The Offer Still Stands…

by Sevenwildwaysup

Summary

Brian contemplates his life without Justin, and makes some changes along the way…

Notes

I write almost exclusively in an Alternate Universe…

No Apologies, No Excuses, No Regrets…

See the end of the work for more notes
~ Path to Enlightenment…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 3543
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

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Chapter 1 ~ Path to Enlightenment…

Michael’s POV

Michael wakes from a restless sleep; he hasn’t been able to sleep well since he and Brian had their blowout fight, severing all pretense of their friendship. He hates that Brian has called him on all his bullshit and that he really has turned into a Stepford wife. He’s angry that he never got a chance with Brian; yes, he loves Ben but he’ll never love him the way he does Brian. He can’t help it but he still holds some hope for a meaningful lasting relationship. Maybe later when Brian has finally grown up and Ben’s, well, Ben’s no longer here. He truly believes that Brian will be ready then and realize that he’s always been in love with him.

He can’t help the scenario that keeps playing out in his head. He’s memorized this situation so many times in such detail for so long, it’s like it’s his destiny. He hates that Justin slipped in under the wire but now that Justin’s staying with them while he’s looking for a place of his own, he thinks that maybe this time he can help keep them apart. That Justin has finally had enough and he’s ready to let Brian go, finally realizing that Brian is no good for him and that he’ll never change. That brings a smile to Michael’s face as he daydreams about a future he’ll never have.

Justin’s POV

Justin’s also restless. He isn’t used to sleeping alone and the thought of bringing home a trick just shakes him to his core. He knows what he wants and he just kicks himself for pushing Brian too hard. After all, he knows who Brian is and it’s not like he really wanted a relationship like Ben and Michael’s. No, that almost makes him sick, seeing how they seem to have molded themselves into some kind of suburban hetero lifestyle, talking about flower bulbs and speed bumps.

All he ever wanted was for Brian to show him some kind of commitment, letting him know that he’s special and not like all the other tricks. But now that he’s lying here alone in a strange bed, he realizes that Brian did try and show him how much he loved him. After all, he asked him to move back in with him and he knows how hard that was for him, but of course he had already decided to go to California and try his hand in the movies. It brings tears to his eyes, knowing that Brian was finally ready to really try, and he just shot him down and left town.

He should have realized how much that would damage Brian. It’s so hard for him to show his affection and then he turned Brian down for a job offer, one that didn’t pan out after all. He should
have known better than to think that he could just move back here and pick up where they left off. He could see the fear in Brian’s eyes when he asked him, just for that slight moment before his shield was firmly back in place. He acted like it didn’t mean anything at all once he told him about Brett’s offer. Brian acted like he’d just asked him to dinner and he had already eaten.

No big deal and he even encouraged Justin to go. ‘Chance of a lifetime’, he recalls Brian saying. Promising him that they’d still be friends, and that’s what he came back to… Friends… He didn’t realize that he was going to have to work so hard to regain Brian’s trust. This wasn’t the first time he had walked out on Brian just as he was starting to open up his feelings to him. He feels like such a fool now looking back on it. How could he not have seen that Brian was changing and he really needed him? After all, he was still recovering from his cancer scare and he’d also had a broken collarbone.

Now he feels so all alone and every time he sees Brian at the diner or walking down the street he can’t help but wish that things had played out differently, that he hadn’t pushed so hard. Maybe if he had just let them grow back together over time instead of acting like a jealous schoolgirl. He knew that all those tricks didn’t mean anything. With his foolish pride he thought he could have it all without having to pay his dues. He slowly drifts off to sleep thinking about how stupid he’d been acting and wondering how his future will turn out.

Brian’s POV

He sits in the dark drinking several fingers of Jack Daniels, looking at the clock. It’s almost three o’clock in the morning and he can’t help imagining Justin coming through the door just under the wire. He wonders who he’s sleeping with tonight; if he’s already searching for Mr. Perfect who’s attentive and romantic and knows just the right things to say to make Justin smile that bright sunshine smile. He remembers how he used to be able to light up his face with the smallest of gestures. It seemed so simple then because Justin didn’t expect anything from him but now it’s like everything he does is wrong and he can’t get anything right.

His throat is tight and the whisky burns going down. He can’t help the tears that are forming in the corners of his eyes but he’ll be damned if he’s going to cry.

“Why did he even come back? He knows who I am… Did he really think he could change me?”

His mind drifts to another conversation.

“Don’t we all know it…”

He’s still staring at the loft door, still wishing it would slide open: wishing he had just said something: anything that night Justin walked out. But he was too angry, angry that Justin couldn’t seem to read him anymore: angry that he wasn’t enough: angry that he was never going to be enough.
What did he want from me? Who did he see when he looked into my eyes? He closes his eyes and the next image that fills his mind is that of a young Justin swaying to an old ridiculously romantic song in a parking garage.

It was so simple then, those few moments with just the two of them. It was like the rest of the world had stopped and they were finally on the same page. It wasn’t hard for him to breathe and for once he could finally open himself up to the one person who truly loved him. That’s the only time he can say that he was totally happy and sure of himself, then it was all gone with the swing of a bat. He was so shaken to his core with the realization that it could be all over in a matter of moments. Yes, he’s angry that Justin can’t remember and he can’t help wondering what might have been.

He pours another drink and rolls a joint… pain management, it’s all he has left. He’s finally lost the two people that mean the most to him and he doesn’t know how to get them back. He’s restless and can’t stand being in the loft at this time of night. He’s so alone and everywhere he looks he sees remnants of Justin, of what could have been.

He’s drunk and he knows he shouldn’t drive, but he does anyway. It’s cold outside but he puts the top down on the corvette anyway, he likes the cool breeze blowing through his hair. He drives out on some country road, speeding at twice the speed limit, tempting danger, willing this feeling of despair to take him to another place. The road changes from blacktop to gravel and the car spins and sways out of control. He knows that he’s going to crash and he looks forward to finally ending all this pain. He doesn’t even try to brake or steer the car for control as it twists and rolls over and over and over.

And then it’s quiet and the only sound that he hears is his heart beating out of control and the blood seeping from his veins. His life flashes before his eyes in short segments - his father yelling and hitting him: his mother praying for him while cursing him for being an abomination: Michael pining for him, never understanding that he could never love him the way he wants. Then he sees Gus looking up at him as he holds him the night he was born and Justin and him dancing, practically floating around that ballroom with his beautiful smile, so open and inviting he feels loved for the first time in his life. He so desperately wants to hold on to that feeling but everything goes blank.

He awakes and he’s cold, so very cold and he doesn’t know where he is. He’s lying in tall grass looking up at the sky. He can’t move and everything feels surreal. He has no idea what time it is but it’s still dark and he’s frightened. He’s finally conscious that he’s hurt. He lifts his hand and sees blood everywhere but his mind flashes to a white silk scarf and him holding Justin as he waits for the ambulance. But there’s no ambulance coming for him as he lays waiting, taking his final breaths.

There are so many things he wants to do. So many things he needs to say. He lays there making lists in his mind of what he would do if he had another chance. Fuck no apologies, no regrets, he has so many… He would swallow his foolish pride. He’d finally stop running from love and go after Justin and tell him how he really feels even if it is too late and he still walks away. At least he would have told him and Justin wouldn’t have to always wonder…

His breathing is becoming rapid and he thinks he hears something rustling in the tall grass. He closes his eyes, imagining some wild animal coming to feast on his bloody carcass. He holds his breath as the sound gets closer until he sees a shadow standing over him. It’s a farmer from down the road, with a blanket who covers him up. He starts to panic as he feels the cotton covering his face and wonders if he’s really dead. This can’t be it. He has so many things he needs to do before he dies but then he’s calm as his mind drifts into oblivion.
He’s sweating profusely as he bolts straight up and looks around, the adrenaline still coursing through his veins and his breathing erratic. He tries to calm himself as he looks around the loft realizing that he passed out on the sofa. He still can’t shake the eerie feeling and he knows there’s only one thing he can do.

Justin’s POV

It’s in the early morning hours that Justin has finally fallen asleep but he keeps having nightmares and can’t shake the ghostly feeling he has of Brian calling out to him. As he becomes more conscious he hears it again - a slight pinging. He finally sits up and stares at the window, listening, and then it starts again. Something is hitting the window and it sounds like hail; he stands and walks over to the window, looking out. He can’t help smiling as he looks down on Brian. It reminds him of when he lived with Debbie and Brian would sometimes come over in the middle of the night, waking him up by throwing pebbles against his window.

They both try not to make any noise as Brian creeps up the stairs to Justin’s room. Once inside neither one can keep their hands off each other; they kiss passionately, running their fingers through each other’s hair. Finally they pull back from each other and Justin asks, “What are you doing here?”

Brian looks at him and says, “I realize that there’s so much I need to say to you, so much I left unsaid.”

Justin just looks deeply into his hazel eyes searching for answers; he finally lowers his gaze to the bag Brian set down on the dresser. He notices it’s from his favorite bakery and looks back up at Brian with a puzzled expression. He takes the bags and looks inside seeing his favorite pastries - chocolate croissants, custard-filled doughnuts and apple fritters. Brian just smiles and says, “I was driving by and they had just opened, so I figured I’d bribe you with lattes and doughnuts.”

Justin hands Brian his coffee and takes a doughnut from the bag, moaning as he tastes the sweet cream filling. Brian leans in and licks the chocolate from the corner of his mouth. They sit on the bed and Brian starts out with, “I was so fucking scared. I had this dream and it seemed so real… I realized that I didn’t want to waste one more day without you. I’ve made so many mistakes, said so many things… I’m so sorry. I never meant to hurt you this bad. The thing is I really do love you” His voice is just a whisper and he looks so frightened like he thinks Justin is going to reject him. Justin is slightly shocked. He never thought that he’d hear the Great Brian Kinney apologize, let alone admit that he loved him. Justin looks up at him, questioning his confession, wondering what he’s really trying to say.

Brian says, “I want you to come home. I want to try… I can’t promise that I won’t make mistakes, but I want to at least try before you give up on me totally.”

“Brian, are you sure? Because I don’t want you to do this unless you really mean it. I just can’t go back to the way things were. I need to know that you’re committed. That you’ll talk to me when you get stressed, that you won’t just put up your walls and close me off. I can’t live like that anymore. I need you to respect my feelings, not to flaunt all your tricks in front of me. To at least be considerate enough to show me the courtesy of not having to come home to you fucking some guy in our bed.”

Brian just looks down, shakes his head and says, “You know they never meant anything to me… It’s always been you, just you… I’ll never love anyone but you.”

Justin snickers and smiles, and then says, “Good, you’d better not…”
Brian smiles a little nervously as he reaches for Justin, pulling him closer by his tee shirt. They stare into each other’s eyes, reading each other’s thoughts. Justin runs his hand across Brian’s shoulder bringing his hand behind Brian’s neck as they kiss each other. At first it’s gentle but the passion grows as they duel for dominance with their tongues. Soon they’re moaning into each other’s mouths as Brian pushes them down onto the bed. They both struggle with each other’s clothes until they’re both naked and writhing, lying across the bed.

Brian fumbles with his pants pocket as he reaches for a condom and lube. Justin arches his back as Brian’s fingers work him open, and he soon penetrates him in one long smooth thrust. It’s isn’t long before they’re both panting as Brian drives deep into him, bringing them both to climax way too soon. But neither one of them could last long as they’re both overcome with emotion. Brian holds Justin close as he rides out the last of his orgasm. It takes them several moments to finally hear Michael screaming, “What the fuck is going on in here!”

They both look startled as Michael continues, “Get the fuck off him. What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

Bens finally appears next to Michael saying, “Calm down, Michael and give them some privacy.”

“The fuck I will! Get up! Get off him, he doesn’t love you anymore. It’s over! There’s no way his going to fall for your manipulations anymore, so get out of here, Brian. He’s through with you! He knows better than to believe that you care about anyone but yourself!”

Ben reaches out to try and pull Michael out of the room, but Michael’s having none of it. “I said, leave! Tell him, Justin, tell him! He means nothing to you anymore… say it…”

Justin just stares at Michael like he’s some kind of wild man with a completely puzzled look on his face; he finally finds his voice and tells Brian that maybe he should leave. Michael needs some time to calm down, otherwise he’s going to have a aneurism or a heart attack.

Brian slowly gets up and dresses. As he starts down the stairs he looks back over his shoulder at Michael, Justin and Ben. He wishes Justin would come with him; he can’t understand why he’s still just sitting on the bed, staring at Michael. He can’t understand why Michael’s freaking out. It’s not like Michael doesn’t know that he’s in love with Justin.

