to control his instant desire to cum. He couldn’t believe the extreme amount of pleasure he got from just sliding into his lover. It was overwhelming and incredible and he never wanted it to end. But, already feeling his balls pull tight against his body, he knew that his excitement was getting the best of him and he didn’t know how long he would last. He laughed softly, amazed at the lack of stamina he was showing.

“What?” Justin asked confusedly. He didn’t understand why Brian was laughing and wondered if he’d done something wrong.

Opening his eyes and seeing the look on his lover’s face, Brian knew what he was thinking. He moved his hand to cup the side of the blond’s face and said, “You just leave me with no control, Sunshine. You break down all my walls and destroy my defenses. You’re amazing.”

Smiling brightly, Justin bucked upwards and involuntarily tightened his anal muscles, causing Brian to gasp. Happy with the results, the blond repeated the motion again and again until his boyfriend was a moaning mess, just like him.

“Bri…I can’t wait…I’m gonna…”

“Baby…come…come for me…now,” Brian growled, thrusting faster and deeper, barely pulling out at all from the tight confinement.

“Ahhhh…ahhhhh…yeaaahhhhh,” the blond moaned as quietly as possible and felt his body stiffen beneath his lover as shots of cum flew from his slit between their bodies and his ass spasmed sharply, trying to force Brian’s cock out.

“Jus…tin…urrgghhhhh,” Brian grunted, feeling his boyfriend’s channel tighten impossibly further around him as he plunged deep inside. His dick swelled and pulsed then exploded into the condom, leaving him weak and shaky as he fell against the man beneath him.

“Bri…Brian…I love you,” Justin panted, desperately trying to catch his breath.

Lifting up slightly, needing to see the beautiful blond’s face, Brian smiled at hearing the words that he never knew could bring such joy to his life and said, “I love you too,” then pressed his lips against Justin’s, sealing their words with a kiss.

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Jennifer walked her in-laws to the door and watched them get into their car. She tried to smile but her aching heart kept if from reaching her sad eyes. Waving goodbye as the car pulled away, she didn’t notice the black jeep that was parked a few doors down.

Too tired and worried to clean up, she decided to leave the kitchen until the morning and headed upstairs. She really wasn’t looking forward to crawling into bed next to her husband. She didn’t understand how he could have treated their son with such impatience and intolerance.

Quietly, Jennifer opened Molly’s door and smiled lovingly at the sight of her sleeping daughter strewn across the bed. She closed the door and walked to Justin’s room, stopping in front of the closed door. Sighing softly, she turned the handle and was slightly surprised to find it locked. Sighing again, she felt her heart become heavier as she headed towards her room, completely oblivious of the man lying naked next to her son.

Small Town

Part 22

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Justin snuggled closer to Brian and sleepily asked, “Are you going to stay?”

Running his hand up and down the soft skin of the blond’s back, Brian replied, “I can’t. I don’t want you to get in trouble.”

Yawning loudly, Justin opened his eyes and looked up, meeting the brunet’s gaze. “Stay.”

Smiling at the sweetness in his lover’s voice, Brian said, “I’ll stay for a while, but I’m leaving before morning.”

“’Kay,” Justin said, giving into his body’s need as he happily drifted off to sleep, safe in the arms of the man he loved.

Brian sighed contentedly and closed his eyes, promising himself that he’d just rest them for a few minutes. That promise was broken as he slipped into a peaceful sleep.

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Brian couldn’t believe that he’d fallen asleep for so long. He woke with a start as the sun began to creep into Justin’s room, then looked at the clock and was shocked to find that it was 5:39 a.m.

Shit.

He quickly but carefully disentangled himself from Justin’s arms and got off the bed. Picking up his clothes, he dressed then leaned down and pressed a gentle kiss to his lover’s forehead before climbing out the window and down the trellis.

He checked that the street was clear before he dashed out from the cover of the house and ran to the jeep parked a few houses over. He was really glad that he hadn’t left it closer. He didn’t want to raise any suspicions with Justin’s parents if they happened to look outside last night. He hopped inside and headed for home.

He couldn’t keep the huge smile off his face at the thought of the previous night. It was amazing. Justin was amazing and no matter what, he didn’t think that he’d ever feel anything different.

He was thrilled that the blond had been so open to his solution with his school problem for September. He felt his stomach tighten at the thought that maybe Justin wouldn’t get into the school in New York. What would he do then? Even though they’d only been together a short time, he didn’t want to think about spending his days without the younger man in them. The thought alone was just too painful to contemplate, so he brushed it aside in favor of more pleasant ideas…like what he was going to do to his lover that evening, after his date with Lindsay.

Just the thought of having to play nice and take the girl out made his blood boil. Fucking Jack. He shook his head, still feeling defeated by his father’s actions. “One day,” he said quietly. One day he’d get even. He had no doubt.

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Justin woke up before the sound of the alarm and stretched leisurely with his eyes still closed. Instantly he remembered the events of the night before and reached beside him for the firm body of his lover. His hand landed on the cool sheets and he quickly turned, opening his eyes to find the spot empty.

Sighing at Brian’s absence, Justin’s eyes cast upwards, finding something on the now vacant pillow. He reached for it and was surprised to find a piece of white paper fashioned into the shape of a heart. Its edges were ragged, having been ripped into form and he recognized the paper from the sheets that lay on his desk. Clutching the heart to his chest, he smiled.

Suddenly the room was enveloped in a loud, irritating buzzing noise and Justin’s hand lashed out, slamming the button on the clock radio and ending the incessant noise. Reluctantly he got up then stood, dreading the thought of another boring day at school. He thought about the plan that Brian had shared with him last night and smiled. New York. Him and Brian. Together. What could be better?

Walking over to his nightstand, he opened the top drawer and placed the heart-shaped paper inside. He looked down at the token and felt his heart swell with the thought of his romantic boyfriend. Closing the drawer, he patted it gently, knowing that it held a piece of Brian within.

When Justin went down for breakfast, he felt the mood of the night before still present. His mother watched him warily as he took his seat at the kitchen table. She smiled weakly as she placed a plate of eggs and bacon in front of him, then walked back to the counter and sipped her coffee.

“So, Justin, do you have any plans for this evening?” Jennifer asked, trying her best to sweep everything under the rug and start the day fresh.

Realizing that his mother just wanted to act as if nothing had happened, Justin kept his eyes downwards, focusing on his plate and said, “Yeah, I’m going out with Daphne. Actually, I wanted to stay over at her house, if that’s okay,” the blond asked as he lifted his eyes to meet his mother’s.

Seeing the pain and sadness still evident in her son’s eyes, Jennifer swallowed hard around the lump in her throat and said, “Sure, honey,” then she smiled, trying to let her son know wordlessly that she was sorry for what had happened.

“Thanks,” Justin replied, understanding the look in his mother’s eyes.

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“So, we all set for tonight, Sonny Boy?”

“We? Why, are YOU coming on the date now?” Brian asked his father with distain.

Huffing, the older man said, “Yeah, I wish I had a date with a beautiful young blonde.”

Laughing at the irony of his father’s words, Brian said under his breath, “Yeah, me too,” then frowned, thinking about the evening he’d had planned with Justin and what he had to do now.

“What’s that?” Jack asked.

“Nothing,” Brian said shaking his head

“So, where are you taking the girl?”

Raising one eyebrow questioningly at his father, Brian said, “Making sure I don’t screw things up for you?”

“No, I know that you wouldn’t be stupid enough to try that,” the older man said, giving his son a warning look, then he continued. “Why don’t you take her to Vinnie’s?”

“Yeah, I guess I could,” Brian said noncommittally.

“Good, so it’s settled. Have a good time and be on your best behavior, and for God’s sake, DON’T try to fuck her,” Jack advised his son.

“Don’t worry about that. I definitely won’t try to fuck her,” Brian said, trying his best to keep his face from cringing at the thought as he headed out of the store.

Getting into his car, Brian took out his cell phone and pushed memory one, smiling when he heard the voice on the other end of the line.

“Hey.”

“Hey, baby.”

“How was your day?” Justin asked, happy to hear his lover’s voice.

“Busy, like always. I just wanted to check that everything was still set for tonight.”

“Of course, just like we planned. I’ll be waiting for you outside Daphne’s at nine o’clock. Don’t be late.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t.”

“Oh, and Brian.”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t have too good a time,” the blond said quietly.

“You’re the only one I have a good time with, Sunshine. Only you,” Brian purred and felt the warmth of his lover’s perfect smile wash over him from across the line.

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Brian pulled up in front of Tom Granger’s house and was once again floored at the beauty of it. It was a large home, much larger than most of the homes in town. The pristine white of the porch and large pillars stood out sharply against the dark wood siding that covered the house. It was amazing and Brian hoped that one day he owned something as impressive.

He headed up the porch steps and rang the bell, then waited patiently for the door to open.

“I’ll get it,” he heard from inside and plastered the most genuine smile he could muster across his face as the door opened and he came face to face with a pretty, blonde woman.

“Hi, you must be Brian. I’m Lindsay,” the warm voice said with a smile that made her blue eyes sparkle.

Instantly, Brian was reminded of another blond whose bright, blue eyes and perfect smile had captured his heart. He instantly felt comfortable with the woman in front of him because she made him think of Justin.

“Yeah, I’m Brian. Are you ready to go?”

“Yep, just let me get my purse,” Lindsay said and disappeared into the house for a second. “Bye, Uncle Tom,” she called out as she made her way back to Brian and stepped outside, closing the door behind her.

“Um, let me get the door for you,” Brian said, not really sure of how he was supposed to act on a date, having never really gone on one before. Well, he figured that wasn’t really true anymore since he’d been out with Justin a few times in the past week. Still, he didn’t want to look stupid or make any mistakes. He knew his father would not be happy if the evening didn’t go well.

“Thank you,” the woman said with a smile as she climbed into the jeep and fastened her seat belt.

Brian went around to his side and got in. “I hope you like Italian food. I thought we’d go to Vinnie’s. They have great pasta.”

“That sounds wonderful, Brian.”

The brunet stilled for a moment after hearing Lindsay say his name. He wanted to see if it had any affect on him, the way it did when Justin said it, but he felt nothing. No tingles at all. He smiled, happy knowing that his lover was the right one, the only one for him. Not that he ever doubted it, but he was glad to have a little bit of extra proof.

Once they arrived at the restaurant, they were seated right away. The place wasn’t that busy yet so it wasn’t a problem that Brian hadn’t bothered to make reservations.

Lindsay looked over the place and smiled, happy with her date’s choice. “So, tell me something about yourself, Brian.”

“Um, okay, I’m, uh, I’m working through the summer at my family’s store then going to NYU.” He didn’t know exactly what to say and was a little stunned by the woman’s desire to get to know him.

“Oh, that sounds great. I’m heading to New York myself. I’ll be studying at the art school there.”

”You mean The New York Academy Of Art?” Brian asked, feeling a little uneasy that if Justin got accepted there and their plan to live together worked out, he might actually bump into Lindsay, and that could prove to be a problem.

“Yes, how did you know?”

“Oh, uh, my friend, Justin applied there too. He’s just waiting to see if he got accepted. How do you know that you got in already?”

“Oh, my mother’s on the board so I got an early acceptance.”

“Oh, I guess it pays to have connections,” Brian said, thinking of what Justin had told him about his father’s connections and his early Dartmouth acceptance.

“Yeah, it does. So, maybe we can get together in New York. I’d love to show you the city. I’m assuming that you’ve never been there before.”

Not exactly sure why it bugged him that Lindsay had just ASSUMED that he hadn’t been to New York, Brian smiled politely and said, “Yeah, sure.” But inside, he knew that he had no intention of spending time with the woman. “Why don’t we order,” he said, wanting to change the subject and hopefully get the date rolling along. He had a schedule to keep and had no intention of keeping his lover waiting even one second longer than necessary.

After chatting about nothing of importance and eating as much as he could, Brian looked at his watch and sighed quietly, realizing that FINALLY it was time to go. He looked up at the blonde that was coming back to the table from the washroom and smiled. “So, are you ready to go?” he asked, standing up, not giving her much of a choice.

“Oh, you want to go? Um, okay, I guess I’m ready,” the woman said meekly. She was hoping to spend some more time with Brian, to get to know him better, but obviously that wasn’t his plan. She followed him out of the restaurant and smiled politely as he held the door open to the jeep then closed it behind her.

“So, did you like the restaurant?” Brian asked as they drove towards Lindsay’s uncle’s house. He didn’t want to end the date on a bad note and he could tell that the woman wasn’t exactly thrilled at being taken home so early. The thing was, he really didn’t care. He’d done his duty, just like his father expected him to. No more, no less. He didn’t want to lead the blonde on, thinking that she was going to get more than he was willing to give. He wasn’t interested in her, but he didn’t want to be cruel.

“Yeah, I had a great time. I, um, I hope that we can do this again sometime,” Lindsay said eagerly.

“Uh, well…oh, we’re here,” Brian said as they pulled up to the house, just in the nick of time. He got out and gentlemanly opened the door for the woman and walked her up to the house.

“Well, bye, Brian.”

“Yeah, bye,” the man said with an uncomfortable smile, then turned and walked back to the jeep.

Lindsay stood on the porch, watching her date walk away and wondered why he hadn’t even tried to kiss her. Maybe he was being polite? Maybe he isn’t interested in me? Well, she’d just have to talk to her uncle and see what he could do about getting her another chance with the gorgeous man. She wasn’t about to give up that easy.

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Brian pulled up outside Daphne’s house at exactly nine o’clock and smiled as an excited young man came barreling towards his car and got in. Not knowing who was watching, Brian didn’t lean in and kiss Justin, but instantly reached across and grabbed hold of his hand, moving it to rest on the blond’s thigh with his hand on top of it.

“So, how was your date?” Justin asked, his smile falling slightly, but not too much.

“Okay, I guess. I’ve never been on a date with a woman before, so I don’t have anything to compare it to,” the older man said honestly.

“Oh, well, as long as you didn’t end up fucking on top of the table, I guess it must have gone alright.”

Laughing, Brian turned and smiled at his lover, seeing the slight amount of doubt in his blue eyes and said, “The thought never even crossed my mind, Sunshine.”

“Good,” the blond said, settling back in his seat. He was relieved. “So, where are we going?” he asked excitedly.

“I thought we’d go to the motel again. Try to relive some of the highlights of our first night together,” the brunet said with a wicked grin.

“Sounds perfect to me,” Justin answered, thrilled at getting to spend a whole night with his boyfriend without any interruptions or curfews or parents.

“I was hoping you’d say that,” Brian said, giving the hand beneath his a squeeze as they headed towards Liberty Avenue.

Small Town

Part 23

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When they arrived at the hotel, they were pleased that room #123, the same room they’d shared their first night together in was available. The difference was that this time Justin wasn’t scared or unsure about what was going to happen. He was horny and needy and not shy about letting Brian know what he wanted. Yes, things had definitely changed.

Brian could still sense a little bit of sadness in his lover and hoped that it would quickly fade. He understood that the blond wasn’t happy about the date he’d been forced to go on with Lindsay, but it was over and they were together. That was all that mattered.

Hungrily, Justin approached Brian and asked, “Did you want to fuck her?”

Shocked by the question, the older man quickly replied, “God, NO.”

“Do you want to fuck me?” the blond asked huskily while his hands began to remove Brian’s clothes.

“Yes…ahhhh…yes,” Brian moaned as Justin’s tongue slid down along the newly exposed skin of his chest. He watched as the man got down on his knees then kissed and nipped at the tender flesh just below his navel.

“Good?” the blond grunted as his hands made quick work of opening Brian’s jeans and pulling them down over his hips. He slid them off and tossed them aside, coming face to face with the man’s hard, leaking cock. Moving forward, he buried his face in his lover’s groin and inhaled the intoxicating scent that he’d already imprinted into his brain. The familiar smell sent a wave of pleasure through his body, causing his throbbing dick to leak in the tight confinements of his pants.

“Justin,” the brunet breathed as his hands reached down and braced himself against the smaller man’s shoulders.

“Mmmmmm,” the blond moaned around the head of his lover’s cock as he took it inside his warm, wet mouth and began to suck. Stiffening his tongue, he jabbed at the slit and scooped up the leaking fluid then moaned softly again, sending shivers through Brian’s body. Slowly, Justin slid his full lips down the length of his boyfriend’s shaft as far as he could go. Relaxing his throat he moved down a little further and heard Brian gasp as the sensitive flesh of his cock head hit the back of the blond’s throat. Justin swallowed and was again rewarded with a loud moan.

“Baby…oh, fuck…slow down…I can’t hold out…much longer,” the older man panted breathlessly.

Pulling back, letting the throbbing member slip from his mouth, Justin looked up at Brian and smiled. “Do you want to fuck my mouth, shoot down my throat while I swallow your hot cum?” he asked as his hand moved teasingly slow, up and down the length of his lover’s cock.

Brian was speechless. He knew he was supposed to answer, but the words just wouldn’t come. He watched the blond’s hand move along his shaft and felt his balls tighten and spasm softly. His eyes locked onto the intense blue ones that were still waiting for his answer. He cleared his throat and said, “Please, baby…make me come.”

Smiling at hearing the desperation in his lover’s voice, Justin instantly removed his hand and latched his mouth back onto Brian’s leaking dick. He sucked hard on the head then slid down, taking the entire member into his mouth. Wanting to give Brian more, he moved back up, hollowing his cheeks as he sucked the head while his tongue teased the slit.

“Justin…baby…I’m…ahhhh…yeahhhhh,” Brian shouted as his orgasm took hold and ripped the cum from his dick in long spurts that shot into Justin’s mouth and had the blond moaning with pleasure. Brian’s body jerked and he tightened his grip on his lover’s shoulders, feeling as if he was going to tumble to the ground at any moment.

After sucking the older man dry, Justin let the softening cock slip from his mouth then stood up and kissed Brian sweetly on the lips, letting the man taste his own essence. “Good?” he asked, his voice still heavy with lust.

“Mmmm…good,” the older man said with a smile, then pushed the blond backwards onto the bed and added, “You deserve something really special for that. Are you ready for me?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Justin replied as he laid back, eagerly awaiting his reward.

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The next morning, Justin woke to find every inch of his body stiff and sore. His ass burned a little, but it was a good burn. It reminded him of the ample rewards that he’d received last night, over and over again. He couldn’t believe that his body could keep going like that and wondered where the hell all the cum that he’d shot had come from. His balls and the reserve that must be stored somewhere in his body had to be completely empty. He’d come so many times last night and early that morning that he was sure he’d never be able to come again.

Well, at least not for another hour or two.

He was shaken out of his pleasant daze by the shifting of the bed beside him and then by a pair of strong arms that wrapped around him from behind. He felt his lover’s hard cock press against his ass and wondered how the hell the man could get it up again. Feeling a familiar tingling in his own groin, Justin looked down and was surprised to find his own cock standing at attention. He smiled and shook his head at the wonder of it all.

“Hey, baby, did you sleep well?”

“Who the hell slept? I was kept up most of the night by some sex fiend that kept attacking me,” the blond said playfully as he ground his hips backwards against his lover.

Laughing softly, Brian replied, “Yeah, well, I don’t exactly think it was ME who was keeping us up. I seem to remember a rather persistent blond who kept on teasing my poor, helpless cock to attention.”

“Mmm, I can’t think of who that could be,” Justin said, his voice growing deeper as his ass continued to move against Brian and his hand reached down and began stroking his own dick.

Hearing the change in the younger man’s voice and noticing the movement of his hand, Brian reached down and placed his larger hand over Justin’s smaller one, guiding it up and down his erection as he began to rock his hips back and forth against his lover’s ass. He knew that the man had to be too sore to take Brian inside and he didn’t want to cause him any pain, so he would get them off another way. It was a win-win situation because any way they did it they came, which was always a positive result in Brian’s books.

“Feel good?” the brunet whispered against his lover’s ear as his warm mouth sucked on the lobe.

“Ahhhhh…yes.”

“Do you want me to get you off?”

“Brian…please,” Justin whimpered as his boyfriend’s hand tightened around his shaft and then he ran his thumb across the tender slit over and over again.

“Ohhhhh,” Brian moaned at the usual affect of his name from his lover’s lips. He rocked harder and faster against the soft but firm globes of Justin’s perfect ass, moving closer to exploding himself.

“I can’t wait…I need to come…now…fuck…ahhhhhhhhh,” Justin wailed loudly, filling the small motel room with the sounds of his orgasm. His thick, white semen shot out in long spurts, falling against the comforter and running down along his and Brian’s hands.

“I’m almost…just a little…oh…ohhhhh,” Brian panted and then…

“Brian,” Justin whispered knowingly and that was it.

“Oh, fuck…Justin….uurrgghhhhhh,” the brunet shouted and his dick erupted, shooting cum out against the creamy, pale skin of Justin’s back and kept on shooting as his cock slid along the perfect ass, the warm fluid easing the way and intensifying his pleasure. His orgasm was sharp and strong and it amazed Brian that after the previous night he still had it in him.

Brian’s arms remained around Justin’s waist and pulled him back against his body. Even though they were both wet and sticky, they laid together, enjoying the peaceful feeling of being with the one you love.

Both men drifted back to sleep for a little nap, in no rush to be anywhere but exactly where they were.

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“Are you hungry?” Brian asked as they stepped out of the shower. They’d agreed to take a shower together, but neither one of them had the energy, or cum left to start anything other than some playful teasing and touching.

“I’m ALWAYS hungry,” the blond said dramatically as he pulled his clean clothes out of his knapsack and got dressed.

“Okay, so let’s go get some breakfast, um, well, I guess sort of lunch,” the older man said as he looked at the clock radio on the nightstand and saw that it was almost lunchtime. He pulled on his clean clothes, then turned to his lover and asked, “Do you have to be home any particular time today?”

“Nope, I told my mom that I was going out with Daphne for the day so she won’t care what time I get in.”

“Doesn’t Daphne mind covering for you all the time?” Brian asked, still a little upset that Justin couldn’t tell his mother that he was spending time with him. Guys hung out with other guys all the time. He knew that Justin thought that his mother suspected something, and he understood the man’s reasons for lying, but he wished it didn’t have to be that way. Who knows, maybe things would change?

“No, I don’t think so. She’s great and I owe her big, but we’ve been best friends forever, so I guess that’s just what best friends do for each other. They cover each other’s asses.”

Thinking of his friends, he wondered if any of them would have done the same thing for him.

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As they stepped into the diner, a loud, exuberant voice broke through the noise of the busy eatery, calling them over. “Brian…Justin, baby...come on over here.”

“Hi Emmett,” the blond said, plopping himself down in the booth, on the bench across from the other man.

“Hey,” Brian said less than enthusiastically as he slid in beside his boyfriend.

“So, what brought you out this way so early?” Emmett asked.

“Well, we weren’t too far. We stayed at this motel just a few minutes from here.”

“Ohhh, la-de-da, a night out,” Emmett drawled, staring sweetly at Brian.

“Yeah, well, what can I say? Only the best for MY baby,” Brian said, emphasizing the fact that Justin was his baby and not Emmett’s.

The flamboyant man just smiled, loving that he could get to Brian so easily. His eyes shifted between Brian and Justin and he couldn’t get over the way the two men seemed to complete each other. It was amazing. Just as he was about to tell the couple how perfect they looked together, a loud, shrilling sound lashed out at them from the innards of the diner.

“Briiiiaaaaaannnn.”

Groaning inwardly, Brian said, “Hey, Mikey.”

Small Town

Part 24

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Coming out of the back, Michael rushed over to the booth that his friends were occupying. “Brian, I didn’t know that you would be here today,” he said, slipping in beside Emmett so that he could face Brian.

“Yeah, well, Justin and I were hungry.”

“Oh,” the wimpy man whined when he noticed the blond sitting beside his friend. He sighed dramatically and said, “Well, I’m just glad that you’re here. Maybe we can hit Babylon again tonight, what do you think?” the man asked a little too eagerly.

“I’ll let you know. We’re not sure what our plans are just yet,” Brian replied, then draped his arm across his boyfriend’s shoulder and pulled him close, leaving no doubt as to where the blond’s place of importance lay.

“Teddy,” Emmett called out as the man entered the diner.

“Hi everyone,” Ted said, standing by the table. He looked around for a spare chair, grabbed one and placed it at the open end of the booth then sat down. “So, what’s everyone up to today?” he asked as his eyes glanced at the men sitting in the booth, letting them linger a little bit longer on Justin.

Brian felt his boyfriend shudder slightly and wondered what was wrong. He turned to the blond, giving him a questioning stare, but the man just shrugged and shook his head. Realizing that he wasn’t going to get an answer, Brian turned back to his friends and couldn’t help notice that Ted was staring at Justin. Instantly the answer was clear. “Ted, close your mouth and stop fucking drooling over MY boyfriend.”

Ted blushed and finally turned away. He couldn’t help himself. He found the blond incredibly sexy and amazingly beautiful. He didn’t understand why HE never got someone like Justin. Well, he really didn’t want someone LIKE Justin, he wanted Justin, but he knew that sadly, that would never happen, not with Brian in the picture. He wondered what his chances would be if they weren’t together. Nonchalantly glancing back at the blond, Ted didn’t miss the possessive way that Brian’s arm was draped over the younger man’s shoulder. He sighed heavily, realizing that no matter how much he wished for it, Justin would never be his.

Everyone around the table heard Ted’s heavy sigh and realized what it was for, but no one said a thing, well no one except…”Ted, what the fuck’s the matter with you?” Michael asked rather loudly.

Blushing further, realizing that he’d sighed out loud, Ted turned to Brian and Justin and smiled apologetically. Brian just nodded his acceptance while the blond smiled weakly in return, not really buying the odd man’s amends. There was something about the man that rubbed him the wrong way.

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After the boys finished eating they went their separate ways, agreeing to meet up later at Babylon.

Brian and Justin decided to hang around the area for the day, not wanting to make the trip back and forth from their town. They wandered around Liberty Avenue, checking out the unique little shops that Justin had missed the first time when Brian had shown him around. They hung out in the park, spread out on a blanket that Brian had in the trunk, and grabbed a nap under a huge oak tree. They were both so comfortable in their surroundings, not worried at all when they woke up tangled in each other’s arms, out in the open. That was the beauty of Liberty. You could be yourself, and it was a great feeling.

“I’m hungry,” Justin said as he sat up on the blanket, yawning sleepily.

“I’m quickly learning that you’re ALWAYS hungry,” the older man said with a laugh.

“Especially for you,” the blond answered as he lay back down, but this time on top of his boyfriend, and pressed his lips against the soft warm ones of his lover.

“Mmmm, you’re insatiable,” Brian said with a huge smile.

“Yep, and it’s all your fault.”

“My fault?”

“If you weren’t so damn gorgeous I wouldn’t want to jump your bones every single minute that I’m with you.” The younger man tilted his head slightly as if in thought, then added, “Actually, I want to jump your bones even when I’m NOT with you, so it’s definitely your fault.”

“Okaaay,” Brian drawled, seeming humored and calm on the outside, but on the inside he was jumping for joy at the affect he had on his boyfriend. He just hoped it never changed.

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After diner, Brian realized that they still had a little bit of time until they had to meet the boys at Babylon, so he took Justin back to the park that they’d spent the late afternoon in. He led the blond to a bench and they both sat down. He knew he wanted to tell his boyfriend some things before they went to the club again, but he wasn’t exactly sure how to start. He was lucky the first night that no one had said anything that would peak the younger man’s curiosity, but he didn’t think he wanted to take a chance again. He needed to come clean, let Justin know the truth from him instead of hearing it from someone else.

“Are you okay?” Justin asked, seeing the worried look on his lover’s face.

Clearing his throat, Brian gathered his courage and began. “Um, yeah, it’s just that, well, I wanted to tell you something.”

The blond got scared. He didn’t like the way Brian sounded and the way he looked only increased his level of fear. He felt his heart begin to pick up pace and his mouth instantly went dry. He tried to speak, but nothing came out.

Noticing the way his lover’s eyes widened in fear and his usually pale complexion became even more sallow, Brian reached out and took the blond’s hands in his and gave a reassuring squeeze. “Baby, don’t be so scared. I just wanted to tell you, well, about my past, a little,” the brunet said softly.

Sighing with relief, Justin felt himself calm slightly as his heart slowed down, not threatening to burst from his chest any longer. “Okay,” he said, looking into his lover’s intense hazel eyes, trying to reassure the man that whatever he had to say, Justin would listen to and not judge him.

“Well, um, I didn’t want you to find this out from someone else. I needed to tell you myself and I hope that you understand and won’t be too disappointed in me or think any less of me,” the older man said meekly.

“Brian, I would never think less of you. I love you.”

Smiling, Brian said, “I love you too.” Taking a deep breath and slowly releasing it, he continued. “I know that I told you when we were first together that I’d been coming to Liberty for a while now. And I know that I told you that I wasn’t a virgin.”

Justin nodded and then watched as Brian’s eyes fell, focusing on their joined hands in his lap.

“Um, well, I didn’t tell you exactly HOW much of a virgin I’m NOT,” the brunet said with a soft laugh. He was so scared that Justin wouldn’t want to be with him after he told him about his past. Taking another deep breath, Brian said quietly, “Well, the backroom at Babylon and I have quite a history together.”

“The backroom?”

Raising his eyes slightly, Brian saw the confusion on his lover’s face. “It’s a place where you can go to have sex, any kind of sex, with nameless men. And let’s just say that before you, I visited it a lot.”

“Oh,” the blond said quietly. He wasn’t sure he wanted to hear the rest, but he knew that Brian needed to tell him. He remembered when they’d first been together that the man had told him that he wasn’t innocent, but he wasn’t exactly sure how, well, not-innocent the man was, and he was slowly finding out.

“See, I told you that your opinion of me would change,” Brian said sadly. His eyes met Justin’s and he thought he saw the disappointment that the younger man must have felt reflected in them. “You have to understand,” he said, needing to explain to his lover why he’d done the things he had. “I would have done anything, or anyone to satisfy my desperate need to feel something, even if it was only for a short while. Growing up in the lovely Kinney household definitely had a wonderful and lasting affect on me,” he said sarcastically. “Not that I’m embarrassed or regretful of what I’ve done. You do what you need to, to survive. And that’s all I was doing, until you…just surviving.”

Justin smiled reassuringly at the brunet’s last comment. He wasn’t exactly sure what to feel from his lover’s confession. He was a little stunned by the information, but he knew that it didn’t make him think any less of the man. He’d seen first hand the way that Brian was treated by his father, and from what Brian had told him about his mother, she wasn’t any better. Having to deal with that kind of emotional and physical abuse is bound to have an affect on a person. Justin felt his blood begin to boil at the thought of what his lover must have had to endure in his lifetime at the hands of people who were supposed to protect and love him, instead of harm and torment him.

“Brian, I won’t lie to you and tell you that I’m not a little shocked by all of this, but I don’t think any less of you. I love you, always and forever. I promise you that.”

Smiling with relief, Brian was unable to stop a lone tear from escaping and rolling down the side of his face. Justin quickly wiped it away, then left his hand on the side of the brunet’s face, lovingly caressing the smooth skin with is thumb.

“Justin, I don’t want to hurt you. I…I don’t want to be with anyone else…just you. I hope that’s what you want too,” Brian said softly.

Smiling his trademark smile, the blond replied, “That’s all I want…all I need…just you.”

Feeling an overwhelming sense of love and pride for the beautiful blond next to him, Brian pressed his lips to Justin’s in an all-consuming kiss that left both men breathless and aching for more when they finally parted. “I love you, Justin…always,” the older man whispered as his forehead rested against the blond’s intimately.

“Me too, no matter what.”

Brian just smiled, relieved that he’d gotten everything off his chest and thankful that he had this incredible man to share his life with.

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Brian and Justin headed toward Babylon with Brian’s arm wrapped possessively around Justin’s shoulder and Justin’s arm wrapped reassuringly around Brian’s waist.

Brian had opened up to Justin and was so relieved that he hadn’t turned away, but surprisingly had reinforced the fact that he loved Brian. And Justin felt honored that Brian had shared such intimate details of himself, knowing that Justin’s opinion of him could have changed. The openness and honesty had only succeeded in strengthening their bond and bringing them even closer.

“Hey, baby, over here,” Emmett yelled when he saw the two men approaching the club.

“Hi Emmett, Michael, Ted,” Justin said with a smile, trying to ignore the way that Ted seemed to stare at him when he spoke.

“Hi Brian…Justin,” Michael said, his voice loosing all it’s enthusiasm as he said the blond’s name.

“Boys, let’s go inside. Our playground awaits,” Brian said, as they moved through the front of the club. This time, Brian wasn’t afraid that someone would say something to him that would cause his lover to question his status at Babylon.

“Ohhh, the place is sure hopping tonight,” Emmett said enthusiastically as his body began to sway to the loud music. “Come on baby, let’s dance,” he told Justin as he tugged gently on his arm and gave the man a pleading look. “I want to be seen with YOU out on the dance floor. Maybe it will increase my chances of getting a gorgeous little morsel for myself tonight.”

Turning towards his lover, Justin asked, “Brian, do you mind?”

“No, go dance, but be good,” the brunet warned playfully, then gave the blond a heart-stopping kiss that left him dazed and speechless.

“I…maybe…” Justin stammered, trying to regain his focus.

Laughing softly, Brian said with a proud smile at the way he’d affected his lover, “Go, have fun, but remember that you’re MINE.” Then he pushed lightly on the blond as Emmett dragged him onto the crowded floor.

“Brian, you should just let him go. Hopefully he’ll find someone else out there to take advantage of,” Michael whined.

Staring at his friend, at a loss for words at how the man could think so little of him or his feelings, Brian just shook his head in amazement then turned towards the bar and ordered himself a beer.

Not understanding why his friend had turned away, Michael moved next to Brian and asked, “So, you wanna dance?”

“NO.”

“But, Brriiiiiiiaaaaaannnnnn,” the stunted little man groaned.

“Mikey, not tonight. I’ve had a great weekend and I don’t want YOU ruining it. Please, just go and dance with Ted or find yourself a playmate for the evening. I don’t care, but don’t start in on me…not tonight,” Brian said, then took a large gulp of his beer and turned to face the dance floor, watching his lover move to the music and ignoring his friend, whose mouth was hanging open in shock.

“Come on Michael, let’s go dance,” Ted said, taking hold of his friend’s arm and pulling him towards the dance floor. He wanted to make Michael feel better, but he also knew that he could use it as an excuse to get closer to the blond. Moving through the crowd, he stopped right next to where Emmett and Justin were dancing and began to dance.

Michael couldn’t believe how Brian had spoken to him. He turned towards Justin and glared at the man, wanting nothing more than to make the beautiful blond disappear. He wondered if he wished hard enough, could it actually happen? Shaking his head in dismay, he sighed heavily and tried his best to let go of the incredible sadness he felt, not wanting to ruin a night out with his friends. If Brian was going to make Justin a part of his life, he’d just have to accept the fact that now he was a part of all of their lives. Not that he had to like it or be outwardly happy about it. He didn’t think that would ever happen. But he would try not to rag on his friend and maybe, just maybe, when Brian got tired of Justin, which he was sure would happen, Michael would be there. Michael would always be there.

“Hey, glad you guys joined us,” Emmett beamed at his friends with his arms up in the air and his hips swaying from side to side, doing one of the many dances he had created. It always seemed like Emmett was making up a new move, with each one being even more flamboyant and out-there than the one before. “Doesn’t our baby dance divinely?” he asked, motioning to Justin with his head.

”Yeah, divinely,” Ted agreed, trying his best to keep the saliva from running out the sides of his mouth as it watered profusely at the sight of the blond’s ass gyrating provocatively in front of him.

“Yeah, sure, great,” Michael agreed flatly. He really couldn’t care less about ANY of Justin’s talents. Not for a second.

Laughing, Justin continued to move to the music, enjoying the attention of Brian’s friends and feeling a pleasant buzz beginning to spread through his entire body from the incredible energy of the club. “God, I think this place is so great.”

“Yeah, it is…especially on a Saturday night. The place is so alive,” Emmett said with a huge smile.

“I think that…” Justin started, but his words stopped when he felt a pair of arms wrap around him from behind. Instantly he knew whose body was pressed against his and he smiled and purred, “Mmmm.”

“Miss me, baby?” Brian whispered into his lover’s ear and couldn’t help but nip gently at the blond’s tender lobe before he pulled away.

“Always,” Justin replied, pressing back against Brian and grinding his ass against the brunet’s groin. The younger man smiled, feeling his lover’s hardening cock press into him.

“Ahhhh, Justin, you’re being a bad boy,” Brian moaned against his lover’s neck.

Laughing, pleased at the affect he was having on his man, Justin continued to sway provocatively to the music. He took hold of one of Brian’s hands and slipped it under the hem of his shirt, letting the man feel the softness and firmness of his stomach.

“Baby,” Brian groaned. His eyes closed and he moaned deep in his chest at the feel of his lover’s heated, silky skin beneath his fingers. He slipped his other hand under the shirt as well and let it play along the blond happy-trail that was exposed just above Justin’s low-riding jeans.

“Brian,” Justin purred, smiling as he heard Brian moan at the sound of his name. He loved the way it always got to the man. Justin’s own cock was straining against the material of his pants and he gasped as his lover’s long, middle finger dipped inside his jeans and briefs and teasingly brushed across his leaking slit.

“Feel good?” Brian asked, pressing wet kisses against the pale column of his boyfriend’s neck.

“Oh, yeah…so good.”

The boys continued to tease and taunt each other as their bodies moved to the techno beat, getting more and more worked up by the second.

Meanwhile…Michael, Emmett and Ted were in shock. They couldn’t believe that Brian and Justin were being so blatantly sexual with each other, there in the open, on the dance floor. Not like it never happened. Things like that ALWAYS happened at Babylon. It wouldn’t be a typical night if they didn’t see at least a dozen couples going at it on the dance floor, but this was different. Justin seemed so sweet and innocent and Brian…well, okay, they expected things like this from Brian – but not with is boyfriend.

“Are you guys gonna fuck out here for everyone to see?” Michael asked, his voice dripping with disdain.

Both Brian and Justin’s heads shot up at the sound of the whiny voice, finally realizing just how carried away they had gotten. Justin blushed and smiled shyly, but Brian just pulled his lover tightly against him, not willing to take any shit from anyone over their actions.

“Maybe,” Brian said, “can I get you a chair or a pen and paper so you can take notes?” the brunet asked challengingly.

Ted’s eyes glazed over at the thought that maybe he’d get a chance to see the men in action. The image alone that kept playing through his mind was enough to give him the stiffest boner that the nerdy man had ever had.

“Um, no, I…” Michael muttered, losing his nerve at the sight of Brian’s hardened stare.

“Bri, come on,” Justin said, taking Brian’s hand and pulling him away from his friends and off the dance floor.

Brian followed his lover, calming slightly as they reached the bar. “I don’t know why that fucker has to always get in my face. Like it’s any of his goddamn business what I do and where the hell I do it,” Brian ranted.

“Brian, relax. Don’t let him get to you. Besides, I’m so fucking horny and I need your attention,” the blond purred against his lover’s ear, then nibbled on the soft flesh of his neck.

“Ohhh, Justin, I…let’s get out of here,” Brian moaned and closed his eyes, enjoying the feel of his lover’s wet warm mouth against his skin.

“No, I want you to take me to the backroom.”

“WHAT!” Brian shouted in shock, his eyes popping open and focusing intensely on the glazed-over blue ones in front of him.

“I want you to take me to the backroom, Brian. I want to see it,” the blond said, slipping his hands underneath the hem of Brian’s fitted t-shirt, caressing the heated skin.

“No fucking way.”

“Please, I need you.”

“Then let’s go,” the older man said firmly, trying desperately to ignore the ache of his throbbing cock trapped inside his jeans. He felt his lover’s nimble fingers play across his stomach and run teasingly along the waistband of his pants, dipping inside every so often and sending a shiver through his body.

“Brian,” Justin purred, hoping it would have the usual affect on his lover.

“Ahhh, baby…please…let’s go,” Brian moaned as his cock jumped and hardened impossibly further.

“No, I want to go to the backroom. I need to see it, to understand you,” the blond said softly.

Nodding slightly, knowing that he wasn’t going to win, Brian took hold of Justin’s hand and led him towards the backroom. He couldn’t help the sick feeling he had in the pit of his stomach at what Justin’s reaction would be to what he would find back there.

Small Town

Part 25

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“Holy fuck,” was Justin’s reaction the minute that they set foot into the backroom of Babylon.

“Baby, maybe we shouldn’t…”

“No, I want to see this. I need to see this,” the blond said, looking intently into his lover’s worried eyes.

“Okay,” Brian said meekly as he wrapped his arm around Justin’s shoulder, making sure that everyone understood that the man was HIS, and warning them not to approach him as he led Justin into the depths of another world.

“Brian, those men, they’re…and those, they’re so…shit, Bri, I don’t understand how those two are…”

“Justin, relax and breath,” Brian told his lover. He could understand how overwhelming it all was, but he was so used to it that it didn’t phase him at all anymore. He just didn’t want to freak Justin out and make the man think any less of him for having been a big part of that scene.

“Okay, yeah, I will,” Justin said absently as he looked around the darkened room, shaking his head in dismay. He couldn’t begin to understand so many of the things that were going on around him. How the hell did these men do this? So out in the open, where anyone could watch…but then it hit him…that was part of the thrill. Doing it where anyone and everyone could see you. He shook his head in understanding as the reality of the backroom became clear to him. Instantly, he looked at the men, in every single imaginable and many unimaginable positions that one could think of, with a different attitude.

“Brian, I get it. I get what you were looking for back here. You wanted to be wanted…to be needed…by anyone that was willing,” he said softly, looking deeply into his lover’s amazing hazel eyes.

The older man was speechless. He saw the love and compassion in Justin’s warm blue eyes and knew that he never wanted to be without that. He didn’t think that he would be able to survive without the man, now that he’d had a taste of what love was supposed to be…supposed to feel like. He understood that what he’d been searching for all those nights in the backroom would have never have been found there…it couldn’t be. He found it with the incredible blond angel in front of him.

Smiling, Brian finally found his voice and said, quietly, “Let’s go. I want to be with you.”

“Be with me here,” Justin replied.

“Baby, no, not here. This place…it’s not for you. It’s my past and you’re my future,” the older man answered, slightly shocked at his lover’s suggestion.

Looking behind him and finding that the space was empty, Justin moved backwards, pulling Brian with him until they reached the wall. The blond wrapped his hand around the nape of his lover’s neck and pulled the man down to meet his lips in a sweet and gentle kiss. Pulling back, he said, “Take me here, Brian. I want you and I need you…just me…no one else needs you like I do.”

Brian’s eyes stared deeply into the inviting and honest pools of blue, trying to understand exactly what his lover was telling him. He smiled softly, grasping the meaning of Justin’s words…his actions. He felt his heart beat quicken in his chest at the incredible way the man made him feel. A simple word or touch from the blond seemed to cure him of the hurt and disappointment that had plagued him his entire life. He had Justin now…a person who wanted HIM…needed HIM…only HIM…no more loneliness or emptiness…only love.

Moving forward, Brian captured Justin’s lips in an intense kiss. His tongue slipped into the warmth and sweetness of the blond’s inviting mouth. It raked over every surface, tasting and touching every niche of the perfect cavern. A loud moan escaped Justin’s throat and echoed inside Brian’s attached mouth, sending waves of pleasure down the older man’s spine.

When they finally broke apart, in desperate need of air, both men were panting and aching for the other’s touch.

“God, Justin, I love you so fucking much,” Brian whispered against the blond’s neck. His hot breath washed over the pale flesh, setting the younger man’s body on fire.

“I love you too…so much…oh, fuck…Brian, touch me…please,” Justin whimpered. Without knowing, he’d begun to rock his hips back and forth against Brian’s, rubbing their aching erections together.

“Okay, baby…just relax,” the brunet said, placing his hands on his lover’s hips to still them and receiving a frustrated groan from Justin in return. Brian shook his head and laughed. “Insatiable, just like I said.”

“Brian…I need you,” the blond said, ignoring his lover’s comment. He slipped his hands into the waistband of Brian’s jeans, grabbing hold of the man’s hard, thick, fully erect cock and giving it a squeeze.

“Ahhhhh, Justin,” Brian moaned, totally caught off guard by the sudden move.

Justin just smiled and gave him another squeeze, receiving the same reaction as before. “Feel good?”

“God, baby, you know it does.”

“Can you feel me, Brian?”

“Yes,” the older man said, his eyes locking with his lover’s, understanding what the man was asking him.

Within seconds, Justin had Brian’s jeans undone, as well as his own and had slipped Brian’s erection out of it’s confinement as he wiggled his own jeans and briefs down around his ankles. Knowing where to find them, he slipped his hand inside the front pocket of the brunet’s jeans and retrieved a condom and a small tube of lube. Never losing his connection with Brian’s loving, hazel eyes, he placed the foil packet between his teeth and ripped it open, then slid the latex disc out and rolled it over his lover’s leaking cock. He squeezed a generous amount of lube over the head of Brian’s sheathed dick then ran his hand up and down the shaft, smoothing the slick fluid along the aching member.

“Ahhhhhh,” Brian moaned and placed his hand over Justin’s to stop the motion or he knew that he’d come before they even got started.

“Can you feel me, Brian?”

“Yessssss,” the older man replied, again understanding what his lover was saying.

Raising up onto his toes, Justin placed a soft kiss against Brian’s perfect mouth, then turned around and splayed his hands against the wall as he bent forward, shoving his amazing ass out in invitation to his lover.

Brian growled at the sight before him. Never before had he seen such a deliciously tempting display than the one that was being offered to him. Even in the many times that they’d had sex in the past week, he’d never had the blond offer himself like that. With such a clear and determined meaning attached to it. It was breathtaking and heart stopping, both at the same time.

“Please, Brian…take me,” Justin begged.

That was it.

Justin felt the head of Brian’s cock at his hole and braced himself for a rough entry. His lover hadn’t prepared him, but he hadn’t wanted him to. He needed the man inside of him NOW, no substitutions, just the real thing. Taking a deep breath, he pushed back rather hard and both men gasped then moaned as the head and about half of Brian’s cock slipped inside of the warm, tight channel. Resting for a moment, giving the men a chance to catch their breaths, Brian pushed up Justin’s t-shirt to expose his back and ran his long fingers down the blond’s spine, needing to feel the softness beneath his fingertips. Taking another deep breath, Brian pushed again and slid all the way in.

“Oh, fuck…baby,” Brian moaned, already panting and slightly dizzy from the incredible intensity of being inside his lover.

“Bri…Brian…can you feel me?” Justin breathed.

“God…Justin…yes…yes, I feel you…just you…always you,” the brunet whispered, leaning forward, draping his long body over his lover’s, needing to feel as much of him beneath him as possible. He placed his face beside Justin’s, pressing their cheeks together, rubbing his intimately along the smoothness of the blond’s face. Not able to wait another second, Brian pulled back slowly until just the head remained inside Justin then just as slowly slid back in. Again and again he repeated the motion, picking up speed as his body’s need took over.

“That’s what you need to remember…just me…nothing but me,” Justin moaned, so overwhelmed with the love and desire he felt for his man.

“You…only you…my baby…mine,” Brian mumbled as he rocked against Justin. He felt his balls tighten and draw up against his body, signaling that the end was close at hand. He reached around and wrapped his large hand around his lover’s leaking cock and began to pump the pulsing shaft.

“Oh, God…Brian,” the blond purred and jerked as a wave of pleasure shot through his body with incredible force. He felt his balls and ass spasm, telling him that he was there.

“Ahhhhhhhhh, Justin,” Brian moaned. “I can’t hold off…I’m gonna…ah…ahhhh…bay-beeeeeeee,” the older man growled as his cock exploded inside his lover’s spasming hole, filling the condom, then another loud moan ripped from the man as the heated fluid washed back over his sensitive dick.

“Yeah…now…now…urgghhh…uuhhhhhhhhhh,” Justin shouted when Brian’s thumb ran over his slit, causing his body to convulse and shoot streams of thick, pearly cum against the dark wall. Brian’s hand continued to pump him until he was completely empty.

Both men were glad that there was a wall in front of them to support their combined weight as they fell against it. Once their breathing began to slow, Brian turned his head and nuzzled the soft, flesh of Justin’s neck. “I felt you,” he whispered against the blond’s skin, his words washing over it like a loving embrace, causing the younger man to smile, knowing that his lover had understood him.

Pulling back, Brian’s softened dick slipped out of Justin’s still quivering hole. The older man removed the used condom and tossed it aside. He tucked himself back into his jeans and did them up. Then, lovingly, he pulled Justin against him, turning the man in his arms so that they faced each other. He bent down and pulled Justin’s briefs and jeans up then fastened them and pulled the blond’s t-shirt back down. He wrapped his arms around the smaller man’s slim waist and smiled warmly down at him. Not able to resist, Brian pressed his lips against Justin’s in a perfect kiss that sealed their bond, erasing all the past memories of the backroom and replacing them with the single memory of the love that he craved and had won from the amazing man that had captured his heart.

Wrapping his arm around the blond’s shoulder, Brian led him out the way they’d come in, only now, they both seemed to have a different opinion of the backroom. Justin wasn’t shocked by it anymore…he saw it for what it was, a room full of men who needed something from one another, whatever that need was. And Brian wasn’t in awe of the backroom anymore. He’d found what he wanted…what he needed…and he realized that it NEVER had resided back there. That was just desperation and longing, but he didn’t feel those things any more. He’d found Justin and the man gave him exactly what he needed, and he knew he always would.

As they headed through the door that led back to the main area of the club, neither man was aware of the dark pair of eyes that had followed their every motion from the moment he’d followed them into the darkened den until the moment they’d left. They’d walked right by him without even noticing his presence, so wrapped up in each other. A single tear slid down the side of the man’s face and he sniffed and wiped it away with the back of his hand. He couldn’t let it get to him. He’d get his chance. He’d make sure of it. And with that thought of maybe a brighter tomorrow, Michael made his way out of the backroom.

Small Town

Part 26

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Brian and Justin headed out of Babylon right after coming out of the backroom. They waved goodbye to Emmett and Ted who were still dancing and Brian wondered for a second where Mikey was, but pushed the thought aside when he looked down at the amazing man beside him.

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"I had such a great time with you, Brian, and I don't want it to end," Justin told his lover as he moved as close to him as possible in the jeep. They were parked outside his house and thankfully all the lights were off, so he didn't have to worry about his parents seeing them.

"I had a great time too, but you need to go inside so that your parents don't think that you've disappeared," Brian said with a soft laugh, trying to lighten the mood. He felt so much better when his lover was with him and wished that they never had to be apart, but he also knew that THAT wasn't their reality…at least not yet…hopefully in New York…" Brian shook his head, trying to push the dream aside for now. He didn't want to get himself all excited about being together for university in case Justin didn't get accepted. He really didn't know what he would do if he had to be apart from his lover for such a long time…he would just…"

"Brian, what's wrong?" Justin asked, seeing the veil of sadness pass over his lover's face.

"Nothing, nothing…I was just thinking," Brian said, trying his best to wipe away the negative thoughts and focus on the fact that they were together now. That's what mattered. "I love you, so you'd better go in now, so that you don't get shit from your parents and I never get to see you again," the older man said with a mock frown.

Laughing, Justin shook his head and smiled at the antics of his lover. "Fine, I'll leave, so you can have some peace and quiet. I really don't see why you need it, it's not like you were up most of the night last night," the blond said sarcastically.

"Ha, yeah, right, and you wouldn't have had anything to do with THAT, now would you?"

"Um, well, maaaybe," the younger man drew out with a wicked smile, then wrapped his hands around Brian's neck, bringing their foreheads together. "I'm going to miss you. All alone in my big bed. Thinking dirty thoughts about a certain dark-haired, GORGEOUS man," Justin said with a pout.

"Mm-hm, and who exactly would this man be?" Brian asked playfully.

"I'm not sure you know him. He's just…"

But Justin's words were cut off as Brian's mouth came down on his in a crushing kiss. Their tongues dueled inside the younger man's mouth, teasing and taunting each other with a rub or a flick of the warm appendages. Finally the men broke apart, breathing heavily and longing for more.

"God, you taste and feel so good," Brian moaned, slipping his hands under the hem of Justin's shirt and running them up and down the smooth expanse of his back.

"Mmmmm, please don't go," the blond whispered as his mouth gently nibbled along Brian's graceful neck.

"Baby, I…ohhh, I have to." Brian felt his cock begin to harden in his jeans and groaned. Justin was going to be the death of him for sure. Pulling back so that their eyes met, Brian tried to regain his determination that was quickly slipping away. "I have to go, and so do you. Now, be a good little blond boy and go inside," the older man said with a smirk.

"Okay, I'll go, but first you have to promise that I'll see you tomorrow."

"Oh, such hardship. Let me see if I can POSSIBLY manage that," Brian said, feigning distress.

Laughing, Justin leaned forward and pressed a sweet kiss against Brian's lips then whispered, "Later."

"Later, baby," Brian returned, then watched as his lover exited the jeep and went inside.

Shaking his head, trying to clear the lustful fog that Justin always seemed to create, Brian headed for home.

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The next morning, Justin got up, took a shower, then went downstairs for breakfast, coming face to face with his father for the first time since their blow up about school a few days before.

"Justin," Craig said coldly.

"Dad," Justin replied in the same manner. He'd instantly lost his appetite, but he didn't want his father to think that he'd gotten to him, so he sat down at the table and poured some cereal and milk into his bowl.

"Justin, we're spending the day up at the lake with Grandma and Grandpa. We'll be leaving in about a half an hour so you'd better hurry up and finish your breakfast so you'll be ready.

Justin shook his head and said, "I'm not going."

"But honey, you love it at the lake," Jennifer said, desperately wanting her son to come with them, but not wanting to seem too pushy. She was hoping that Justin and Craig could maybe get over their animosity towards each other if they spent some quality, family time together…just like they used to.

"I USED to love it at the lake, when I was a kid."

"Oh, and what are you now?" Craig asked mockingly.

"I'm a man," Justin said firmly, straightening his shoulders and sitting as tall as possible in accompaniment with his words.

"Right, a man," Craig chided. "Well, a MAN would know the right thing to do, the thing that would be best for his future, to provide for his wife and children when he had them…"

"Yeah, well, that's not something I'll need to worry about," the blond muttered under his breath.

"What was that?" Jennifer asked.

"Nothing, nothing at all. What I think or feel obviously doesn't matter anyway, so…"

"Justin, we just want you to…" Jennifer started, only to be cut off by her husband.

"No Jenn, it's not important what WE want, no, only what the MAN over here wants. I swear Justin, I'm not about to debate this with you again. I've made my decision and it's final," the older man said, getting up from the table and throwing his newspaper down in frustration. Turning to his wife he said, "We're leaving in twenty minutes, with or without him." Then the man left the room.

"Justin, I don't understand why you have to make things so difficult. I know you want to do what you want, but sometimes you have to look at the bigger picture. Dartmouth will give you a future, and I know that maybe that doesn't seem so clear right now, but you have to trust that we are only thinking of what's best for you." Jennifer tried to appeal to her son's logic, but the look she found in his eyes told her that her stubborn child had already tuned her out.

"Mom, I want what's best for my future too, but the problem is, that what I KNOW is best and what you THINK is best aren't the same thing." Justin looked at his mother with sad eyes, wondering how the woman who had known him his entire life could be so wrong about him. He left the table and headed upstairs to his room, closing the door firmly behind him. He wouldn't be going with the family today.

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"Hey, baby," Brian said enthusiastically into his cell phone. He'd looked at the caller ID and was thrilled that it was Justin.

"Hey, Bri, I was wondering what you were up to today?" Justin asked. His family had left about fifteen minutes ago, after his mother had tried one more time to coax him into joining them. He told her that he wouldn't want to subject them to his disobedient and childish behavior all day, then asked her to shut his door. He knew right away what he wanted to do with his free day and who he wanted to spend it with…Brian.

"Well, nothing yet. I was waiting to hear from this gorgeous, young blond…but since you called, I guess I can do something with you instead," Brian teased.

"Ha, ha, very funny," Justin replied, then he thought about what his boyfriend had said and asked, "So, I'm gorgeous, am I?"

Laughing, the brunet answered softly, "You definitely are baby, definitely."

"Oh, Brian," the younger man purred.

"Ahhhh, Justin…don't do that when I can't touch you. You're not being fair."

Justin laughed softly, then said, "All's fair in love and war, haven't you ever heard that?"

"Okay, I'll remember that the next time that you're begging me to let you cum."

"Brian," the blond whined.

"Ahhh, baby, you're wicked."

Justin just laughed, loving the affect he had on Brian. "So, do you want to come over and spend the day with me?"

"What about your parents?" Brian asked, feeling a little thrill go through him at the thought that maybe Justin was asking him to spend time at his house while his parents were there. Finally ready to let them know about them, well, not really ABOUT them, but at least that they were friends.

"They've gone to the lake with my sister and grandparents for the entire day. They won't be back until around ten, so we have the house to ourselves," the blond said enthusiastically. "Hmph, I wonder what we can possibly do to fill the time?"

Not wanting to let his lover hear his disappointment, Brian said playfully, "I guess we'll just have to find something to do."

Laughing, Justin said, "So get your beautiful body over here, NOW."

"Okay, I'll be there soon. Later."

"Later, Bri," Justin said with a smile, loving the way that it was never goodbye, but always later.

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"Finally," Justin shouted, opening the front door to find his boyfriend on the other side.

"Hey, it's only been half an hour. I did need to shower and get ready. You know, I don't wake up and just look like THIS. It takes work to be beautiful," the brunet kidded.

Closing the door behind Brian, Justin pulled him into an embrace and smiled. "Trust me, I've seen you first thing in the morning and you're beautiful without effort. It's just who you are."

"Baby, you say the sweetest things," the older man whispered before covering his lover's mouth in a sensual kiss that left them both breathless.

"Mmmm, you taste so good."

"So do you."

"God, Brian, I can't believe what you do to me."

"Me neither, Sunshine."

Both men were rock-hard and panting, their bodies still pressed together in what had started out as a warm and loving embrace, but had quickly turned heated and desperate. Justin couldn't keep his hips still and moaned deep in his chest when his cock rubbed against Brian's, sending a shiver of pleasure down his spine.

"Justin, baby…oh, fuck," Brian growled as the blond's erection pressed against his.

"I need you."

"I need you too, but not here. Let's go to your room."

"Okay," Justin replied, releasing his arms from around his lover's body, taking hold of his hand and pulling him towards the stairs. Once they got into his room, he shut and locked the door behind them, just to be safe. Leaning with his back against the door, Justin looked at his lover with glazed-over, lust-filled eyes and said in a husky voice, "Strip for me…now."

"Excuse me?"

"Take off your clothes. I want to watch you. Go on."

Smiling wickedly, Brian decided to have some fun at his lover's expense. He told Justin earlier, when he was teasing him over the phone to watch out, so now it was his turn to tease Justin. "I have a better idea. How about we play a little game."

"A game?" Justin asked with a smile. He liked the idea.

"Yeah, let's say that every time you get an answer right, I remove a piece of clothing, but if you get it wrong, YOU take off a piece."

"Okay, and what about you. Same rules?" the blond asked, liking the sound of the game so far. He knew that Brian was smart, but so was he. How hard could the questions be?

"Same rules. Ready?" the older man asked with an eyebrow raised in challenge of his lover.

"Ready," Justin said. "You stand there and I'll stand here," he said, motioning Brian a few feet away from him while he remained by the door.

"I'll ask first. Okay?"

"Sure."

"Good. My first question is…what's my middle name?"

"WHAT?" Justin asked, shocked by the question. He figured that it would be a general knowledge type of question. "How the hell am I supposed to know your middle name?" he asked with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I know yours, so you should know mine," Brian answered smugly.

"You do? Then what is it smarty-pants?"

"Uh-uh-uh, you have to answer first. Go ahead, I'm waiting," the older man said with a patronizing smile.

"I…um…fuck, Brian…uhhhh…Brian something Kinney. What the fuck is it? Did you ever tell me?" he asked.

Brian just continued to smile.

"Urrrghhhhh, I have no fucking idea. Irving, there, that's what I think it is," Justin said, very obviously frustrated.

"IRVING? What the fuck kind of name is IRVING? You think I look like an IRVING? Shit!"

Laughing at the over-the-top reaction of his lover, Justin said, "I guess not. Okay, you win this one, what is your middle name?"

"Nope, not so fast. You got it wrong, so you have to take off one piece of clothing. Come on, get on with it."

Looking down at himself, Justin was not too happy as he realized that the only things he'd put on that morning after his shower were a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. He hadn't even bothered with underwear. "Fuck!"

Brian couldn't help but laugh at his boyfriend. He knew what the man was thinking, but the thing was, that he was thrilled that Justin had only two pieces of clothing on. Less to remove…less time to play the game…more time for action.

Sighing loudly, Justin pulled his t-shirt over his head and tossed it aside. "There, happy?

"Almost. Just one more loss for you and I'll be very happy."

Justin grinned. He realized that either way, they were both winners of the game. "Okay, my turn?"

"Nope, you lost so I get to go again."

"Hey, that's no fair!"

"Those are the rules, Sunshine. I didn't make them up. I just follow them."

"Yeah, right. Fine, go ahead, ask me something, but this time, make it something that I should know."

"Hey, can't make it too easy, now can I?" Brian thought of what he should ask. He wanted it to be something that HE knew about the blond if asked it in return. "I've got it, what's my sister's name?"

"Fuck, you told me that. What's her name? Carrie? No, that's not it. Cher? Nope, definitely not…wait, I know it…I…God, you're always calling her `that bitch', so how the hell do you expect me to remember what her real name is?" the blond said, getting slightly pissed off by the unexpected questions.

"I remember YOUR sister's name," Brian said confidently.

"Okay, so you've proven that you're better with names. I get that." Justin looked down warily at his shorts, then he looked back up at Brian who was watching him intently. The man's hazel eyes were dark and dripping with lust. The blond smiled, realizing that the sooner he got his clothes off, the sooner he'd have Brian naked as well. With that happy thought in mind, he reached down and removed his shorts, tossing them on top of his discarded t-shirt, leaving him standing naked and fully erect in front of his lover.

"Fuck, Justin, you're so unbelievably beautiful," Brian sighed.

"Thank you. Now, get YOUR clothes off," the blond demanded.

"Sorry, no can do. I haven't missed a question, so I can't take anything off."

"What the fuck kind of rules are those? I lost…game over…get naked, NOW."

"Hey, like I said, I didn't make up the rules, I'm just following them," the older man said with a satisfied smile. "Remember, all's fair in love and war."

Instantly Justin was taken back to the conversation they'd had earlier and how he'd told Brian the same thing as he'd been teasing him. "Fuck!"

Brian laughed, but moved closer to his lover, stopping only inches away, his body almost brushing against Justin's, but not quite. He knew that the blond could feel the heat coming off of him, so he swayed gently from side to side, letting the warmth wash over Justin's exposed skin.

"Ahhhh, touch me…please," Justin moaned. He felt Brian's body heat envelop him, making him tingle all over. His cock jumped and leaked from the sensation.

"What do you want, baby?" Brian whispered, moving his lips so close to Justin's, letting his words move over the blond's heated flesh. He watched the younger man's tongue dart out and lick repeatedly at his lips.

"I…I need you…want you," the blond panted. His eyes rolled shut and his head dipped back slightly. He couldn't believe how aroused he felt. Then suddenly, a loud moan flew from his parted lips as Brian's still clothed body pressed against his.

"Tell me what you need, Justin…what you want," Brian whispered, his lips right against his lover's.

"Ahhhh, Brian," the blond whimpered, unable to stop himself as he began to grind against his boyfriend's covered erection.

Brian felt an enormous wave of pleasure rush through his body from head to toe at the sound of his name and the feel of Justin pressing against him. He needed more and didn't want to wait any longer.

"Aiden," Brian said as he took a step back from Justin and toed off one shoe.

"Wh-what?" Justin asked as his eyes popped open.

"Matthew," the brunet continued, slipping off the other shoe.

"Huh?"

"Claire," Brian replied, pulling his t-shirt over his head.

Smiling, Justin understood what his lover was doing and couldn't wait for the next one.

Brian knew that Justin was fully aware of what was going on now, so he stalled, wanting to torture the man just a little bit longer as he opened each of the four buttons on his button-fly jeans excruciatingly slow.

"Brrrriiiiaaaaannnnn," the blond whined.

"Ma-aa-lee-ey," he drew out, turning the name into four separate syllables, each one accompanying an opening button, finally ending up with his pants undone, pulled down and tossed aside, leaving the man completely naked and sporting a rock-hard erection to match his lover's.

Small Town

Part 27

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"FINALLY!" Justin shouted, throwing himself against Brian, wrapping his arms around the taller man's neck and attacking his mouth in a crushing kiss that left the men flushed and aching for more when they parted.

"Do you think we're even now?" Brian panted.

"Even? No, we're not fucking even. YOU definitely need to be punished for how much you teased me," the blond said with a pout.

"Well, I think I know how I can make it up to you," Brian said sweetly, pulling Justin with him as he moved them towards the bed.

"Oh, yeah?" Justin asked quietly, not wanting to let on to his lover that all the man really had to do was touch him and he'd be forgiven. ANYTHING to relieve him of the ache in his groin.

"Yeah, I have just the thing to make you all better. Lie down, on your stomach…here, let me put this pillow under your hips…lift up…yeah, that's good," Brian said, then settled on the bed between his lover's spread legs.