They hear the front door slam which startles them back into action. Michael starts again, “What’s wrong with you? How could let him in here knowing that he’s never really loved you. That you’ll always just be a trick to him. The only thing he loves is his dick. I can’t believe you would fall for all his bullshit again. He’s never going to love you the way you want him to. And how dare you bring him into my house knowing how we feel about each other now?”

Ben patiently asks. “And how is that, Michael? Because you’re acting like a jealous housewife, like Brian cheated on you.”

Michael stammers, “They’re not supposed to get back together. Justin is supposed to move on, finally letting Brian go. Brian was meant to come to me, need me. I’m the one he comes to. I’m to one he needs, the one he loves, not him.”

Ben frowns. “Really? Because I thought you were my husband?”

Michael looks confused and then he finally says, “Yeah, I know. I meant later… Brian always said that we’d be a couple of queens living together in Palm Springs, growing old. He tells me all the time that he loves me, always has, always will. I’m the one he loves, don’t you see? I’m the one he kisses without hesitating. I’m the only one he really wants.”
Ben’s had enough of this tirade and it isn’t until they hear the bathroom door slam and the water start that Michael even realizes that he’s gone. Justin is still staring, unable to comprehend what he’s just heard. Michael seems completely insane, his confession so unreal. He knows that Brian loves Michael like a brother and he also knows that Brian could never love Michael the way he loves him. He’s almost afraid to move, afraid that he’ll startle Michael and he might become violent.

Michael finally looks back at Justin and says, “I’ll start the coffee and bring the paper in. I know you want to start looking for a place of your own and you don’t have to worry about Brian, I’ll never tell him where you are. This way you can get a fresh start.”

Michael closes the door on the way out and Justin finally lets go of the breath he’s been holding. He’s slightly panicked as he starts throwing all his possessions into his duffel and messenger bags. He wants to leave here as soon as possible. He doesn’t want to be here alone with Michael, afraid of what he might be capable of. He fishes into his pants pocket and grabs his cell phone pressing #1 to call Brian; he asks him if he can come back and pick him up. Brian just chuckles and says, “I’m already here, down the block a couple of houses. So hurry up and get your sweet ass down here.”

Michael clamors around in the kitchen as Justin runs down the stairway and out the front door, unnoticed. He can’t wait to get away and he’s so relieved that Brian is already walking towards him, taking his bags out of his hands as Justin flings himself into Brian’s arms kissing his neck and face. He finally catches his breath, unaware that he’s been shaking with fear. He looks up into Brian’s eyes and says, “I’d like to take you up on your offer, if the offer still stands.”

Brian pulls him in close and tight, pressing his groin into Justin’s stomach, saying, “still stands,” as Justin feels his erection poking his belly. Justin grins from ear to ear as he leans into Brian, knowing that everything is going to be alright.

TBC...
~ The More Things Change the More They Stay the Same…

Chapter Summary

Brian and Justin look towards their future….

Chapter Notes

I wasn’t originally going to continue this story, but I had several request out on Midnight Whispers so I decided to give it a shot…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 3369
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Brian and Justin look towards their future…

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Chapter 2 ~ The More Things Change the More They Stay the Same…

It’s very early in the morning and Brian and Justin are leaning against the Corvette, passionately making out. They’re still just a few houses down from Ben and Michael’s. It’s cold and windy outside and just starting to rain. They pull apart from each other as they hear Michael calling after Ben, “Don’t you want any breakfast? The coffee is almost done…”

“Go back inside, Michael and consider who it is you really want in your life. I’m going to work out then to teach my class.”

Michael just stands there, stunned; he really can’t understand why Ben is so upset. He never said he didn’t love Ben, he was just thinking about his future. Of course he and Brian would eventually be together. After all that’s what they had planned for so long. He is sure that’s what they both want.

Brian pulls Justin in tight to his chest and shivers just a little bit, somewhat from the weather but mostly because of witnessing the exchange between Michael and Ben. He can’t help thinking that this was his fault entirely. After all, if he had only been adamant with Michael instead of not saying anything about Michael’s pining over him, maybe they wouldn’t be in this present situation.

Justin nudges Brian and they both get in the car; Justin can’t help thinking that they’ve entered the
Twilight Zone. He looks over at Brian and asks, “Is it just me or has Michael gone temporarily insane?”

Brian shakes his head and says, “I think he’s gone off the deep end. I really can’t believe all that shit he’s been sprouting.”

Brian starts the car and they drive in silence back to Liberty Avenue. As they get closer Justin asks if they can stop at the store; he’s starving and knows that Brian won’t have any food at his place. Brian rolls his eyes as they stop into one of those all-night grocery stores. Justin leaves Brian searching for his favorite extra strong coffee beans while he loads the cart up with bacon, eggs, cheese, orange juice and sourdough bread.

Brian notices that he’s being cruised by a couple of hot guys as he makes his way towards the check-out. He smiles at first and then remembers he just promised Justin he would be more attentive and he doesn’t want another Zucchini Man episode. Justin watches with a skeptical eye as Brian gives them the not-interested glare, and he’s relieved for the moment, thinking maybe Brian really does want to work things out.

Once they’re back at the loft Justin is busy frying bacon as Brian grinds his precious coffee beans, knowing that he’s going to need them as they get ready for the big talk. The smell of just-brewed coffee is battling to take over the loft as Justin finishes making bacon and blue cheese omelets. Even though it’s filled with millions of calories Brian agrees to eat half the omelet that Justin has prepared.

“Those guys at the store were pretty hot. I was sure I was going to lose you there for a moment.”

Brian smirks, saying, “You can’t blame me for looking, but you know it’s you I want to be with.”

Justin pours more orange juice and smiles back at Brian. He says, “I’ve been thinking maybe I should go back to school and get my degree.”

Brian raises his eyebrows and asks what made him change his mind. Justin takes a deep breath and says, “Some asshole once told me that if I want to paint what I want, then I have to get a degree. If I want the money…”

“I see…”

“I’m going to need studio space so I don’t clutter up the loft.”

“How considerate of you but I’ve been thinking maybe we need a fresh start. Maybe we should get a place of our own and you could have the loft as your studio. After all it has great light and it’s convenient.”

Justin can’t help the huge grin that spreads across his face as he thrusts himself onto Brian’s lap and says, “Really? You’d do that? You’d let me have the loft for my studio?”

Brian brings his arms around Justin, holding him tight, whispering, “If it makes you this happy, then why not? Besides I think it’s time we got something bigger.”

Justin starts placing butterfly kisses all over Brian’s face, telling him how much he loves him. “Then you really mean it. You’re ready to try and make this work?”

Brian nuzzles his face into Justin’s hair, smelling his coconut shampoo, remembering how much he’s missed him. Slowly he stands and carries Justin over to the bed, laying him down and crawling on top of him. They’re both exhausted and wound up at the same time. It’s been a long
night and neither one of them has had much sleep. The two of them start kissing, becoming more emotional as they go. Justin whispers, “I’ve missed this so much. I was so sure we were finally through after overhearing you and Michael yelling at each other the other night.”

“Never. It will never be over between us. I’ve never felt this way about anyone before. Just promise me you’ll stop walking out on me. I really can’t take it anymore.”

“I promise.”

Brian leans up on his elbows and looks deeply into Justin eyes, reading the passion and lust through his hooded lids. He reaches over and starts unbuttoning Justin’s shirt, exposing his pale chest; he lowers his mouth and gently sucks on Justin’s taut nipple. The sensation elicits a deep moan as Justin arches his back into Brian’s touch. Brian takes advantage of the situation and pulls Justin’s shirt off, throwing it onto the floor as his tongue makes its way down his torso, stopping to lap and swirl around his belly button.

Justin runs his hands through Brian’s hair, ﬁsting it as he goes lower towards his now tented pants. Brian grazes his teeth over Justin’s erection through the soft cotton of his cargo pants. Justin can’t help but buck as the warmth from Brian’s mouth drives him crazy, squirming for relief. Brian slips his hand down the front of Justin’s pants, cupping him ﬁrst then stroking him, ﬁnally lowering the zipper to get more contact. Justin can’t help the pre-cum that’s leaking onto his trousers, creating a wet spot as he begs for more.

Brian whispers, “Have you been a good little boy?”

Justin’s mind and body goes into overload as he loves it when Brian plays with him, calling him his good little boy. Brian slowly pumps his member, asking what he wants. Justin’s breathing is becoming rapid as his head rolls back and forth on the pillow, writhing with desire. “You have to tell me, little boy, what is it you want the most?”

“You. I want you.”

“I know that. I want to know what you want me to do.”

Justin breath catches as he tries to speak. “I want you to rim me; I want to feel your warm wet tongue tease and fuck me.”

Brian runs his tongue back up his belly then rises to his knees and pulls Justin’s pants off, dropping them next to his shirt. He reaches back and pulls his socks off one at a time. Justin can’t help but buck as the warmth from Brian’s mouth drives him crazy, squirming for relief. Brian slips his hand down the front of Justin’s pants, cupping him ﬁrst then stroking him, ﬁnally lowering the zipper to get more contact. Justin can’t help the pre-cum that’s leaking onto his trousers, creating a wet spot as he begs for more.

A moan escapes Justin’s mouth as he feels Brian’s tongue dip and circle his hole. Justin pushes back into Brian’s touch, trying to get more contact, deeper contact with Brian’s beautiful mouth. Brian chuckles and gives Justin just what he wants, delving deeper into him. His tongue breaches his tight ring of muscle, lapping at the warm tissue, driving him crazy.

“Oh God. Yes, yes, yes!”

Justin’s in heaven as Brian works him open with his long tongue, penetrating him and licking him inside out. Brian brings him closer to orgasm with each and every stroke. Suddenly Brian stops and withdraws, leaving Justin wanton and dazed, longing for contact. But soon he hears the beautiful
sound of a condom wrapper ripping open, making him even more excited than he was to begin with.

Brian rolls the condom down his long shaft and aligns himself with Justin’s pucker, prepared to enter him with only the lubrication on the condom. He knows that this will sting Justin, but in a good way. Brian’s mind flashes back to their first night together.

“It hurts. Does it always hurt?”

“Yes, but that’s a part of it. Now relax. I want you to always remember this, so no matter who you’re with I’ll always be there…”

Brain shakes his head and smirks at the memory as he swiftly slips deep into Justin’s tight ravine until he’s fully penetrated. He waits for him to adjust then slowly starts rocking in and out of him, stimulating his senses. This makes him giddy with pleasure as his desire is heightened, bringing him closer and closer to climax. Brian can feel Justin’s muscles quiver and spasm as they clench his cock, pulling him into his own orgasm, sending tingling sensations throughout his body.

Brian rides out the last of his climax, holding onto Justin’s hips. He finally collapses with his forehead against the middle of Justin’s back.

“Aaa-mazing!”

After Brian finally gets his breathing under control he rolls off Justin and pulls him against his chest as he drifts off to the first sound sleep either of them has had in weeks.

The next couple of days the two of them spend almost all their time in bed, enjoying the pleasure of finally being back together and on the same page. They have only left the bed to answer the door for Thai food and pizza and to take the occasional shower to keep themselves from becoming too ripe. They also managed to call Jennifer so she could start searching for the perfect new home. They’re still sleeping after another round of world-class fucking when they hear someone banging on the loft door.

“Open up, you asshole! You ruined my son’s life.”

Brian sits up thinking, ‘What? What the fuck is she talking about?’

He answers the door, still in his birthday suit, undeterred by her yelling.

“What the fuck are you doing here, Deb?”

“You ruined my son’s life.”

“Again?”

Brian stands at the door, blocking her entrance to the loft, staring back at her. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Don’t play naive with me, mister… You know exactly what I’m talking about.”

“Really, Deb, I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“I’m talking about Ben… Did you know that Ben asked Michael to move out? Actually he didn’t really ask, he told him to leave.”

“What does this have to do with me?”
“You know damn well what this has to do with you. You constantly leading him on, letting him believe the he would actually have a chance of a future with you when you finally grew up. Making him believe that you actually cared, that you would take care of him, grow old with him. Always giving him that little bit of hope, that one day you would be his.”

“Deb, you can’t be serious?”

“No, but Michael is… He really expected that you would wait for him; that you two would one day move to Florida and grow old together.”

“God, Deb… I’m not responsible for his adolescent schoolboy crush.”

“Oh, yes you are! You never stopped letting him believe that you loved him. Always telling him that you did. Always have, always will… Aren’t those your words?”

“Deb, I never loved him as anything but a brother. You know that…”

“Yeah well… He’s moved back into my house. Did you know that Ben is the only name listed on their mortgage? That Michael couldn’t co-sign because his credit is so bad. Now he has no claim to that house.”