"What are you going to do back there?" the younger man asked, a little wary of his position. Brian had never asked him to lie on a pillow before, and he wasn't exactly sure what the man had in…"OH FUCK!" Justin shouted and bucked forward when he felt his lover's fingers spread his cheeks and the man's tongue brush over his hole.

Raising up slightly, Brian grinned and asked, "Feel good?"

Looking back over his shoulder, trying to turn but not able to as his boyfriend's strong hands held him down, Justin asked, rather loudly, "Wh-what the hell are you doing?"

"It DOESN'T feel good?" Brian asked, punctuating his words as his tongue dipped down again, spreading warm saliva over the blond's twitching pucker.

"OH GOD!" Justin screamed, his head flopping forward against the mattress.

"Should I take that as a yes, that it DOES feels good?" Brian asked with a soft laugh.

"Y-y-yes, it f-feels fucking ah-amazing," Justin stuttered, still shocked by what his lover was doing, but also overwhelmed by the incredible feelings it produced.

"Should I continue?"

"Please…oh, please," the blond whimpered, not able to keep his hips still as Brian's warm breath washed over his pulsing hole. He began to rock slightly, trying to rub his rock-hard erection against the pillow beneath him, seeking any kind of relief he could get.

"Okay, but you have to keep still. No cheating," the older man said, placing more downward pressure on the cheeks of Justin's ass to still his movement.

"Ahhhh, fine, fine…just…MORE."

Without hesitation, Brian once again parted Justin's cheeks then slid his tongue along the man's crack, licking from bottom to top in one swift motion.

"Ohhhhhhhh."

Again, Brian repeated the motion, pushing with more force every time he passed over the little knot of flesh until he finally slipped the tip of his stiffened tongue inside of Justin's ass.

"B-BRIAN!" Justin shouted, completely out of his mind with pleasure but also caught off guard by the action.

Brian didn't respond. He just pulled his tongue back slightly then pushed it forward again, going even deeper than before. Again, Justin called out and again Brian stuck his hardened tongue further into his hole. The brunet felt little spasms grip his tongue and it made his cock pulse and leak in appreciation. `Soon…soon,' he thought, not able to control himself as he began to rub against the duvet cover.

"Oh, God…Jesus fucking Christ…I…so…you…ahhhhhh," the blond stammered, unable to complete his thoughts.

Laughing softly at the way his lover was reacting to the new experience, Brian wasn't prepared when Justin suddenly bucked backwards and his tongue thrust hard into the blond's ass, as far as it could go.

"BRIAN!" Justin screamed, panting uncontrollably. He was so overwhelmed when his lover's hot breath had suddenly assaulted his hole and his ass shot back in response. His mind was reeling and his body felt so alive. He needed more, before the top of his head exploded. "Fuck…me…pleeaaasseee," he begged, not wanting to wait another second.

That was all Brian needed to hear. The desperation and need were so raw in Justin's voice. He couldn't make him wait any longer. Pulling back, he slid his long tongue out of his lover's tight hole. Sitting back on his haunches, he was surprised to find Justin's hand reaching back to him, offering a condom and lube. He took the supplies and smiled.

"Always…prepared," the blond said, looking over his shoulder. The pupils of his eyes were so dilated that only a thin ring off blue surrounded them. A light sheen of sweat covered his porcelain skin, making it glow in the bright sunlight shining in from the bedroom window.

Brian was speechless. He couldn't believe the feelings that Justin provoked in him. He hadn't even been aware that he possessed such capacity to love someone until the blond had come along. And now he was in awe of the man…his man.

"Brian…please…I need you."

The older man moaned deeply from the sound of his lover's voice. Quickly, he prepared himself, making sure that he was well lubed. He didn't need to loosen Justin, as his tongue had worked its magic and the man was more than ready. Moving so that he lay completely on top of Justin, placing his weight on his thighs and forearms, he heard a satisfied sigh from the man beneath him and smiled. He knew that his boyfriend loved it when he covered him with his body, trapping him beneath him, completely restricting his movement. Placing a soft kiss on the nape of Justin's neck, Brian reached down, grabbed his shaft and placed the head of his cock against the blond's eager hole.

"Now…oh, please…now…now," Justin began to chant, not even aware that he was speaking.

"Okay, baby, okay." And with that, Brian pushed, sliding all the way into the relax opening.

Both men moaned their approval…loudly.

"Justin…fuck…you're so tight."

"Bri-Brian…move…MOVE," the younger man shouted impatiently. He couldn't move and he felt like he was going to die if Brian didn't start fucking him immediately.

Laughing, Brian pulled back then thrust back in, hard and fast, earning a very pleased whimper from his lover. Again and again, he repeated the motion, angling his hips to brush against Justin's prostate every time, sending the blond into a frenzy. Justin tried to move, tried to buck wildly and rub his aching cock against the pillow still beneath him, but he was rendered completely immobile by the body on top of him. Brian loved the control he had over their fucking just as much as Justin loved giving it up.

"God…I need…to come…please…PLEASE…make me…come," the blond begged.

Brian felt his gut clench from his lover's pleas. In one swift motion he lifted himself up, and placed his hands on Justin's hips as he pulled the man back with him so that they were both on their knees. Resting back on his haunches, Brian drew Justin down onto his lap forcefully, slamming his cock as deep inside his ass as it could go.

"AHHHHHHH!" Justin screamed as his eyes rolled back in his head and his mouth fell open. He grabbed for his neglected cock and began jerking madly.

Brian's grip tightened and he pulled Justin's body up and down, manipulating him like a large rag doll as he fucked the blond wildly. He felt a bolt of ecstasy shoot through his entire body with blinding force and knew he was there. "Justin…now…oh, fuck…urrrrghhhhhhhh," he wailed, slamming one last time into his lover as his orgasm ripped the cum from his slit in forceful waves.

"Yeah…yeah…Briaaaaaannnnnnnnn," the younger man shouted, his lover's name filling the silent room. His ass clamped down on Brian's throbbing dick and he heard the man call out in pleasure, adding even more to his mind-blowing orgasm. His hand froze on his cock and he started shooting stream after stream of thick cum against his chest until his balls were completely empty. He fell forward, but strong arms wrapped around his chest and pulled him back securely. Smiling with satisfaction, he melted back into the embrace.

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"So, what did you think of your little treat?" Brian asked his lover as they lay contently in each other's arms, coming down from their incredible bout of lovemaking.

Smiling, still a little embarrassed and shocked at what Brian had done to him, Justin shifted his gaze upwards to meet the intense hazel eyes that were waiting for his reply and said quietly, "Um, it was, uh, amazing?"

"Are you ASKING me or telling me?" the brunet said with furrowed brows.

"Telling?"

Laughing softly, Brian said, "Are you sure?"

"Uh, yeah?"

Shaking his head, Brian said, "Maybe you weren't ready for it yet. I won't do it again."

Shooting up, Justin shouted, "You fucking better do it again." Then, he smiled shyly and sat back down as he realized what he'd said.

"So, I guess you liked it after all," the older man said with a satisfied smile.

"Yeah, it was unbelievable. I just…I guess I'm kinda shocked at what you did though," the blond confessed.

"Yeah, well, I remember having the same feeling the first time someone did it to me. I almost punched the guy in the face."

Torn between being upset that someone else had been so intimate with HIS lover and wanting to ask Brian how it had felt for him, Justin smiled and just nodded.

Brian quickly realized why Justin was so quiet. He cupped the man's face in his hand, running his thumb across the soft skin of his cheek and said lovingly, "Baby, you're the only one that matters…that EVER mattered."

The words and meaning behind them brought out Justin's blinding `Sunshine' smile, warming Brian's heart and calming his soul.

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"Last one in's a rotten egg," Justin shouted, diving into the pool.

"Hey, no fair, you had a head start," Brian yelled, diving in after him.

Both men surfaced at pretty much the same time, out in the middle of the pool. Treading water, Justin blinked several times to clear the water from his eyes and smiled at his lover as he reached out, wrapping his arms around the man's neck and his legs around his waist.

"Justin," the older man said, spitting out the water that landed in his mouth as his body sunk slightly from the added weight. Moving backwards, Brian brought them to a shallower part of the pool where he was able to stand with the water coming to just above his chest. He rested back against the pool wall, his hips slightly jutted out as Justin's feet rest against the wall behind his back.

"Mmm, this is nice," the blond purred, placing a soft kiss against his boyfriend's wet lips.

"It is, but, are you sure we won't get caught?"

"Don't be such a worry wart," the younger man said, receiving a not-amused look from Brian in return. Laughing, he said, "The way the pool's situated in the backyard the neighbors can't see us. My Dad had it built that way, to ensure privacy."

"Oh, okay," Brian conceded, then smiled and continued, "Because I wouldn't want to have them ogling your lily white ass."

"Hey, don't go insulting my ass. There's nothing wrong with my FAIR-SKINNED ass," the blond said defensively.

"You're right, there's absolutely NOTHING wrong with it. In fact, I think it's pretty much PERFECT," Brian replied, gently squeezing the aforementioned flesh with his last word.

"Mmmm, keep that up and we're bound to give the neighbors something that they really CAN ogle."

"Promises, promises," the brunet teased, kneading the firm globes and rubbing Justin's growing erection against his.

Smiling brightly, Justin remembered what he'd wanted to ask his boyfriend earlier. "Brian, how did you know what my middle name is? I don't remember telling you."

Brian locked onto the piercing blue eyes of his lover and quietly replied, "Baby, there are lots of things that I know about you. Remember, I told you that I had a crush, well, more than a crush, on you for a long time before we got together. You'd be surprised at what I know."

Looking at the older man curiously, Justin asked, "What else do you know about me?"

Shaking his head, Brian smiled and said, "Uh-uh-uh…can't give away all my secrets at once, Sunshine."

Justin just nodded and smiled. He knew that Brian had been interested in him for a while, but he wondered how far it really went. Now that he knew the man, intimately – both physically and mentally – he understood about the lack of confidence and self-worth caused by his parents. He just wondered what role Brian's infatuation of him had served in battling against those demons. He hoped that it gave the man strength, even before he was with him.

Pushing back, Justin swam away, splashing water at his lover playfully.

"Hey, come back here," Brian said, chasing after the blond.

They had a great time, goofing around in the warm water, but Justin knew it was getting late and he didn't want to take a chance that his parents might come home early. That's just what he needed, for his parents and sister to walk in on him and his boyfriend swimming NAKED. He was sure the results wouldn't be good.

Swimming over to the ladder, Justin climbed out, hoping that Brian would follow, but when he turned around, he was greeted by the sight of his lover's face completely frozen, with his mouth gaping and his eyes wide open. "What?" he asked quickly, wondering what the hell was wrong.

"God, Justin…you're so perfect. I can't believe you're mine," Brian said, in awe of the man before him. Droplets of water ran down his flawless skin. His firm, toned body glistened in the moonlight. His golden hair shone with shimmering highlights. Amazing…breathtaking…perfect.

Wordlessly, Justin reached out his hand and Brian climbed out of the water and took it, then he led him back inside and up to his room where they made love.

Justin heard his family arrive home just as he was drifting off to sleep, but he didn't move. He knew he'd locked his door and he knew that Brian had parked his jeep a few houses over, so there was nothing for him to worry about. Gently, he moved over, snuggling even further into his lover's embrace.

Small Town

Part 28

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When Justin woke Monday morning, he found the spot on the bed next to him empty and the sheets just beginning to cool. He smiled, knowing that Brian mustn't have left that long ago.

As he stretched upwards, his hand brushed across the now vacant pillow and just like the time before, came in contact with a paper heart that Brian had left for him. Smiling, he brought it to his lips and kissed it, then reached over and opened his nightstand drawer, placing the heart on top of the one that was already there.

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Brian got into work a little early Monday morning, wanting to get a head start on his ordering. He was busy checking the stock and making his list when Jack came up behind him.

"So, I hear that you made quite an impression on Tom's niece the other night." The older man's bellowing voice seemed to carry through the backroom, making his words feel even more overbearing than usual.

"That's swell," Brian said with a mocking grin.

"Glad to hear it, because since you did such a great job, she wants to go out with you again, so I told Tom you'd take her out tomorrow night."

"WHAT?" the younger man shouted, completely floored by the news.

"Hey, you can't help it that you're a hit with the ladies, just like your old man," Jack said with pride.

"Oh, yeah, that's just what I am," Brian said sarcastically. Shaking his head, he started to object. "I did what you instructed and took her out Friday night, but…"

"Yeah, and I noticed that you didn't come home, so I'm just wondering how much of a good time you showed your date?" Jack asked with a menacing glare. He'd warned Brian not to fuck the girl before he'd gone out with her, not wanting to have any problems with her uncle, and he wouldn't be too happy if the boy had disobeyed him.

"Don't worry, I wasn't with Lindsay for the night. I didn't compromise her virtue."

"So, you were with someone else? Hey, two women in one night, not bad kid, not bad," the older man praised his son.

"Sure, right, whatever," Brian replied, not wanting to get into where he REALLY was that night. `Let him have his fantasies and I'll keep my reality private,' Brian thought.

"So, make sure you pick her up around six…Tom said she mentioned something about an early evening the other night…so I figured six would give you lots of time."

"Gee, thanks."

"Oh, and make sure she has a good time. She's leaving in a few days, so you won't have to bother with her again, but I want to make sure her uncle KNOWS the effort we put into making her happy."

"WE?"

"I know you understand me Sonny Boy, so don't play dumb. Just make sure everything goes smoothly and remember what I told you the last time…don't fuck her."

"And like I told you the last time…don't worry about it."

Brian saw his father's eyes soften for a split second and his mouth open to speak, but then, as if it had never happened, his eyes turned hard and cold again and his mouth closed, without ever uttering a word. The man looked at him intensely then turned and walked away, leaving Brian standing there, unsure of what the hell had happened. Did his father suspect something? He didn't know. They only thing he was sure of was that for a single moment, his father had appeared human.

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"Hey, baby, how was your day?"

"Boring, tedious, lonely without you," Justin answered, happy to hear his boyfriend's voice after a long day at school.

"Oh, poor you. I know just the thing to make you feel better. ME!"

Laughing, Justin said, "Sorry, but I'm in for the night. My mother says that I've been running around too much lately and I need to take it slow for an evening and stay home. Those were her exact words. Can you believe the woman? She treats me like I'm a fucking child," the blond said heatedly.

"Well, technically…"

"Hey, don't go there," Justin warned, only to receive a loud laugh from his boyfriend in response.

"Well, that's too bad, I really had a shitty day and I wanted to see you."

"You could come over later, climb up the trellis and spend the night," Justin said wistfully. He didn't like the way Brian sounded. Something must have happened, probably with his father and he wanted to help.

"I…I guess I could. I just don't want to get you in any trouble, Justin."

"Hey, you just show up, my handsome prince, and rescue your, um, fair maiden, no that's fucked, oh, just come around ten o'clock and climb up to my window and I'll let you in."

"Sounds great. See you then, baby."

"Later, Bri."

"Later."

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"Fuck, that doesn't get any easier the more you do it," Brian huffed, climbing into Justin's room through the open window.

"Nope, it sure doesn't," the blond agreed, pulling the man into his arms and planting a sweet kiss against his lips.

"Mmmm, I missed you," Brian whispered.

"Me too."

Justin closed the window then moved over to the bed, where his lover was already sitting. "What's wrong?" he asked, certain now that something had happened.

Gazing down at the floor, Brian said quietly, "I…I have to go out on another date tomorrow night."

"What?" the younger man said a little too loud.

"Shhh, we don't want your parents rushing up here."

"Right, sorry," Justin whispered, then started again, "What the hell is it now? Your father wants you to take out his barber's cousin so that he can get free haircuts?"

Laughing softly, the brunet looked up at his lover, not missing the sad look in his eyes. He wasn't quite sure if it was sadness because Brian would have to go out on a date with someone else again or if he was sad about the way his father treated him, like a bargaining tool instead of a man. Turning sideways, he took the blond's hands in his, looked him straight in the eye and said, "You know I have no choice." The words came out weaker than he'd intended, but he figured that was because he didn't have to try to hide how he really felt from the man beside him.

"Brian, I know and I'm not mad at you…I just…I don't like you being with someone else, even if it IS a woman."

Instantly, Brian straightened and a smile spread across his lips. "Hey, do you think Daphne's busy tomorrow night?"

"I don't know, why, you want to see if maybe she's free so you can make it a threesome?" Justin asked frustratedly.

"No, goof, I want to make it a foursome."

"What, how many fucking woman do you need to…Ohhhhhhh," the blond said, finally getting what his boyfriend was trying to say. "Me, you, Daphne and Lindsay?"

"Well, technically, Me, Lindsay, you and Daphne."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. You want us to go on a double date with you?" the younger man asked excitedly. Not that he wanted Brian going out with Lindsay at all, but at least if he was there, he would feel better about the whole thing. He could keep an eye on the girl, making sure she didn't try anything with HIS man.

"Yes, I think it's a great idea."

"Don't you think your dad will get mad if he finds out?" Justin asked with concern.

The thought of his father had never even entered into his mind, and he wondered if maybe Justin was right. Shaking his head, he realized that his father could go fuck himself it he had a problem with it. He was still taking Lindsay out. They just weren't going alone. "I don't think so, and if he does, that's too bad. I'm still doing his dirty little deed, so I really don't give a shit."

"Good, then it's settled."

"Don't you think you should check with Daphne?"

"Nah, she's never busy and she'd do anything for me," Justin said with confidence.

"You're lucky to have her, Justin," Brian said honestly.

"I'm lucky to have you too," Justin replied, just as honestly as his lover had.

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Justin woke Tuesday morning, a little stiff and sore from the incredible bout of lovemaking from the night before. He smiled at the memory of how incredible it felt when Brian was inside him. He wondered if the tables would ever be turned. Just the thought of being inside of Brian got his pulse racing. He didn't think it was something that Brian had done often. He'd never really asked him, but the man had explained to him about tops and bottoms, making it pretty clear that he was a top. Not that Justin had a problem being the bottom in their relationship. He loved getting fucked by Brian. It's just that, well, he wanted to experience EVERYTHING, and he hoped that soon he'd get the chance.

Turning over onto his stomach, Justin looked for the item that he knew would be there, then reached out and took the paper heart off of the vacant pillow. Kissing it, he placed it in his nightstand drawer with the others and thought that he would definitely have to get a box or something to put them in, because he knew, with certainty, that soon his drawer would be full.

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"What do you mean double date?" Daphne shrieked in surprise.

"Daph, relax," Justin said, looking around the field, smiling apologetically at the many faces now focused on them.

"I…I don't get it. Why would I go on a double date with YOU? You have a boyfriend for fuck sake, so why are you dating someone else?"

The blond stared at his friend for a few minutes, trying to figure out what the fuck she was saying, and then…."WHAT?" he said, rather loudly, gaining the attention of the other students again. He didn't even bother to try to apologize this time. He was too stunned by his friend's assumption.

"Justin, if things aren't going good with Brian, you owe it to him to…"

Justin didn't wait for Daphne to finish. "What the fuck are you talking about? I meant a double date with me AND Brian."

"Huh?" the woman said, still confused.

Sighing loudly, Justin said, "Daphne, remember I told you that Brian's father made him go on a date with that girl, Lindsay?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Well the prick's making him do it again, so Brian thought that maybe WE could go with them, you know, as a pretend couple…as in a DOUBLE DATE."

"Ohhhh, I get it," Daphne said, with a smile, finally understanding what her friend was trying to say.

"Thank God," Justin exclaimed, throwing his hands up in the air. "SO?"

"Oh, sure," the woman said flightily, as if there was never any doubt or confusion.

"Urrggggghh," Justin groaned. Women, he'd never understand them.

Small Town

Part 29

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Brian picked Justin and Daphne up together in front of Daphne’s house at 5:45, and right away it started.

“Hi, Brian,” Daphne purred, batting her eyes and smiling sweetly.

“Hi Daphne,” Brian replied, pressing a soft kiss to her cheek, then pulling back and smiling broadly, enjoying the woman’s dreamy look. He couldn’t help but laugh as her hand moved to her face, gently rubbing the spot where his lips had been.

“God, Daphne, he’s GAY and he’s MINE,” Justin said, shaking his head in amazement of his best friend’s actions.

“I…I know that Justin, but, he’s so cuuuuteeee,” the woman swooned.

“Cute? CUTE?” Brian asked with astonishment. Damn, he was more than just cute.

“Okay, gorgeous…better?” Daphne asked with a smile.

“Definitely. Now, both of you get in the back so we can get this little escapade underway.”

“But, I don’t want to sit in the back, I want to sit up front with you,” Justin whined.

“Baby, I know you do, but remember about our fourth for the evening?” the older man said, wanting so badly to take his lover into his arms and hold him, but out in the open he had to settle for using an intimate tone of voice that would hopefully do the same.

“Oh, yeah, right. I guess YOUR DATE will have to sit with you,” the blond replied, climbing into the back beside HIS date. ‘How fucked is this,’ he thought.

Starting the car, Brian looked in the rearview mirror, catching a glimpse of his lover’s sad eyes. He reached back, more comfortable now that they were inside the car and not where everyone could see, and placed his hand on Justin’s knee, giving it a reassuring squeeze. He was happy to see the blue eyes brighten slightly in response.

The drive over to Lindsay’s was filled with comfortable banter between the three passengers. Daphne seemed to be in complete awe of Brian, flirting with him and flattering him shamelessly…Brian seemed to be tolerating and even slightly enjoying and encouraging the woman…and Justin thought that both of them were nuts.

“I’ll be right back,” Brian said, hopping out of the jeep as they pulled up in front of Lindsay’s uncle’s house.

“Are you nervous?” Daphne asked her friend when they were alone.

“No, why should I be?” Justin was completely confused by the question.

“Well, it’s just that SHE’S on the date with Brian and YOU have to watch it all.”

Justin was quiet for a minute, then his eyes shot up to meet his friends and he said, “OH FUCK!”

Smiling at the expected reaction, Daphne put her hand on the blond’s arm and said calmly, “It’ll be okay. Just remember, it’s not a REAL date, well, at least not from Brian’s point of view.”

Nodding his head, Justin tried to focus on that. “It’s not real…it’s just pretend…just doing what he has to…not real,” he repeated over and over, feeling himself begin to relax and the tightening in his chest begin to lessen.

“Right, so, don’t worry, and besides, I’ll be there, so you can always lean on me,” the woman said with a reassuring smile.

“Yeah, right, as long as I don’t have to pry you off of MY boyfriend’s lap first.”

Daphne just shrugged and smiled innocently, but couldn’t help thinking, ‘Hmph, I wonder if I COULD sit on Brian’s lap?’ She was brought out of her fantasy by the sound of the opening car door.

“Oh, um, hello,” Lindsay said, noticing the couple in the backseat as she started to get into the jeep.

“Hi.”

“Hey.”

Once he shut Lindsay’s door, Brian went around the jeep and got in, closed the door then turned sideways so that he could see the other passengers, but focused on Lindsay and said, “I hope you don’t mind that my friends came along. We thought we could make it a double date.”

“Uh, no…no, that’s fine, I don’t mind at all,” the blonde woman replied with a sweet smile. “I’m Lindsay,” she said to the couple in the back.

“Daphne.”

“Justin.”

“Nice to meet you both. I’m, uh, glad to get to know Brian’s friends,” Lindsay said, trying her best to sound happy about the sudden change of plans. Well, at least it was sudden for her. She was expecting to have Brian all to herself for the evening, and couldn’t help but be a little disappointed at the new participants on their date. She really wasn’t sure if she should be upset or glad. Was Brian bringing his friends along because he didn’t want to be alone with her, or did he bring them because he wanted her to meet them? It could be for either reason. Turning towards her date, she caught Brian’s eye and smiled at the gorgeous man, receiving a smile in return, giving her the thought that maybe she should be glad after all. Satisfied that the evening would be just as great as she’d planned, she turned to look out her window, watching the scenery pass by, just happy to be on their second date.

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“Oh, Brian, this place is so nice,” Lindsay beamed, placing her hand casually on Brian’s.

Justin took a deep breath and tried to ignore the anger that began to bubble inside of him.

“So, how do you all know each other?” Lindsay asked, trying to engage the others in conversation while they waited for their meals.

“Oh, well, we, uh…” Daphne stammered, only to be saved by Justin.

“We all went to school together,” the blond said, which really wasn’t a lie. They HAD been in the same school, just not in the same year, or the same classes, and they hadn’t even said a word to each other there. But, they all HAD been in the building at the same time as each other…probably.

“Oh, that’s great. So, um, where are you going for school next year, Daphne?”

“I’m not too sure yet. I applied to a whole bunch of schools, so I’ll just have to see where I get accepted and then decide.”

Nodding and smiling at the other woman, Lindsay then turned to Justin and asked, “And you?”

“Well, um, I’m also not too sure. I applied to some universities and art schools, so I’ll just…”

“Right, Brian told me about you before,” she said, cutting Justin off and placing her hand on Brian’s arm again when she turned to him and smiled, remembering the conversation from their first date. “You also applied to the New York Academy of Art,” she finished, looking back at Justin.

“Also?” Justin asked, trying his best to give the woman a genuine smile when all he really wanted to do was move across the table and rip her hand off of HIS lover’s arm.

“I’m going there. I’ve already gotten my acceptance letter, so I know I’m in.”

“Oh, uh, that’s great,” the young man said quietly. He hadn’t heard anything yet.

“She got an early acceptance, Justin. Her mother’s on the board,” Brian said quickly, not missing the way his boyfriend’s eyes fell and the tone of his voice. He didn’t want him to think that Lindsay was better than him, in any way.

“Yeah, he’s right, well, at least my mother’s good for something,” Lindsay said with a roll of her eyes.

Noises of agreement from around the table in reaction to Lindsay’s comment only seemed to bring about more talk of how overbearing, manipulative and controlling their horrible parents were, resulting in a few heated stories, several sympathetic sighs, and lots of laughter.

All in all everyone seemed to be having a good time. The food was great and the conversation never lulled. The only problem was, that Lindsay constantly had her hands on Brian. Either a playful swat of his chest, a gesturing hand on his arm or once she even went so far as to place a reassuring hand on his thigh. And that one was the last straw for Justin.

“Excuse me,” Justin said with a fake smile, getting up to go to the men’s room. Once he made it to the safety of the stall, he rested his forehead against the back of the door, trying to calm himself down. He heard a soft rap at the door and the sound of Brian’s voice.

“Baby, are you alright?”

“No,” Justin answered softly, but truthfully. He opened the door and came face to face with his boyfriend.

“Let me in,” the brunet said as he brushed past Justin and locked the door behind them.

“Bri, I don’t think that this is a good idea.”

Bending forward, pressing his forehead against his lovers, Brian said, “What’s going on out there?”

Sighing at the definitely better feel of Brian’s forehead against his instead of the stall door, Justin said meekly, “I…I guess, I just don’t like the way that she’s all over you.”

“Lindsay?”

“No, the lady three tables over, of course Lindsay,” the blond answered with a scowl on his face.

“Baby, you know you have nothing to worry about,” Brian told his lover as he let his hand trail down the front of the blond’s shirt then slip inside, needing to touch the warm, soft skin.

“Brian,” Justin purred at the feel of the man’s long fingers brushing against his stomach.

“Ahhhh, baby…please…don’t,” the older man moaned. He wondered if he’d ever not be affected by the way the blond said his name.

Smiling brightly, feeling much better than he did when he came in, Justin shifted and pressed his lips to his lover’s. “Brian,” he whispered against the man’s heated flesh.

“Oh, fuck,” the dark-haired man gasped as his cock leapt in his pants. He pulled back, trying desperately to regain his control. His eyes met the bright, blue ones staring back at him and he felt his dick throb at the burning lust so clearly there.

“I want you,” the younger man moaned, moving his hand down to cup the hard bulge in Brian’s pants.

“I want you too, but we have all night. We just have to get through dinner and then I’m yours,” Brian said, removing his lover’s hand from his crotch and placing it on his waist.

“You’re not mine now?” Justin asked with a pout, moving his hand back to Brian’s cock.

Shaking his head at the drama queen, Brian said sweetly, “Of course I’m yours. I’m always yours. Just right now, you have to share me a little.” Then he took Justin’s hand off of his groin and brought it up to his lips, placing soft kisses against the palm.

“I don’t like to share,” the blond said, keeping his lower lip pushed out for affect.

Laughing softly, Brian said, “You share now and I’ll share this with you later,” and he grabbed the still prominent bulge in his pants.

Casting his eyes downwards then back up again to meet the smoldering, hazel eyes that he had quickly come to love, Justin smiled wickedly and replied, “Okay, but you’d better be prepared to share that A LOT.”

Unlocking and opening the stall door, Brian pushed the blond ahead of him and said with a grin, “Oh, don’t worry, I’m a really good sharer.”

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“Boy, I have such an incredible headache. Justin, do you mind taking me home?” Daphne asked with a pained look on her face.

Glancing down at his watch and smiling inwardly, Brian mentally commended Daphne on her perfect timing. They had just paid the bill and he thought it looked like Lindsay was getting ready to settle in for a while longer to talk. He’d have to thank Daphne later for her help.

“Brian, do you mind?” Justin asked, then turned to Lindsay and said, apologetically, “I’m really sorry to cut your evening short, but Brian drove so he has to take us home.”

“Oh, um, no, I understand. Don’t worry about it,” the well-mannered woman said with a smile that she hoped looked genuine, when she was actually sort of pissed off. All night she’d been making little moves and overtures towards Brian and had received nothing in return. She was hoping that this, being their second date would have had a more productive outcome, but now she wasn’t so sure about that. Especially now that they had to leave to take the other couple home. She had wanted to spend some more time with Brian, but it looked like that wasn’t about to happen. Unless…”Brian, why don’t we leave now. I don’t think that Daphne looks too good.”

Before Brian could answer, Justin said, “Good idea, let’s go.” And with that, he stood up and headed out of the restaurant with the other’s trailing behind.

Piling into the jeep, with Brian and Lindsay in the front and Justin and Daphne in back again, Brian said, “Is it okay if I take you home first Lindsay? You are the closest and it’s getting kind of late. I have to get into work early tomorrow morning.” He glanced sideways at the woman and pretended not to see the slightly fallen look on her face.

“Well, I, uh, guess so,” Lindsay said quietly. Obviously her plan of dropping off Justin and Daphne, then having some private time with Brian in the backseat of his jeep had failed. She sighed and slumped down in her seat, hoping that she could convince her uncle to get her another date with the gorgeous man beside her.

Justin smiled brightly in the back seat, having seen the frown spread across Lindsay’s face and the defeated way she fell into her seat.

Brian looked in the rearview mirror, catching the sparkle in his lover’s eyes and smiled, realizing that his plan had worked perfectly.

Small Town

Part 30

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“So how upset was she when you walked her to the door and didn’t kiss her goodnight?” Justin asked Brian as he sat down on his bed, watching the other man close the window that he’d just climbed in.

“A little, I guess,” Brian said, looking at his boyfriend’s skeptical face, then shrugged his shoulders and added, “okay, a lot. She asked me if anything was wrong. If I had a problem with her because both times I’d taken her home right after dinner and hadn’t wanted to kiss her.”

“AND?”

Sitting down at the end of the bed, turning to face his lover, the brunet said quietly, “I told her that she was great, but that I’m old fashioned and don’t like to rush things.”

“YOU WHAT?”

“Shhh, I couldn’t help it. I wanted to tell her that I’m in love with someone else and not interested in her, but then she’d tell her uncle, and my father would find out, and I’d be in deep shit trouble.”

Sighing loudly, Justin shook his head, realizing that his boyfriend was right. That’s the last thing the man needed. For his father to get angry and take it out on him. He would do anything that Brian needed to assure that that didn’t happen.

“So, you understand?” Brian asked softly, running his thumb across his lover’s cheek.

“I understand,” the blond replied, looking deeply into the captivating hazel eyes that were locked with his. “But, I still don’t like sharing,” he added, jutting his lip out for affect.

“Right, I seem to remember hearing something about that earlier tonight. And I also seem to recall promising you a treat if you acted like a good boy.”

“And I did…pretty much.”

“Yes, baby, you did,” the older man agreed, moving his thumb down to softly run across the blond’s lower lip, gasping when the man’s pink, wet tongue darted out to meet it. Staring down at the full, inviting, perfect mouth, Brian pressed forward, slipping his thumb into the waiting cavern.

“Mmmmmm” Justin purred around the digit.

“Oh, fuck,” Brian moaned, loving the feel of the warmth and wetness that immediately surrounded him. The pressure of Justin sucking on his thumb shot right to his dick as if the two were directly connected. It swelled in his pants and he had to shift to relieve the pressure.

Noticing his lover’s movement, Justin’s hand moved to the older man’s groin and cupped the large bulge. He met Brian’s eyes and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, unable to speak with his mouth still occupied.

Laughing softly, Brian moved his free hand to Justin’s groin, enjoying the feel of the hardened package he found there. “Seems that I’m not the only one who’s got something to share,” Brian said with a wicked grin.

Justin just nodded. He was more than happy to share.

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“Oh, God…Brian, yeah…harder…fuck me harder,” Justin moaned as his lover pounded into him. His head tossed from side to side, his heels tightened around Brian’s waist, digging further into his ass and his hands twisted the sheet clenched between his fingers.

“Baby, shhhhh…your parents…they’ll hear you,” Brian warned with a smile, not wanting to get caught but loving the affect he had on his lover. He lowered his body, letting his full weight rest on top of the younger man and remained still, with his cock buried fully inside Justin’s ass. His chest heaved, pushing back against the blond’s beneath him as they both tried to take in the desperately needed air. He stared at Justin, waiting for him to calm.

It took a full minute before Justin’s lust-crazed mind even realized that Brian had stopped moving. Panting, he turned his face and locked onto a pair of hazel eyes. “Wh-why’d you st-stop?” he asked, his mind still reeling with incredible pleasure.

“I love you,” Brian whispered. He leaned down, pressing his lips against the slightly swollen ones of his lover then pulled back up, locking his eyes onto the bright blue ones again.

Smiling, Justin replied, “I love you too.” He felt like Brian was searching deep within him for something as the man’s intense eyes burned into his. He felt them weave their way into his mind, then into his heart and finally into his soul. His body arched up, filled with an incredible sense of overwhelming love and need for the man above him. “Brian…please…oh, God…please,” he begged, feeling like he was beyond control of his words or movement. Like he was possessed by his emotions. By his love.

“Baby,” the brunet whispered, entranced by his lover. He felt and heard the desperate need in the man. He didn’t move, but continued to search his lover’s eyes, wanting to see every inch of the man, inside and out. He felt Justin’s body writhing beneath him, his hips rocking back and forth, trying desperately to fuck himself on Brian’s hard cock, still buried inside of him. The blond’s own erection was trapped between their bodies, pressing into their stomachs, sliding along in the wetness of the precum that leaked from his slit.

“Ahhhhhh, Brian…pleaaassseee,” Justin moaned, closing his eyes, not able to take the intensity of his lover’s gaze any longer. He felt like his body was going to explode into a million pieces and his mind would go along with it. His thoughts seemed to focus only on the incredible need he felt coursing through his body. He wanted release. He NEEDED release.

Sensing his lover’s turmoil, Brian began to move, never taking his eyes off of Justin’s beautiful, wanton face. The blond wore his emotions so clearly that Brian could see every nuance that his body and mind were feeling. Pulling out slowly then pushing back in at the same speed, he saw the relief wash over Justin’s face then the overbearing lust replace it. Again, the older man moved in and out, watching the emotions play across his lover’s angelic features…the images seeping deep into his soul…knowing that HE was responsible for making his lover feel that way.

“Oh, Bri…Bri…Bri…,” Justin chanted, lost in a haze of desire for his man. His back arched sharply off the bed, his head tipped back along the pillow and his hands reached up, grabbing onto his lover’s ass, pulling the man forcefully against him.

“Ahhhhh, Justin,” Brian gasped as he sunk impossibly deeper inside the man’s tightening channel from the firm grasp on his ass. He knew that Justin wasn’t going to last much longer and neither was he. He sped up his motion, thrusting faster and faster, barely pulling out at all.

“Yeah…there…fuck…Bri…ah…ahhhh…nowwwwww,” Justin whimpered as his body finally succumbed to his mind-blowing orgasm. He felt like he was watching himself, completely removed from the experience as his body exploded in a white, hot light that made every molecule in his being seem to float into the air. He felt the cum rip from his slit in long, hard spurts, over and over again, but he had no control over it. Each shot pulled the energy from every inch of his body, leaving him drained and completely spent.

“Baby…yeah…urghh…ughhhhhh,” Brian moaned, burying his head against his lover’s shoulder, trying to stifle the loud moan that threatened to erupt from his chest. He felt Justin’s ass clamp down on him so strongly that it was almost painful. He felt the wetness shoot between their bodies and the sensation threw him headfirst into his own orgasm. His body jerked with each shot of cum that flew from his dick, filling the condom to capacity. He couldn’t believe the intensity of his orgasm. It seemed to go on and on until his balls were completely empty. He slumped down, letting his body go limp against the man beneath him, unable to find the energy to move.

Several minutes went by before either man could speak. Brian tried to lift himself, scared that his weight would crush Justin, but the blond’s hands, still resting on his back, held him close.

“No, don’t move, not yet,” Justin whispered, the words taking every ounce of energy he had left.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” Brian said with concern, lifting his head to look down at his lover’s face.

“Mmm, you could never hurt me,” the blond replied, a warm, satisfied smile moving across his lips.

Brian smiled and watched as Justin’s eyes fluttered, opening slowly, revealing the bright-blue, honest and loving eyes that Brian was drawn to. He smiled, so completely overwhelmed with love for his man, and said, “Never.” And he knew it was true.

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Jennifer turned off the television, took her teacup into the kitchen, placed it in the sink and turned off the lights. She headed upstairs, moved to her daughter’s bedroom door, opened it, and smiled when she saw the sleeping figure sprawled across the bed. Closing the door quietly, she moved to her son’s room and turned the door handle, only to find it locked. Sighing, she shook her head then moved toward her own room, wondering what was going on with Justin that he constantly felt the need to lock his door. She wondered if maybe the little problem with Craig was affecting her son more than she thought. She would have to broach the subject with Justin, but gently. The last thing she wanted was to cause him anymore anguish over the situation. She didn’t want to lose her son. No matter what.

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Justin woke the next morning to find another paper heart on the newly vacated pillow. He kissed it, his usual ritual, then placed it on top of the others that lay inside his nightstand drawer.

He realized that even if Brian couldn’t stay until he woke up, the token that he left made his day start perfectly. He hoped that things would always be that good between them. He didn’t want it any other way.

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Jennifer was gathering the laundry in Justin’s room when she came across a shirt that she’d never seen before. Placing the almost full laundry basket down, she opened the royal-blue t-shirt and was surprised to find something spread along the front of it. She wondered what Justin had spilled on it that had dried so stiffly. Shrugging her shoulders, she tossed the shirt into the laundry basket then made her way downstairs, reminding herself to ask her son where he’d gotten it when he got home.

Luckily, she didn’t look inside the shirt, because on the tag, written in black laundry marker, was the name Kinney. Brian’s name was in most of his clothes, having grown up with a neurotic mother who didn’t want her son’s clothes mixed up with the other ‘less than pure’ children’s in the locker room. Brian didn’t even know that his mother did it any longer. She’d sneak into his room and write it in when her son wasn’t at home, during one of her snoop-fests. The last thing she wanted was for some ‘demon child’s’ clothes to wind up in her God fearing home. She wouldn’t stand for that at all.

Small Town

Part 31

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With Justin’s birthday fast approaching, Brian decided to go all out for his boyfriend’s special day. He knew that Justin couldn’t wait to turn eighteen and he wanted to give him a day that he’d always remember.

Brian made all the arrangements, spending a little more than he’d wanted to, but knowing that it would be well worth it. Everything was set and he hoped that it would go perfectly.

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“Hey, baby, how’s your day going?”

“Better now that I’m talking to you,” the blond said with a huge smile.

“Must be Brian,” Daphne said, mostly to herself as she watched her friend’s face light up as he answered his cell phone.

“So, I was just wondering if you were busy Saturday night?” Brian asked.

“Saturday…Saturday, let me think Do I have anything planned for Saturday,” Justin said playfully, knowing full well why his lover was asking.

“Well?” the brunet asked impatiently. He knew that his boyfriend was just teasing him, but he still felt a little insecure.

“Nope, nothing comes to mind.”

“You shit,” Brian said with a laugh.

“What’d you have planned?” Justin asked, getting more and more excited by the second. He couldn’t believe that Brian had remembered that Saturday was his birthday. He knew that’s what the question was all about.

“Something special for someone special,” the older man said sweetly.

“Aw, you’re just too good to me,” Justin purred, just about ready to melt from his lover’s voice alone.

“Aw, you’re making me nauseous over here,” Daphne taunted, overhearing the conversation and growing increasingly jealous as it went on. Not that she wasn’t happy for Justin, she really was. She just wanted the same thing for herself. Someone who would love her and make her feel special. And if they were incredibly HOT, like Brian, that wouldn’t be too bad either.

“Daphne,” Justin huffed, smacking his friend lightly on the arm.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah…I’ll butt out,” she said, lying down on the blanket they’d spread on the grass behind the school.

“Good,” Justin said, then focused back on his boyfriend. “Sorry, crazy brunette interfering. So, what were you saying?”

“Be ready at ten in the morning and I’ll pick you up at your house.” Brian paused, remembering that Justin usually had him pick him up at Daphne’s so his parents wouldn’t know. His heart fell slightly, but he continued, “Or, um, at Daphne’s if you want me to.”

Hearing the change in his lover’s voice, Justin made a decision. “No, you can pick me up at my house. In fact, I was wondering if you were free Friday night. My mother’s making dinner for my birthday, you know, with the grandparents, and I was hoping that you could come.”

Brian was a little stunned. He hadn’t expected to be able to get Justin at his house, never mind be being invited for a family dinner. Finding his voice, he asked, “Um, are you sure?”

“Definitely. I want them to meet you. Well, my parents already have, but I want them to get to know you, even if you have to pretend to just be my friend. I hope that’s okay?” the blond said the last part quietly, not wanting to make Brian feel like he was ashamed to be his boyfriend, but knowing that he couldn’t tell his parents that, not yet anyway.

“That’s great. I’d love to come. Thank you, Justin.”

“You’re welcome. But maybe you’d better wait to thank me until the evening’s over. You just might find yourself wishing you’d never come once you get to meet the whole brood.”

“Baby, you’ll be there, and that’s all that matters.”

Sighing, still amazed that he had Brian, Justin smiled brightly, lost in a daze of happiness until he heard a loud groan, and turned to see Daphne staring up at him, rolling her eyes and shaking her head in dismay.

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“Mom, I’m home.”

“In here,” Jennifer said from the kitchen.

“Hey, we’re starving.” Justin said as he entered the kitchen with Daphne trailing behind him.

“Aren’t you always?” Jennifer asked with a soft laugh. She pulled out two bowls and filled them with freshly made rice pudding, still warm from the stove.

“Oh, yeah, thanks, Mom,” Justin said, taking the offered bowl as he sat at the kitchen table with Daphne beside him.

“Thanks, Jennifer,” Daphne said, taking a spoonful of the delicious treat into her mouth. “You make THE BEST rice pudding,” she said with a smile.

“Thank you, dear.” Jennifer turned her attention to her son and asked, “So, any big plans for your birthday?”

“Well, as a matter of fact, I wanted to ask you if it was okay if I invited someone for dinner Friday night?”

“Of course, sweetheart, who did you want to ask?”

“You remember my friend Brian? You met him about a week ago.”

Trying to keep her smile from slipping, and recovering after just a momentary lapse, Jennifer said, “Yes, of course, the boy you were watching TV with when your father and I came home.”

“Right. I want to invite him. Is that okay?” Justin asked, watching his mother’s face for any sign of apprehension, not missing the way it fell at the mention of his lover’s name.

“Sure, yes, of course it is, dear,” Jennifer answered calmly, but on the inside she was anything but. She still remembered seeing her son and that Brian in the car, in front of the house, and…and they were…they were…”

“Mom!”

Shaking her head, trying to clear the unwanted images from her mind, she smoothed her hands over her blouse and tried to compose herself. “Yes, dear?”

“Where’d you go to? I was calling you and you didn’t answer,” Justin said with a puzzled look.

“Oh, sorry,” the woman said with a forced smile, “I was just thinking about what I was going to serve for dinner.”

Nodding his head, but not quite buying his mother’s answer, Justin said, “Okay, so I’ll tell Brian around six?”

“Good, fine, great,” the woman said, then excused herself and left the kitchen.

“What the hell was THAT all about?” Daphne asked, having seen Justin’s mother so unnerved.

“Brian,” Justin answered simply, then took another spoon of the warm dessert into his mouth, savoring the sweetness after the bitterness that he’d felt from his mother.

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Thursday and Friday went by in a blur with both men anxiously waiting for Friday night.

Brian got off work at five o’clock and headed home. He wanted to shower and change, to make sure he looked just right for dinner with his boyfriend’s family. He got into the jeep and headed over to Justin’s house, making sure to arrive at exactly six o’clock. He didn’t want to be even a minute late. He knew that presentation was everything, so as he walked up to the Taylor’s door, he smoothed down his shirt, ran his fingers through his hair and adjusted the bouquet of flowers in his hand just right, then rang the doorbell.

“Hey, you’re right on time,” Justin said when he answered the door, smiling brightly at his incredibly handsome lover on the other side. His breath caught in his throat from the sight.

“Thanks, ba…Justin,” Brian said, catching himself just in the nick of time. He smiled nervously, not too sure what he’d gotten himself into.

“Don’t worry, it’ll be alright. Just relax,” the blond whispered.

“Right, relax, okay, you too,” Brian returned, knowing that there was no way in hell that he would be able to relax, and neither would Justin.

“Brian,” Jennifer said, moving into the living room to greet her son’s guest. “It’s nice to see you again.”

Smiling, trying not to notice the less-than-genuine smile on his hostess’ face, Brian replied, “Thank you, Mrs. Taylor, it’s nice to see you again.”

“Please, call me Jennifer. All of Justin’s FRIENDS do.”

Neither Justin nor Brian missed the way the woman emphasized the word friend, making them even more uncomfortable than before.

“Um, these are for you, Mrs. Tay…I mean Jennifer,” Brian said, handing the woman the bouquet of flowers he’d brought.

“Oh, they’re lovely. Thank you, Brian. I’m going to put these in some water. Excuse me.”

Brian nodded and smiled as Justin’s mother left the room, then loudly exhaled the breath he’d been holding.

“Brian, just relax. They won’t bite.”

“Right, I wouldn’t be too sure of that,” Brian told his lover, wanting so much to take the man in his arms and kiss him, but knowing that there was no way he could.

“So, you’re Justin’s new friend?” Molly asked, coming into the room.

“Uh, yeah, and you must be Molly.”

“Smart AND good looking,” the girl said with a smile much like her brother’s, instantly making Brian feel a little more at ease.

“Thank you, you’re not so bad yourself,” Brian returned, turning on his charm, knowing that if he won over the youngest member of the family, he’d at least have one of them on his side.

Molly’s smile got even wider, loving the attention of her brother’s new friend. “You can sit next to ME,” the girl said, then disappeared into the kitchen to help her mother.

“Flirting with my little sister will definitely get you nowhere with ME,” Justin said, a little upset by his lover’s blatant moves.

Looking around, making sure that no one was around, Brian moved closer to his boyfriend and whispered, “You know you’re the only one that I’m interested in. She’s just a cute replica of you. I can’t help it if ANYTHING to do with you gets me going.”

Feeling his pulse begin to quicken from the closeness of his lover and the way the man’s hot breath washed over his face as he spoke, Justin replied, “Well, uh, well…okay. Just don’t go getting carried away.”

“No chance, baby…no chance.”

“Brian,” came a loud voice from the stairwell and the two younger men separated at lightening speed before the man who belonged to the voice entered the room. “So glad to see you again,” Craig said, offering his hand to Brian.

“Nice to see you too again, Sir,” Brian said, shaking the offered hand.

“Please, call me Craig,” the older man said, then turned to his son and asked, “Are your grandparents here yet?”

“Nope, not yet. Mom said they should be here any minute.”

“Good, well then, I’ll see you boys shortly,” Craig said, then left the room.

“Your dad seems nice.”

“Yeah, sure, just as long as you don’t disagree with him,” the blond said sarcastically, not wanting to get caught up in the Dartmouth thing again, but still not able to get over the way his father was handling the whole situation.

“I know, but don’t worry, it’ll all work out in the end,” Brian said reassuringly.

“I hope so.” Any further comment that Justin might’ve made was cut off by the ringing of the front doorbell. “I’ll get it,” the blond called out, then opened the front door, coming face to face with his grandparents.

“Justin, dear, so nice to see you.”

“Justin, how’s the almost birthday boy doing?”

“Great, Grandma and Grandpa. I’d like you to meet my friend, Brian.”

“Nice to meet you, dear.”

“Nice to meet you, son,” Justin’s grandfather, Bill, said, offering his hand to the younger man.

“Nice to meet both of you,” Brian said, again shaking the offered hand. He realized how different his and Justin’s families were. In his family, no one offered you their hand. Well, not to him. They thought he was just a stupid kid, and barely tolerated him, nothing more. But Justin’s family seemed to see him as a man, one to be regarded with kindness and hospitality. It was a really nice feeling. He began to think that the evening just might go okay after all.

Small Town

Part 32

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The family sat down to dinner and, as promised, Molly sat next to Brian, with Justin on his other side. He didn’t feel too uncomfortable and began to relax even more as the meal progressed smoothly. They ate a wonderful meal, unlike the ones he had at his own home, and the friendly talk between the family members was easy and often hysterical.

“Well, I remember when Justin wasn’t so easy to get into the lake. There was this one time, when he was about five, and we were spending the day there. Well, the boy was just having a fit. He didn’t want to go anywhere near the water. For the life of me, I couldn’t understand the sudden change in him. So, I asked him what was the matter and do you know what he said?” Justin’s grandmother, Mary, asked the family.

“No Grandma, I don’t think that everyone, especially Brian, wants to hear what I said,” Justin said, knowing what the rest of the story entailed and really NOT wanting to have his lover hear it.

“Oh, yes we do and I’m sure Brian does too,” Molly said, giving her brother an evil smile.

“No, no he…”

“Yes, I do, Justin. I want to hear what your grandmother has to say,” Brian replied, knowing that he was going to get an earful from his lover later, but enjoying the evening way too much to be concerned about it just then.

“So, what he said was…” Mary continued, only to be cut off by her grandson again.

“Grandma, please, no.”

“Oh, Justin,” she said, waving off the boy’s attempt to quiet her, then turned back to the rest of the family and said, “He told me that he was afraid that the fish would bite off his weenie because, apparently, Bill had taken him fishing earlier that day and he’d seen how the fish had latched onto the hanging worm, so he thought they might do the same to his, well, his weenie, he said.”

“Oh, God,” Justin said, hanging his head in embarrassment while the rest of his family, including Brian were laughing hysterically.

“See, dear, I knew that everyone would enjoy the story,” Mary told her grandson.

“Yeah, right Grandma, everyone did. Thank you very much,” the blond said sarcastically, while staring daggers at his boyfriend.

“Sorry…sorry Justin. That’s just so funny,” Brian said, trying to stop his laughter, but not doing a very good job of it.

“Also, I remember another time when…”

“NO! No, no more stories. I think I’ve had enough. Maybe wait until my next birthday and you can embarrass me some more,” Justin said, cutting off his grandmother before she had a chance to tell any more wonderful tales of his youth.

“Oh, honey, don’t be so touchy,” Jennifer said, wiping away the remaining tears that had run down her face from her uncontrollable laughter.

“Right,” Justin said, humoring his mother, then got up and took his empty plate into the kitchen.

Standing up, Brian grabbed the rest of the empty dinner plates, even though Jennifer told him not to, stating that he was a guest and didn’t have to do that. He assured her that it was his pleasure and he headed into the kitchen after his lover. Placing the dishes in the sink, Brian moved over to Justin, who was standing by the back door, looking out the window. “See anything good out there?” he asked his lover playfully.

“Nope, no lake, no fish, no embarrassing grandmothers.”

“Justin,” Brian said, laughing softly, “it’s just a story. You’re lucky. If we were at my house I bet my mother could amuse you with many tales of how when I five years old she, well, she ignored me.”

Hearing the sad tone of his voice, Justin turned, catching his lover’s eyes with his and cupping the side of the man’s face, tenderly running his thumb across the smoothness of his cheek. “I’m sorry.”

“Not your fault. Just be thankful for what you’ve got. I know I am…now,” the older man said with a smile and felt his heart flutter when he received a loving smile in return.

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“Brian, sit here, next to me,” Molly said, patting the spot on the sofa next to her. “What movie do you want to watch?” she asked Brian, ignoring her brother’s glare completely.

“Um, well, since it’s Justin’s birthday dinner, why don’t we let him decide,” Brian said diplomatically.

Being the mature almost eighteen year old that Justin was, he quickly stuck out his tongue at his sister then turned to find a movie.

Brian and the rest of the family just shook their heads and smiled. Real mature.

“Oh, I love Ground Hog Day,” Justin said, turning to his family.

“Not again!” everyone said in unison, well, everyone except Brian.

Huffing, Justin turned back around and looked through the DVDs again. “How about Beverly Hills Ninja?” he asked with a smile. He knew it was a stupid movie, but it was so funny.

“No, I don’t want to watch that. Chris Farley is so dumb,” Molly said, leaping off the sofa, going to look for a movie herself. “How about Miss Congeniality?” she asked.

“Yeah, I like that one.” “Great, I haven’t seen that in a while.” “Good choice, honey,” were just a few of the answers she received. Looking back at her brother’s fallen face, she smiled then stuck her tongue out at him.

“Real mature, Molly,” Justin whined, then plopped down on the sofa next to Brian with his arms folded across his chest.

“Oh, Justin, don’t be a party pooper,” his grandmother said with a laugh.

“Hmph,” he answered, then turned towards the television.

“Real mature, Justin,” Brian said playfully, swatting his lover’s arm with the back of his hand.

The only reply was another unintelligible sound, to which the rest of the family just shook their heads and focused on the movie that was about to start.

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“Thank you very much, Jennifer. I had a great time,” Brian said when it was time to go. Everyone else had already either left or gone to bed, so he only had to say goodnight to Justin’s mother.

“Well, I’m glad you came. It was really nice getting to know you better. I’m glad that Justin’s made a new friend. Come back soon,” the woman said with a smile, trying to be a good hostess, but not wanting to seem to be giving her approval in any way to the young man.

“I…I will,” Brian said, a little unsure by the mixed messages he was getting from Justin’s mother.

“I’m just going to walk Brian to his car, Mom. I’ll be back in a few minutes,” Justin said.

“Well, I’m heading up to bed, so lock up when you come in. Goodnight, boys,” Jennifer said, then turned and headed up the stairs. She smiled, thinking that all in all the evening had gone pretty well. Now if she could just get the image of her son in the car with Brian out of her mind, she’d feel a whole lot better.

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“I’m glad you came,” Justin said, standing a foot or so away from his lover as the man leaned against the jeep.

“Me too,” Brian replied, staring deeply into his boyfriend’s entrancing pools of blue, letting his eyes travel downwards to the man’s inviting, full lips, then back up again to his eyes. Sighing softly, he said, “I want to kiss you, baby.”

“I know, me too,” Justin whimpered, his entire body aching to touch Brian. “Do you want to come up to my room?” he asked, desperately wanting the man to say yes.

Looking down at the ground, then back up, Brian answered, “No, I’d better not. Since I’ll be here in…” he paused and looked at his watch, noticing that it was exactly 12:03 a.m., Justin’s birthday. He looked back at his lover and smiled, “Happy birthday, baby.”

“Thank you,” Justin said, trying to keep his tears back, but failing as one trailed down his cheek. He smiled and wiped it away.

“I’m sorry, Justin. I wish I could hold you,” the brunet said, feeling completely defeated.

“I…I kn-know,” Justin stammered. He couldn’t believe he was being so dramatic, but he needed to feel Brian’s arms around him. It made him angry knowing that if he was a girl, then there would be no worries or concern about it. Why did it have to matter so much that they were both men? The thing was, that he knew it did, at least to everyone else.

“God, Sunshine, please don’t cry. It’s your birthday and we’ve got the rest of the weekend to celebrate and be alone. I promise I’ll make it up to you,” Brian said softly.

Nodding his head and sniffling loudly, trying to hold back the rest of the tears that threatened to spill from his eyes, Justin said with a forced smile, “Okay, I’m okay.” Taking a deep breath and slowly releasing it, the blond said, “I guess you’d better go. I’ll see you at ten, right?”

“Right, not a second later,” the older man said reassuringly. “You go get some sleep and before you know it, I’ll be here.”

“Okay, goodnight, Bri…and thank you for coming to dinner.”

“Anytime, baby, anytime.” Then with a loving smile, Brian got into his jeep and pulled away, watching his lover wave goodbye in the rearview mirror.

Upstairs, Jennifer moved back from the window, having watched her son and his, um, friend say goodnight. She felt a little relieved, having seen them just talking, but she could have sworn that she’d seen tears in her son’s eyes. Maybe it was just a reflection of the streetlights? Yeah, that was probably it.

Small Town

Part 33

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Justin locked the door behind him and turned off the remaining lights before heading upstairs to his room. He couldn’t help but feel a little sad that his lover hadn’t been able to kiss him and hold him along with his birthday wishes.

Entering his room, he closed and locked the door behind him, having become a habit now, then made his way into his bathroom to get ready for bed. Stripping off his clothes, he crawled into bed naked, sliding under the soft covers. He began to replay the evening’s events and smiled at how his lover had been welcomed into his family. He wondered why he’d been so afraid to bring Brian home earlier. With thoughts of the gorgeous man running through his mind, Justin drifted off to sleep, anxiously awaiting ten o’clock.

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“Wha…” Justin mumbled as he awoke with the feel of a large mass on top of him. Instantly he froze as fear coursed through his body, but then he settled as his senses took over and he immediately knew what it was. “Brian,” he purred softly.

“I couldn’t wait,” the older man said, his warm breath washing over his lover’s neck as he littered it with soft kisses. He felt his dick harden further at the sound of his name and continued to rock back and forth against the blond’s ass, rubbing himself along the crack.

“Mmmm, I’m so glad,” Justin whispered, smiling into the pillow. The incredible feel of waking up with his lover on top of him was indescribable. He felt his cock harden immediately and couldn’t help himself as he began to rub against the soft sheets, trying to find some relief. “Oh, God, Bri…uhhhh, yeah,” he moaned softly, feeling the man’s wet mouth travel across his shoulders and along the top of his back.

“Feel good?”

“Yesssss.”

“Happy birthday, baby,” Brian whispered into the blond’s ear then took the soft lobe between his teeth and gently bit down on the tender flesh, earning a low growl from his lover. “Can you feel me now?” the brunet asked, knowing how upset his boyfriend was earlier when he wanted to be held.

“Y-yes, I can f-feel you,” the blond stammered. His senses were reeling, having been awoken from a deep sleep to be instantly bombarded with such incredible pleasure.

“Good, because I wanted to start your birthday just right.” Brian knew when he’d watched his lover’s sad face in the rearview mirror as he drove away, that he’d be back. He drove around the block a few times, wanting to give Jennifer ample time to fall asleep, then climbed up the trellis to Justin’s window, praying that he’d left it unlocked, and climbed inside. He quickly undressed, never taking his eyes off of the perfect man lying asleep in the bed. He checked the door to make sure it was locked, then pulled back the covers, taking in the view of his naked lover, his cock hardening immediately from the sight, and climbed in on top of him, loving the feel of his boyfriend’s warm body beneath him. He didn’t want to scare Justin and hoped when he awoke he’d know exactly what was going on. Thankfully, the man did and was pleasantly surprised by the visit.

“Oh, yeah…you feel…so fucking good,” Justin breathed, rocking back against his lover, feeling Brian’s cock slide between his ass cheeks, leaving a wet trail of precum that cooled in the air against his heated skin.

“Mmm, you too…you too.” Brian knew what he wanted and how to get it. He let some more of his weight settle onto his lover, resting the remainder on his forearms and thighs that were on either side of Justin’s body. He heard the blond sigh and smiled, knowing how much the man loved to be covered by him. The added weight pushed his cock even further between the firm globes of the younger man’s ass, brushing against his hole and earning a loud gasp, then moan, from Justin. Without really moving, just rocking slightly back and forth, Brian continued to rub against the tender knot of flesh over and over until the blond was a continuous moaning mess.

“Oh, God…please…Bri…need you…please…oh, pleeaaasseee,” Justin begged. He wanted his lover inside him so badly.

“What do you want, baby?”

“You,” was all the blond could manage.

“What should I do?” Brian whispered into Justin’s ear, his warm breath sending shivers down the younger man’s spine.

“Ahhhhh…please.”

“Please what?” the older man asked while constantly rubbing across Justin’s hole.

“Please…fuck me…now.” Justin thought he might faint. He felt dizzy with excitement and his body was buzzing with pleasure. His mind couldn’t seem to focus on anything but the feeling of Brian moving above him.

Reaching beside him, Brian picked up the condom and lube that he’d placed there earlier. Tearing open the little foil packet with his teeth, he slipped out the latex disc and moved to the side, freeing his throbbing cock, then rolled the condom over it. He flipped open the tube of lube, squirted a generous amount onto his fingers then tossed the tube aside. Once the slick liquid was warmed, Brian placed his middle digit firmly against Justin’s hole and moved it in small teasing circles.

“Ahhh, yeah…oh, God…Brian.”

“Oh, baby,” the brunet moaned, loving the sound of his name as it rolled off his lover’s tongue. His cock bounced and leaked inside the condom in response and he knew he had to speed things up before he came without even getting inside. Pushing forward, his finger slipped into the tight channel and Justin gasped at the intrusion. “Relax…just relax, Sunshine.”

Justin nodded and sighed contently when he felt his lover’s finger push all the way in, then he moaned softly as Brian drew it back out.

“Good?” Brian whispered, receiving a muffled response and an emphatic nod of the blond head beneath him. “More?”

“Ahhhh…yesssss.” Justin wanted to move, tried to move, but the weight of his lover resting on him kept him still.

As he thrust back in, Brian added a second finger, giving Justin even more pleasure. He drew them back out, then quickly pushed in again, this time with more force, going even deeper than before. Smiling at the instant moan and wanting to hear it again, Brian pulled back halfway, then curled his fingers forward, feeling for the tight bundle of nerves. When he located the gland, he brushed softly against it with his fingertips, receiving a deep, resonating moan that he felt go all the way through Justin’s body and into his.

“Bri…Brian…again,” the blond panted, still amazed that his body possessed the capability to feel so unbelievably amazing.

Brian repeated the move again and was rewarded with another deep moan from Justin. Wanting to continue all night, but knowing that he couldn’t wait any longer, Brian pulled his fingers out of his lover’s ass, receiving an unhappy groan from the blond, which quickly faded when he felt Brian’s cock press against his hole.

“Yeah…now…please…fuck me,” Justin whimpered, then sighed when he felt the head of Brian’s cock slip inside.

“Relax, baby,” Brian whispered, feeling the tightness of his lover’s channel surrounding him and keeping him from going further. “Breathe.”

Justin listened to his boyfriend and instantly he seemed to calm, allowing the man full entrance to his body.

“That’s good, baby…so fucking good,” the older man purred. He gave his lover a minute to adjust, then pulled back slowly until just the wide head of his dick remained inside. He swiveled his hips and bounced them slightly, letting the girth of his cock rub against the sensitive nerve endings near the opening of Justin’s hole.

“Bri…oh, fuck…Bri,” Justin panted. He couldn’t catch his breath and felt his head swimming in a sea of ecstasy with every move of his lover’s hips.

“More?”

“M-m-more.”

With a satisfied grin, Brian slammed back into Justin, causing the younger man’s ass to involuntarily clamp down on his dick, ripping a loud moan from his throat, which he tried to stifle by burying his face against the back of the blond’s head, enjoying the silky feel of the golden hair as it brushed over his heated skin.

Having enjoyed the loud response from his lover, Justin tightened his anal muscles on purpose, over and over again until Brian couldn’t stop the moans that continued to fly from his open mouth.

Brian was in heaven. It felt like Justin’s ass was pumping his dick and he loved every second of it. He was so close, but he needed to take Justin with him. Moving his hands so that they rested on top of the blond’s shoulders, giving him leverage, he began to thrust wildly in and out of Justin’s tight ass.

“Yeah…more…more…harder…faster…oh, God…ahh…ahhhh…now,” Justin shouted with his face buried deep into the pillow, trying to stifle his uncontrollable string of words. His cock erupted beneath him against the bed sheets. His balls spasmed intensely, shooting the hot cum up his shaft in sharp waves until he was completely empty and exhausted.

“Ahhh…yeah, baby…now,” Brian grunted, feeling his lover’s ass tighten almost painfully on his swollen cock, ripping the cum from his slit in long spurts that felt like they were drawn from deep inside his body.

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“So, was that a nice surprise?” Brian asked as he lay on his back with his lover sprawled across him, lazily rubbing his hand up and down the soft expanse of the blond’s back.

“Mmmm, perfect,” the younger man answered with a smile.

“Happy birthday, baby,” the brunet whispered, placing a soft kiss against his boyfriend’s temple.