“Deb, I had no idea. Michael doesn’t discuss his personal finances with me except to ask for money when he’s broke. Did you know I’m the one that gave him his part of the down payment for the house?”

“Well, now he has nothing. What are you going to do about that? Did you know that his comic book store has never made a profit, that Ben has been supporting Michael, making his rent payments this whole time?”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Well, he’s probably going to lose the store now as well. What is he supposed to do for a living now?”

“I don’t know, Deb. Maybe it’s for the best. If the store has never made a profit I can’t see the sense in continuing to throw good money after bad.”

“That’s all you’re going to say? And did you know that when Michael called he had to leave a message for Justin asking about the next issue of Rage, and Justin had the nerve to send him an email that he was no longer interested in doing Rage. That he’s too busy. He’s going back to school, looking for a new house and getting his own studio space… I can’t believe how ungrateful that little shit is. After all I did for him.”

“Deb, you can’t blame Justin for Michael’s problems.”

“The hell I can’t. Rage was Michael’s baby… He created it. It was his.”

“No, Deb, it really wasn’t. Sure, Michael wrote the dialogue, but the first issue was Justin’s story, not something Michael created… It really happened to Justin and after all the things that Michael said to Justin you can’t blame him for wanting to dissolve their partnership. He said some really crazy and hurtful things.”

“Of course you’d take his side… I can’t believe you would turn your back on Michael just when he needs you the most!”
“Deb, it’s time Michael stood on his own two feet and figured out what it is he wants to do with his life.”

“So that’s it?”

“I don’t know what you want me to do, Deb?”

“Well, fuck you, Brian. Fuck you!”

With that Debbie turns around and storms down the stairs. Brian slams the loft door shut and pours himself a tall glass of whisky. Justin comes out from the bedroom and puts his arms around Brian as he stares out the living room windows, saying, “It’s not your fault…”

“Then why does it feel like it’s all my fault?”

Justin rubs small circles on Brian’s lower back, trying to comfort him as they both look out on this cold spring day. “I can’t believe what a mess everything is.”

“It’s not your mess, Brian. Michael brought this on himself. He’s the one that went ballistic the other night and couldn’t stop talking about his fantasy future with you that nobody knew he was fantasizing about.”

“I know, but I can’t help feeling like maybe Deb’s right - that I should have put an end to Michael’s delusional dreams of us a long time ago. I just didn’t want to hurt him and I thought he knew that I never felt that way.”

“Of course he knew. Don’t let his drama queen moments fool you. He’s always known where he stood with you. That’s why he was always jealous of me because he knew I had something he never would. It’s not your fault…”

Brian calms down and decides to roll a joint, hoping that it will make him feel better. Justin digs around in Brian’s cupboards and finds some pasta and spaghetti sauce. He opens a bottle of wine and pours them both a glass saying that dinner will be ready in half an hour. They’re both quiet as the day’s events sink in, but the more Justin thinks about it the angrier he becomes. He can’t believe that Michael had to run home to mommy because big bad Brian didn’t want to set up house with him. He’s angry that Michael never takes responsibility for his own actions; that he’s never learned to handle money. That he always has money for stupid action hero toys and yet he can’t pay his own rent. He can’t help thinking how truly pathetic he is; that he’s never grown up.

Brian lights the joint, taking a deep drag and hands it to Justin, saying, “Don’t let him get to you. You’re right, This is his own fault. He’s been living in denial his whole life. It’s time he sucked it up and faced reality.”

“Yeah, I know. It’s just frustrating because everyone is going to blame us instead of really seeing the situation for what it is.”

“Maybe, maybe not... I think Emmett and Ted will be able to see the truth in the situation. They’ve always ribbed Michael for how much he pines for me. I just hope they can be there for Michael as he makes his way back out of his delusions and faces reality.”

Justin refills their wine glasses and serves dinner. Brian asks him if he’s decided which of the houses he wants to set up appointments to see. They talk about what they really want in their new home. Even though Brian thinks maintaining a swimming pool will be a lot of work, he finally agrees to it after listening to Justin go on and on about how much fun he always had at Daphne’s house and how much he always wanted one.
After dinner they decide to get out of the house from their self-imposed exile and venture into Babylon and the masses of warm sweaty bodies. Brian gets them both a drink and they make their way up the catwalk to view the throngs of beautiful men. A couple of drinks later and they’re ready to take their place on the dance floor, swinging and swaying to the thumpa thumpa of the music. They look beautiful together with Justin’s arms around Brian’s neck, his head on his shoulder and Brian’s arms circling Justin’s waist.

They move together like magic, their fluid motion as sensual and provocative as always. Emmett sees them from the bar and is almost tempted to go join them but he doesn’t want to leave Michael alone, knowing that he’s still smarting from his rift with Brian. His eyes meet with Justin’s and he gives him a little wave to let him know that he’s still friends with them. They dance to a few more songs and then Brian decides to make nice and go over and say hi to Emmett and Michael. He doesn’t want Michael to think that he can’t still be friendly, hoping that it will ease the discomfort of the situation.

Michael, of course, misinterprets his uneasiness as a slight, thinking that Brian has come to rub his nose in Michael’s misfortunes. Brian tries to make small talk but all he can think of to say is something about how crowded it must be at Deb’s house and how Michael never thought that he’d be back sleeping in his old bedroom. Michael storms off, angry at Brian and Justin, thinking that it’s just like them to make fun of his situation.

Emmett stammers a little and then says Michael just needs to let off some steam. To let him go; he needs some time to get his head together. This hasn’t been easy on him and of course he blames you two for his breakup with Ben. He still doesn’t understand how insulted Ben was, thinking that Michael was only using him until Brian became available. Even though the whole thing is ridiculous and absurd to think anything would have ever developed between you two.

Brian just shakes his head and wonders if Michael will ever come around and finally let go of his schoolboy fantasies. Justin orders another round for the three of them, as they stand at the bar, watching the gyrating men around them.

TBC...
Chapter Summary

Michael ponders his future after losing everything….

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 4660
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Michael ponders his future after losing everything….

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Chapter 3 ~ Going for Broke…

Brian can’t focus at work; he’s still thinking about how upset Michael was when he stormed out of Babylon the other night. He knows that he should have been more sensitive about Michael’s feelings and everything he’s going through, even if it wasn’t really his fault. It’s only ten forty-five in the morning but he doesn’t have any appointments so he tells Cynthia that he’s leaving early for lunch. As Brian walks down Liberty Avenue, lost in his thoughts he knows that he’ll eventually end up at Red Cape Comics.

Michael’s behind the counter reading the latest and final copy of Rage to be published. He can’t really blame Justin for deciding to not continue producing the comic with him, considering the way Michael has been acting recently. “Yo’ shopkeep,” Brian yells when he walks in the door. Michael barely looks up saying, “What do you want?”

Brian walks over to the counter and hands Michael a cup of Starbucks. “Here. I had them make it with extra whipped cream - just the way you like it.”

Michael reluctantly takes the cup and sits back down on his stool behind the counter. “So business has been rather slow these days?”

“What do you care?”

“Gees, Mikey, cheer up. It’s not the end of the world.”

“Maybe for you it isn’t, but for me it is. Things have been slow for a while now and Ben was helping me out with the rent. But now that we broke up I’m going to have to close the store; there’s no way I can cover all my bills.”

“Maybe you don’t have to? Have you thought about sitting down with Ted and having him go over
your books, see if there’s some way you can work things out?”

“No… It’s not like I have this secret bank account or anything.”

“Well, actually you do. I mean, if you really wanted to make this business work you could sell off all those action figures that you’re always telling me are worth a fortune.”

“What? No… No, those are my prized possessions. I could never sell them.”

“Well, it’s your call, but if you really want to make this business work you need to start thinking of it as a business and not a hobby. You need to update the interior and think about expanding, maybe selling video games and MP3 players and more electronics. You know carrying high-end merchandise turns more profit.”

“I don’t really know anything about that stuff so I don’t think that would work.”

“Well it’s not like you’re sitting here all day long doing anything important; you could read up on all that stuff, maybe take some electronics classes. Become knowledgeable about the trade.”

“I don’t know. I’ve never been very good at school or learning new things.”

“With that attitude, no. But have you ever really tried? I bet you’d be surprised at how well you might do if you put your mind to it.”

“Electronics? Really? All that stuff confuses me; I can’t even program my DVD player.”

“God, Michael, I’m really trying here. You could at least consider it or maybe pick a trade and go to school for that. Hell, I bet if you really tried you could get some training at the local community college in eighteen months to two years.”

“Duh… I don’t have that kind of time…”

“If you don’t do something, you’re going to have all the time in the world.”

“Great, Brian. Remind me that I don’t have anything, why don’t you? I’m not rich like you.”

“Michael, in case you forgot I came from nothing myself. But I put my mind to it and decided to make a name for myself. So I suggest you get up off your ass and do something with your life.”

“You just don’t get it. I’m not as smart as you; I won’t be able to make it.”

“You’ll never know unless you try.”

“It’s just that I never thought I’d have to, you know. I always figured that eventually we’d be together and I wouldn’t have to work.”

“Yeah… About that, Michael. You know that’s never going to happen. Right? I can’t believe that you really thought it would. I’ve never shown any interest in you except for friendship.”

“That’s not true… When we were just out of high school you used to kid around about us becoming two old queens living in Florida.”

“Michael, the important part of that statement is used to kid around; I was never serious about that and you know it.”

“Yeah, but I wanted to believe that you weren’t just kidding. We would be so good together. And I
really love you; I always have and I know you love me too. If you’d just give us a chance…”

Brian just stares at Michael, shaking his head, not knowing how he could be any clearer about the situation.

“But you don’t even want to try.”

“You’re right, Michael. I don’t. I never did. You have to understand that Justin is it for me. Sure we’ve had our moments but it’s always going to come back to him. I love him, Michael. I really love him…”

Brian’s frustrated and doesn’t know what more he can say; he turns to go to the door and sees tears in Michael’s eyes. It makes him sad but all he can do is leave and let Michael come to grips with reality on his own. He’s not sure if their conversation was successful or detrimental to their friendship; only time will tell.

Brian feels awful as he walks down the street; he really needs to clear his mind before he goes back to work. After about an hour of walking around he finds himself climbing the stairs to the loft. As he pulls the door back he sees Justin standing in front of a blank canvas, brush in hand as he primes it. He turns and smiles at Brian as Brian makes his way over to him, leaving the Chinese takeout on the counter.

Brian runs his hands around Justin’s waist as Justin leans back into his embrace; Brian rests his chin on the top of his head and sighs, letting all his frustration go. Justin notices how stressed Brian is as he turns around in his arms and lowers himself down on his knees. He reaches for Brian’s waistband, and then pulls his zipper down. Brian relaxes as he plays with Justin’s hair as Justin takes him into his wet warm mouth. Brian releases a deep moan as some of the stress of the day dissipates; Justin’s extremely talented lips encompass Brian cock as Justin’s head bobs up and down on his firm member. It isn’t long before Justin’s brought Brian to the brink of his orgasm as he swishes his tongue across Brian’s slit and then he explodes down Justin’s throat, crying out Justin’s name.

Once Brian finishes, Justin leans back and grins up at him, asking, “All better now?”

Brian reaches down and pulls Justin up saying, “Come here, you brat.”

Justin runs his arms around Brian’s neck leaning up to kiss him and then asks, “Do I smell Chinese?”

Brian smiles and says, “Well at least you have your priorities right.”

Justin retrieves the takeout and brings it over to the sofa where he proceeds to feed Brian using chop sticks, being sure to get the sauce all over Brian’s lips so he can lean in and lick it off. “Be careful there, little boy. I’m going to have to spank you if you drip any of that on my Armani suit.”

“Yes, Sir. Promise?”

“You are so bad.”

“I try my best.”

After the two of them have devoured their lunch Brian stands up and pulls Justin towards the bed, peeling his clothes off as he goes. Justin bounces down, naked in the middle of the bed, watching Brian slowly remove his own clothes. He meticulously lays his suit and dress shirt across the chair next to the bed. Justin smiles up at Brian, still amazed at just how beautiful Brian’s body is after all
Brian stands at the bottom of the bed and reaches down and pulls Justin to him by his ankles. Justin can’t help the giggles that escape his lips, he’s so excited by Brian’s touch. Brian starts by running kisses up Justin’s legs from his toes to his hips, alternating between each leg as he goes. Justin squirms as he feels especially ticklish today from Brian’s wet lips and warm tongue as he climbs his body.