“Thank you, Bri. Thanks for sharing it with me.”

“You haven’t seen nothin yet,” Brian whispered with a smile and tightened his hold on the man resting against him. He couldn’t wait for the day ahead.

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Justin woke Saturday morning to find, as he’d expected, the spot next to him empty. He absently reached up to the pillow, expecting to find the usual heart that Brian always left for him, but was surprised when his hand came across something completely different.

Blinking rapidly, trying to focus his tired eyes, Justin lifted the item and smiled broadly, for on the pillow, along with the paper heart, Brian had left a single red rose.

Small Town

Part 34

Special Note: This chapter is quite long, a reward for having made you guys wait a while for this part. Sorry, but real life has been hectic, just finally settling down. I hope you enjoy this birthday chapter…I know that Brian and Justin did. <bg>

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“Briiiiaaaannnn.”

“Almost,” Brian said with a laugh, thoroughly amused by his boyfriend’s impatience.

Justin huffed and sank down a little further into his seat. He wasn’t angry, he just couldn’t wait to see what Brian had planned for him. He was glad that his mother hadn’t asked any questions when he’d told her that he was spending the day with Brian, then spending the evening with Daphne and sleeping over at her house. He saw the curious look in her eyes and wondered if she suspected what was really going on. ‘Whatever,’ he thought, too excited to worry about it and too happy to care, because he was able to spend the entire day and night with Brian. It was his birthday and he wasn’t about to let anything spoil it.

“Okay, I’ll come around and help you out.”

Justin had been so engrossed in his thoughts that he hadn’t even realized that the jeep had stopped. He felt an adrenaline rush go through his body and couldn’t wait to see where they were. He also couldn’t wait to get the blindfold off of his eyes. His hands went up to the silky covering and he smiled, realizing that he could definitely think of a much better use for it.

“Alright, just follow my lead…good…hold on a second.” Brian let go of his lover’s arm and grabbed a bag from the car, then shut the door and locked it. “Okay, just a few more steps,” he said, taking hold of Justin’s arm again and leading him toward his surprise.

“’Kay,” the blond said excitedly.

“I’m gonna remove the blindfold, but keep your eyes shut. I’ll tell you when to open them,” Brian instructed. He undid the black silk covering and smiled at the look on Justin’s face. Even though the man hadn’t seen his surprise yet, he had a huge beaming smile in place. Brian felt so overcome with love for the younger man that he wanted to take him in his arms and hold him, but he knew that the blond was getting antsy, so instead he said, “Okay, open your eyes.”

Justin blinked several times, letting his eyes adjust to the light after being covered for a while then gasped in shock and surprise at what he saw. Turning toward Brian, his smile so huge and his blue eyes shinning with such love and happiness, he said, “Thank you…oh, thank you. I’ve always wanted to do this, but I could never talk Daphne into trying it and I didn’t want to do it alone.”

“Well, you’re not alone now, are you, Sunshine?”

Hearing the promise in his lover’s voice, Justin’s heart swelled in his chest impossibly further and he softly replied, “No, I’m not and neither are you.”

Too overwhelmed to speak and wanting to hold Justin so badly but knowing that they couldn’t, not there, Brian just nodded his understanding and smiled. “So, are you ready to get down and dirty?” the brunet asked, his tone of voice deep and sexy, letting his lover know that he had much more planned for the day, and not all of it involved this one particular stop.

“With you…always.” Justin understood the double meaning and welcomed it…all of it.

“Good, let’s get changed. Follow me and we’ll get our outfits and get going.”

“Changed?” Justin asked, slightly confused as he followed his boyfriend towards a small shack-type building that was off to the right.

“Yeah, we have to wear protective gear incase we wipe out or something.” Stopping suddenly, Brian turned, causing Justin to almost tumble into him, then he continued in a low voice, looking straight into this lover’s intense blue eyes. “I don’t want to take any chances with that beautiful face of yours or that gorgeous body. I want them in perfect condition when we’re done.”

“O-okay,” Justin stuttered and tried to calm his rapidly beating heart. Brian never failed to drive him wild and just being so close to the man and hearing his words was making him crazy. He took a deep breath and tried to relax.

Smiling, loving the affect he had on the blond, Brian turned and continued towards the shack with Justin following closely behind him. “Hey, Mark,” Brian shouted as they entered the decrepit building.

“Yeah, hold your horses, I’ll be right out,” someone called out from the back.

Brian turned to Justin and said, “I’ve known Mark since we were little. He runs this place and he’ll make sure we’re set up right.”

Justin just nodded, a little overwhelmed and a little nervous at what he was about to do. He knew if his parents found out, they’d kill him. His mother always warned him not to do it, but right now, with Brian beside him and having been eighteen for…he looked at his watch and realized that he’d been eighteen for a whole six hours already, having been born at 4:30 a.m., and it was now 10:30…so he was more than ready.

“Hey, Bri, how’s it going, man?” a rugged looking guy asked, emerging from the back and making his way towards them. He offered his hand and Brian took it, shaking it in a non-traditional way that the two men seemed to know.

“Good, Mark…good. This is Justin.”

“Hey, Justin, nice to meet you, man. Like they say, any friend of Brian’s…”

“Uh, hi, Mark,” Justin said, freezing a little when Mark offered his hand and attempted to shake it the same way that he had Brian’s. Justin tried to copy it, but got a little mixed up. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled apologetically, receiving an amused but friendly smile from Mark in return.

Brian watched his boyfriend try to fit in and smiled. He had to remember that Justin didn’t have the same upbringing or friends that he did. Justin’s main friend growing up was a girl, so he’d have missed out on a lot of things that guys did, like the handshake and the camaraderie. It made him a little sad that the younger man didn’t have those things, but he was there now and would teach him anything he needed to know. He was brought out of his thoughts by Mark’s questions.

“So, like, are you guys ready to ride?”

“Uh, yeah, but we need to get suited up first,” Brian answered for the both of them.

“Right, no problem, just come with me and we’ll get you all fixed up. Justin, man, I think this will be good for you. And Bri, give this a try,” Mark said, handing each man a pair of riding pants and a jacket made out of some microfibre and leather type materials. He also handed each of them a helmet and smiled when Justin took it and almost dropped it. No one ever realized just how heavy the things were at first.

Justin looked at Brian, wondering if he was supposed to strip off his clothes and replace them with the others or just put them on top. Then, following Brian’s lead, he smiled and pulled the pants on over his shorts and got the jacket on and zipped it up over his t-shirt. All set.

“Great, they fit you guys perfectly. Now, let’s get outside and get you your rides.”

Mark headed out of the shack and before following, Brian turned towards Justin and couldn’t help reaching out and running his hands down the front of his jacket, then over his crotch, now encased in leather. “Mmm, you look good enough to eat,” he said, punctuating his words with a gentle squeezed of his lover’s package.

“Ah, so do you,” Justin replied with a gasp, so turned on by the sight of Brian all decked out in the riding gear and by the feel of his hand on his stiffening cock.

“Later,” the brunet said huskily, leaning in and running his tongue teasingly across Justin’s lips.

“Later,” Justin breathed and smiled at the promise, then followed his lover outside.

“Okay, so you understand what to do?” Mark asked, having gone through every aspect involved in riding the motorbikes.

“Uh, yeah, I think so,” Justin said, still a little unsure about the whole thing. It’s not that he didn’t want to do it, he was just, well, scared, okay, he was scared. He envisioned himself wiping out, the bike tumbling over and over down a steep cliff with him following closely behind it and smashing to a halt at the bottom. Okay, so he never claimed to NOT be a drama queen, he just didn’t want to tempt fate.

“I think we’re good, Mark. Justin, just follow close to me and you’ll be alright,” Brian said with confidence.

“Have you done this before?” the nervous blond asked.

“Sure, lots of times, that’s how I know you’ll be alright.”

Nodding, Justin smiled and accepted the word of his boyfriend. If Brian thought he could do it, then he could. He took a deep breath and started the bike, just like Mark had shown him and smiled when it actually worked. ‘Okay, so good so far,’ he thought. He looked at Brian and saw the pride in the man’s eyes…he could definitely do it. Justin released the brake then clutch and gave the bike a little gas. ‘Good, okay, here goes,’ he thought and nodded to his lover as they slowly edged forward, then took off along the dirt road, the dust flying up behind them as they left Mark behind them.

“Having fun?” Brian yelled, wanting to be heard over the loud roar of the bike’s engines.

“Yeah, this is the best,” Justin shouted back, turning his head sideways so that he could see his lover’s face. It was a little difficult with the helmets, but he managed to catch a glimpse of Brian’s smile and smiled back.

“Follow me,” Brian shouted, motioning with his hand as they headed off the path and onto a grassy area.

The change in terrain proved to be a little difficult for Justin for a few minutes, but then he seemed to get the hang of it. They’d been riding for a while and he was glad when he saw a clearing up ahead and was even more shocked to see a large body of water. He slowed down then came to a stop just behind Brian and turned the bike off. Removing his helmet, he turned to Brian and said, “What’s this place? I’ve never seen it before.”

“Ah, it’s a well kept secret. Not too many people know about it, Sunshine. But, I found it a few years ago on one of my many escapes from Kinneyland. I come here when I want to be truly alone. It’s peaceful.”

“It’s beautiful,” Justin said, wanting to take Brian’s focus off of his sad memories.

“You’re beautiful,” Brian replied, moving towards his lover.

Smiling brightly and with a sparkle in his eyes, the younger man said, “Why, Mr. Kinney, flattery will get you everywhere.”

“That’s exactly what I was hoping for,” Brian said with a wicked grin, moving to close the gap between them as he spoke then covering Justin’s mouth with his own in a loving kiss.

“Bri,” Justin breathed.

“Happy birthday, baby.”

Justin didn’t answer, instead, he reached up, placing his hand behind his boyfriend’s head and pulled it down, meeting Brian’s mouth with his own and attacking it hungrily. The blond let his tongue slip out, seeking entrance to the older man’s warm mouth, tasting and teasing every surface the that he could reach, leaving them both panting and craving more when they finally parted.

“Time for lunch,” the brunet said, slightly winded.

Justin was a little baffled by the sudden change in subject, but smiled and watched as his boyfriend reached into a case attached to his motorbike and pulled out a duffel bag. “You’re full of all kinds of surprises today, aren’t ‘ya?” Justin said with amusement.

“They’ve only just begun,” Brian replied mischievously, earning him a smile from the beautiful blond watching him. “Why don’t you take this and spread it over there, by the water,” the older man said, handing his lover a blanket that he’d pulled out of the duffel bag.

“Sure.”

“Are you enjoying your birthday so far?” Brian asked, joining Justin by the lake. He pulled off the dusty jacket and pants that Mark had given him and motioned for Justin to do the same.

“Yeah, I’m having the best birthday ever,” the blond replied, meaning every single word. He tossed the dusty clothes aside and settled onto the blanket, enjoying the softness of the material and the cool breeze against his now bare legs and arms, having been covered in the thick protective material for a while now.

“Good. I thought the way we started the celebration last night might set a perfect precedence for the day.”

Smiling shyly, remembering the way his lover had woken him from his sleep, then made love to him in his bed sent a shiver down the younger man’s spine and began to awaken his cock, causing it to stir in his shorts. “I can’t think of a better way to have started it. Oh, and I wanted to thank you for the beautiful rose. It was so great.”

“You’re welcome, baby,” Brian said softly, joining his boyfriend on the blanket and moving in close, pressing his lips to the full, inviting ones before him. When he broke the kiss, he couldn’t help himself as he took Justin’s bottom lip between his and sucked on it, pulling back slightly then releasing it slowly. His eyes locked onto the glassy, bright-blue ones of his lover and he knew that they were both exactly where they were supposed to be…with each other.

“Hungry?” Justin asked breathlessly.

“Starving,” Brian replied huskily, his eyes not leaving the other man’s for a moment. They both knew that he wasn’t talking about food, but Brian took a deep breath and decided that THAT would just have to wait until later. Even though the lake was remote and not many people knew about it, they never knew who could walk in on them and the last thing they both needed was to be caught with their pants down…literally. Pressing his lips against Justin’s again, his eyes held the promise as he said, “Later.”

Nodding, Justin understood and smiled. “Later.”

“So, let’s see what I brought for your birthday lunch,” Brian said, opening up the duffel bag and taking out several containers and placing them between them.

“Wow, you really did go all out.”

“Anything for you, Sunshine. This is YOUR special day and I got all your favorites. Well, not ALL of them, or else we’d need a separate bike just to hold the bag,” the older man said with a grin.

“Ha, ha, ha…very funny, you’re always teasing me about how much I eat. I’m a growing boy, you know.”

“I know, and I hope that tonight you’ll show me just how much you CAN grow.”

“Brian,” Justin said softly.

“Oh, baby, don’t start,” the brunet warned, feeling his breath catch from the sound of his name.

Justin just smiled in response, loving the way he got to the other man. “So, what’s for lunch?”

“Always changing the subject back to food…or sex,” Brian laughed and ran his hand lovingly along Justin’s cheek. “Okay, here’s what we’ve got.” Brian opened the styrofoam containers, revealing all the goodies inside.

“Oh, you’re just too good to me,” the blond beamed, happy to find clubhouse sandwiches, potato salad and pickles, and of course, lemon bars. Looking back at Brian, Justin asked, “How’d you get all this stuff?”

“I got up early and drove out to the diner. Deb was working and had it all ready for me. It was all planned in advance, Sunshine, just like the rest of the day.”

“You drove all the way out there this morning, then came back to get me and then drove all the way back out again to get the motorbikes?” Justin asked, astonished by the effort his boyfriend had already gone to.

“Yep. All that for you.”

“Oh, Brian, thank you…thanks for doing so much for me.”

Feeling his heart swell in his chest, Brian smiled and let his lover embrace him in a tight hug, feeling all the love and caring flow from Justin’s body into his. “Anytime, baby…anytime. So, you ready for your present?”

“I thought that this was my present,” the younger man said, motioning towards the motorbikes.

“Nope, it’s just part of it. I also got you something. Do you want to open it now or wait ‘till later?”

Justin thought about it for a second before answering. “NOW.”

Laughing at his lover’s impatience, Brian reached into his duffel bag and pulled out a small box. It was wrapped in silver paper with a black bow tied perfectly around it. Placing in the palm of his hand, Brian held it out for his boyfriend. “For you, baby…happy birthday.”

“Thank you,” Justin said, hesitating a moment before taking the offered box.

“Don’t thank me until you open it. What if you don’t like it?”

“If it’s from you, I’ll love it,” the younger man said sincerely, his eyes locking with Brian’s.

“Open it,” the brunet said softly, wondering if he’d ever truly deserve Justin.

“Okay,” Justin said excitedly then carefully untied the ribbon and opened the paper, setting it aside and placing the black velvet box on his knee. He looked back up at his boyfriend then down at the box with a questioning gaze.

“You’ll never know what’s in it if you don’t open it.”

Nodding, Justin slowly opened the lid of the box and instantly smiled at what he saw inside. “Brian, I love it…it’s so…perfect.”

Reaching inside the box, Brian took out the gift and with his other hand he reached for Justin’s right hand and rested it on his knee. “As soon as I saw it, it reminded me of us…me and you.” Brian spoke tenderly as he fastened the bracelet around his lover’s wrist. “The cowry shells are smooth on the outside and a little ragged on the inside, like me. And the leather that holds them together is soft and strong, like you. And together, they make something beautiful and unique…like us.

“God, Brian, that’s so…so wonderful. I love it…I love you,” Justin said, not able to stop the tears that spilled from the corners of his eyes.

“I love you too, Justin,” Brian said, softly kissing his lover’s lips and thumbing away the stray tears.

Leisurely the two men ate their lunch, talking about everything and nothing, enjoying the time alone. Brian couldn’t help but notice that every so often Justin would look down at his wrist and smile, causing him to smile in return. After they were done and had cleaned up they laid back on the blanket, side by side, arms folded behind their heads and stared up at the sky.

“What’s your dream, for the future?” Justin asked, turning his head slightly to look at his lover.

Brian was silent for several minutes, and when he finally answered, having thought the question through thoroughly, he could only come up with one solid answer. “Being with you.”

Turning over onto his stomach, leaning partially over Brian, meeting his gaze, Justin asked softly, “I’m your dream?”

“Definitely.”

So overwhelmed with his lover’s response, Justin captured Brian’s mouth in a deep, searching, breathtaking kiss. When they finally parted, panting and craving more, Justin said, “I’m not a dream, I’m your reality.”

The brunet smiled, knowing with a certainty that he felt deep inside his bones that Justin was right. “So, what’s your dream?”

Lying back down, Justin smiled and replied, “Well, your answer was pretty hard to follow.” He looked over at Brian and saw the man grin, knowing that it was the truth. “But, aside from the obvious, of being with you, I want to be an artist. A REAL artist. Have people admire my work and of course, buy it. I want to be able to live my life the way I want to, without having to hide who I am…and who I’m with.”

Brian understood the last part perfectly. He felt the same way and hoped that wherever life led them, they’d be someplace where they could be open and free to express themselves with each other, rather than hide and pretend that they were only friends. Justin’s dream was a good one, one that he definitely shared.

“What about your career? What do you have planned for that?” Justin asked with curiosity. Brian never spoke about the future that much and Justin realized that it must have been because of his past. You couldn’t count on a future with certainty while having to live through some of the stuff that Brian had shared with him. He always felt a tinge of pain, knowing how rough Brian’s childhood had been compared to his own. But now, with the way that his father was acting towards school, Justin wondered if it had all been a lie. Had he really been encouraged and free to choose the things he’d done so far in his life, or was it all merely some grand scheme, just him obediently following the path that his father had set out for him? He was startled slightly when his boyfriend began to speak.

“I’m not too sure. I’d like to get my business degree, maybe specialize in something along the way. I’ve always been fascinated by advertising. You know, how they can make you want to buy ANYTHING, just by making you think that you couldn’t survive without it. That seems like something I’d like to do. Just think of the power…yeah, I could go for that.”

“Okay, oh controlling one,” Justin said with a laugh, knowing how much Brian loved to be in control of the situation. Then he nodded his head and said in a more serious tone, “Yeah, I think that you’d be great at that. Just think of how many people’s minds you could control. It’d be like the ultimate mind fuck.”

“Hmm, that sounds good,” Brian said with a smirk, then turned towards his lover and continued, ”but the only mind or body for that matter that I’m interested in fucking with is yours. Period.”

“Really?”

“Definitely.”

Feeling the growing heat between them, and knowing that where they were wasn’t the place to get started, Brian stood up, motioning to his boyfriend to do the same, then he folded the blanket, shoving it back into his bag. He began to redress in the protective clothing, with Justin doing the same then he took his lover’s hand and headed back to the motorbikes.

By the time they returned to Mark’s, it was almost six o’clock, having taken their time, stopping frequently on the way back to see lots of interesting things. Brian was amazed at how the simplest thing, like a bird’s nest or a rock formation could capture Justin’s attention. The quality was endearing.

Saying their thanks and goodbyes to Mark, Brian and Justin climbed into the jeep, both tired, dirty and starving…well, at least Justin was.

“How about we head over to the motel, grab a shower and a little nap?”

“Uh, sure, but do you think we could stop and get a snack on the way back. I’m staarrrrrving,” the blond said dramatically.

Laughing, Brian nodded and replied, “Okay, we’re not too far from Liberty Avenue. I’m sure we could get something there. Our reservations aren’t until nine o’clock, so I’m sure that it wouldn’t spoil your appetite. Then again, I don’t even think a steak before dinner could spoil your appetite,” Brian teased.

Justin just smiled, knowing that his lover was probably right.

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“Better?”

“Yeah, much,” Justin said, having wolfed down a bag of chips, a chocolate bar and a can of coke.

“I seriously don’t know where you put it,” Brian said, shaking his head in amazement.

Shrugging his shoulders, Justin leaned back in his seat as they pulled into the motel’s parking lot and drove right up to room 123. “Did you arrange for this, this morning too?” he asked with a smile.

“Yep, I was a busy little bee. But don’t worry, after a shower and a short nap, I’ll have lots of energy.”

Justin looked down at himself and knew that he definitely needed a shower, but he wasn’t so sure about the nap part. He started to form a plan in his mind of how he could get his lover to maybe take part in something a little more exciting than a nap. He had just the solution.

Brian unlocked the door and both men headed inside, Justin carrying his overnight bag and Brian his duffel bag. He’d already been there early in the morning and had brought all the supplies they’d need for their stay then, stashing the bags in the closet away from Justin’s prying view. Closing and locking the door behind them, Brian put his bags on the small table in the corner then turned around to face his lover. “I don’t know about you, but I fucking reek. Let’s grab a shower.”

Justin watched as Brian began to strip off his dirty clothes, throwing them in a pile on the floor. The blond’s excitement grew as every patch of skin was revealed. “Fuck, you’re gorgeous,” he said, his voice dropping several octaves, taking on a lustful, husky tone.

Brian’s head shot up at the sound of his lover’s words, realizing that Justin had been watching him the whole time. He saw the desire so clearly in the man’s piercing, blue eyes and smiled, loving the way that Justin saw him. “Oh, yeah?” he asked, moving closer to the blond, noticing the way the man’s breath quickened with his approach.

“Fuck, yeah,” Justin answered quickly, feeling his excitement grow to an unbearable level from the closeness of his boyfriend’s naked body.

“Well, we just might have to do something about this then,” Brian said as his hand pressed against the bulge in his lover’s shorts.

“Ahhh.”

Grinning devilishly, Brian began to strip off Justin’s clothes, having the same reaction as his lover did in response to seeing the naked man before him. “God, you’re so beautiful. I can’t believe you’re mine,” the brunet said in awe.

“But I am yours…only yours…forever,” Justin replied, his eyes starring deeply into his lover’s hazel ones, conveying the conviction of his words.

Not able to hold back a second longer, Brian’s mouth came down on Justin’s in an intense kiss that only served to heighten their excitement. “Shower, NOW,” Brian growled, moving his lover backwards towards the bathroom and into the shower.

“Bri…Brian…oh, God…ah…ohhh, fuck,” Justin panted, unable to keep his mind focused on what he wanted to say. All he could focus on was the feeling of his lover’s mouth moving downwards along his body, edging closer and closer to his aching cock. He wondered for a second if he thought about Brian’s mouth on his dick hard enough, would the man be able to read his mind? Suddenly, and with much relief, he felt Brian’s warm, wet mouth encase the head of his leaking erection. Sighing and smiling, Justin thought that his silent wishes must have been heard, somehow.

“Mmmmm.”

“Oh, God,” Justin gasped as the sound reverberating from Brian’s throat sent waves of pleasure through his entire body. His right hand flew downwards, his fingers instantly weaving themselves through his lover’s wet hair as his left hand tried to grip the slippery tile wall, desperately needing to hold onto something, to ground himself before he completely lost it. The feelings that Brian was creating and the sensation of the warm water running over his body were working together to send him flying over the edge faster than he’d expected.

Loving the taste of Justin and feeling like he would never get enough, Brian’s mouth sunk further down, taking his boyfriend’s entire length into his mouth. He sucked furiously, up and down, rising and falling on the gently pulsing member.

“Bri…Bri…I…I’m…”

Realizing just how close Justin was and not wanting him to come until he was inside his perfect ass, Brian gave one last suck then let his lover’s erection slip from his mouth. “Not yet, baby…I want to be inside you when you come…make you scream my name…do you want that?”

“Oh, God…oh, fuck…yeah…yes,” Justin whimpered, slightly saddened by the loss of Brian’s mouth on his cock, but totally thrilled that he was going to have his boyfriend’s thick, long, cock buried inside him momentarily. At least he hoped it was gonna be that soon. He didn’t think he could take waiting a second longer than he had to. He was so far gone.

“Turn around, Sunshine. I want to see that beautiful ass of yours. Yeah, that’s it…ah, fuck…I’m amazed every time I see it…can’t believe it’s mine,” Brian whispered huskily, his words barely heard over the sound of the water beating down around them. Moving forward, pressing his body firmly against Justin’s, letting his cock slide along the blond’s crack, Brian placed a hand on each firm, round, globe and pulled them slightly apart, letting his dick slide further inside.

Justin gasped as Brian’s shaft brushed over his sensitive hole. “Bri…please…please.”

“Baby, you’re so hot…you make me want to fuck you so badly…make you come so hard,” the brunet panted, feeling so overwhelmed with emotion. He’d never felt that way before. Every time he was with Justin, he discovered that the depth of his feelings and emotions where the man was concerned were unlike anything he’d even dreamed of experiencing…and he couldn’t be happier about it.

“Yeah…please…do it…do it now,” Justin begged. Unconsciously, he began rocking backwards, trying to get as much contact with his lover as possible.

Grabbing the lube and a condom from the soap dish, having placed them there earlier when he’d come to arrange for the room, Brian ripped the small foil square open between his teeth then rolled the latex down his throbbing shaft. Flipping open the lube, he squeezed a generous amount into his hand and replaced the tube on the shelf, grinning with the knowledge that they would definitely need it later. Deciding to try something a little different with Justin, Brian smoothed the slick gel over his sheathed erection then leaned forward, placing the swollen head of his dick against his lover’s hole. “Ready for me?” he asked, wondering what the other man’s response would be.

“Uh, Brian…um,” Justin said, a little confused by the fact that his boyfriend hadn’t done anything to prepare him like he usually did.

“It’s time for another lesson, Sunshine. There’s nothing like the feeling of a thick, hard cock sliding into you when you’re tight and so fucking horny that you’re ready to explode,” Brian whispered against Justin’s ear, feeling the blond tremble slightly from the added sensation of his warm breath washing over his heated skin.

“But, uh…”

Sensing his lover’s apprehension and wanting to reassure him that he would never cause him any pain, the older man said, “Don’t worry, baby…I’m lubed up really well…just relax and enjoy.”

Nodding, completely trusting Brian and knowing that he would never do anything to hurt him, Justin braced his hands on the tile wall in front of him and eagerly awaited the new experience.

Smiling, loving how trusting and willing Justin was, Brian pushed forward, the lube and water easing the way as he slowly slid all the way into Justin’s ass. “Oh, God, baby…so fucking tight,” Brian sighed.

At first Justin couldn’t breath, much less speak or think coherently. Brian was right, it felt fucking amazing. The man’s cock just slid right into him, with just the usual amount of burn that was always there when he first penetrated him, but the pleasure that accompanied it was unbelievable. He gasped when Brian pulled back, sliding almost all the way out and then slowly slid back in again, this time going even deeper than before…impossibly deeper…deliciously deeper. “Brian,” was all he could manage, but it said everything he needed to say.

“Ahhh, baby…” Brian panted as a shot, like a bolt of lightening, ripped through his balls, sending him reeling with ecstasy. He couldn’t hold back any longer. He began a constant motion, pulling out slowly then thrusting back in fast. Over and over, speeding up just the slightest bit with each movement until he was fucking Justin with wild abandon, grinning like a fool as his lover met him with the same fervor.

“All…most…there…”

“Now, baby…now…NOW,” Brian shouted, his words echoing off the walls.

“Ahhh, yeah…Bri…Brian…BRIIIAAANNN,” Justin screamed, just like his lover had promised he would. He felt his whole body tense then shake uncontrollably as his orgasm ripped through his body.

“Urghhh…ughhh…J-Justin,” Brian grunted, smiling at the sound of his lover shouting out in pleasure and amazed at the enormity of his own as Justin’s ass clamped down on his dick, sending him reeling and spiraling over the edge. He felt his cock spurt stream after stream into the condom and instantly was drained of every once of energy he possessed. Slumping forward, he heard Justin groan as he was pushed against the shower wall. “Oh, fuck…sorry, baby…s-sorry,” he panted, feeling his heart beating so rapidly that he thought it might never calm down.

“S’okay,” the blond slurred, too tired to move, much less speak any more than necessary. “Bed,” he mumbled, hoping that his lover would understand.

Nodding, Brian summoned his strength and pulled back, his softening cock slipping from Justin’s hole as he did and earning him an unhappy moan in the process. He smiled and wrapped his arms around the younger man’s waist, pulling him back against his body. As they moved, they were directly under the shower spray again and tensed as the now cold water ran over them. “Fuck, come on,” Brian said, shutting off the water and then pulling Justin out of the shower. He grabbed two towels, handed one to Justin, and they dried themselves off.

“That was great, Bri,” the blond said, his trademark smile in full bloom.

“It always is, Sunshine,” Brian replied with a smile almost as bright as his boyfriends, then he moved forward and placed a sweet kiss on Justin’s button nose, which he instantly wrinkled up in that adorable way that he had. Brian just laughed and shook his head. He was constantly amazed at the depth of feelings he had for Justin and knew that it would continued to grow even deeper with time.

“What?”

“Nothing, baby…nothing at all. I just think that you are too fucking adorable,” the brunet answered sweetly.

“Adorable? I’m not adorable,” Justin said with indignation. “I’m eighteen now, so I can’t be adorable. That’s for kids.”

“Riiiiight,” Brian said with a nod of his head, desperately trying not to laugh out loud at his boyfriend’s comment.

“I...I’m hot, I’m sexy…I’m…”

“Adorable,” Brian whispered, dropping his towel to the bathroom floor and wrapping his arms around Justin’s waist as he drew him tight against his body. “You’re fucking adorable and no matter how old you get, you’ll still be adorable…at least to me,” he said, letting his lover know that it wasn’t a bad thing or that he might grow out of it.

“Mm-hm,” the younger man grunted, still not too sure about the word. He opened his mouth to speak but was cut off by Brian.

“And yes, you’re hot and sexy too. You’re everything…you’re perfect.”

Justin didn’t even try to speak because there was really nothing he could say. He just didn’t think that things could get any better.

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“Good, then I picked the right place.”

Nodding, Justin looked around the restaurant again, taking in the lush colors and the wonderful artwork. The ambiance of the place was just amazing. “How’d you find out about this place?”

“I know one of the waiters.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, I grew up with him.”

“Oh,” Justin said, feeling quite relieved. At first he thought that maybe the guy had been, well, one of Brian’s past fucks. But if he grew up with him, then the guy couldn’t be gay and Justin had nothing to worry about.

“Actually, he’s a nice guy…oh, here he comes. Hey, Jim, how’s it going?”

“Bri, hey, how are you? I’ve been meaning to call you. We didn’t get to hang out too long last time before you had to rush off. Maybe we can get together soon?”

Brian was a little puzzled by his friend’s persistence, but just shrugged it off. “Uh, yeah, sure. Jim, this is Justin.”

“Hey, Justin, right. I remember you. You were with Brian, up at the point.”

Justin thought the guy looked familiar. He was the one that had barged in on them, in the jeep. “Right, Jim, it’s nice to see you again.”

Nodding, Jim just smiled then turned his attention back to Brian. “So, what are you guys doing here tonight?”

“It’s Justin’s birthday, and I remembered you telling me about this place and how great it was, so we’re out celebrating.” Brian hoped that his friend didn’t read too much into his answer. The truth was that he’d asked to make sure that Jim wouldn’t be working when he’d made the reservations, not wanting to have to worry about seeing him there. Obviously the schedule had been changed because here he was.

“Oh, cool, how old are you?” Jim asked, unable to ignore the way that Brian and Justin seemed to be exchanging glances across the table.

“Eighteen.” Justin answered with a small smile. He was getting a weird vibe from the guy and couldn’t ignore the way he leered at Brian. Maybe he was gay?

“Hm, great,” was all Jim said, then once again turned back to Brian. “Well, I’ll let you guys get back to your dinner. Call me, Bri, so we can pick things up where we left off.”

“Uh, yeah, sure,” Brian said, not really sure what the hell Jim was talking about.

“Great, okay, bye.” And with that, the man headed back to his section of the restaurant.

“Brian, how well do you know that guy?” Justin asked.

“Uh, pretty well, I guess. We’ve been friends for a long time,” the brunet answered with furrowed brows, wondering what Justin was getting at.

Leaning forward, looking around to make sure that no one was listening, Justin whispered, “I think he has a crush on you.”

“WHAT?” Brian said a little too loud.

“I think he’s gay.”

“No fucking way. I think I’d know if the guy was coming on to me and was gay. God, Justin, there’s just no way.” But the more Brian denied it, the more that everything Jim had said seemed to make sense to him. And the fact that the restaurant that Jim worked in wasn’t too far from Liberty Avenue also made Brian wonder. “Fuck, I think you’re right,” he replied weakly.

Justin just nodded.

Not wanting to think about his friend any longer, Brian focused back on his lover and why they were there.

“Are you ready to order?” the waiter asked as he approached their table.

Brian motioned for Justin to go first and the blond smiled then ordered his favorite meal of chicken parmesan with spaghetti and tomato sauce. When the waiter turned back to Brian, he ordered a green salad and penne with tomato sauce, no where near as heavy as what his boyfriend was planning to consume.

“I’ll be right back with your drinks,” the waiter commented then left the table.

“I don’t know where you put it,” Brian said with a laugh, always astounded by how much the younger man could pack away.

“Like I’ve said before, I’m a growing boy, and if you’re good, I’ll show you just how much I can grow later,” Justin replied with a wicked grin.

“Mmm, I’ll be good, I promise,” Brian whispered seductively, his hazel eyes deepening slightly at the image his lover had created. He absently licked his lips, longing to taste the other man’s mouth…body…cock…anything at all.

“Here we go,” the waiter said, bringing both men out of their daze as he placed their drinks down in front of them as well as Brian’s salad. “Dinner will be out shortly.”

“This is good, want some?” Brian offered, spearing some of his salad with his fork and offering it to his boyfriend.

Justin locked eyes with his lover and leaned forward, opening his mouth as his tongue darted out slightly and took the offered taste slowly off of Brian’s fork. Sitting back down, he closed his mouth then swiped away the drop of dressing that had pooled in the corner of his mouth. “Mmm, yummy,” he said huskily.

Brian swallowed hard, trying to will down his cock that instantly sprung to life beneath the table. He forgot all about his surroundings and Jim and could only focus on Justin and how much he wanted him.

Justin just smiled, realizing the affect he’d had and decided to make their dinner somewhat of a challenge for Brian. One the man would definitely enjoy. He was glad that the restaurant was so close to Liberty Avenue, providing them with a safe environment to have fun.

“For you, sir,” the waiter said, placing Justin’s meal down and repeating the same with Brian’s then left the men to enjoy their dinner.

Sticking his finger in the tomato sauce, Justin lifted the red-tipped digit to his lips and seductively sucked it into his mouth. “Oh, that’s good. Wanna try?”

“Uh…ah…s-sure,” Brian stammered, picking up his fork, ready to have a taste.

“Uh-uh, not like that, like this,” Justin said, placing the same finger back into the sauce then offering it to his lover.

Smiling slightly, Brian leaned forward and took the dripping finger into his mouth and sucked it clean, letting his tongue play across the tip teasingly.

When Justin pulled his hand back, he couldn’t help the blush that spread across his face, giving away the state that he was slowly finding himself in. ‘Fuck,’ he thought. He was trying to get to Brian, but had succeeded in getting himself all worked up too. ‘Well, might as well have some fun with it then.’

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“Can I get either one of you anything else?” the waiter asked.

“Uh, no, no, just the check, please,” Brian replied, barely able to concentrate anymore.

Laughing, Justin sat back in his chair and smiled, completely satisfied with the way the dinner had turned out. He had Brian so wound up and he couldn’t wait to get back to their hotel room and do something that he’d been wanting to ask his lover about for a while now, but hadn’t had the courage. Well, tonight he would.

“Ready?” Brian asked, having already paid the check and standing beside him.

“Yeah, definitely.” Justin looked down and saw the bulge straining against his lover’s pants. He looked back up as he stood, meeting Brian’s eyes and couldn’t help the little twinkle that he knew was there. He was having the best birthday ever and it just kept getting better. As he moved away from the table, he purposely brushed against Brian’s groin and heard a low moan escape the brunet’s lips, causing his eyes to twinkle even a little bit more.

“Do you want to go to Babylon?” Brian asked once they got into the jeep. He hoped his offer sounded genuine, he really did want to give Justin a birthday that he’d never forget, but he also knew that if he didn’t get the man back to the motel soon, he was going to explode.

“Uhhh,” Justin replied, pretending to think about the answer, seeing the state that Brian was in and wanting to have a little bit more fun at his expense. Smiling, he looked deep into his lover’s stunning hazel eyes and said in a low, husky voice, “Take me back to the motel…NOW.”

Immediately, Brian started the jeep and peeled away from the curb, the tires squealing loudly.

“In a rush?” Justin teased, placing his hand at the top of Brian’s thigh and letting his fingers brush back and forth lightly across the heated flesh.

“Urggghhh,” Brian grunted, his senses on overload. “If you don’t stop that, I’m gonna come in my pants,” he said seriously.

Justin just laughed, but didn’t move his hand.

As soon as they entered the motel room, Brian slammed the door shut and locked it then turned around, a feral grin on his gorgeous face. “Come here.”

Wordlessly, Justin moved across the space dividing them but stopped about a foot away from his lover. “No, you come here.”

Brian was stunned by his boyfriend’s command, but so turned on that he didn’t have to think about his response as his body moved of its own will toward the other man.

“Strip,” Justin demanded, his eyes burning with desire as they gazed deeply into the equally glazed-over hazel ones.

Without hesitation, Brian quickly pulled his top over his head, then toed off his shoes and shed his pants just as quickly, hastily scattering them about and leaving him standing bare naked and sporting a rock-hard erection.

“Mmm, nice,” the blond said, letting his eyes travel the full length of his lover’s perfect body, then settling once more on his eyes. “Very nice.”

“Your turn,” Brian said, his voice dripping with need.

Smiling, Justin began to remove his clothes slowly…teasingly…tauntingly until he was sure that Brian would just about rip them off of him if he didn’t finish. He loved the feeling of being so in control and hoped that he could push it a little further.

“Beautiful,” Brian whispered breathlessly as his lover’s naked body was fully exposed. “So fuckin’ beautiful.”

Justin’s eyes lowered bashfully and he felt his heart beat speed up as the adrenaline rushed through his body, making it buzz from head to toe. He moved forward, pressing against Brian, loving the satisfied sigh that escaped his partner’s lips and the way the hazel eyes fluttered closed from the contact. Lifting up onto his toes, Justin brushed his lips against Brian’s and then ran his tongue over the supple flesh, earning him another sigh, this one deeper and longer. “Brian,” Justin whispered.

“Ahhhh,” the brunet moaned.

Again, Justin’s tongue ran across his lover’s lips, flicking and then gently nibbling at the sensitive skin, then soothing it with his tongue again. When Brian’s lips parted, Justin slid right in, tasting and touching every inch, then pulling back again he whispered, “Brian.”

“Oh, God, Justin,” Brian practically whimpered, his hands coming up and clutching desperately at the blond’s slender hips, pulling him even tighter against his body and rubbing his aching groin against the other man’s.

“Brian, you know what I would love for my birthday?” the younger man asked quietly…timidly.

“Wh-what?” Brian stammered, daring to hope that he knew the answer. He blinked rapidly as he tried to focus on the bright-blue eyes staring back at him.

“I want to fuck you.” There, he said it. He didn’t know what Brian’s response would be, but he knew that he had to ask…was desperate to ask. He just hoped that Brian wasn’t going to…

Smiling slightly, Brian answered, “I thought you’d never ask.”

Justin wasn’t sure he’d heard right. He wanted to say, ‘pardon me,’ but he didn’t think it was the right thing to do. Besides, the look on Brian’s face said it all. Justin instantly beamed one of his Sunshine smiles at the man before him. “Really?”

“Really…but take it easy, baby…it’s been a while.”

Justin didn’t know exactly how to respond, so he just nodded and led his lover to the bed. He guided Brian down onto his back and settled on top of him, resting some of his weight on his forearms and thighs, positioned between Brian’s slightly spread legs. Staring deeply into each other’s eyes, Justin began to rock his hips back and forth, rubbing their straining erections together and eliciting a deep moan from both men. He continued to move, the precum leaking from their slits easing the way and adding to the incredible sensation.

Not able to keep still a moment longer, Brian’s large hand grasped Justin along his nape, his long fingers weaving themselves into the silky blond stands that hung down. He pulled Justin’s head towards him, needing to taste the man’s full, ripe lips. Furiously, he attacked, letting his tongue slip inside the sweetness of Justin’s mouth, moaning as the blond’s tongue wrapped itself around his and gently tugged and then licked at the delicate underside. But what instantly sent him reeling was when the man pulled back slightly, letting his lips tighten around Brian’s tongue and began to suck the appendage in mimic of another more carnal act. Panting, Brian released his hold on Justin’s neck and the two men separated, taking in a desperately needed breath. “Justin…more.”

The younger man understood what his lover was saying and reached over to the nightstand, retrieving the lube and a condom. Moving to the side slightly, he ripped open the foil packet and went to roll the small disk over his dick when Brian surprised him and took the condom out of his hand then with a smile rolled it on for him.

Flipping open the lube, Justin squeezed a generous amount into his palm then tossed the tube aside and rubbed the slick liquid between his fingers to warm it. He wanted the experience to be as wonderful for Brian as he knew it would be for himself. He spread the long legs further apart with his knees and settled on his haunches, his eyes trained on Brian’s, needing to see the man’s response as he gently slid his middle finger along his crack. He barely touched the quivering hole and received a low moan in response. Enjoying the sound, Justin repeated the motion, but this time he applied a little more pressure and the moan was even louder.

Smiling, seeing the raw need in the hazel depths, Justin placed his finger against the knot of sensitive flesh and pushed, the tip instantly sliding in. He added a little more pressure and eased in to the first knuckle. He felt Brian’s muscles tighten and heard the man gasp at the intrusion. He knew the feeling and gave his lover a moment to adjust before he ventured further, not stopping until the entire length of his digit was deep inside Brian’s ass. He wiggled it around slightly, enjoying the feeling of touching the man he loved inside his body. He was awash with amazement at how smooth and warm it felt.

“Oh, fuck…Justin,” Brian growled, his back arching off the bed as his lover began to slide his finger in and out of his hole, rubbing gently against his prostate as he did.

“Good?” the blond asked, moving so that he hovered over Brian’s body, resting his weight on his knees and free arm placed to the side of Brian. He thought he’d be nervous, but he wasn’t. He was in awe of Brian and the pleasure that HE was giving him. He slipped another finger inside, then another and watched the man’s eyes flutter closed. Justin smiled, knowing just how amazing it felt for Brian.

“Mmmm, so…so good,” the older man panted. His cock was so hard that he thought it might never go down again. He wanted more of Justin inside of him and knew that soon he’d be begging for the man to fuck him…something that he’d never done before…ever.

“Do you want to come?” Justin asked sweetly, knowing that there was no fucking way that he would let it happen yet, but he couldn’t help teasing the man.

“Y-yes.”

“Now?” he asked, moving his face downwards so that his hot breath washed over his lover’s heated skin and his stomach rubbed against Brian’s deep-red cock, adding to the overwhelming sensations coursing through the man’s body.

“Ahhh…yes…no…I…I…” Brian’s mind was drifting on a sea of pleasure and he couldn’t focus on anything but the feelings of ecstasy radiating from his ass and groin.

All he knew was that he wanted more.

“Do you want me to fuck you? Stick my hard, hot, thick cock inside your ass and pound you so hard until you explode?” Justin whispered. He couldn’t believe how incredible it felt to be so dominating, but he also wondered where the hell it had come from. ‘Who cares,’ he thought. All he cared about was giving more to Brian and getting more in return. He pushed in sharply, spreading his fingers to rub against the smooth interior as he did.

“Oh, fuck, Justin…baby…please…please fuck me…”

Not able to maintain his control a moment longer, Justin pulled his fingers from the tightening hole and replaced them with his cock, pushing in slowly at first, but then easing all the way in as Brian relaxed and opened up for him.

Justin moaned so loud at the feel of the warmth and tightness surrounding him that he swore they’d be hearing the manager pounding on their door any second. But what took him by surprise was the equally loud moan that rumbled from Brian’s chest at the same time.

“Jus…Justin…you feel…”

“So good…so...perfect,” Justin finished for his lover. That’s exactly how it felt being inside of Brian…perfect. He hoped that when Brian was inside him, he felt the same thing. His question was answered as the brunet echoed his sentiments.

“Yeah…purrrfect.”

“Bri…Bri…open your eyes…look at me,” Justin whispered, breathing harder and faster with every pull and push of his cock in and out of his lover’s hole. He watched as the man’s eyes fluttered slightly then opened and locked onto his.

“Baby…God, I love you,” Brian panted, so overcome with emotion. He couldn’t believe how incredible it felt…he wanted…he wanted….”Ahhhhhh, Jus…fuck, more…more,” the older man yelled, his hands grabbing the firm globes of his lover’s ass and forcing him even deeper into him. His hips bucked wildly, meeting every thrust as he fought to keep his eyes open.

“I…I love you too, Brian…so much…God…so fucking much,” Justin breathed. His balls began to spasm and sadly he knew that he wasn’t going to last much longer. He wanted to kiss Brian but he needed to see his eyes, to stay completely connected, so instead he let his tongue slip between his lips and was thrilled when his lover did the same. As their tongues connected, it was like a spark of electricity passed into each of them and shot through their bodies, igniting their orgasms.

“AHHHHHHHH!” Brian shouted, not able to stop himself as his eyes quickly shut and he attacked his lover’s mouth with unbridled passion as his cock erupted between their slick stomachs. The warm, thick fluid shot out hard and fast, making him shake with the intensity.

“URRRGHHHH!” Justin screamed, getting partially lost in his lover’s mouth as he felt Brian’s ass clamp down on his dick, shoving him off the edge and head first into his mind-blowing orgasm. He shuddered as the cum ripped from his slit in long, forceful spurts, over and over until he was completely spent, then he collapsed fully on top of Brian.

Minutes later, when their breathing had calmed and they were able to speak, Brian said, “Thank you,” and placed a sweet kiss against the younger man’s forehead.

Raising slightly, needing to see Brian’s face, Justin smiled and replied, “Happy birthday to me.”

Brian just laughed…after all…it was Justin’s special day.

“So, how was I?” the blond asked quietly.

“Amazing,” Brian answered with a smile, enjoying the sight of his lover’s bright smile in return.

“Uh, how…how come you let me?” Justin asked.

Not too sure how to answer, Brian was silent for several minutes as his hand continued to leisurely roam along Justin’s back. Clearing his throat, Brian decided to tell the truth. “I wanted to for a while, but I…I couldn’t…”

“You couldn’t ask?” Justin finished, raising his head to meet Brian’s eyes with his own, seeing the vulnerability so clearly in the hazel orbs.

Nodding slightly, Brian replied, “Yeah.”

Justin understood.

“It’s not something that I’ve done a lot. I guess I became a top pretty early on. But this time…with you…it felt so…so different. It felt right.”

“That’s the way I always feel. The way you make it feel,” Justin confessed.

Suddenly Brian’s brows furrowed and he asked, “Justin, I hope it’s okay, about you being the primary bottom in our relationship. I guess I never even thought to ask. I just assumed…because I’m a top, that you would just…”

”Be the bottom. Trust me Brian, I’ve got no complaints. I love the way it feels when you’re inside me. Just, I hope that once in a while, you don’t mind if we…um…”

“Switch?” Brian asked with a smile.

“Yeah, if that’s okay.”

“It’s more than okay. The way you made me feel tonight, well, I just might have to demand it sometimes,” the older man said with a sparkle in his eyes. “And if you ever feel the need, let me know.”

“You bet your ass I will,” the blond replied, his Sunshine smile in full force.

“I loved having THIS inside of me. You definitely come well equipped…and you sure know how to use it,” Brian said, reaching down between Justin’s legs and stroking his cock…feeling it begin to harden again. “You’re a natural.”

Justin blushed then moaned as Brian’s hand continued to move along his erection. “I had a great teacher.”

“Mmm, looks like someone’s ready to play again,” Brian said, giving Justin’s shaft a squeeze.

“God, Brian...please, suck me,” the blond whimpered.

“Gladly, baby…gladly.” And with that, Brian pushed Justin over onto his back then slid down his body and went to work on his leaking cock, driving the young man insane with pleasure and bringing him off with a loud whimper and moan.

After Justin came and his breathing returned to normal, playfully, Brian asked, “So, weren’t you afraid that I was going to bite your weenie off?” remembering the story that Justin’s grandmother had told them about the blond’s childhood.

Lifting his head and turning towards his lover, Justin jumped up, grabbed a pillow and attacked the laughing man until they both collapsed in a fit of giggles.

It was the perfect end to a perfect day.

Small Town

Part 35

*Extra little note: I’m sorry it’s taken me so long to get out this next chapter, but, well, here it is. I hope you all enjoy it.*

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“Justin…Justin, wake up.”

“Hmph?” the blond mumbled, turning onto his back and stretching.

“Wake up, baby,” Brian softly purred, running his hands along the soft, warm skin of his sleepy lover.

“Wha…what’s going on?” Justin asked, squinting his eyes at all the light that surrounded the once darkened room.

“Surprise.”

Forcing his eyes open, the younger man instantly beamed at what he saw. Scattered around the room were dozens of candles, all burning brightly and giving off a warm and wonderful scent. And sitting on the nightstand were two wine glasses, each half-filled with dark, rich liquid. But the best part of it all was the gooey chocolate cake that was lit with what Justin assumed were eighteen candles, just waiting to be blown out.

“Brian…” Justin whispered, so overcome with emotion.

“Happy birthday, baby. You didn’t think I’d forget your cake, did you?”

“Well, I, uh….it’s just that you already did so many wonderful things for me, that I didn’t even think about it.”

“But I did. And we couldn’t have you turn eighteen without making a wish. I would have done it earlier, but, um, well, we got kind of distracted,” the man said with a wicked smile. “Come on, Justin. Make a wish and blow out your candles and hope that it comes true.”

Justin looked down at the beautiful cake, then up at his amazingly beautiful lover and smiled. He closed his eyes and made a wish then opened them quickly and in one deep breath blew out all of the lit candles that adorned his cake. Smiling once again, he leaned forward, brushing his lips against his boyfriend’s and he knew that all his wishes had already come true, the moment he’d fallen in love with Brian.

He only hoped that he could count on just one more.

Pulling back, Brian reached for the two wine glasses on the nightstand, handing one to Justin. “A toast,” he said, then continued, “May your life be filled with love and happiness and may I always be lucky enough to be a part of it.”

With that, they clinked their glasses together and took a sip of the wine, both of them smiling as the dark liquid warmed their throats as it slid down.

“Now, about that cake…” Justin said with a shy smile and Brian just laughed, knowing that the blond’s stomach was bound to make its presence known sooner or later.

“It’s all yours baby…all yours,” Brian replied, handing his lover a fork and watching as the man happily dug in.

“Mmm, this is so good,” the blond said around a mouth full of cake.

“Mmm, it is,” Brian agreed, leaning forward to lick the drop of icing that had landed on his lover’s chin. “It definitely is.”

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“I don’t want to go home, Brian. I had such a great time with you and I don’t want it to end,” the younger man said quietly, running his fingers along the cowry shell bracelet that Brian had given him.

“I know, baby. Me too. But just think…one day soon, hopefully, we won’t have to be separated. We’ll be in New York, and together all the time.” The tone of Brian’s voice was so hopeful.

“Yeah, I know you’re right, it’s just that, it doesn’t seem to make it any easier right now,” Justin said sadly.

“I know. I know.” Brian didn’t know what else to say. He felt exactly the same way that Justin did…probably even more so.

With a deep, resonating sigh, Justin reached back into the rear of the jeep and grabbed his overnight bag, laying it on his lap. “Well, I guess I’d better go in. I don’t want to give my Mom any ideas again.”

Nodding solemnly, Brian leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss against his lover’s lips then sat back, locking eyes with the man. “Soon, baby…soon.”

Justin didn’t know what to say so he just nodded…and hoped that his wish came true.

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“Justin, get up or you’ll be late for school,” Jennifer called to her son.

“I’m up…I’m up,” Justin grumbled, dragging himself from his warm, comfy bed as he headed toward the bathroom. “Another Monday,” he groaned as he climbed into the shower and turned on the spray, sighing as the soothing water ran over his tired body.

Little did he know that it would be a Monday like never before.

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“Hey, Bri.”

“Hey,” Brian answered automatically when he heard his lover’s voice. He looked up with a smile, which instantly changed to a look of horror when he saw Justin’s face. “Baby, what the fuck happened to you?” He asked, rushing out from behind the counter.

“Nothing. I guess my face just got in the way.”

“What? Who the hell did this to you?” Brian asked, his words brimming over with anger.

Reluctantly, Justin answered. “Chris Hobbs.”

“That fucking piece of shit.” Even though he was younger than Brian, everyone knew who Chris Hobbs was. His father was loaded and one of the most prominent business men in their town, and Chris seemed to ride the coat tails of his reputation, figuring that he could do whatever he pleased because no one would dare mess with his old man.

“Yeah, well, no new information there,” Justin said with a slight smile then winced from the pain it caused.

“I’m gonna find that son of a bitch and teach him a lesson or two,” Brian fumed, already moving toward the door.

“No, Brian, don’t,” Justin said quickly, reaching out to stop his irate lover from leaving. “It’ll just make things worse.”

Brian stopped and turned to face Justin, looking deep into his baby-blues and seeing something there. Something that he hadn’t seen before. “Justin, what’s going on? Has he been pushing you around?”

The blond’s eyes shifted downwards, not wanting to admit that Chris HAD been bullying him for quite a while now. He felt ashamed and embarrassed and he didn’t want his boyfriend to see it.

“Justin, look at me.” Slowly, the blond raised his eyes and when they met his, Brian felt his heart break. The answer was there. No questions.

“I…I didn’t know what to do,” Justin whispered, his eyes clouding over with tears.

“You should have said something, baby. I would’ve made sure that he never bothered you again.” Brian’s fingers played across the soft skin of his boyfriend’s face, avoiding the red welt on his left cheek and the swollen and split lip.

“I know you would have, but, I didn’t want him to hurt you. He’s an asshole, Brian and so are his friends. They could have done anything to you and I wouldn’t take that chance.”

Unable to contain his smile, Brian shook his head at the unbelievable strength and stubbornness of his lover and said, “No, but it was okay for them to torment you. My pit bull.” Laughing slightly, he said, “Should I even ask what Chris looks like?”

Grinning wickedly, Justin shrugged his shoulder and replied, “Well, I don’t think that he’s gonna be winning any beauty contests for a while. Not with his black eye and that front tooth of his missing.”

“My big, tough man,” Brian whispered intimately, reaching down to brush his lips tenderly across Justin’s.

Suddenly, as if an invisible force had shot between them, they separated and tried to act casually as Brian’s father approached.

“So, what’s going on here?” Jack asked, noticing the awkwardness between the two boys. Then he saw Justin’s face. “Hey, who used you for a punching bag?” he inquired with a wide smile and a lilt in his voice.

Brian’s stomach lurched at the sound and sight of his father’s face. All too many times he’d been on the receiving end of his father’s particular brand of discipline and ended up looking just like Justin…if not worse.

“Uh, I just got into a fight at school with one of the other kids,” Justin answered reluctantly.

“Well, looks like you’re gonna have a pretty good reminder of it there. Wear it with pride, son.” And with that bit of wisdom, Jack headed out the front door, calling to his son that he was leaving and to make sure that Ricky cleaned out the storeroom before he left.

Brian’s eyes narrowed as he watched his father’s retreat and was lost in the memories of all the times that Jack had given him too many reminders to forget. He didn’t even realize that he was shaking until he felt Justin’s arms around him and heard his whispered words…

“It’s okay, Bri…calm down…he’s just a prick…he doesn’t matter anymore…nothing matters but us…”

Brian shook his head and looked down at his lover’s angelic face and realized that what he was saying was true. His father didn’t matter. Chris Hobbs didn’t matter. No one in that fucking town mattered. The only thing that mattered was Justin and him. Together. And not one fucking thing else.

“Come on, let’s get outta here.”

“What about Ricky and telling him about the storeroom?”

“Fuck it. I’ll deal with it in the morning.” Brian grabbed his keys from behind the counter, then he took hold of Justin’s hand and together they headed out of the store.

Fuck everyone else. They had what they needed in each other. And that was everything.

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“Justin, what happened to your face?” Jennifer gasped when her son walked into the kitchen.

“Nothing, Mom. I just got into a fight at school. Nothing big.”

“Nothing big? How can you say that? Have you seen your face?” Jennifer asked, horrified.

“Yeah, and it looks worse than it is.” Justin didn’t want to make a big deal out of it. He knew that his mother would want to call Mrs. Hobbs and he was certain that that would just make things worse. So he down played the whole ordeal and hoped that his mother would just let it go.

No such luck.

“Craig…Craig…come in here.”

“Mom, please, don’t. I’m alright,” Justin pleaded. He knew that once his father got involved, things would definitely get out of hand.

“What’s going on? Can’t a man read the newspaper in peace? All day long I have to…” But Craig stopped his incessant rambling as soon as he saw his son’s face. “Justin, what the hell happened to you? Who did this?”

“It’s nothing, Dad. I just had a little trouble at school. That’s all.”

“Well, what the hell did you do?” Craig demanded, his eyes blazing at his son.

Justin was floored. Why did his father just assume that HE’D done something, when all he’d done was to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Hell, as far as Chris Hobbs was concerned, he’d been in the wrong everything by just being HIM.

“Well, what did you do?” Craig asked impatiently.

“Nothing, Dad. I didn’t do anything,” the younger man answered defeatedly. He wondered if his father would ever be on his side.

Craig scoffed then asked, “Who did this?”

“Just a kid at school.” Justin didn’t want to tell him who it was because his father and Chris’s were friends and close business associates and he knew it would only add fuel to his father’s accusations that it was Justin’s fault somehow.

Craig glared at his son. He knew there was more to the story than he was letting on. He shook his head and sighed. “Well, when you’re at Dartmouth, there better not be any of this sort of trouble. I won’t stand for it.”

Once again, Justin was floored. His father knew that he didn’t want to go to Dartmouth, but the man just wouldn’t let it go. Wouldn’t even try to see his side. He opened his mouth, ready to let his father know, for the umpteenth time that he wanted something different for his life, but was cut off before he could even begin.

“Not again, Justin. I don’t want to hear it. I said you’re going to Dartmouth and that’s final.”

Justin’s eyes met his father’s and what he found there left him speechless and crushed. His father wasn’t interested in what he wanted or what he had to say. There was no room for discussion or debate. His father’s ice-cold blue eyes staved off any inkling of hope that he had that maybe…just possibly…he could make the man understand. But now, he knew it was pointless. He’d never see Justin’s side. He wouldn’t even try.

At that moment, Justin felt something inside of him crack. He wasn’t sure if it was his heart or his sense of belonging or what. But he felt it. And it felt like the frame on a picture of his life starting at the moment of his first childhood memory until that point had crashed to the ground, smashing the protective glass covering the images into a million little pieces that would never be whole again.

Justin didn’t say a word.

There was nothing left to say.

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The next few weeks passed in a blur.

The boys saw as much of each other as possible, spending every free moment together and growing impossibly closer.

Neither one of them thought about what would happen if Justin didn’t get accepted to The New York Academy of Art. They couldn’t fathom the thought of being separated.

A few weeks before school was over, Justin came home to find several letters waiting for him in their mailbox. He quickly removed them, leaving the rest of the mail there for his parents to get, not wanting to give them any reason to question him about the letters he’d received.

Heading into the house, he was confronted by his mother and quickly shoved the letters into his knapsack before she saw them.

“Justin, I need some help out in the garage so go get changed and then come out and help me, please,” Jennifer said.

“Sure, I’ll be there in a minute,” Justin said, realizing that he’d have to leave the letters until later.

After dinner, Justin headed up to his room, locked the doors and pulled the letters from his knapsack. He read the return address on each of them and felt his heart drop.

Opening the envelopes he pulled out the letters and smiled briefly, having been accepted once again. All in all that made four schools so far that he’d applied to and four acceptance letters. The problem was, that none of them were the one that he’d been waiting for.

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Growing impatient after waiting another week, Justin decided to make a call to The New York Academy of Art and find out exactly what was going on.

His surprise and shock at what was about to transpire after that was something that he hadn’t prepared himself for.

Upon contacting the school, he’d been transferred from one extension to another, finally reaching the right person. He explained that he’d been waiting for a response and hadn’t received one, either positive or negative from the school. The woman put him on hold and when she returned, she informed him that his letter of acceptance had been mailed out several weeks before. He felt a sense of relief at knowing that he’d been accepted but told her that he’d never received it and would she be kind enough to send him another copy.

The silence on the other end of the line felt like a thousand years long as Justin anxiously awaited her response.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Taylor,” the woman began. “But, I can’t do that.”

“Why not?” Justin asked, feeling the hairs on the back of his neck stand at attention.

“Well, all the spaces have been filled, including the one left by you when you didn’t respond to our letter. The cut off date for the $500.00 deposit fee and receipt of appropriate forms has passed. I’m so sorry, Mr. Taylor, but there’s nothing I can do. Possibly you can reapply for next year?”

Justin was crushed.

He thanked the woman weakly and hung up the phone. He felt numb. He didn’t understand what had happened. He’d received all the other acceptance letters so why not this one? Suddenly, as if a light had gone off in his head he jumped off his bed and scrambled downstairs.

He bounded into the kitchen and instantly asked his mother if she’d seen a letter from The Academy, to which she quickly answered ‘no’. She didn’t have any idea of what he was referring to.

That’s when things got worse.

Overhearing the commotion, Craig entered the kitchen and saw his son’s face, so full of anger and sadness and realized what was going on. He couldn’t help the smug look that plastered itself across his face as his son turned toward him.

“And what about you, Dad, do you know anything about a certain acceptance letter that’s gone missing?”

Craig looked stone-faced at his son and evenly replied, “Of course I do, Justin. I got the mail, tore it up and threw it in the trash.”

“What?” the blond asked quietly, completely in shock at his father’s reply. “I don’t understand. Why did you tear it up?” Holding up all the other acceptance letters that he’d received from Penn State, NYU, Boston University and Dartmouth, Justin didn’t understand why his father hadn’t torn those up as well. Then he realized why. They were from universities while the other was from an ART school. His father’s voice ripped him from his shocked state.

“There was no reason for you to see it, because you weren’t going there. You’re going to Dartmouth, just like we agreed.”

“WE didn’t agree on anything,” Justin shouted, loosing every once of restraint. “WE don’t care what I want to do with MY life. WE only care about what YOU want for my life. Living vicariously through me, Dad? So unsatisfied with the outcome of your own boring life that you have to pin your hopes and dreams on ME?”

“Justin, you shut your mouth, RIGHT NOW!” Craig screamed, startling both his wife and son with his incredible rage. “I don’t want you to get stuck in some little town with some boring job that only seems tolerable when you think that in a few years you’ll be able to retire and leave that boring job, only to spend every single boring day at home.” Craig’s anger had fizzled out by the end of his confession, giving way to self-pity.

“Craig,” Jennifer sighed, wiping the tears from her face as they fell. She didn’t know what to say.

“Dad, I…I’m sorry that you feel that way. I didn’t know, but you can’t expect me to fill your emptiness. It’s my life and I have to live it for ME, not for your regrets.” Justin tried to stay calm as he made one last attempt to reason with his father.

Taking a deep breath and slowly releasing it, Craig closed his eyes, seeming to be searching for the right thing to say, but when he opened his mouth and began, Justin knew it was all over. “Justin, like I said before, you’re going to Dartmouth.”

Justin’s eyes moved from his father, to his mother, finally settling back on his father again. Nodding his head slowly, his eyes betraying his unbelievable sadness and defeat, he said nothing as he turned and headed upstairs.

Smiling smugly, Craig knew that he’d finally won. He couldn’t believe that Justin had relented, but the nod told him that his son had finally accepted his fate. He went back into the living room and sat down on the sofa. Picking his newspaper up he focused back on the article he’d been reading, completely oblivious to his wife who was standing in the middle of the room, shattered.

As Justin entered his room and shut the door, he leaned against it, trying to calm his rapidly beating heart. He knew what his father and mother thought. That he’d finally given in, but that couldn’t have been further from the truth. Justin’s nod wasn’t a sign of acceptance of his father’s demands, but it WAS a private acceptance of sorts.

He’d come to terms with the reality that his parents were not going to change their minds, or see what he wanted or needed. The thing was, that Justin had no intention of doing what they expected of him. He was a man…a smart man…and he knew where his future lay. In New York…at NYU…with Brian…and he would follow HIS dreams, with or without his parents help.

He smiled, when he realized that with all the devious planning his father had done, the man wasn’t as smart as he’d thought. The acceptance letter from NYU was for their fine arts program…so Justin WOULD study art, not business, and live his life the way HE wanted…as an artist.

And Craig could go fuck himself.

Small Town

Part 36

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When Brian pulled up to Justin’s house, he was surprised to find his lover running toward the jeep. As the blond hopped in, Brian felt himself instantly smiling…that was until Justin turned toward him and he saw the look on the other man’s face.

“What’s wrong?” Brian immediately asked, his voice overflowing with concern.

“My fucking father.”

That was all that Justin needed to say. Brian turned the key in the ignition and peeled away from the curb, leaving the upper-middle class home in the dust.

They headed out of town, on a course that was now so familiar to both men. The drive seemed to take much longer than usual, as Brian longed to ask his lover what was wrong and Justin longed to tell him. But they waited, wanting to be face to face when the story came out.

Pulling up to the diner, both men got out and joined hands as they came around the jeep, heading into the restaurant.