Brian finally reaches his groin and licks down his cock to his balls, gently sucking on one and then the other driving Justin crazy with need. Justin can’t help panting as he hears Brian say, “Roll over.” Justin immediately does as he’s told as Brian pulls him up onto all fours and spreads his legs, admiring his beautiful plump cock as it bounces out in front of him. Justin leans his head down on the mattress pushing his ass out to meet Brian’s wet lips as he kisses Justin’s pucker. He can’t help the moans that escape him as he floats off to heaven from Brian’s pointed tongue. Brian licks and nips at Justin’s opening, driving him crazy as he starts delving his tongue deeper into Justin’s sweet rosebud.

Brian clicks the top of the lube open and squirts some onto his fingers then penetrates Justin, stretching him open; Brian’s not surprised to find that Justin’s still rather wet and slippery from their previous fuck that morning. So he pulls Justin close to him and pushes into to him, breaching his tight ring of muscle. Justin pushes back trying to take all of Brian into him; he’s more than ready and he’s so horny. He loves it when Brian surprises him by showing up unexpectedly in the middle of the day.

Brian wastes no time as he pulls back and plunges into Justin again, starting a rough and steady pace; this is just what Brian needs to release some of his pent-up frustration and anger. How could he be so stupid to think that trying to talk with Michael would do any good? Justin’s getting the brunt of Brian’s anger as he increases his pace, slamming into him rapidly as if he were trying to win a race. Justin’s prostate is taking a beating as Brian continues to pound it continuously.

Justin tries to hold on as long as he can, but he’s already teetering on the edge, about to crash down. Justin shoots across his stomach and drenches the duvet under him. Brian feels Justin’s muscles clamp down and squeeze the shit out of him until he’s lost in his own paradise.

Brian slips out of Justin’s tight bottom, discarding the condom and quickly rolls another one down his cock swiftly penetrating his sweet Sunshine again, barely taking a breath and he’s right back to drilling for oil. Justin’s slightly overcome with sensation as he’s hardly had time to come down from his previous high. Brian’s completely lost in the fuck when he finally feels Justin’s slick walls close down on his pulsating dick, practically pulling his orgasm out of him. This time they reach climax together and collapse down on the mattress, panting hard to try to catch their breath.

Justin rolls onto his back as Brian settles down with his head on Justin’s chest, while Justin plays with his sweat-soaked hair. When they’re finally able to breathe again Justin asks, “Feel better now that you’ve gotten that out of your system?”

“No, but I’m getting there.”

“Want to tell me what’s bothering you so much?”

Brian takes a deep breath, knowing that Justin isn’t going to be happy with him and starts with, “I stopped by to see Mikey this morning.”

He can feel Justin tense up underneath him, letting out a deep breath. “I know you think I should leave it alone; that Michael has to come around in his own time. I just thought I could make him
see how ridiculous he’s been acting and maybe I could help him figure out how to save the store.”

“I trust that things didn’t go as planned?”

“That’s an understatement… He couldn’t or wouldn’t even consider any of the suggestions I had for him to try and advance his future.”

“You know, Brian, sometimes people have to hit rock bottom before they’re willing to admit failure and be open to new suggestions.”

“I know, and I know that it really isn’t my fault. But why does it feel like it is? Deb’s furious with me, thinking that I’ve led Michael on all this years, never encouraging him to be independent. Like his survival is my responsibility or something. I mean she’s just as much to blame; she never acknowledged Michael’s fuck-ups in the past. She always blames me, never making him take responsibility for his own actions, expecting me to always bail him out.”

“I know you’re right. She’s never been able to see any of the flaws in her son even though there are many. It’s always been so much easier to blame someone else; otherwise she would have to acknowledge that some of this is her own fault. Maybe if she hadn’t always made excuses for him all these years and let him stumble and fall once in a while he might have learned how to make it in the real world.”

“You’re right; in her eyes Michael can do no wrong. It was always me being the bad influence on her son. Damn, I just wish there was some way to make things right.”

“Yeah, but this time you really need to step back and let him do this on his own. No matter how hard it is to watch, he’ll be a better man in the long run.”

“I know. It’s just that I hate to see him lose the shop. But you’re right. I can’t bail him out financially, no matter how hard it is to watch him fail.”

“Hush. Just relax, otherwise you’re going to give yourself a heart attack.”

Justin continues to run his fingers through Brian’s hair as he slowly settles down and falls asleep. They lie there together for the next hour until Justin hears Brian’s cell ringing and he slips out from under him and answers it in the living room. It’s Cynthia, of course, asking where Brian is, saying that Brown Athletics called and they want Brian to fly to Chicago tomorrow and meet with the new head of productions about their new line of women’s sportswear. Justin tells her to schedule his flight and to gather all the research he has completed; that he’ll be in later this afternoon to review everything.

Justin’s surprised how long Brian has slept this afternoon but at least it’s a relief that he didn’t reach for alcohol as a way to cope with his stress. Cynthia clears his schedule for most of the afternoon and sets up a meeting with his staff for three-thirty to review the new Brown Athletics campaign.

Justin makes Brian’s favorite coffee - grinding the beans just the way he likes them, good and strong, then starts the coffee maker. It’s only two o’clock but he figures that Brian needs some time to wake up and gather his thoughts before he leaves to gather his troops. It’s only a couple of minutes before Justin feels Brian standing behind him, resting his head on his shoulders as he wakes up. Justin tells Brian about his unexpected trip he’ll be making to Chicago then just waits for Brian to completely freak out.

Surprisingly Brian is relatively calm upon hearing the news, after giving it some serious
consideration. Or maybe he’s trying to wake up? He smiles down at Justin and asks him if he’s up for spending the weekend in Chicago. A huge smile spreads across Justin’s face. He’s excited that Brian has included him in his travels, especially after what happened the first time Brian had to fly to Chicago on short notice.

Once Brian’s more awake he calls Cynthia and has her book another ticket for Justin and makes sure that she’s made reservations at the Four Seasons. Justin starts running around, pulling out his dress clothes and shoes because he knows that Brian will be taking him out to some fancy restaurants. His pile of things on the bed seems to keep growing. By the time Brian comes in he chuckles and says, “Hold on there, you know we’re only going for the weekend?”

Brian reaches down and sets aside a pair of jeans, a pair of dress slacks, two dress shirts, dress shoes, a sweater, a couple of t-shirts and some socks and underwear. “There. Now if you need anything else we’ll pick it up while we’re out and about.”

“I’m so excited. You know this is the first time we’ve been away together; I can hardly believe you asked me to go.”

“There isn’t anyone I’d rather be going with. Now gather your toiletries and your sketch book and pencils. You’re going to have a bit of free time while I’m in meetings all day.”

Justin’s floating on cloud nine as he stumbles around the loft, collecting his things, while daydreaming about going to the many museums and galleries. Brian pulls up the Brown Athletics account on his laptop, reviewing the research they have compiled. Instead of changing back into his suit he puts on a pair of 501 jeans and pulls a red cashmere sweater over his head then he puts on his Prada boots and his black Boss leather jacket. He leans down and kisses Justin on the top of his head, saying that he’ll probably be working late to complete the campaign for Brown Athletics.

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Meanwhile back on Liberty Avenue D-Day has come sooner than expected at Red Cape Comics as a very professionally dressed man in a suit, carrying a briefcase enters the shop and inquires if the owner is in. He proceeds to inform Michael that he has a ‘Seize and Desist’ warrant and that he has been served. Michael looks truly puzzled and asks what this is about. He’s told that his shop has now been closed - the property seized and that he can no longer continue operating his business. i.e. Desist.

Michael stammers, “But I don’t understand?”

“Your landlord has issued a court order against your business for lack of rent payments. Your continuation to ignore all his formal requests to make arrangements to resolve this problem has resulted in a court order against your business.”

Michael thinks to himself that he should have called the landlord instead of just ignoring all those letters he’d received just because he couldn’t understand the language in them.

He now realizes that because of his poor judgment in taking a trip to Florida to attend that Comic-con, and his purchase of more vintage Caption Astro action figures, instead of paying his rent was a bad choice. He tries to justify his actions by telling himself that he needed to go as a business expense even if it put his store’s rent behind by ninety days.

He looks back at the law clerk standing in front of him. “Well, I need more time to pack my things. Can’t I have until next Monday morning?”
“You don’t seem to understand the gravity of this situation. You no longer own anything in this shop. All your property has been seized. Now if you don’t mind vacating the premises I just need to change the locks. All the contents of the store will be packed and removed within the next twenty-four hours.”

“But… you don’t understand. Some of these posters and action figures I’ve had since I was a kid; they belong to me personally.”

“Not anymore they don’t. Now if you would please go, otherwise I’ll have to call the police.”

Michael pulls his hooded sweatshirt off the back of his chair and leaves the shop, spending the next couple of hours roaming the streets on this cold rainy afternoon. He finally ends up at the diner where he sees Ted and joins him. Ted says he can’t stay long, that he’s taking a late lunch and has to be back at Kinnetik shortly.

Ted can’t help but notice Michael’s solemn expression and asks him what’s wrong. Michael’s eyes fill with tears as he starts to tell Ted about what happened at the shop today. Ted’s at a loss for words, trying to find a bright side to Michael’s misery. Finally Ted asks why he didn’t ask for help before this; that he’s sure he or Mel could have explained what the letters from his landlord meant.

“I guess I never really thought that he’d actually go to court; it was only a few months’ rent.”

“Michael, you must realize that once you’re that far behind it’s almost impossible to get caught up with your payments. Besides, if you don’t make your rent payments, then the landlord can’t make his mortgage payment. It’s not like he has extra money lying around to cover his tenants’ back rent.”

“I guess… But how do I get my stuff back? I realize I’m going to lose the business but I had a lot of valuable comics and vintage action figures. I can’t afford to just give them up.”

“I’m sorry, Michael, but there’s really nothing you can do. Did you read the fine print of your lease? I think you forfeit all property at the time of foreclosure.”

“God, I’m totally screwed. There’s no way for me to get that kind of money. Well, unless I ask Brian for help.”

“I don’t really think that’s a good idea.”

“Why not? He can afford it. After all, I’m his best friend.”

“Well, because even if he did pay your back rent your business isn’t making a profit. You’d still have to close the store eventually, then you’d owe Brian for the loan which you will have no way of repaying.”


“Michael, as Brian’s business manager I’d have to advise him against it; it’s not a sound investment.”

“Oh, so now you’re against me too?”

“It’s not like that and you know it. You have to admit you don’t make the best decisions when it comes to managing your money.”

“I know but this wouldn’t be my money…”
Ted just looks at him and suggests he starts searching the want ads; that he really needs to find a job.”

“I’m not really trained to do anything and I’m over thirty years old. Who’s going to hire me?”

“I’m sorry, Michael. I really have to get back to work. Good luck with everything.”

“You’re just leaving me here by myself?”

“No, not really. Look, here’s your mom. She’s just starting her shift.”

With that Ted walks to the door waving to Michael as he goes. Once he’s on the street he shakes his head, wondering just what the hell Michael has gotten himself into. Ted looks up at the sky just as it starts to pour down rain again; Ted can’t help thinking ‘when it rains, it pours’.

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Brian and Justin caught the early-bird flight to Chicago which put Brian at Brown Athletics at eight-thirty that morning. Justin on the other hand promptly fell back asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow in their deluxe suite at the Four Seasons. When he awoke several hours later it was almost noon so he ordered room service, and lounged around for the next couple of hours researching the local museums he wanted to check out.

Brian called just after his waffles with strawberries, real maple syrup and an extra side of bacon was delivered to their suite. He updated Justin on the day’s progress and told him that Leo Brown had asked them to join him for dinner tonight at Gibson Steakhouse - one of Chicago’s best fine dining establishments. He told Justin to expect the concierge to come and assist him in picking out a finely tailored suit. He told him he’d be back at the Four Seasons by six pm to get ready for the evening, and that they were meeting Leo at seven-thirty sharp.

Justin couldn’t help but get butterflies in his stomach as this was the first time he had ever been included in one of Brian’s business dinners. He hung up and quickly ate his breakfast and when he was finished he went to put the service tray in the hall. The concierge was just about to knock on the suite’s door; he had several suits hanging on the dress rack, ready for Justin’s fitting.

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Michael sat on Debbie’s sofa with his arms folded across his chest like a petulant child as she chided him, telling him that of all his fuck-ups this had to be the stupidest thing he’d ever done. She just couldn’t conceive how he could have let things get so out of control, reminding him that in the last week he had lost his husband, the house, his foster child, his best friend and now his business.

“What in the world could you possibly be thinking? Do you think that money grows on trees?”

“I thought that I’d have the time. I didn’t expect the landlord to press charges. After all I’ve been behind before and he always waited for his money.”

Granted, Michael was never this far in debt before and Brian was always there to bail him out.

“Ma, would you please stop yelling at me? God! After all there’s nothing I can do about it now. Although I still think it’s unfair that they get to keep my vintage collection.”