Luckily Debbie was nowhere to be seen, so they grabbed a booth, sitting on opposite sides of one another. When the waitress came over, neither one ordered anything to eat. Brian was too nervous to hear what his boyfriend had to say and Justin was too upset to eat, so they both just asked for a glass of water and waited until they were alone again before they spoke.

“So, Sunshine, what the hell happened now?”

Looking down at his hands twisting nervously on the table, Justin took a deep breath and began.

“My fucking father tore up my acceptance letter to The Academy in New York and when I called, the woman said it was too late…that I couldn’t do anything about it because they’d already given my spot away.” He tried to hold back the tears that threatened to spill, and felt like he was going to succeed until he looked up and caught the look of utter fear and sadness in his lover’s eyes. “Bri…” Justin whispered, his hands moving across the table to take hold of Brian’s.

Lowering his eyes, Brian said, “God, Justin, I’m so sorry. I know how much you wanted to go to that school and become an artist. Your fucking father is a fucking prick.” Brian was so mad. He didn’t want to add more burden to his lover, but inside, he was dying. The thought of not being together next year was more than he could bear.

“Brian…Brian.”

Slowly, Brian raised his head and met the other man’s eyes.

“Brian, I didn’t tell you this before, I’m not sure why, I guess it’s because I really had my heart set on going to the Academy, but I also applied to NYU, to the fine arts department and I got in. I already sent my forms and deposit back. It pretty much cleared out my savings account, but I’m in.”

It took a moment for the news to register in Brian’s fear-laden brain, but once it did, he couldn’t help himself as he leapt out of the booth and slid in next to Justin, taking the man in his arms.

“I…I’ll take that as a good sign?” Justin asked with a laugh as his lover squeezed him tightly.

Nodding his response, too happy to speak, Brian just held on even tighter, his lips planting small, intimate kisses along the soft skin of Justin’s neck.

“Good, so, now that THAT’S out of the way…I’m starved.”

Brian pulled back and laughed. A true, hearty laugh. Because he realized that he wouldn’t have to be without his lover in New York. They’d be together. And he couldn’t think of anything in the world that could make him happier.

Once they ordered and were waiting for their food, Justin turned and looked at his lover asking him, in a serious tone, “Um, so, are you good with all this? Me, coming to New York with you?” He was pretty sure that he knew the answer, but…

“You shit, of course I’m good with that…I’m fucking AMAZING with that,” Brian answered with an incredible smile that made his eyes light up.

“Good, then it’s settled. We’ll go to NYU together. I have no fucking idea how the hell I’m gonna pay for it, but I’ll figure something out somehow.”

“Baby, we’ll figure it out together. Always together,” Brian said sweetly, slipping his hand underneath the hem of Justin’s t-shirt and running it up and down the silky smooth skin of his back. “Always together.”

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Justin arranged to get a job at the shoe store just a few doors down from Brian’s store, to help save for school. When his parents questioned his actions, he just told them that he wanted to earn some extra spending money. Nothing more. He felt the less they knew the better. They accepted his explanation and commended him for taking some responsibility for his life.

Justin just smiled.

He was lying on his bed one day after school, wondering how the hell he was going to pay for NYU when the phone rang.

He knew his mother’d taken Molly to the store and his father wasn’t home from work as of yet, so he answered it right away. It was his grandfather, Bill, calling to invite him over the next day after school and asking him not to mention anything about it to either of his parents. He told him he’d be there then hung up, wondering just what he wanted to see him about.

The next day when he arrived at his grandparent’s house, he rang the bell and smiled as he heard his grandmother calling out.

“One minute…I’m coming…hold your horses.”

Justin laughed at his grandmother and was still laughing when she opened the door.

“Justin, sweetheart, what a lovely surprise.”

Moving inside, kissing his grandmother’s cheek, Justin said, “Grandpa asked me to come over, and I know you were in the room when he did, so how exactly is this a surprise?”

“Well, dear, it’s always a surprise to see your lovely face,” Mary said with a genuine smile, realizing that her grandson was just too smart to be played with.

“Right, good cover up, Grandma.”

Mary swatted at Justin’s arm, then took hold and led him into the study. “Bill, Justin’s here.”

“Justin, so good of you to come,” Bill said and didn’t miss the smile and shake of his grandson’s head, knowing that he wasn’t pulling one over on the young man either. The older man just shrugged and returned the smile.

“So, what’s all the secrecy about, Grandpa?”

Sitting down and motioning for Justin to do the same, Bill sighed, knowing that what he was about to do would cause more than a few problems for the family, but he knew that it was the right thing to do. And that’s what really mattered.

“Justin, your mother told me all about what’s been going on between you and your father.”

Justin’s face instantly reflected his feelings and he started to get up, not wanting to go through more of the same shit with his grandfather. “I know what you’re going to say, Grandpa, and I really don’t want to hear it.”

“Justin, sit down,” Bill ordered and waited as the younger man did, not missing his defeated sigh. “I’m not going to attack you with some more lines about what’s right and good for your future. I’m not stupid.”

“I would never assume that, Grandpa.”

“No, I’m sure you wouldn’t,” Bill said with a smile. “I know what your father’s words must have done to you and what he did about that letter you were waiting for…well…that’s just wrong.”

Justin just nodded and let his grandfather continue.

“And even though Craig is my son, I think he’s being an asshole.”

“Grandpa?!” Justin admonished, astounded by the older man’s choice of words.

“Oh, just because I’m an old man doesn’t mean that I’m a saint, Justin.”

The blond just smiled, happy to see this side of his grandfather.

“So, tell me, what do YOU want to do with your future?”

Hesitantly, Justin said, “I...I’m going to NYU, into their fine arts program.”

Nodding, proud of his grandson’s willingness to stand up for himself, regardless of the consequences, the man said, “And what about money. How are you going to pay the tuition?”

“I really don’t know. I gave the deposit and it pretty much cleaned out my savings account, and I’m working at Shifman’s Shoes, trying to save some money, but I don’t think it’s gonna make a dent in the tuition,” the blond said defeatedly.

Not happy with the change in his strong-headed grandson’s tone, Bill said, “Justin, I want to do something, but this has to be between just you and me. Your parents can’t find out.”

“Grandpa, I don’t want to cause any problems between you and my Dad, so…”

The older man shook his head and held up his hand to stop his grandson. “Justin, don’t you worry about me. Your grandmother and I won’t have any problems because YOU won’t say anything. Am I right?”

“Of course Grandpa. You can trust me.”

“I know I can, Justin. I never had a doubt. Your grandmother and I want you to go to NYU, to the arts program and fulfill YOUR dreams, not the regretful dreams of your father.”

“Grandpa, I don’t know what to say. I…I don’t…” Justin was speechless. He felt the tears threaten to spill from the corners of his eyes, and couldn’t help the stray one that rolled down his cheek, which he quickly wiped away with the back of his hand.

“Just make us proud, Justin. Go to school, get your degree, be an artist, but most of all, be happy. Don’t be like your father and look back twenty years later, wishing that you’d done things differently.”

“I will, I mean I won’t, I mean…” Justin shrugged his shoulders and started laughing, too excited to try to make any sense out of things. His grandfather smiled and pulled him into his arms, the move enforcing the knowledge that now, everything was going to be okay.

Justin was beaming and couldn’t wait to share his good news with Brian.

He walked into Brian’s store and sought out the man, knocking him over with his smile.

“Whoa, who turned on the high-beams?” Brian teased, enjoying the happiness that seemed to radiate from his lover. The blond had been in quite a funk lately, worrying so much about school, but now it seemed that something had finally happened that was good.

“I’ll give you a hint. School next year…hell…for the next several years is covered.”

“What?” Brian asked, completely astonished by the news.

“Yep, it’s all taken care of and now we can go to New York and be together and I don’t have to worry.”

Wanting so badly to grab his lover and hold him but knowing that where they were, it just wasn’t an option, Brian smiled and said, “Okay, so you won the lottery and forgot to tell me?”

“Nope, but almost as good. My grandfather agreed to pay for school. Actually, he surprised me with it and made me promise not to tell anyone about the arrangement. But, well, of course I knew I had to tell you. You’ll keep my secret…won’t you, Brian?”

The tone of Justin’s voice changed to the low, husky one that Brian knew all too well. The result was the immediate erection that pressed against the confinements of his jeans as the older man stifled the moan that was trying to escape his throat.

“Baby…”

“Mmm, I guess my secret’s safe with you. Unless, someone tries to torture it out of you? I think we’ll have to make sure it’s safe. Maybe see what you can take before you…spill?” His last word was spoken with a wiggle of his eyebrows, letting Brian know EXACTLY what he was going to be spilling.

“I…” Brian cleared his throat and continued. “I think that we may have to test your theory out. Just let me grab my keys and I’ll meet you at the jeep.”

“Alright, but just know that I’m not going to be lenient.”

“I sure hope not,” Brian mumbled, anxiously awaiting his lover’s test.

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“Oh, God, Brian, please…please, fuck me.”

“Baby, I can’t…what if someone sees us?”

The boys had pulled the jeep into the back parking lot of a deserted store that had gone out of business years before. They were pretty sure that no one would be passing by, but they could never be certain.

“Briiaaaannnn,” Justin moaned, so desperate to feel his lover inside him.

“Ahhhh,” the brunet returned as his boyfriend’s hand continued to slide up and down his aching shaft.

Looking around, seeing no one, Justin decided that even though he knew it was a risk, he couldn’t wait another second. Letting go of Brian’s cock, he sat back in his seat, toed off his shoes and slipped off his jeans and underwear.

“Justin, what the fuck…?”

“I need you, Brian and I don’t want to wait.” Without another word, Justin took a condom and a tube of lube from the glove compartment, ripping the small foil packet open he rolled the latex down his lover’s erection then slicked it well.

“Baby…”

Climbing over the stick shift, Justin straddled Brian’s lap, raising himself on his knees and taking hold of the slippery shaft he placed it at his twitching hole then pushed down, impaling himself fully.

Both men groaned loudly and Brian’s hands took Justin’s waist in a firm hold.

Laying his forehead against Brian’s, Justin began to move, up and down, slowly, enjoying the incredible feel of his lover inside of him. The fullness and pressure against his prostate as he swirled his hips on the down stroke was mind-blowing.

But then, Justin remembered what he’d told Brian earlier.

“Bri…Bri…”

The brunet was so lost in the sensations coursing through his body that he didn’t hear his lover calling him right away. Opening his eyes, he found a hazed, lust filled pair of blue ones staring deeply into his. Catching his breath, Brian started to speak but all that came out was a loud, reverberating moan as Justin pulled up, squeezing his anal muscles and trapping the head of his sensitive cock in their grip. Brian’s head began to spin and he thought for a moment that he might pass out from the pleasure, but he took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down.

“Bri…this is your test.” Justin saw the look of confusion on his lover’s face so he squeezed his muscles again, earning the response that he was looking for as Brian’s moan filled the air.

Suddenly, Brian remembered the words that Justin had said about testing his loyalty before they’d left the store. Smiling, Brian bucked his hips, aiming for that sensitive spot inside his lover and laughed softly when Justin’s head flew back and a growl exploded from his chest. “Test?” he asked breathlessly.

Regaining some of his control, Justin’s eyes met Brian’s again and he smiled. “I…I have to know…that my secret’s safe…with you,” he panted, bouncing up and down slightly on his lover’s cock.

Again, Brian took matters into his own…um…hands…and other parts.

Pushing down with his strong hands wrapped around Justin’s waist and pushing up with his hips, he thrust hard and deep into his boyfriend’s channel…over and over again.

“Oh, God…Bri…oh, fuck…Brian,” Justin purred.

“Baby…oh, shit…Jesus Christ,” Brian shouted, just about ready to explode, and he wanted to make sure that his lover came along with him. “Are…are you ready, Justin?”

“Oh, yeah…yes…I’m…I’m ready,” the blond panted, moving his hand from Brian’s shoulder to his aching cock and jerking it madly. The instant response was the tightening of his hole, which clamped down on Brian’s dick in a vice-like hold and sent the man’s senses reeling.

“Now…oh, Justin…NOW!”

“Yeah…now…NOW!”

Both men’s bodies shook with the force of their shattering orgasms, intensified by the emotions that coursed through them, knowing that they would be together…in New York.

Once their bodies had calmed and their minds stopped spinning, Brian pulled back, looking deeply into his lover’s eyes and said, “Your secrets are always safe with me, Sunshine. YOU’RE always safe with me.”

And Justin knew it was the truth.

He just knew it.

Small Town

Part 37

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Justin’s mood seemed to lighten up after the shit with school settled down and he’d never been happier.

He was in love with a wonderful man. He was going away to New York to study art.

But most importantly, he was going to New York to study art WITH his lover.

Nothing could top that.

So things were going smoothly for the boys. Justin was working at the shoe store a few nights a week and afterward would meet Brian and they would spend the evening together. On the weekends, they were inseparable, refusing to spend even one moment apart, no matter how much Mikey whined or Daphne begged.

They were in love and they didn’t care who knew it. Well, anyone who couldn’t hurt them…

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So when Brian came home after work one Friday evening, wanting to take a quick shower and change before meeting Justin, he was surprised to find his mother sitting at the kitchen table, waiting for him. He wondered what the hell was going on…

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Joan was doing her usual snooping in her children’s bedrooms, unfortunately coming up empty handed in Brian’s, as usual. She placed her hand on her hip and looked around the almost compulsively neat room, wondering what she’d missed. Instantly, her eyes widened and she smiled a wicked smile as she moved forward and slid her hand underneath her son’s mattress, feeling around in the tight space and gasping pleasantly when she felt something.

Pulling her arm back, she stood up and looked at what she’d retrieved. A magazine? A tabloid magazine? That wasn’t what she was expecting to find. She thought it would be one of those filthy things that her husband brought into her house, no matter how much she protested. The women in those magazines were lewd and crass and obviously not God-fearing women.

She flipped the well-worn pages of the magazine, the front adorned with the fellow from that dancing movie that she remembered had been out a long time ago, Patrick something if she recalled, and was surprised when something slipped out onto the floor. Bending down she picked up a photograph, turning it over in her hands to find a blond, young man in the shot.

‘Why would Brian be hiding this picture?’ she wondered. She shook her head, knowing that it must be for some impure reason and vowed that she’d confront her son as soon as he got home. There would be no unclean things in HER house.

Sitting at the kitchen table, she heard him come in the front door and called out to him.

And that’s where Brian walked in…

Joan stood and scowled at her son, waving the magazine and picture in his face and asked him, “Why were you hiding THESE?”

“Where the hell did you get those?” Brian asked, feeling his blood begin to boil at the invasion of his privacy.

“That’s not of concern. I want to know why you have a picture of this boy?”

Moving closer, his demeanor growing more and more intimidating by the second, Brian asked again, “Where did you get those?”

“This is MY house, Brian, and I have every right to enter your room, to search for anything that God would deem unjust and corruptive.”

Towering over his mother, Brian snorted and grabbed the picture from her hands and spoke in a tight-lipped, unmistakably threatening tone. “Stay out of my room, or I just might have to go around town, asking all your precious church members how God would feel about you standing by while your husband beat the shit out of your son. How unjust and corruptive do you think they would deem THAT, Mother?”

Joan raised her hand to her chest and gasped at the horror of what her son threatened to do, then quickly regained her control, asserting her ice-queen demeanor. “You wouldn’t dare.”

“Try me,” Brian warned then left the house, slamming the door behind him.

Joan slumped down into her chair, picking up the half-filled wine glass in her trembling hands and sipping the blood-red liquid as she tried to calm her rapidly beating blackened-heart.

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“Brian, hey, you’re early. I don’t get off for another fifteen minutes,” Justin said when he saw his lover come through the front door of the shoe store.

“That’s okay. Take your time. I’ll be waiting outside.” Then Brian turned and left the store.

Justin watched Brian make his way to the jeep and climb in. He saw the look of defeat on the man’s face and didn’t miss the slump of his shoulders as he walked away.

He sighed, knowing that it must have been too much to ask for their happiness to last much longer.

“Hey, Bobby, do you think you could handle closing by yourself tonight?” Justin asked his co-worker.

“Sure, no problem. I’ll see you Monday night, right?”

“Yeah, and thanks. I owe you one.” Justin smiled, grabbing his knapsack from the backroom then made his way out of the store, heading for the jeep.

Brian was slightly startled when the passenger door flew open and his lover jumped into his car. “I thought you weren’t off yet?” he asked.

“I got off a few minutes early. I know you needed me, so here I am.”

Sighing, closing his eyes and thanking whatever higher power that existed for the man sitting next to him, Brian reached over, placing his hand on his boyfriend’s thigh and gave a squeeze.

“Bri…what happened?” Justin asked softly.

Shaking his head, Brian opened his eyes and said, “Not here. I need to be with you. Is that okay?”

“Of course,” Justin answered without hesitation then sat back and buckled his seatbelt, willing to go wherever Brian led them.

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As they pulled into the familiar motel parking lot and Brian got out to go check them in, Justin smiled. He loved the weekends. Spending the night together was what Justin constantly thought of and he couldn’t wait until New York…when they would be together every night…unless…what if what had Brian so upset was about New York? What if he wasn’t able to go now?

Sitting in the jeep, waiting for his lover’s return, all sorts of terrifying thoughts passed through Justin’s head, making him more and more scared as the seconds flew by.

Finally, Brian returned and when he looked at Justin, he thought that the man was going to be sick. “Justin, what’s wrong? Fuck, you’re as white as a ghost. What happened while I was gone?”

Justin’s breathing was heavy and he wasn’t sure if he could speak. He took a deep breath and mumbled, “New York…you can’t go…can you?”

“What?”

“I…just tell me…please…are you not coming with me?”

Brian was stunned. When he’d left the jeep, Justin seemed fine. But now…

“Justin, breathe…that’s it…take a deep breath and release it…slowly…good.”

The feel of his lover’s strong hand on the back of his neck reassured him and he started to calm down. But still, the thoughts kept bombarding his mind. But before he could ask again, Brian spoke.

“Now, what’s this about New York? I’m still going to New York, Justin. Nothing will change that. We’re going to be together, right? You still want to go, right?”

Feeling an immediate sense of relief flood through his body, Justin tried to smile as his mind began to calm. Nodding emphatically, he replied, “Yes, I…I wanna go. I was just afraid that…well, you looked so upset, and I thought that…”

“Baby, it has nothing to do with that. Nothing at all. Don’t worry, my little drama queen. I’m not abandoning you to go off to school all by yourself. Have some hot, beefy man steal you away from me. Nope, you’re stuck with me, Sunshine.”

Justin was a little miffed by the drama queen comment, but knew that, well, Brian was right. He was a fucking drama queen in full mode at the moment, but he’d been scared and, well…

He was so relieved that he was wrong about what had Brian so down, but then he wondered just what the hell had happened.

He was about to ask his lover, when the man started the jeep and pulled toward their usual room, parking in front of the door. He leaned over, placing a soft kiss against Justin’s lips then smiled and got out of the car, coming around to his side and holding the door open for him. “My, my, aren’t we a gentleman tonight?” Justin kidded and Brian bowed in response.

Taking his lover’s hand, Brian shut the car door then headed towards room 123, unlocking it and pulling the smaller man inside, then closing and locking the door behind them.

“Alone at last,” Brian said with a sigh of relief.

Justin felt the imminent sadness in his lover’s words and moved toward him, holding out his arms and smiling when Brian moved forward and let himself be enclosed in their embrace.

“Tell me.”

“Soon,” the brunet whispered, feeling so small all wrapped up in the strong hold of his lover’s arms. He didn’t ever want to leave. He felt safe and warm and loved. All the things that only his man could provide for him.

All the things that he’d longed for all his life and now he had them, in the arms of the strongest, bravest, most beautiful man he’d ever seen.

And he was all his.

The thought alone sent shivers down his spine and he sighed and let himself sink even further against Justin’s smaller body.

Justin was a little overwhelmed by the desperation he felt radiating from his lover, but knew that he needed to be the strong one so he held on tight, willing to give Brian all he had.

“I need you,” Brian breathed against his lover’s ear.

“I’m here.”

Brian had never felt more certain of anyone’s words as he did at that moment when he’d heard Justin’s reply. Pulling back slightly, he manuvered them over to the bed, still bound together, they sat down.

“Make love to me?” Brian whispered.

Moving back enough so that he could see Brian’s face, Justin smiled a warm, loving smile and said, “I’m here.”

Standing up, Justin pulled his t-shirt over his head then kicked off his shoes and socks, pants and underwear, leaving him fully naked and exposed to his lover. His eyes locked with Brian’s and he knew that the man could see the deep, all encompassing love that he felt for him swimming in his pools of blue. He smiled, then reached down and removed Brian’s clothing piece by piece, keeping his eyes locked on Brian’s at all times.

When he was done, Justin got on his knees, his eyes fixated on his lover’s beautiful face and stuck out his tongue, flicking at the bubbling slit of his erection and taking the warm, sweet fluid into his mouth, moaning with appreciation.

“Baby…”

Not able to resist, Justin’s eyes closed and he bent forward, enclosing his full, wet lips around the head of Brian’s cock and sucking forcefully.

“Oh, God, Justin,” the older man called out and his head tipped back.

Moaning softly, Justin’s mouth slid downwards, engulfing the entire shaft until the silky head hit the back of his throat and he swallowed around it. The response he received from his boyfriend was one of pure ecstasy, so he swallowed again and was once again rewarded with a loud growl.

“Justin…come here…come here,” Brian panted, pulling gently on his lover’s arms to raise him.

Moving upwards, Justin tightened his lips and gave one last suck before he let the pulsing member slip from his mouth, which was instantly engulfed by Brian’s, his tongue pressing for entrance and receiving it.

Both men moaned into the kiss and their bodies pressed tighter and tighter against each other until they both needed more. Pulling apart, once again, Brian asked, “Make love to me, Justin?”

The man didn’t need to be asked again.

Pushing his lover back gently on the bed, Justin reached into his knapsack, pulling out the needed supplies and quickly got himself ready. He warmed some lube between his fingers then leaned over his lover, resting his weight on his left side as his right hand pulled Brian’s legs apart widely, exposing the man’s tight opening. Their eyes connected and Justin felt the longing and need so deep from within his lover. Again, he wondered just what the fuck had happened to the man, but knew that right then, he wouldn’t ask. He would give the man what he wanted…what he needed…what he deserved.

His love.

Placing his middle finger at the knotted flesh, he pushed inward, slipping inside of the velvety tunnel and feeling his breath catch in his throat at the sight as his lover’s eyes fluttered closed and his back arched into the air. He watched as Brian struggled to open his eyes and keep their connection.

Pulling back slowly, Justin thrust in, letting his finger go as deep as possible. Wiggling it around, he pulled back again and when he re-entered, he added a second finger, wanting to loosen the muscles further.

“Justin…more…I need more,” Brian panted and Justin smiled, removing his fingers and moving his body over his lover’s, pressing as close as possible as he held his shaft and placed the head against Brian’s opening.

“Ready?” Justin asked and received an anxious nod in return. “I love you, Brian,” Justin said firmly as he pushed into his boyfriend, encasing himself fully in the warm tightness.

“Ahhhhhhh,” Brian moaned loudly, from the words and feelings that his lover created within him. His arms came up and pulled the smaller man even closer…holding him tightly in his embrace as his legs wrapped firmly around Justin’s hips, pulling him impossibly deeper inside.

“God, Brian,” the blond moaned, feeling the man’s ass pulse around him, causing him to throb from the sensation.

“I…I love you, Justin…I love you…”

The emotions that poured from Brian’s words were stifling and Justin felt like he might suffocate from their intensity. But he knew that he wouldn’t want it any other way.

Pulling his hips back, he slid out of Brian’s hole halfway then thrust sharply back in, forcing a loud moan from both men’s chests. Loving the feel of being buried inside his man, Justin continued the motion as he brought them closer and closer to orgasm with every move.

“Oh, Jus…baby…I’m gonna…I’m almost…”

Justin knew that he was just as close as Brian was. But he wanted to make the man scream with pleasure, banishing all other thoughts from his troubled mind so he angled his hips and thrust back in, hitting the swollen sweet spot deep inside.

Bingo.

“Oh, God…JUSSSSSTIIIINNNN!” Brian screamed as his lover continued to fuck him wildly, slamming over and over against that spot…that perfect spot…until…

“Yeah…yeah…come for me, Brian…come…”

“Ahhhh…urrghhhhh…UGGHHHHHH!” Brian yelled as stars exploded behind his eyes and bolts of lightening shot through his body and his cock erupted with hot, molten fluid over and over again until he was left weak and shaking beneath his lover.

Justin’s own orgasm ripped through his body at an alarming speed and left him drained as he slumped down against Brian, his head resting on the man’s sweat-drenched chest.

For several minutes, neither one moved or made a sound, except for their heavy breathing as they tried to calm their overwhelmed bodies.

“Thank you,” Brian whispered, kissing the top of the silky, blond head tucked underneath his chin.

“You’re welcome,” came the equally quiet response and he smiled when he felt Brian’s arms tighten around his exhausted body as he drifted off to sleep…still buried deep inside his lover.

When Justin awoke, he was no longer inside Brian and the condom that he’d worn had been removed. He looked over to find his lover watching him in the semi-darkened room. The light from the bathroom was on and the door slightly ajar, casting an almost glowing effect over the room.

“Are you okay?” Justin asked softly, wondering if now Brian wanted to tell him what’d had him so upset earlier on.

“Yeah, I’m better,” the brunet reassured, placing his hand at the top of Justin’s back and running it slowly and gently down the pale expanse.

“What happened?” Justin asked, not able to ignore the sadness that was still present.

Shaking his head, Brian’s eyes followed his hand as it made its way up Justin’s back, ending with his long fingers gliding lovingly along the younger man’s cheek. “Just my mother,” Brian finally answered, his eyes locking on Justin’s.

“What’d she do?”

“Nothing. She did nothing that matters anymore. Soon I’ll be gone and she won’t be able to do a fucking thing to me again.”

Justin moved so that he was turned on his side, facing Brian and leaning his head on his bent elbow. “I’m sorry.”

“What for?” Brian asked, his eyes drifting back to his fingers as they now moved up and down his lover’s arm.

Justin shrugged, not really sure what he was sorry for, but he knew that he was.

He was sorry that Brian had such an asshole for a father. He was sorry that his mother was more interested in saving face with God then she was in giving her son a mother that he could count on. And he was sorry that he’d not been there to keep Brian safe for the many years that he’d been facing it all alone.

He was just sorry.

Brian’s eyes came up and locked again with Justin’s and he knew…he understood what his lover meant and he couldn’t help but smile…

Small Town

Part 38

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Brian turned over in his sleep, his arms reaching out instinctively for the warm body next to his and took it in his arms.

Half awake, Justin smiled and moved back, snuggling into his lover’s embrace. He heard a noise reverberating through his ears and realized that it was coming from him. That he was purring.

“What’s that sound?” Brian asked sleepily.

“Nothing. I don’t hear anything,” Justin answered shyly. “You must be hearing things again.”

Smiling, Brian tightened his arms around the blond and whispered into his ear, “You’re purring.”

“No, I’m not,” the younger man replied defensively.

Huffing a laugh, Brian said, “You are.”

Shivering slightly as the warm air from his boyfriend’s words washed over his skin, sending an immediate signal to his awakening cock that it was time to get up, Justin just shrugged his shoulders and gave up. “Okay, it was me…I was purring.”

Letting his hand wander downward, Brian FELT his lover’s contentment and smiled. “Mmm, purr away.” And then he began to stroke.

“Brian,” the other man moaned softly and wondered if it was possible to want and need someone too much. To need to feel their body against yours and to constantly want to touch them and hold them in your arms. But the question quickly flew from his head along with all coherent thoughts as Brian’s thumb ran across his leaking slit.

“Wanna play?” Brian asked gruffly.

“Oh, yeah.”

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Brian loved Saturday nights at Babylon. The air was filled with the heady scent of men…their sweat and cum and everything wonderful in between. And the music was loud and all-encompassing…pulsing and throbbing with a primal beat.

And the men…oh, the hot and horny men who wanted nothing more than a big cock to fill their ass or be offered one to fill.

Yeah, Brian thought that it was the best place to be…especially when he looked across the dance floor and his eyes locked onto an intense pair of blue ones staring back at him. He could tell that Justin was having a great time dancing with Emmett.

Brian smiled.

Justin WAS the hottest man there and offered himself up to Brian unconditionally. What more did he need?

“Hey, Brian, I haven’t seen you around that much lately. How’s it going?”

Brian turned, his eyes leaving his partner’s and landing on a familiar face. “Hey, Anita. How’s tricks?”

The woman laughed, as Brian always teased her about hanging out in a room full of gay men when she was more than guaranteed NOT to get any. “So, up for a taste of the good stuff?” she asked, always ready to get down to business.

Brian looked back to the dance floor, his eyes meeting Justin’s and he couldn’t miss the questioning glare. He smiled and without turning away, answered the woman. “Sure.” Focusing back on Anita, Brian took some money out of his pocket and discreetly exchanged it for what was in the woman’s hand.

“Nice doing business with you, as always, Brian. Take care.”

Justin looked curiously at the woman who was walking away as he made his way back to his boyfriend. “Who was that?” he asked, leaning up against Brian and kissing him softly.

“Anita, um, she has all kinds of goodies.”

“How do you know her?”

“We, uh, went to school together. And now, well, she hangs out here.”

Justin was a little shocked. One, that someone that Brian grew up with KNEW that he was gay and two, because he was friends with a drug dealer. He shook his head and realized the he was way too naïve.

“So, wanna have a little fun?” Brian asked with a mischievous smile.

“What kind of fun?” Justin replied apprehensively. He knew he was being prude, but…

Brian held up the little bag of white pills that Anita had given him, shaking them in front of his boyfriend’s face.

“Wha…what’s THAT?”

“E…ecstasy…”

“Have you tried it before?” the blond asked, somewhat shocked.

Meeting Justin’s gaze, Brian decided to be honest. “Yeah, several times. But it’s no big deal, Sunshine. It’s just for fun. Nothing to worry about.”

Justin’s eyes searched Brian’s and he knew he was overreacting. Smiling slightly, he took a deep breath and said, “Well, I…I’m allergic to a lot of drugs, so I don’t think…”

“These are recreational drugs, baby…far from prescription ones so don’t worry. They’ll make you feel so good. So free.”

Justin couldn’t help but smile as a small part of him grew excited to try the new experience, but he couldn’t help but be nervous. “But…”

“No pressure, Justin. You don’t have to try it. Really.”

Justin smiled wider and decided what the hell. “Sure, I’m game.”

Nodding, Brian took out two little pills and was about to give one to Justin when he decided that he didn’t want to take any chances and broke the pill into two. “Just take a half,” he instructed as he placed the half a pill on the tip of his tongue, in offering.

The blue eyes flickered from Brian’s tongue up to his honest hazel eyes and back down again. He knew that his boyfriend wouldn’t do anything to hurt him, so he moved forward, opening his lips around the offered appendage, taking the pill inside of his mouth.

“Don’t swallow it, just let it dissolve. That’s it,” Brian said quickly.

Placing the whole pill on his tongue, Brian closed his mouth and smiled, waiting for the drugs to take effect. He couldn’t wait to see how Justin reacted and soon enough he had his answer.

“Hey, Bri…I feel…kinda funny,” the blond said with a huge smile, his eyes glazed over as he constantly licked his lips.

“Good funny or bad funny?”

“No, definitely good funny…really good funny.” Justin felt a pleasant buzz roaming through his entire body, but mostly it seemed to be focused on his hardening cock.

Brian noticed the sly smile on Justin’s lips and realized that the pill had already taken effect. “Feeling nice, baby?” he asked, moving his arms around the smaller man’s waist and pulling his body against him.

“Mm-hm, REALLY nice,” the blond replied with a smile.

“I can feel that,” the older man said, moving his hips forward slightly, letting his groin press against the erection he felt trying to burst its way out of his lover’s pants.

“Ohhh, Brian,” Justin moaned, overwhelmed by the incredible feelings coursing through him.

“Baby...”

They danced to a few more songs, both of them grinding mercilessly against each other…demanding the contact, until it was just too much…they needed more.

“Brian…please…suck me.”

“Aghhh, Justin,” Brian growled, the blond’s words shooting straight to his already aching groin.

“Come on…take me to the backroom…”

Brian pulled back, looking at his lover’s face, searching his eyes…

“Please, Bri…I need to get off.”

Seeing and hearing the desperation in his man, Brian leaned down and attacked Justin’s mouth in a crushing kiss, leaving them both breathless when they finally parted.

A little dazed, Justin smiled, a satisfied smile, as he felt himself being pulled toward the backroom.

Neither man paid much attention to the scowl on Michael’s face as they passed by him at the bar. They were too focused on each other to notice…or to care

When they entered the mostly darkened room, the incredible sounds reverberating off the walls of men moaning and calling out in pleasure bombarded their senses.