“Christ, Michael, that’s the least of your problems. You have to find a job right away because there’s no way I can afford to support you. It’s all I can do to keep up with my own bills. And I
absolutely refuse to ask Carl for help. Have you looked in the paper at the want ads?”

“I wouldn’t even know what to look under. Besides, after talking to Ted he said that most people post their ads online and I don’t know what to do. I don’t even have a resume.”

“Okay, okay, let me think for a minute. Oh I know. You can get a shift at the diner. It’s not a lot of money but it’s a start.”

“No… Absolutely not. I can’t let everyone see me working there. They’ll know I fucked up.”

“Oh, so now you’re all mister high and mighty. Let me tell you, kiddo, it’s that job at the diner that paid my bills the whole time you were growing up and if it’s good enough for me, it’s good enough for you.”

“Ma, I really can’t. I just can’t.”

“Why? Justin did it and it wasn’t beneath him.”

“That’s different. He’s just a kid.”

“No, Michael. I won’t take no for an answer. I’m putting you on the schedule starting tomorrow and that’s final.”

“No, Ma, tomorrow is Saturday. I can’t work on Saturdays. Everyone will be coming in for breakfast and lunch. How do I explain it?”

“I’d be more worried about the eviction notice on the front of the now defunct comic book store.”

“Can you please stop rubbing that in my face?”

Debbie storms out of the living room, smacking Michael across the back of his head on the way upstairs. Michael can’t believe that this is happening to him and he doesn’t understand why Brian hasn’t returned any of his calls. After all, he’s left him about twenty messages. He can’t help thinking that Justin must have listened to them and deleted them on purpose.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Brian and Justin have a blast in Chicago while Michael learns to accept the changes he’s going through….

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 5276
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Brian and Justin have a blast in Chicago while Michael learns to accept the changes he’s going through….

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Chapter 4 ~ Sweet Home Chicago…

Justin looks beautiful in his new light grey suit that has just the slightest hint of blue running through it, with a soft baby blue dress shirt that brings out the color of his eyes. It literally took my breath away when I looked at him, and if we had time I would have peeled it off him and made a meal out of him on the spot. But as it was I was running late, and only had time to change into my navy blue Armani suit with matching shirt and tie, looking stunning in my monochromatic ensemble.

Upon spotting us Leo gave us one of his genuine smiles and offered his hand to Justin, telling him what a pleasure it was finally meeting Brian’s partner. Justin couldn’t help blushing as he was surprised that Brian had even mentioned him. Leo escorted them to his table as it was clear he was a regular there. Being a true gentleman Brian even pulled out Justin’s seat for him. Justin couldn’t help but be taken back by their impeccable manners as he became aware that this was how Brian usually entertained his clients; no wonder he was such a successful businessman.

When we entered the restaurant, it was elegantly designed with rich cherry wood paneling and plush leather seating. There was an air about the place that made you feel like you were stepping back in time, so it seemed appropriate that we were drinking dry martinis. If I didn’t know better I’d think Al Capone was sitting at one of the back tables.

Mrs. Brown was a striking beauty who was well rehearsed about her husband’s business associates. She asked Justin about his artwork and what museums he planned on visiting. Sara couldn’t help but insisting that he must see ‘The Frank Lloyd Wright Preservation Trust’, the ‘Smart Museum of Art’ and the ‘Museum of Science and Industry’.

Justin was thrilled to talk about the local art scene and was going to make sure he visited some of
the museums that she mentioned. He was surprised that he was having such a good time; he was so sure that this business dinner was going to be dry and boring. When dessert was finally served he was grateful that he had ordered the chocolate soufflé as Sara suggested; it was probably the best dessert he had ever had. While Sara and Justin drank cappuccinos, Brian and Leo enjoyed sipping cognac while finalizing Kinnetik’s plans for Brown’s new line of sportswear for women.

By the time they made it back to their suite both were slightly buzzed and a bit exhausted from the long day. Once inside Brian pushed Justin up against the closed door, kissing him passionately, telling him how proud he was of him for keeping up his conversation with Mrs. Brown. Justin smiled back at Brian, saying that it was no problem, that he actually had a great time talking with her and finding out all about Chicago.

Brian leaned his forehead against Justin’s as he started unbuttoning his suit jacket, slipping it off his shoulders, his dress shirt following soon after. He ran his hands down Justin’s chest and hooked his thumbs into Justin’s waistband, finally tugging at his zipper until his pants slid down and Justin stepped out of them. Brian stood back and admired Justin wearing nothing but his birthday suit.

Brian gathered Justin’s clothes and left them lying across the sofa in the outer suite while he pulled Justin into the bedroom. Being up in the penthouse they had a great view looking down over Lake Michigan as the waves crashed on the beach. Brian grinned back at Justin as he loosened his tie and emptied his pockets, looking down and checking his messages. He had about a hundred calls from Michael and several from Deb. But he already knew what they were all about because he had talked with Ted earlier that afternoon and decided to turn his phone off.

He simply hit the delete button, deleting all the messages without listening to any of them. He wasn’t sure what he was going to do, but he figured he had the weekend to formulate a plan of action. He knew that Justin wouldn’t be happy with him. But how could he not help his best friend when he was in need? He set his wallet and phone down on the nightstand and slipped out of his suit, going into the bathroom to relieve himself. He glanced at Justin as they brushed their teeth; Brian pressed his fingers to his lips, saying, “We’ll talk about it in the morning.”

Justin had no idea of the extent of Michael’s problems, just that he was in over his head at the comic book store and business was slow. He had joked with Deb earlier in the week about how Michael could pick up his shifts at the diner now that Brian had insisted that he focus completely on finishing his education. At first Justin was hesitant to let Brian support him, but then he realized that this was what Brian wanted and he would have more time to work on his school assignments and build up his portfolio.

The moon was shining brightly into their suite, illuminating the room and casting a bluish glow on Justin’s skin. It made him seem even more angelic, like a porcelain cherub. Brian loved seeing Justin look so completely happy and his smile captured the moment as Brian pulled him down on top of him. Brian lay back against the stack of pillows as Justin crawled up his body until he was sitting on Brian’s abdomen. Brian whispered to him, “I want you to ride me. I want to watch you bring yourself to climax as you take more and more of me inside you.”

Justin couldn’t help but blush as he was still a little buzzed and he got off on the way Brian was watching his every move. Brian reached forward, running his hands down his chest, telling him how beautiful and lithe he was; how he couldn’t wait to see him succumb to his desire. Justin ran kisses up Brian’s chest until he was lying across his torso. Brian reached back and grasped Justin’s ample bottom in his hands, spreading his cheeks apart and delving his lubed fingers into him.

Justin is so turned on as he ruts against Brian’s stomach, enjoying the sensations quaking through him. Brian pushes in deeper adding another finger as Justin’s moans escape him. Justin sits back
up, swallowing more of Brian’s hand, stretching himself even more open. Justin’s eyes roll back into his head as he rides Brian’s fingers a little, preparing himself for Brian’s hard cock.

Justin lifts up as Brian slides his dick between his slippery cheeks and aligns himself with Justin. He starts to lower himself back down onto Brian’s shaft with his eyes closed and his mouth slightly open. He pants loudly as he’s filled with Brian’s cock, balancing himself by holding onto Brian’s waist as he adjusts to the girth of Brian’s dick. After several minutes Justin throws his head back as he starts to lift himself up and down, each time taking more and more of Brian’s cock.

It isn’t long before he sets a steady pace riding out his passion, pulling himself closer to ecstasy with each downward stroke. Justin’s moaning Brian’s name repeatedly as his breathing hitched just before his slick walls clamp down on Brian’s cock. Brian senses Justin is close as he tells him to open his eyes; that he wants to see him as he achieves climax. Justin looks down at Brian with sweat rolling down his face just as his orgasm rips through him, leaving him shaking as he collapses down onto Brian’s chest, resting his head on Brian’s shoulder.

Brian pumps upward a couple of more times before his own orgasm takes hold, sending waves of pleasure spiraling through his limbs. Justin’s breathing is still erratic as Brian runs his hands down Justin’s back, holding him close as they both ride out their final waves of bliss. Justin’s exhausted as he’s not usually the one doing all the work; he can’t help thinking no wonder Brian’s so fit.

They both slowly drift off to sleep. Justin’s completely out and is soon snoring gently while drooling on Brian’s chest. Brian, on the other hand, is restless and his mind keeps racing, waking him up every so often. He must have looked at the clock on the nightstand every half hour for the last few hours. Finally he decides to get up, slipping out from under Justin. He finds himself pacing on the balcony of their suite, smoking a cigarette, stopping every so often to look at the view as the wind sweeps across waters below.

The last time he talked with Ted, he filled him in on Michael’s dilemma. He just can’t believe things have gotten so bad, so fast. He’s angry with him and disappointed at the same time. What could he have been thinking, letting his rent get so far behind? As much as he might want to come to Michael’s rescue he knows that would only encourage him to continue with this same reckless behavior.

He can just imagine how devastated he must be because Michael probably never thought that he was at risk of losing his business this way. Even if he had to close the shop, he never thought that he’d have to give up all his vintage toys. Brian could never really understand the fascination Michael had towards them, once they became teenagers. He also knows that Debbie is expecting him to come up with some solution to fix Michael’s problems.

He knows that even if Michael tries he won’t last long at the diner. He just doesn’t have the patience for that kind of work and probably has no idea how hard being on his feet all day is. Hell, Justin is young and he would sometimes come home completely exhausted with minimum tips to boot. As hard as he tries to brainstorm he can’t think of anything Michael could do to make a decent living; everything is so specialized these days. So he continues chain smoking his cigarettes, staring out into space.

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It’s early Saturday morning at Deb’s house. Carl’s just leaving for work, Emmett is reviewing his list of errands he has to run before he has to set up for the wedding he’s catering this afternoon. Debbie’s making everyone breakfast when she calls up to Michael’s room telling him to get his butt in gear. He slowly makes his way downstairs and asks what the hurry is, it’s not like he has to open the comic book store today.
“No, but I’ve decided that you’re going to work the early shift with me this morning.”

“Ma, I told you I can’t work at the diner.”

“Yes, you can and you will and I don’t want to hear another word about it.”

“But, Ma… It’s too humiliating.”

“We’ve already had this conversation yesterday. So get your ass in gear. We’re leaving in a half hour and that’s final.”

“No… I won’t go.”

Michael digs in his heels, and folds his arms across his chest. Debbie’s so mad you can practically see steam coming out of her ears.

“You hear me, Michael. If you want a place to live and dinner on the table then you’ll do as I say or you can move out while I’m at work today. Is that clear?”

Michael’s shocked at his mother’s threat, but he does as he’s told and goes upstairs and takes a shower. When he comes back down Debbie has scrambled eggs and toast waiting for him then they walk to the diner without saying a word to each other.

The first hour is relatively slow and Michael was okay pouring coffee and clearing tables but as the morning progressed he moved on to taking orders and he just couldn’t seem to get it right. He’d put the ticket in for the wrong type of eggs or get the tables mixed up and serve the wrong order. He’d keep forgetting to refill everyone’s coffee and then it started. It was late enough in the morning that some of the regulars from Babylon started coming in for breakfast. They couldn’t help but razz Michael about wearing an apron and being a server. They kept changing their orders and making special requests.

He was getting so frustrated he can’t help but start snapping back at people and needless to say his tips started going downhill from there. By the time that Ted met Emmett for lunch at eleven o’clock, Michael stormed into the kitchen and threw a hissy fit, refusing to leave the kitchen because he just couldn’t wait on Emmett and Ted. Debbie told him to take a break and when he comes back he can just bus tables and refill coffees so he won’t be under so much pressure. But there was no way she was letting him quit; she told him that it just takes time to get in the swing of it. By the time his shift was over he had gained a bit of respect for Justin, having worked there for so long, not to mention Debbie.

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Brian and Justin started the day early having breakfast at the Cornerstone café. Justin enjoyed the hefty omelets and hash browns while Brian simply had scrambled egg whites and fruit with fresh squeezed orange juice and very strong coffee. That give them lots of energy for all the walking they would be doing. They started out at the Field Museum which is a trip through time from the dinosaurs, ancient civilizations through modern times. Justin was fascinated by all of it and Brian couldn’t help thinking about how much Gus would love it.

Next they found themselves at the Shedd Aquarium which is the largest indoor aquarium in the world. Justin found that he sometimes had to stop and sketch some of the more exotic animals. He ended up buying a large picture book for Gus but Brian knew that it was just as much for Justin as Gus.

They had lunch at Navy Pier, a local landmark and of course Justin insisted that they ride on the
huge ferris wheel and check out some of the large ships. Justin loved it and he couldn’t stop joking around about pirates, and then of course Johnny Depp, who’s one of his heartthrobs.

In the afternoon they took Sara up on her suggestion and went to the Frank Lloyd Wright Preservation Trust and ended up joining a walking tour of homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Justin was in awe of the modern design and architecture and Brian didn’t even have to ask Justin; he had already picked out a huge book of his designs to take home.

They were completely exhausted by the time they made it back to their suite late that afternoon, so Brian ordered them something from room service as they started to unwind from their day. Brian couldn’t believe how much they squeezed into their day and he still wanted to check out “Wishbones.” He had heard that they had really great Southern cuisine. They lay across the sofa, feeding each other fresh fruit and shrimp cocktail while sipping wine, letting their sore muscles relax. Brian never got tired of watching Justin’s beautiful lips as he bit into the juicy fresh pineapple, licking the juice off; it was driving him a little mad. He had plans for those lips as soon as Justin had his fill.

Soon enough Justin had changed his focus to Brian, running his hands underneath Brian’s shirt and pulling it up. He placed kisses down his chest, stopping to lick and suck his nipples on the way down to his destination. By the time he made it to Brian’s waistband Brian’s jeans were tenting, longing for release. Justin cupped his cock through his jeans and gently squeezed. He leaned back up and gave Brian a big sloppy kiss and then resumed his task of undoing Brian’s pants.

Brian moaned as Justin took hold of his member, and licking around his crown, making him even harder than he already was. His tongue flicked out, caressing his slit then he blew on him, driving Brian crazy, wishing Justin would get on with the show. Justin chuckled as he grazed his teeth gently across his head and the engulfed him completely with his wet mouth, taking him down his throat. He wrapped his fist around the base, pumping up and down. He sucked on his head, letting Brain feel all the warm wet tissue as he slipped back against his throat. Justin was a master at giving head so it wasn’t long before Brian was fisting Justin’s long blond locks, directing the speed and angle of the blow job he was experiencing. Shortly thereafter Brian lost all control and flooded Justin’s beautiful mouth with his sweet cream, watching him swallow every last drop.

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It was Saturday night and Emmett was pestering Michael about going out to Babylon, trying to convince him that nobody was really paying that much attention to him working today at the diner. But Michael continued to pout, sitting on Debbie’s couch with his arms crossed over his chest. This was fast become Michael’s standard pose as he complained about how embarrassed he was, and how much his feet and back hurt from standing up all day clearing tables. Emmett tried to cheer him up, saying that he just needed to relax; after all he had been off the market for some time now. Emmett tried to persuade him that working at the diner had its perks. “Think about all those phone numbers you’ll be collecting and everyone will be able to check out your ass.”

This wasn’t helping as Michael just kept getting angrier. And if things weren’t bad enough, he was pissed that Brian hadn’t even returned any of his many phone calls he had left over the last couple of days. He was convinced that Brian and Justin were holed up at the loft getting stoned, and making mad passionate love which was another thing that just pissed him off. Why couldn’t Brian give him a chance? After all, they were best friends and they already knew everything about each other; it just seemed so natural to him that they would eventually end up together. Even if Brian couldn’t see it now, he was sure that Justin would leave him again just the way he had left him so many times before.
Emmett was at his wit’s end trying to think of things to say to Michael. He brought the dishpan and filled it with Epsom salts to soak Michael’s weary feet, claiming it would make him feel better and he’d be ready to dance the night away. Finally Michael resigned himself to the fact that he needed to get out of the house or else he’d find himself sitting at home listening to his mother and Carl go at it through the paper-thin walls, and that would just be mortifying.

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After a long nap Justin and Brian found themselves at ‘Wishbones’. It was popular with locals and had a young hip crowd. Justin ordered the jambalaya while Brian had the catfish. They shared an order of crawdads for an appetizer and finished off the meal with southern pecan pie and Brian even had his own piece, indulging his secret desire for sweets.

After dinner they asked the waiter if he knew a good nightclub he could recommend. He smiled down at them knowingly and suggested ‘Hydrate’. It’s known as one of the best gay clubs in town with hazy blue lights and great ambience with some of the best DJ’s in town. The boys caught a cab over there and smiled to themselves – some things never change.

Brian and Justin cruised the scene, scoping out all the hot guys then Brian pulled Justin onto the dance floor and the two of them became the night’s entertainment. They were so beautiful together and no one could keep their eyes off them with the way they moved in sync. The two of them were practically grinding each other - Brian with his head thrown back and Justin running kisses down his neck. They couldn’t help but get hit on regularly, but the two of them weren’t interested in having a threesome or foursome that night.

Brian didn’t even search out a back room to indulge themselves in; he didn’t want to put on any more of a show than they already were. They took a break from dancing and enjoyed a few drinks, watching the crowd and comparing it to Babylon. After a few more dances they caught a cab back to the Four Seasons, knowing that they still wanted to check out a few more museums in the morning before flying back to Pittsburgh in the afternoon.

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Back at Babylon Michael finally cheered up and drank a few too many Cosmos as he became the Belle of the ball. Maybe all he really needed was to loosen up and let himself go. It seemed that once he stopped being insecure about himself he was being asked to dance more than he ever remembered. Maybe it was because, before he was always sizing up all the guys Brian was hitting on. Or maybe he never really allowed himself to relax, always waiting and wondering if tonight he’d get his chance with Brian.

Everything was going really well for him, that is until he saw Ben there dancing with someone new. He couldn’t help the feelings that were crashing down on him. It was only natural that he’d be jealous but he didn’t realize just how close to the surface his feelings were when he felt the knot tighten in his gut. He panicked and ran out of Babylon, not wanting anyone to see him cry; he couldn’t help thinking he was totally pathetic. Emmett came after him, trying to help but he just wanted to be alone so he walked back to Debbie’s in the dark.

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It’s was nice to finally sleep in that lazy Sunday morning. They had a late start after luxuriating in the Jacuzzi and ordering room service complete with champagne. Brian was feeling like indulging Justin today, after all he’d just landed a new athletic line with Leo Brown. They decided to walk around the shopping district on Michigan Avenue and Oak Street. Their first stops, of course, were Armani and Prada where they both picked out some new designer jeans and cashmere sweaters.
Brian ended up buying two new suits and then they spent a fortune on new shoes and boots at Prada, and Brian insisted on buying Justin a decent wallet.

Justin spotted the Hershey’s candy store; Brian just rolled his eyes but humored him as he ended up spending a small fortune on confections of every kind for everybody as gifts, as well as an ample stock for Justin. Brian thought he would spoil his lunch with all the samples he was indulging in, but he forgot that Justin truly is a bottomless pit.

Their final stop on their shopping spree was to Tiffany and Co. which totally took Justin by surprise when Brian insisted on buying him what he called ‘a decent watch’. Justin couldn’t believe his eyes when Brian cruised through display after display before he settled on a platinum and black onyx face watch with a black leather wristband. Justin loved the way it looked on his wrist; it made him feel like a million dollars and he was almost sure that’s how much it cost. Brian just smiled and made him promise to take it off when he painted; Justin joked that he was afraid to wear it outside the loft.

Justin was feeling a little lightheaded. Brian wasn’t sure if it was from all the shopping they had done or if he had overdosed on sugar. He quickly hailed a cab and had them do a quick stop at their hotel to drop off all of their purchases. Then he took Justin out to lunch at the trendy restaurant, ‘Blackbird’ where they had a fabulous meal. Afterwards they decided to squeeze in one more stop and went to the Mexican-American Museum that featured the works and history of Diego Rivera. Of course Justin was enthralled by his work and his interpretation of Mexican culture in his paintings and murals.

They flew back that afternoon and landed in Pittsburgh in the early evening; it felt like they had been gone for the last week, not just a long weekend. Justin fell asleep on the flight back and was still pretty groggy when the car service dropped them off at the loft. Brian carried all their luggage and packages into the elevator and propped Justin up against the back wall, holding his body against Justin’s as they rode up to the top floor. When they finally got the door open and everything lugged into the loft, Justin immediately laid down on the sofa and was out again.

Brian noticed the answering machine was full of messages and wasn’t the least bit surprised when it was Michael pulling back the loft door, glaring at him.

“Where the fuck have you been, and why didn’t you return any of my calls?”

“Sssh Michael, can’t you see Justin is sleeping?”

“I don’t give a fuck what he’s doing. Why haven’t you called me?”

“I just got home, Michael. I had to go to Chicago for business. I just assumed that Ted told you where I was.”

“Yeah, he did. Finally. That still doesn’t explain why you haven’t called me.”

“Because I had other things on my mind. I wasn’t here and there wasn’t anything I could do for you.”

“You could have called me. I would think you would be concerned about me knowing that I lost the store and everything I owned. Don’t you care about me?”

“Mikey, I assumed you needed the weekend to get your head together.”

“I need to get my life together, not just my head.”
“So, what have you come up with?”

“I don’t know. I don’t have anything, anymore. My Mom made me work the last two days at the diner. Do you know how humiliating that is?”

“At least it’s a job.”

“I can’t stand it, it’s really hard work. I don’t know how Justin could do it and sometimes pull a double shift at that. No, thank you. I won’t do it.”

Brian looked at him as he stood there with his arms crossed over his chest, angry at the world. He felt so sorry for him as he looked so broken, even if this was all his own making.

“So why didn’t you pay your rent when Ben gave you the money?”

“Well… I was going to but there was this auction on eBay and I just had to have the vintage Aquaman action figure.”

“Michael, you’re a grown man. You have to stop playing with toys, especially toys you can’t afford.”

“But I haven’t seen one of them on auction in like forever. I just had to have it.”

“You can’t afford it… Don’t you get it? How could you be so irresponsible? What did you think was going to happen?”

“I didn’t really think the landlord would take me to court. I figured that you would help me before things got that bad.”

“Michael, the bank of Brian is closed…”

“Why? You’re always helping Justin out. You’re paying for his college and he lives here for free.”

“That’s different and you know it. Besides Justin has been working all this time while attending school.”

“Yeah, well, Ma said he quit working at the diner.”

“That’s between him and me. I asked him to quit and focus completely on his studies.”

“So you are supporting him.”

Now Michael’s really angry; he looks like he could burn holes right through Justin if he wasn’t sleeping. Brian just shakes his head and says, “It isn’t any of your business what our arrangement is. You need to worry about yourself.”

“Well, So… Will you help me?”

“I’m more than willing to help you try and figure something out but I won’t give you any money. I just can’t keep bailing you out all the time.”

Now Michael’s crying, just looking at Brian with his sad puppy-dog eyes. There was a time when that would have worked on him but things have changed and he now realizes that bailing him out all the time isn’t healthy. He needs to learn to stand on his own two feet.

“Please, Brian, I need your help. I don’t know what to do.”
He hates that Michael thinks he can play him and get what he wants. He just wishes he had the answer.

“Well, what do you want to do with your life?”

“Maybe I could work for you at Kinnetik. There must be something I can do? After all you gave Teddy a job when he was a tweaked-out crystal queen.”

“No, I didn’t. He was already out of rehab and he had a skill that I needed. I don’t need anyone to blow money on vintage toys or even new ones.”

He knew that was a low blow but Michael has to understand that Brian doesn’t trust him. That he’s disappointed in him. He doesn’t understand his behavior.

“Come on, Brian. Isn’t there anything I could do?”

“Michael, I’m sorry but even if there was, I wouldn’t hire you. You have to learn to take responsibility for your actions.”

“Fine. Just be a back stabber. Don’t help your best friend, see if I care.”

“Michael, please stop with all the drama, for Christ sake. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll pay for your education as long as you keep up your grades. If you fail a class I’m through and you can work at the diner while you go to school. If it was good enough for Justin, it’s good enough for you.”

“You know I’ve never been good in school. It’s going to be really hard.”

“I’m serious, Michael. I won’t even expect you to pay me back for your education but you have to graduate. You have to really try. If you put your mind to it I know you can do it. This is all I’m willing to do. Now take some time, get the course schedules, meet with the career counselor and when you decide what you want to study, I’ll pay for it. That’s the best I can do.”

“Brian, I don’t want to go to school.”

“Then don’t. Do whatever you want to do. Just don’t ever come to me asking for money again. Like I said, the bank of Brian is closed.”

“I can’t believe you won’t help me?”

“Go home, Michael, and think long and hard about what I said. It’s the best offer you’re going to get.”

With that he walked Michael to the door and locked it behind him. Then he went over to the liquor cart and poured himself a drink but he took the bottle with him as he went to sit down across from Justin.

He took a deep breath and said, “I know you’re awake, Justin. I can always tell by the way you breathe, so talk to me. Did I do the right thing?”