Justin was so overwhelmed that he didn’t pay attention to where he was going until he felt Brian stop and he almost crashed into him. Smiling, again, he looked up at his lover’s face and whispered, “Hey.”

“Hey,” Brian returned, smiling. He reached down, running his hand firmly along the pulsing bulge trapped inside Justin’s jeans, and felt his own member jump when the blond moaned.

“More,” the younger man whimpered, his eyes sliding closed, his mind spinning with a sense of need like he’d never felt before. Suddenly he laughed out loud as he thought, ‘Man, that was some amazing E.’

“What’s so funny?” Brian asked, and watched as Justin’s eyes fluttered open and he saw the slight blush creep along the pale cheeks, knowing that the man probably hadn’t even realized that he’d laughed out loud.

Shaking his head, Justin tried to recover and said, “Nothing…nothing…I guess I’m just feeling pretty good.”

“I’ll say so,” the brunet purred, running his hand over the bulge again, earning himself another loud moan.

“Suck me,” Justin demanded, staring deeply into his lover’s eyes.

Brian, who was used to being the one in control nodded, not able to resist his lover’s request and dropped to his knees. Looking up, keeping his eyes fixated on his partner’s angelic face, he quickly unzipped his jeans and lowered his briefs, freeing the rock-hard erection.

Justin sighed with relief then moaned with pleasure as Brian’s full, wet lips surrounded his leaking head and sucked it into his mouth. He gasped as his lover’s tongue swirled and dipped into his slit, greedily taking the sweet fluid that began to leak.

Instantly, Justin’s fingers found themselves weaving through Brian’s soft hair, holding on and gently guiding the man’s mouth up and down his shaft. He knew that his lover didn’t need help, but he couldn’t keep still. He was too fucking gone.

He screamed out loud as Brian took him all the way in, his sensitive head bumping the roof of the older man’s mouth.

Brian knew that Justin was close, so he slid further down, constricting his throat muscles around the man’s flesh and felt him jerk and moan from the intensity. Over and over he alternated between sliding all the way up to the tip and sealing his lips tightly around the head then slipping all the way down, his throat mimicking the beat of his lover’s pulse that he felt racing along the large, throbbing vein in his cock.

“Brian…oh, fuck…Bri…I can’t…ahhh…ahhhh…”

And Justin’s fingers tightened painfully in his lover’s hair as his body instantly combusted.

Brian tightened his grip on Justin’s hips, knowing that he was probably the only thing holding the smaller man up, and continued to suck, drinking down the sweet cum that shot out, over and over in long, forceful spurts.

Leaving Justin utterly spent.

His mind and body floating.

Then he felt his lover’s hands tighten as the man stood, tucking him back in and zipping him up and he knew that…fuck…life was pretty damn good.

Finally, Justin opened his eyes and smiled at the face of his partner watching over him. He reached his hand down, squeezing the front of Brian’s jeans, earning a loud growl from the man.

“My turn,” Brian said with a wicked grin.

Justin didn’t answer. He just licked his lips and began.

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Once again Monday arrived and Justin groaned as he performed his morning rituals, getting ready for school.

‘Soon,’ he thought. ‘Soon I’ll be outta here and in New York with Brian and everything will be better.’

On the drive to school, he couldn’t help but remember a previous Monday when things had taken a definite turn.

He looked out the window, but didn’t notice the passing scenery, for in his mind, all he could see was Chris Hobbs’s face glaring back at him…

“What the fuck are you looking at, you fag?” Chris taunted, catching Justin in the change room after gym. Most of the other guys had already gone, leaving the two boys alone.

“Nothing…I wasn’t looking at anything,” Justin answered defensively. The truth was that he’d been so lost in thought, remembering the past weekend that he hadn’t even noticed when the other boy had come in.

“Right, I bet you were watching me and just waiting for me to get undressed so that you could look at my ass.”

“What…you’re fucking sick. I wasn’t…” But Justin blushed slightly, knowing that he was indeed thinking about someone’s ass…but it wasn’t Chris’s that he was dreaming about. It was Brian’s, and…

“Right, all you fags are alike.”

“I’m not a fag,” Justin shouted, not sure why he was so angry and being so defensive when in truth, he was gay…but he knew that he couldn’t let anyone find out…not yet.

“I bet all you do is sit there and watch the guys and dream about sticking your cock up their ass. Sneaking up behind them and ramming it on in.” By now, Chris was right up in Justin’s space and the look of hatred was so prominent of the young man’s face.

“How do you know so much about what fags do unless you ARE one?” Justin returned, having tolerated enough bullshit.

“I’m no fag, you fucking cocksucker,” Chris exploded as his fists came down on Justin’s face, splitting his lip wide open and catching him right on the cheekbone.

“What the fuck?” Justin growled, his fists flying upward, making fierce contact with the other boy’s eye, then chin, then mouth. He didn’t even realize what he was doing…all he could see was the endless times that Chris and his friends had bullied and tormented him in the past.

“Urghhhhhhh,” Chris moaned, his hands coming up to his mouth and he spat, blood falling to the floor along with what looked like a tooth. “FWUCK!”

Justin was brought out of his daze by the painful moans coming from the other boy and he couldn’t help but smile as Chris’s mouth opened widely and he noticed the empty space where his front tooth used to be. Instantly he felt bad, but he knew that it had just been a matter of time until Chris’d gotten back what he’d dished out.

“Lu fwuker…I’wl kiwl lu!” the irate boy screamed, just as the coach and assistant coach came into the room and grabbed him, holding him back from attacking Justin again.

“What the hell happened here?” the coach asked, looking from one boy to the other.

Neither one answered.

And when they were sent down to the principal’s office, neither one said a word.

So they were let go, with a warning and Justin watched as Chris left the school, certain that he was on his way to the dentist.

But he couldn’t shake the eerie feeling that maybe, things weren’t over just yet.

“Justin…Justin…”

Blinking his eyes rapidly, Justin awoke from his daze and realized that they were at school. He grabbed his knapsack, said goodbye to his mother and headed into the building. Spotting Daphne waiting for him, he grabbed hold of her arm and pulled her along with him.

“Hey, Justin, how was your weekend?”

“Great, Daphne, it was great. And yours?”

“Well, I know it can’t possibly compare to yours, with Brian and all…”

“Shhhh,” Justin warned, looking around to make sure that no one had overheard.

“Sorry,” she said then continued. “But I went on my first, real date.”

“What?!”

“Yep, and it was great.”

Justin looked at his friend and realized that she was beaming. How the hell had he missed all this? He knew how. He was so caught up in his own life that he hadn’t been around too much lately. Well, he was there now. “So, who’d you go out with?”

“Well, maybe I’ll tell you later…I gotta go now…”  
  
”Daphne Alyssa Chanders, you’d better tell me right this minute!” Justin demanded.

“Alright…alright…calm down,” the girl said with a wide grin, knowing just how to play her best friend right.

So for the next ten minutes, before they had to be in homeroom, Daphne rambled on and on about Scott Thompson, the guy that they’d both known practically their whole lives. She told him how suddenly it was as if she’d seen him for the first time. Like she’d never noticed before how cute he was…”

Justin just smiled, knowing that he’d ALWAYS thought that Scott was cute. He listened to his friend and was genuinely happy for her. Happy that maybe, she’d be lucky and fall in love with the man, just like he had with Brian.

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Brian was on his way out of work when he spotted a familiar figure moving toward the alley. He felt his anger begin to boil and moved silently after him.

“In a rush?” Brian asked as he approached the young man about to climb into his car.

“Uh, no…why?” Chris Hobbs asked defensively. He tried to hide his fear, but wasn’t doing a very good job. He knew who Brian was. His reputation as a take-no-shit kinda guy who could beat the crap out of you preceded him.

Brian knew that he told Justin that he’d stay out of it, but he just couldn’t. He didn’t want to take the chance of anything happening to his lover again at the hands of this fucker. He moved in closer, rising to his full height, towering over the other man as he spoke. “I hear you had a little run in with Justin Taylor?”

“Yeah, so, what’s it to you?”

Brian smiled, able to smell the terror wafting off the man. He moved in even closer, his face right up in Chris’s. “He’s my friend, and I won’t have you harassing him. Understand,” Brian warned in a menacing tone. The look on his face not able to be mistaken for anything other than what it was…a warning.

Backing away slightly, his gut wrenching from the unmistakable threat the older man posed, Chris nodded, not willing to trust his voice from breaking.

“Good, as long as we understand each other. Oh, and, Chris, if you ever lay a fucking finger on him, well, let’s just say that it’ll be the last thing that you do with that finger.” Shooting the man one last glare, Brian turned and walked away.

Finally, Chris let go of the shaky breath he’d been holding, making a mental note to not fuck with Justin again, unless he wanted to be fucked with by Brian. The thought alone sent a shiver of fear down his spine as he remembered the unmistakable danger he’d seen blazing in the man’s dark eyes.

Another shiver crept down his spine and he tried to keep his legs from buckling as he climbed into his car, attempting to insert the key in the ignition with his shaky hands, sighing gratefully when he finally succeeded.

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“Hey, baby.”

“Hey, Bri. You certainly sound like you’re in a good mood.”

“Yep, the best. So, how about a little company tonight?” Brian asked, wanting to change the subject before his lover questioned him about the source of his mood.

“Sure, I’d love it. I’ll see you around ten. The window will be unlocked.”

“Great, see you then. Later, baby.”

“Yeah, later,” Justin sighed, his words lingering with promise as he hung up the phone.

Small Town

Part 39

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Brian was a little afraid…no, not afraid…apprehensive…to tell Justin his news.

He was waiting for Justin in the alley by the jeep, smoking a cigarette and trying to figure out a way to tell the blond the news without getting him too upset. He was shaken out of his thoughts as a warm body brushed against his.

"Hey," Brian said, slightly startled.

"Sorry, Bri, I didn't mean to scare you."

"No…no, you didn't. I was just…thinking."

"Ah, so that's what I smelled burning."

Swatting his lover's ass, Brian smiled and playfully added, "Twat."

"Ouch!" Justin shouted, rubbing his sore behind then climbed into the jeep next to Brian. "So, what's the plan for tonight?"

"Well, uh, actually, I need to talk to you."

"What about?" Justin instantly felt like he wasn't going to like what the other man had to say. He turned in his seat, facing Brian and waited…and waited…and waited some more. "God, Brian, you're killing me here!"

"Sorry," the man said with an apologetic smile. He cleared his throat and decided that he would just get it all out. "I have to go away for a couple of days."

"Wha…what?" Justin asked, not sure he'd heard right.

"Yeah, I have to go to New York. Something about my scholarship. They need to meet with me and it can't wait until September."

"Oh," the younger man said, nodding his head and looking down at his lap. It wasn't that he didn't trust Brian to be away…it was just that…he would be so alone…knowing that Brian wasn't just a phone call away if he needed him. He knew he was being silly and selfish, it was just that, well, he didn't want him to go.

Smiling, Justin raised his head, looking at Brian and he tried his best to sound strong. "I'm sure that it'll be okay. They probably just need you to sign some forms or look at some apartments or something."

"Yeah, I'm sure that's all it is. But, I'm sorry, baby, that I won't be here. You know I'd much rather be with you. You know that, right?"

"Of course, I know, Brian. I do."

Both men were silent, lost in their own thoughts when there was a loud rap on Brian's side window. They jumped, startled by the noise.

Brian's heart rate accelerated when he saw his father standing just outside the jeep, his face glaring at him through the window. Rolling it down, Brian asked, "What's wrong?"

Before he answered, Jack glanced inside the car and noticed the passenger. Instantly, the little voice inside his head told him that he'd better lay off, not wanting any more rumors flying around town from what the kid might hear…but then his asshole nature kicked in and he sneered. `He's nothing but a kid…who the fuck would listen to him anyway,' he thought as his mouth opened and it began…

"I thought I told you to make sure that you placed that order with Granger's."

"I did," Brian answered defensively. He was sick and tired of taking the blame for things when they got screwed up.

Standing a little taller and deepening his scowl, making him seem even more menacing than before, Jack continued, in a low and threatening tone. "Well, then Mr. Perfect, you can explain to me how the hell we didn't get our shipment and why there's not one fucking carton of milk in the back fridge."

Brian felt Justin's eyes on him, but not in a pitying way. He knew the man was watching him…wanting to make sure that he was okay. And he was…sort of. Taking a deep breath and trying to force down the urge to scream at the top of his lungs, knowing that it would NOT have a positive effect on his father's mood and the outcome of the confrontation, he said, "I…I…"

"You…you, WHAT?" Jack shouted.

Hating the fact that his father still got to him, Brian clenched his fists and tried again. "I have no idea what happened, but I KNOW that I placed the order. It must have been a mix up at Granger's. Did you call them?"

"Now why the hell would I call them and bring them into the mix if it was YOUR fault, like it usually is," the older man said accusingly, even though he knew that it was pretty much NEVER Brian's fault…okay, he couldn't think of even one time that it was actually his son's fault…but that wasn't the issue…nor something that he would ever admit.

"Well, why don't you go call them and tell them that they need to deliver it in the morning. I'm sure we'll have enough `till then." Brian's words were calm and rational, but inside, he was fucking ready to explode.

Looking once again over at Justin, then back to his son, Jack snarled then stomped off without another word, leaving his son dazed and embarrassed.

"Brian," Justin whispered, his hand moving to his lover's arm supportively.

Rolling up the window, Brian's head tipped back against the seat and he closed his eyes. "I…I just don't get it. I mean, what the hell did I ever do to piss God, or whatever higher power there is, OFF enough to stick me with that piece of shit and a mother who's not much better?" Opening his eyes, he turned his head to look at his boyfriend, tears of frustration stinging his eyes and he asked, "Tell me…please…what the fuck did I do?"

Justin's heart broke from the desperation so clear in Brian's voice. He didn't say anything because…well…what was there to say? He had no answer. All he could do was be there for the man that he loved and give him support. "Bri, I wish I could make it all go away. Every fucking bad thing and horrible moment that you've ever suffered through because of them, but I can't. All I can do is make it better from now on. And hope that it's enough. That I'm enough."

Reaching his hand up to wipe away the stray tears that spilled over onto Brian's cheeks, Justin leaned forward, his forehead resting against Brian's in a show of support and unconditional love.

"Justin, you do make it better and you are enough. You're all I need. Just you and the rest…they can just go fuck themselves." He tried to sound strong, but his words were soft and slow…and straight from his heart.

The rest of the evening went by in a blur of gentle caresses, meaningful gazes and whispered words of love.

They needed each other so desperately, and locked away inside the Taylor home…upstairs in Justin's room…they held onto each other tightly…knowing that they'd never, ever, let go.

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When Brian got to New York, he immediately called Justin to let him know that he'd arrived safely after the long drive. He couldn't hide the sadness in his voice, but smiled, hearing the trust and pride beam through the line as Justin reassured him the he was there to pick where THEY were going to live.

Brian laughed and told him that he'd do his best and choose someplace that would suit their needs.

He grinned and shook his head when Justin reminded him that the only NEED that he should be concerned with was that it had a big enough bed and a tub large enough for two. "Always thinking with the little head instead of the big one," he teased.

"Hey, 1500 on my SATs had to have come from a combined effort. You don't think that I got that high all by myself, did you?" Justin answered, his own laughter barely contained.

"No, I guess not. But, then, how do you explain MY score…"

Justin jumped up off the bed in his room and started in warningly. "Brian, stop doing that. If you're NOT going to tell me what you got on your scores, don't tease me."

Laughing, knowing that the mere mention of his SAT scores always got Justin going, he looked at the clock on the bedside table and told his lover, sadly, that he'd better go and would call him later. He knew he had some papers to go over before he met with the scholarship people in the morning and he wanted to be prepared.

Hanging up, Brian sat down on the bed and smiled as he looked down at his fingers, absently playing across the cowry shell bracelet on his right wrist. Justin's bracelet, but temporarily now, his.

At first, when he'd seen Justin untying the leather straps, he was stunned. "What the hell are you doing?"

Looking up, Justin smiled and continued to unfasten the bracelet as he spoke. "Brian, I know it's silly. I mean, you'll only be gone a couple of days, but I need you to kind of take me with you. I want you to wear this, so I'll always be there."

Brian felt his lover take his right hand and place it in his lap and wrap the warm leather and shell bracelet around his wrist. He smiled, meeting Justin's eyes and understood. Once on, the blond raised Brian's hand and kissed his palm, then wrist, then placed the hand over his rapidly beating heart, letting him know that he was taking a piece of that with him too.

And every so often, since Justin had tied the piece of himself onto Brian's wrist, he couldn't help it as his fingers drifted to the spot, touching the smooth and jagged shells and the soft, strong leather straps and be reminded of the best thing in the world that was waiting for him at home.

Hearing the phone ring instantly brought Brian out of his fog and he reached for it, smiling, wondering if his baby missed him that much already.

"Hey…" Brian began, only to be immediately stopped as the smile faded from his lips when he heard the caller's voice.

"Brian, hi, it's me, Lindsay."

`Oh, shit.'

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Brian was pacing. He knew it wasn't a good idea, but he didn't know what else to do.

"How the fuck…why'd she…arrghhhhh."

He couldn't even seem to form a coherent thought.

He knew he should have said no, but he was worried that his father might find out and then what?

No, he had no choice. He NEVER had a choice when Jack was involved.

He scowled.

Why the fuck did his old man always have to meddle in his life? He should never have told him where he was going. But, he did, and it came back and bit him in the ass.

Payback, that's what it was. It was payback from Jack for the whole incident with Granger's. He knew it. That bastard!

Shaking his head, he recalled the conversation on the phone between himself and Lindsay…

"Lindsay, how'd you know I was here and how did you get the number?"

"Oh, your father told my uncle that you were coming, and where you'd be and the rest was easy. I just called the temporary dorm housing clerk and he gave me the number."

The woman's cheerfulness was making him cringe.

"Uh, so, why'd you call?" Brian knew he wasn't being very polite, but he really didn't care. Was the woman EVER going to get a clue?

"Well, I was hoping that we could get together while you're here. Your father said that you'd wanted to see me again, so, I decided to call and see when you were free."

`My fucking father. That conniving son of a bitch. He'd say anything if it guaranteed him a break, no matter what the outcome does to me,' he thought, but what came out of his mouth even startled him…"Uh, sure…sure, I guess so." His head instantly fell into his hands, almost trying to hide from the horrible mistake that he'd just made.

"Great, well, how about right now. Or, are you busy? I know that you're probably going to be on the go all day tomorrow, so we don't have to make it a late night."

Brian was silent. His mind was screaming…NOOOO…but his voice finally kicked in and he said, "Yeah, fine."

"Oh, that's wonderful. How about I come pick you up. I'm sure you don't really know your way around yet, so, um, let's say in an hour or so?" Lindsay couldn't contain her excitement.

"Great, see you then."

"Good, oh, what room number?" she quickly added.

"I can meet you downstairs."

"No…no, I'll come up. I, uh, well, that way you won't have to wait around for me. What if I'm late?" Lindsay knew she needed to try to control the situation if things were going to go like she'd planned, and getting up to Brian's room was a major part of that plan.

"Okay, no problem, it's room 215, at the end of the hall."

"Okay, well, I'll see you in about an hour, then."

"Yeah, see you."

Brian hung up the phone and wanted to rip it out of the wall and hurl it across the room. "God, I'm so fucking pathetic!" he shouted, forgetting for a moment where he was and hoping that no one had heard him. He fell back on the bed, throwing his arm over his eyes and wondered, for the umpteenth time just how the hell his father always seemed to win.

So there he was, a little over an hour later, sitting on the bed, waiting for his `date' to arrive.

He heard a knock at the door and, taking a deep breath, opened it to find a very cheerful Lindsay on the other side.

"Hey."

"Hi, Brian. God, it's so good to see you. You look great."

Brian looked down at himself. Okay, he tried hard and thought that he pretty much always looked terrific, but right then, all he was wearing was a pair of old jeans and a white t-shirt, and Lindsay seemed to be literally drooling over him. He shrugged and just smiled then said, "Well, I guess we'd better get going…"

"Wait, what's the rush? Why don't we catch up a while?" And with that, Lindsay passed by Brian, purposely brushing up against him as she did. "Come over and sit with me."

Brian closed the door and looked to the bed where Lindsay sat, patting the spot next to her. `Uh, bad…bad idea,' he thought and took a seat in the chair next to the bed, not missing the way the woman's smile faltered.

"So, uh, what's been going on in your life since the last time I saw you?" the woman started, desperately wanting to bring Brian out of his shell. She slid forward on the bed, placing her hand on his knee and smiling up at him.

`This isn't good.' Forcing a smile, Brian said, "Nothing much. Just the same old stuff…and you?"

"Oh, I've been getting ready for school…much to my parent's dismay, things have changed and I'm no longer…"

But as she spoke, her fingers seemed to be moving upward along Brian's thigh and her body seemed to be edging forward, further off the bed and closer to the chair that Brian sat on…and then…

"Lindsay, what the fuck are you doing?" Brian shouted, pushing the woman off of him as he stood up, watching as she bounced back on the bed.

"Come on, Brian. Don't act so innocent. I know you want me just as much as I want you. It's obvious that you're attracted to me, just like I'm attracted to you."

Brian stood in the middle of the poorly lit, less than stellar dorm room, staring in disbelief at the woman who just wouldn't go away. He knew what he wanted to say, but if his father found out…fuck…he'd never make it to September, let alone two minutes after he walked in the front door of the house. So instead, he said, "Look, I…I'm not interested."

"Why not?" Lindsay felt angry and disappointed and she didn't understand why Brian kept pushing her away. He had to feel the same way she did…he just had to. "Am I not pretty enough?" she pouted. She knew that she was beautiful. She'd been told it her whole life. She just wanted to make Brian tell her himself.

"No, I think you're very pretty," he replied awkwardly. `Shit!'

Taking that as encouragement, Lindsay stood up and threw herself at Brian, bringing her lips down on his with a vengeance. `I'll show him what he needs,' she thought, but…

"No, Lindsay, I said no," Brian gasped, again, pushing the woman off of him. He so badly wanted to spit or wipe his mouth on his sleeve, but he thought that it probably wasn't polite.

Maybe when she left.

Slumping down into the vacant chair, Lindsay frowned, not sure what to do anymore.

But Brian didn't give her a choice.

"I think you should leave. Let's just forget it ever happened."

"What?" the woman demanded. That's not what she wanted at all.

"Please, go."

Stunned, unable to speak, Lindsay shook her head and without any other options she got up, opened the door, looked back at Brian, her tear filled eyes seeking some sort of sign to stay, and when she received none, she left, slamming the door behind her.

Instantly, Brian fell onto the bed, burying his face into the pillow and wondering what the hell had just happened and if his life could possibly get any more screwed up then it already was.

He didn't think that it could.

Small Town

Part 40

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"Hey, baby."

"Bri, I was just thinking about you. God, wha-what time is it?" Justin asked groggily.

Brian looked over at the alarm clock and realized that it was pretty fucking late. He winced as a loud yawn bombarded his eardrum and said, "Sorry, I didn't think, I just called. It's late, I'll let you go."

"No…no…I'm…I'm up now. So, did you get everything in order for tomorrow?"

"Yeah, I'm all set."

"Brian, is everything okay?"

Brian smiled at his lover's ability to read him, even thousands of miles away. The only thing was, that without being able to see the man's comforting blue eyes, he didn't feel so confident in saying what needed to be said.

"Bri?"

Taking a deep breath, Brian's fingers ran gently over the cowry shell bracelet on his wrist and he smiled, hoping that his boyfriend wouldn't jump to conclusions and freak out. He crossed his fingers and said, "Uh, well, I kinda had a little, um, problem tonight."

Instantly Justin sat upright in his bed, his eyes wide open and his heart pounding in his chest. "What happened? God, are you alright? Did…did someone try to hurt you? Did…"

"Justin, calm down. Fuck, I think that the term drama queen was coined just for you," Brian said with a laugh.

"Brian," the younger man said rather sternly. "You call me in the middle of the fucking night and tell me that you had a problem. What the hell do you expect me to think? That a fucking bowl of daisies landed on your favorite pair of pants and you just rang me up to share the news?"

Even though he knew that Justin was pissed, Brian couldn't help but laugh at the man's rather over-the-top antics. But not wanting to encourage the little rant, he decided to just tell him what happened. At least that way Justin's performance would be somewhat justified.

"Okay, I'm gonna come right out and say it. But, Justin, I want you to listen before you speak. Alright? Will you do that for me?"

"Yes, Brian, yes…now get the fuck on with it." Justin's mind was forming all sorts of scenarios and he hoped that Brian's confession didn't even come close to any of them.

"I saw Lindsay tonight."

"WHAT?!"

"Justin, your parents…you're gonna wake the whole fucking neighborhood up."

"Sorry, but what the fuck do you mean you saw Lindsay? How the hell did that little bitch find out you were even there? And what the hell was she doing…was she all over you as usual? God, I bet she didn't even…"

But before Justin could work himself up any further, Brian stepped in. "Baby…baby, calm down. Nothing happened. Well, okay, so maybe something happened, but I didn't let it get far…well, not too far…it just…uh…when her hand…and her lips…"

"WHAT?!"

"Baby, your parents," Brian reminded his irate lover.

Justin took a deep breath and slowly released it, then whispered, "What exactly do you mean when her hand and her lips, Brian?"

"Well, she was in my room…"

"What the hell was she doing in your room?"

Brian heard the anger bubbling below the surface of Justin's words and he smiled. Not happy that he'd made his lover upset, but thrilled that the man was, well, jealous. He decided to try to put him out of his misery.

"She called me up, found out I was here from her uncle, who of course found out from dear old Jack." Brian couldn't see it, but he was sure that Justin was nodding along with the information. When he didn't hear any outraged comments, he continued. "So, she came over to pick me up…and Justin, I swear, I didn't want to go with her, it's just that…well, if Jack found out that I'd refused, well…"

But Brian didn't have to say anything else. Justin understood.

"What happened then?" Justin asked, his voice even and calm.

"She…she was coming on to me, but I shot her down and asked her to leave."

"You did?"

"Why do you sound so surprised? Do you think that I have some kind of interest in her?" Brian knew he was being childish, but he couldn't help but feel like maybe Justin didn't completely trust him.

"No, God, no, Brian. Of course not. I know you don't like Lindsay, well, not THAT way, fuck, probably not any way, it's just that I hate the idea of her being anywhere near you. Especially if I'm not around to save your precious virtue."

Brian smiled and he knew by the sound of his lover's voice that he was smiling too. He was glad that Justin decided to leave the whole Lindsay thing alone…at least for the time being.

"I hate it when you're not around too, baby. So fucking much."

Brian's voice was soft and sweet and so genuine that Justin felt his heart clench in response.

"I have a surprise for you when you get back."

"You do? What? Tell me."

Justin laughed softly, and replied, "Nope, you're gonna have to wait."

"Aw, no fair. Gimme a hint. Come on, just a small one."

The blond thought about it for a second then relented and said, "Okay, but just one…"

"Alright, give it up."

Thinking of a good one, but wanting to make sure that there was no way that Brian would be able to guess what the surprise actually was, he divulged, "It's something that's gonna be good for you and me both."

Brian was silent. His eyebrows furrowed as he thought of a million things that the vague clue could pertain to. "Shit, that's not a clue. A clue's supposed to bring you closer to the answer…and I have not one fucking idea from that. Well, I have a lot of ideas of just what could be good for you and me both, way too many to mention, actually."

Justin laughed and replied, "Well, then I guess you'll just have to wait until you get back to see if any one of those ideas is the right one."

Brian shook his head at his way too cocky lover and said, "I miss you."

"I miss you, too" the blond purred.

"I'll be home late tomorrow night and I'll call you first thing when I get in."

Nodding, Justin whispered, "Okay," his voice becoming weary as his fatigue settled over him again.

"I'll let you get some sleep and I guess I should try to get some too."

"Yeah, good idea…good luck tomorrow, Bri…call me…goodnight."

"Goodnight, baby. Sweet dreams."

Yawning loudly, his voice barely above a whisper, Justin said, "You too, Bri…"

And the line went dead.

Brian shut off his cell phone, placing it on top of the nightstand and pulled the cover up around his shoulders…images of a very naked and very eager to have him return home Justin dancing in his head as he nodded off to sleep.

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"Mmm, I was just drifting off, and I was thinking about you and me and that first night we spent together. God, and then…Brian?!"

Brian laughed and tightened his arms around his lover as the man became fully awake.

Turning around in the embrace, Justin faced Brian and said, "I thought I was dreaming. How come you're here? I thought you weren't gonna be back until really late."

"I got out earlier than I thought I would, so I drove non-stop and came right here. I needed to see you. I couldn't wait another fucking minute to feel you in my arms.

"Brian," the younger man purred.

"Ahhhh, baby…what you do to me."

Their lips met, first soft and sweet then firm and fierce as the intensity grew, sparking the flames that always burned so brightly when the two men were together.

Pulling away, Justin sighed and Brian grinned and asked, "So, where's my surprise?"

Shaking his head to clear the lustful fog long enough so he could think, Justin smiled and said, "You want to see it right now?"

"Oh yeah, right now."

"Okay, move back a little."

Brian was puzzled, but released his grip on his man and shifted back on the bed, putting some space between them.

"Here it is," Justin answered huskily as he lay flat on his back, putting himself on display.

"Hmm, that's not exactly what I was expecting, but I'll take it," the brunet said with a sly grin, shifting forward to hover over his smiling lover.

"I hope I didn't disappoint you," Justin replied with a mock frown.

"Never."

"Good, but there is more to this surprise then just, well, ME."

Brian raised his eyebrow curiously.

Wordlessly, Justin pulled the sheet that was covering him down, exposing his chest and belly.

Brian's eyes cast downwards, enjoying the newly revealed sight then gasped as his eyes came upon something…his surprise. "Holy shit, baby."

"Like it?" the blond asked hesitantly. He thought it was sexy and hoped that the other man agreed.

Looking back up at his lover, Brian smiled wickedly, his eyes shifting to a deep-green as they clouded over with lust. "Mmmm, I think it's perfect," he answered, his voice dripping with desire.

Smiling, Justin's tongue darted out and licked his full lips teasingly, loving the low rumble that escaped from Brian's throat as he watched.

"Does it hurt?"

Hearing the worry in his boyfriend's voice, Justin's hand came up and gently caressed the side of his face as he replied with a grin, "A little, but I like it."

Shaking his head and smiling, Brian couldn't believe how brazen the man had become. Or had he always been that way? He wasn't sure. All he knew was that as he looked back down at his lover's pierced tit, he felt his cock jump and swell and he knew that he definitely was going to enjoy his surprise.

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As their breathing finally evened out and their heaving chests relaxed, Brian rolled onto his side and draped his arm across Justin's chest. His eyes instantly located the little silver hoop that caught the light as it bounced off the outside streetlamp and he smiled.

"Where'd you get it done?"

Justin's eyes opened and he followed Brian's gaze down to his chest. He was right. Brian did like it and he was sure that as soon as it healed, they were both gonna get a lot of pleasure from it.

"I went to Liberty Avenue. There's a tattoo and piercing parlor there."

"You went all that way by yourself…and how'd you get there?"

Shaking his head, Justin answered, "No, I borrowed my mom's car and Daphne went with me." He laughed and said, "I had to talk her out of tattooing a large freaking butterfly across her ass. I mean, first of all, hello, how about something a little more original than that. And secondly, what'll happen when she's old…like forty…and her ass is all saggy and shit…and the butterfly wings look like they're flapping in the wind. No, she should thank me for saving her ass…literally. I mean if I would've got one, it would have been something bold, something that made a statement."

Brian couldn't help but chuckle at the thought of delicate little Daphne with a big old butterfly on her ass.

"Shit, so it was a toss up between a tattoo and that?" Brian asked, not sure exactly WHAT his reaction would've been if the man had marred his beautiful skin with a tattoo.

"Uh, yeah, I guess so. I just wanted something…you know…now that I'm eighteen. Something to prove that I run my life, not my parents."

Brian understood. He wasn't sure that a piece of metal through the tit was proof of that…but he did understand. And then he smiled, eyeing it, because he definitely benefited from his lover's little stand…oh, yeah…definitely.

"Oh, hey, I almost forgot. I found this great little apartment. It's pretty small, but it has these amazing windows…floor to ceiling, all through the living room, so the light will be excellent for you. And there's a space where a table could go that will be perfect for your easel. "

"God, that sounds so great."

"Wait, I haven't told you the best part. It seems the guy that lived there before was on the basketball team…6 foot 7…he was a fucking giant, lucky for us, because the bed's huge…king size. And in the bathroom, there's an old claw foot tub that looks just about the right size for both of us."

Justin's beaming smile and sparkling eyes let Brian know just how thrilled the man was and he had no doubts that when they got to New York, thing would be perfect.