TBC…
Chapter 5 ~ A Change is Gonna Come…

Justin and Brian stayed up late talking about Michael’s situation. Even though it was hard to hear how far he had fallen Brian felt good about his offer to help him. He knows that it’s not what Michael wanted or even expected but it was all Brian could give. He really needs to step back from their relationship and give Michael some room to grow; now all he has to do is face Debbie and hope she understands. Justin didn’t really understand why Brian felt like he needed to help Michael but he also knew to leave it alone, otherwise it would start a fight.

Brian tried to wake Justin when he was leaving for work the next morning but Justin pulled the covers up over his head and mumbled something like, “Don’t, go, leave me alone…”

Brian just chuckled knowing he’d never be a morning person and thought that it was probably a good thing he was an artist and didn’t have to punch a time clock. By the time he got to the diner Ted and Emmett were already there as he slid into the booth next to Em. Michael came over with the coffee pot and filled up their cups; they could tell that he felt a little awkward and it did seem a little strange to them as well. I guess it will just take time for everyone to get used to the new situation.

Brian read the newspaper and made small talk until Ted mentions his trip to Chicago. “Well, how did it go?”

“It was great. Justin and I had a really good time.”

“And…”

“We went to several museums and had a huge shopping spree; of course I had to go to Armani and I ended up buying a couple of new suits.”
“So did we get the account?”

“Of course Ted, there was never any question whether we would get it or not.”

Emmett can’t help but ask, “So everything went all right with the two of you?”

“Of course, Justin had a blast going to the aquarium and riding on the big ferris wheel. He was just like a little kid; we really squeezed a lot into going just for the weekend. I finally feel like I made up for canceling on him when we were supposed to go to Vermont; of course he still wants to go there as well.”

Ted asked, “Did you take him with you when you went to dinner with Leo Brown?”

“Yes, of course. Leo asked us to join him and his wife, Sara at Gibson’s. It’s this place that’s straight out of the thirties; you can just imagine all the gangsters sitting around smoking cigars and drinking whisky. The place has a lot of character not to mention a great menu.”

Michael can’t help hovering around near their table, wishing he was still part of the gang, and not the hired help. He wonders if he’ll ever get used to working at the diner; just then Debbie hollers to him that table six needs to be bused and not to forget to refill everyone’s coffee cups because it’s rush hour right now.

When Michael comes by to fill their coffee cups Brian asks him if he’s given his offer any thought? Then Brian reminds him that the spring semester will soon be open for registration and that he might need to talk with a career counselor.

Ted and Emmett can’t help but question Brain about his remark because Michael hasn’t mentioned anything to them about his offer. But they’re not the only ones; Debbie couldn’t help but overhear Brian’s comment. She scoots in next to Ted and quizzes him. “What do you mean talk to a career counselor?”

“You mean Michael hasn’t mentioned my offer?”

“No, so spill it. Now.”

“I simply offered to pay for his education to be trained in a field of his choosing; no strings attached, so long as he keeps his grades up and graduates.”

“I’m sorry. Did I just hear you correctly? You offered to pay for Michael’s education scott-free?”

“That’s what I said. I won’t bail his ass out of debt. But I will pay for his education. Think of it as Father Kinney’s tuition-free community service.”

“Oh My God, Brian!”

With that all was forgiven in Deb’s book. She can’t help but get up and throw her arms around Brian, kissing him on his right cheek and leaving a big red lipstick imprint staining his cheek for the rest of the day.

“Deb, please… No tears and no more lipstick.”

“I just can’t believe it. Why didn’t he say something?”

“Because he doesn’t want to go back to school.”

“Well that’s just too bad. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.”
“I know, Deb, but he’s afraid of failing.”

“Failing? Hell, he’s already failed. It can’t get any worse; just wait until I talk with him. He’ll be meeting with a career counselor before the end of the week.”

“I can always count on you, Deb.”

“You’re damn right you can. God, Brian. I just can’t believe you’re doing this for him.”

“Yeah, well, don’t let it get around.”

With that Debbie gets up to serve her order that just came up; she can’t help but smack Michael across the back of his head as she walks by telling him, “I’ll talk to you when your shift is over, you little asshole!”

Michael storms over to Brian yelling, “You just had to tell her, didn’t you? Now I’m going to have her breathing down my neck.”

Brian just smiles and says, “My work is done here for the day.”

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Justin sits in the loft, eating pizza and brownies with Daphne as he reads through his roster of classes he has to complete to graduate.

“I can’t believe how easy it was; I just went to the Vassar’s office and asked them what I had to do to get reinstated to PIFA. She was really nice about it. She talked to the Dean of Studies and then they went over my transcripts and printed out a list of all the classes I needed to take.”

“I can’t believe they didn’t give you any shit about that whole fiasco with Stockwell?”

“Well, I think it helped that he was indicted, so they basically overlooked that incident.”

“God, you are so lucky.”

“Yeah, I guess so. Now all I have to do is figure out how to squeeze all these classes in so I can graduate at the end of next spring. Granted, I’ll have to go to summer school, and I’ll have to study my ass off.”

“I’m not worried; I know you can do it.”

~~~

Michael was finally working up the strength to work a full shift at the diner without being completely exhausted. He was sitting on his bed when Emmett knocked on his door asking, “So what classes have you considered taking?”

“I’m not going. You know I don’t do well under that kind of pressure.”

“Michael, sweetie, this is a great opportunity. Like a gift from heaven. You’ll never have this chance again. Besides lots of people put off going to college for a few years; some even go back and study something new.”

“I don’t know. Why is everyone pressuring me?”

“We’re just trying to make you see that you could have a really great future, that’s all.”
“I want my future to be with Brian, as his partner. Can’t you see we were made for each other?”

“Michael, you really need to let that dream go…”

“I can’t. I just know were meant to be together. He’s just not ready to settle down yet. But I’ll be there when he’s ready.”

“Michael, you might be waiting a hell of a long time.”

“Maybe that’s why he offered to pay for my education; he wants a partner who’s educated and can keep up the conversation with his clients during business dinners.”

“Michael, I don’t know about that.”

“I do. Now everything makes total sense to me. He’s waiting for me to be ready to be his partner.”

Emmett just stares at Michael, wondering when he’s going to get a clue.

Michael is beaming now as he thinks about being Brian’s partner.

“Do you think I should take advertising classes? You know, so I can help Brian out at Kinnetik?”

Emmett just shakes his head finally saying, “You have to study for a degree in something you’re interested in, not something you think will help you get Brian as your partner. Because you know that’s never going to happen. I don’t mean to hurt your feelings but Brian already has a partner, in case you haven’t noticed.”

“Oh, Justin. That will never last. You know he’ll end up leaving Brian again and when he does I’ll be there to pick up the pieces. Trust me on this one.”

Emmett just looks at him like he’s crazy and then turns to leave, saying, “I have to order the flowers for the Montgomery wedding.”

Debbie couldn’t help but overhear Michael and Emmett talking upstairs. After all the walls are paper-thin. She can’t believe what she heard Michael saying; she was shocked to think that he still really believed that Brian wants him.

When Emmett comes downstairs Debbie corners him, quizzing him on what was going on with Michael. She finally asks what happened between Michael and Ben because she never got the real story about why they broke up. Even if she did have a hard time accepting Ben in the beginning of their relationship, she now considered him her son-in-law.

Emmett tried to evade her questions but she wasn’t taking no for an answer and finally he sat her down at the kitchen table and told her what he knew. Apparently Michael has been carrying a huge torch for Brian, as everyone knows. But he seems to have it in his mind that once Ben was gone (after he had passed away) that Brian would be ready to commit to a relationship with him.

Debbie’s just stunned. She can’t believe that Michael would be so stupid to think such a thing, let alone tell Ben that to his face. She had no idea just how delusional Michael was about his future. Then she can’t help but ask if there was more to Michael losing the comic book store than he had said. Emmett just looks away, not wanting to get into it with Debbie, but knowing that there was no way around it.

“Well, it seems that when Michael went to Florida for that comic book convention he funded his trip using his rent money.”
“What! Oh God, that can’t be right?”

“Yeah, it is and that’s not all. He also found an Aqua-man action figure on eBay, and bid on it, putting him even further in debt.”

“I just can’t believe he would do something like that. It makes no sense. How did he think he was going to cover his expenses?”

“I guess he just assumed that Brian would bail him out, because he always has in the past.”

“Oh my God… He needs some serious help.”

“I know, Deb. It seems like he’s gone off the deep end.”

~

Jennifer was putting together another set of property listings for Justin and Brian, becoming frustrated because nothing she had shown them seemed to fit their needs. Justin was happy with a few of the homes they had looked at but Brian wanted something specific but he wasn’t able to articulate it to Jennifer. He just kept saying, ‘I’ll know it when I see it.’

Brian was looking through some listings online when he came across an older, bigger, Tudor-style home on the outskirts of Pittsburgh just across the West Virginia state line. Yeah, it was more house than they needed but he really liked the prestige the house seemed to represent. It had a big swimming pool and pool house as well as stables. It also had several acres of land and he knew Justin would love the swimming pool.

He printed out the listing and tucked it into his briefcase. Then he emailed Jennifer the listing information and asked her to set up an appointment for him and Justin. He was getting ready to leave work for the day when Cynthia buzzed him to tell him Michael is there to see him. Brian takes a deep breath and tells her to have him come on in.

“Mikey, to what do I owe this pleasure?”

“I just want you to know that I understand, and that I now know what you were trying to say to me the other day. I just want you to know that I won’t disappoint you. I couldn’t be happier about our future together and I understand that you’ll want someone who can help you run your business.”

Brian wasn’t really paying attention because; just as Michael entered his office he received an email from Ted going over the projections for the new women’s wear collection for Brown Athletics. Having only heard part of what Michael said he just grins and says, “Great. Good to know we’re on the same page.”

Michael’s so happy that Brian has finally acknowledged that they could have a future together he can’t help but throw himself at Brian, trying to kiss him. Brian puts his hand on Michael’s chest, saying, “Hold on there… slow down.”

Michael apologizes, thinking that Brian doesn’t want to show affection at the office, that it would be unprofessional. So he steps back and says, “Why don’t we go out tonight and celebrate. Maybe we can meet at Woody’s?”

Brian smiles at him and says, “Yeah, that sounds good. I’ll see you about nine.”

“Sounds perfect.”
Michael’s floating on Cloud Nine as we walk out of Kinnetik and catches the bus back home to his mother’s house. When he enters the house Debbie mentions that he looks happier than she’s seen him in a long time. He says, “Yeah, everything is looking up.”

Debbie was going to question him about all this nonsense about being Brian’s partner and helping him run his business. But she decides that she doesn’t want to ruin his good mood. So she asks him if he’s picked up the school catalog of classes and scheduled an appointment with a career counselor. He says he has an appointment next Monday and he can’t wait to hear what they have to say. Debbie can’t help but question Michael’s change of heart concerning college, but she’s glad he now has a positive attitude and maybe even a future.

~~~

It’s eight thirty and Michael’s been in the bathroom for the last hour. Debbie yells through the closed door, “Michael, how much longer are you going to be? I can’t hold it any longer. I’m going to pee my pants.”

The door slowly opens and she asks, “What’s going on? You’ve been in here for the last hour.”

“I’m just getting ready to go out, that’s all.”

“You have a date?”

“Yes, Ma, but please don’t make a big deal out of it.”

“Okay, but with who?”

“I’d rather not say until we’re ready to tell all our friends about it. Let’s just give it some time first.”

“God, Michael, you’re being so mysterious. Is it anyone I know?”

“Ma! Please, you’ll just have to wait and see.”

~~~

It’s quarter after nine and Michael is sitting alone at Woody’s, a little nervous. After all this will be Brian and his first date. Emmett and Ted come in and sit with Michael. He’s a little put off and tells them that he’s meeting someone. Emmett can’t help gushing, “So that’s why you’re all dressed up and took forever in the bathroom tonight.”

Michael just rolls his eyes, not giving anything away. Suddenly he looks up as Brian and Justin join them at the table. Michael’s heart sinks as he wonders what Justin is doing with Brian. Emmett can’t help gushing, “So that’s why you’re all dressed up and took forever in the bathroom tonight.”

Michael just glares back at Justin and then looks at Brian sympathetically, thinking Brian just doesn’t know how to tell Justin that it’s over. Brian smiles back at Michael saying, “So, who is it?”

“As if you didn’t know.”

Brian looks puzzled, but lets the comment go, figuring that they’ll all find out soon enough. Justin’s grinning from ear to ear as he flashes his phone at Em. “You just have to see the photos of our new house. Brian found the listing online and we went out and looked at it and then had dinner with my mom. She’s putting our bid on it tonight but we probably won’t find out if we got it for a
couple of days.”

Em takes Justin’s phone and flicks through the pictures, his jaw dropping as he looks at all the rooms the mansion has. “You two didn’t tell me you were buying a mansion?”

Michael’s startled as he grabs the phone and looks through the pictures, becoming more and more pissed as he sees how fantastic the mansion is.

“What the hell is this all about, Brian?”

“I’m sorry. I thought that I mentioned that Justin and I were getting something bigger. We really need more space. At first we thought that Justin would use the loft as his studio. But then we decided that the house is big enough to use one of the eight bedrooms instead.”

Justin can’t help but beam. “Isn’t it just perfect?”

Then Brian pulls him into his chest and kisses him passionately saying, “Anything he wants is fine with me.”

Justin swats him across the chest knowing that it was Brian who picked out the house and insisted they buy it. The two of them have never looked so in love. Michael can’t help but look heartbroken, not understanding why Brian would do this. Especially now that he told him that they were going to be a couple. He’s getting pissed, thinking there’s no way he was going to be his bit on the side. He wanted it all and he wasn’t settling for second best.

Michael stands with his hands on his hips. “Brian, can I talk with you… in private?”

Brian looks at Michael and just shrugs his shoulders then kisses Justin on the top of his head and says, “I’ll be right back.”

“Just what the fuck is going on here? First you’re late and now this bullshit with buying a new house.”

Again Brian looks puzzled and shrugs his shoulders.

“Don’t play coy with me, mister. I want to know when you’re going to tell Justin about us.”

“Us?”

“You know damn well what I’m talking about; we discussed it at your office this afternoon.”

“Really, Michael, I have no idea what you’re talking about. As I recall you said you decided to go back to school. Was there something else? Because I really don’t remember if there was.”

Michael is so upset that he slaps Brian across his face and storms out of Woody’s. Brian rubs his hand across his face where Michael hit him and shakes his head, wondering what the fuck just happened. Michael is acting like a jealous housewife.

Justin comes over to him, asking if he’s okay. Brian puts his arm across Justin’s shoulder and says, “Let’s drink champagne and celebrate our new house.”

Emmett starts clapping and bouncing saying, “I just love champagne!”

Brian orders a bottle of the best champagne they have and they all toast to Brian and Justin’s future. Emmett can’t help looking around, trying to see if anyone was looking for Michael, because he couldn’t believe that he would just leave, knowing that his new date would be there anytime.
The boys hung out drinking more champagne and then they finally went to Babylon and danced the night away.

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Debbie’s sitting on the couch eating popcorn, watching reruns of Dynasty when Michael storms into the house, runs up to his bedroom and slams the door. Debbie gives him a few minutes and then she wanders up to see what’s caused her little boy so much pain.

“What’s wrong, Michael? Did you get stood up after all that time you spent primping for your date?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

Debbie sits down on the bed and starts rubbing Michael’s back as he cries into his pillow. “It’s just not fair, Ma… I just don’t understand why he doesn’t love me the way I love him. Especially after what we talked about at his office today, I was sure he was ready to give us a shot.”

“What? Who are you talking about, Michael?”

“Brian, Brian. That’s who. How can he be so heartless?”

“Brian? You’ve got to be kidding me? I don’t know what happened at his office, but I sure as hell know that he’s in love with Sunshine. It’s so obvious to everyone. What in the world would make you think he wanted to date you?”

“Because, because he asked me to go back to school. Don’t you see he wants me to get an education so that we’ll be partners in every way at work as well as at home? He’s just waiting for me to become more educated so I can converse well with his clients. I could become his business manager and partner.”

“Michael, Brian already has a business manager. What do you think Ted does? And I know you know that Justin is his life partner. After all they’ve been together on and off for the last five or six years.”

“But Justin’s all wrong for him. He’s too young and eventually he’s going to leave him for good. And then Brian will see that it’s me he’s wanted all along. I just thought that he already figured it out. That he finally wanted me.”

“Michael, sweetheart. Even if things don’t work out with Brian and Justin and I think they will. But if they don’t, can’t you see you still wouldn’t be right for Brian? He needs someone who’s better suited for him, and that’s just not you.”

“But why not? I want him. I really want him, Ma.”

“You need to put an end to all those dreams Michael, and face the fact that Brian will never love you the way you want him to.”

“But why? Why not?”

Debbie just pats him on the back knowing that there’s nothing more to say. That he just needs time to let it all sink in. She finally stands up and walks downstairs cursing the day that Michael ever met Brian, wishing that her son would finally grow up.

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The boys have all been dancing for a while, even Ted. The DJ seems to have really got his groove tonight. They finally take a break and Brian orders a round of drinks for everyone. Emmett finally asks, “What happened between you and Michael earlier?”

“I’m not really sure. I guess some kind of misunderstanding.”

Justin asks Emmett, “I thought you said he had a date?”

“He did. That’s why I couldn’t figure out why he left.”

Brian thinks about it a little and then shakes his head, thinking to himself, there’s no way he could have thought that we had a date. That just wouldn’t make any sense, but he did seem upset about seeing the pictures of the new house. He can’t imagine what’s gotten into him.

Brian orders another shot of Jack Daniel’s and downs it, then he turns to Justin and starts pulling him into the backroom. He leans into him and whispers, “Let’s give the boys a little show. What do you say?”

They mill through the crowd until they find an open spot against the wall. Justin pushes Brian back and runs kisses around his neck, and down his chest as he lifts up Brian’s shirt. He fumbles with the top button on his 501s and then pulls the zipper down with his teeth, finally nuzzling his face into Brian’s bush. First Brian has his head thrown back, but then feeling Justin’s nose tickle his crotch he can’t help look down and watch him take his cock into his sweet mouth.

Their eyes lock as they watch each other; Justin licks down Brian’s length and then back up again, circling his plump head. Then he wraps his lips around the crown and slides down Brian’s cock, taking all of him down his throat. He swishes his tongue across his slit and then repeats the same motion. Brian’s in heaven as he watches Justin through hooded eyes. After a couple more times Justin decides to get on with the show as he starts sucking his dick, while running his fingers up and down the slick path.

Brian’s totally turned on and it isn’t long before he’s shooting down Justin’s beautiful throat. Justin laps up all his spunk, licking his lips and tasting every drop. Brian pulls him back up and kisses him deeply and then turns him around. Justin leans his head back, resting it on Brian’s shoulder and Brian turns his head and continues the kiss, while unzipping his cargo pants. He breaks the kiss, and pushes Justin up against the wall, and then he coats his fingers with lube and sinks them into his sweet boy.

Justin moans deeply as Brian feathers his fingers against his prostate and then replaces them with his dick until he’s totally engulfed. Justin braces himself with his palms flat against the wall, sticking his ass out so he can take more of Brian’s length. Brian starts with slow shallow movements and then he increases the speed and depth until he’s found a steady rhythm. They’re both enjoying themselves and don’t really notice that they’ve become the center of attention in the backroom, as their moans echo off the walls around them.

Justin is totally lost in the fuck while little whimpers of pleasure escape his throat. Brian loves to hear all those delicious squeals Justin makes as his climax builds until he’s almost out of breath. Justin releases one of his hands to start jacking himself off. But Brian’s hand swats it away as he takes hold of Justin’s cock, working the same rhythm that he’s pounding in his ass. They’ve been together long enough to know that Justin is about to shoot as Brian increases his thrusts, tipping them both over the edge.

It takes Justin several minutes to catch his breath as Brian holds him up against himself, watching his breathing return to normal. Then he reaches down and pulls Justin’s pants back up, fastening
Justin’s and then his own pants. When they turn around they notice that everyone is still watching
them, and Brian can’t help grinning back at everyone with his tongue-in-cheek stare he’s so
famous for.

They say goodbye to Ted and Emmett on the way out as they get a couple of bottles of water from
the bar. They walk hand in hand back to the car, both so grateful that they came to their senses and
got back together, remembering just how hard it was to see the other with someone else.

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Michael had gotten home pretty early, and once he had finally cried himself out he lay in bed
feeling sorry for himself. Finally formulating a plan of action he sneaked down the stairs, careful
not to wake Debbie, closing the door silently behind himself.

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Brian and Justin aren’t feeling any pain by the time the elevator stops at their floor as they get the
loft door open. They step inside and they’re immediately sober as they look around the loft.
Everything is smashed or slashed.

Brian says, “What the fuck happened here?”

All the dishes in the kitchen are broken all over the floor. Justin’s few pieces of artwork have huge
gouges out of them. Brian’s pristine leather furniture has been slashed to pieces; even the curtains
on all the windows are shredded. All the drawers in the bedrooms have been overturned and the
bottoms pushed out; Justin’s clothes have been cut to shreds as well as Brian’s suits.

The next thing they notice is that the mattress on the bed is slashed and the lights over the bed are
smashed to bits with glass everywhere. Justin’s totally freaked out with visions of Chris Hobbs as
he runs into the bathroom to puke, and it’s even worse in there, if it’s possible. The shower doors
are all smashed and the imported Italian tile has cracks all through it. The sink is broken to pieces
and the mirror is shattered. A hammer has even been taken to the toilet and now there’s water
running everywhere.

Justin’s shaking with fear as Brian comes up behind him and takes him out of the loft and down to
the Corvette. He tries to calm him down as he tells him that they’ll stay in a hotel tonight. Justin’s
so paranoid he can’t stop his eyes from darting back and forth, looking everywhere in the parking
lot. Brian starts the car and pulls out on to the street. Then he takes his phone out, and calls Carl,
telling him that his loft has been vandalized and he thinks maybe it was a hate crime.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Brian and Justin deal with the aftermath of Michael’s destruction.

Title: The Offer Still Stands...
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 5115
Rating: R, Porn...
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust...
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Brian and Justin deal with the aftermath of Michael’s destruction.

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Chapter 6 ~ Psycho Killer Qu'est-ce que c'est ...

Psycho Killer
Qu'est-ce que c'est
fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa far better
Run run run run run run run away
~ Talking Heads

It didn’t take long for Justin to finally fall asleep, because Brian had seen how upset he was so he grabbed his medication from the medicine chest. Although he rarely used it anymore it was nice to have it on hand in case he had nightmares from the bashing. Brian now sits in their suite at the Fairmont, talking with Carl on the phone as Carl and the police go through the loft. Brian had left the door unlocked, figuring that there wasn’t anything left to steal.

Initially Carl thought that Brian and Justin had been robbed, but after walking through the crime scene and the fact that Brian told him that nothing seemed to be missing from what he could tell. Then he remembered, and told Carl that he had unlocked the door when they got home. After that admission it became obvious that whoever did this had a key and knew the alarm code and that meant only one thing.

They figured it must have been someone that Brian knew and the only people who had a key were Lindsay, Ted and Michael. It obviously wasn’t Ted because they had been with Ted all night and Lindsay just wouldn’t ever do something like this. So it had to be Michael. Brian’s stomach dropped when he realized this. Carl wasn’t in much better shape as he hated to think that Michael could be capable of creating such chaos. It was obvious that whoever did this wasn’t very smart or they would have jimmed the lock to make it look like a break-in and of course they wouldn’t have locked it again afterwards.

Carl was now performing an official police investigation, taking pictures and video taping
everything and then the loft was dusted for fingerprints. Because of the nature of the scene it was considered a felony, due to the property value of the destruction being over ten thousand dollars. Of course the dead giveaway was the hammer found in the bathroom; it still had fingerprints on it and belonged to Michael. Carl remembered that Michael’s prints were already in the system from when his store was broken into and they were taken to eliminate his from the others left at the scene.

The police worked at the loft throughout the night. Now it was considered a crime scene, meaning that Brian and Justin couldn’t remove anything from the loft. Not that there was much of anything left that wasn’t broken. For once Brian didn’t reach for alcohol which surprised him because it was his standard MO. He called Ted the next morning asking him to come over to the hotel. He was secretive about what was going on until he got there so he wouldn’t end up telling Emmett what had happened.

Brian’s still pacing the floor as he talks with Ted, explaining that through the process of elimination it must have been Michael. They’re both still in shock as they decide not to tell anyone about what’s happened just yet, saying that Carl had explained he needed to build an actual case proving Michael’s guilt, not just going on their gut reaction. It’s all Brian can do not to hunt Michael down and beat him to a pulp. He just can’t understand why he would do something like this.

Brian wakes Justin to tell him that he and Ted are going to the diner to get breakfast and that he’ll be back soon. Justin’s still groggy from his medication and rolls over and goes back to sleep. When they get to the diner they agree not to mention what’s happened to see how Michael reacts. They sit down in one of the booths, noticing that Michael looks nervous and his eyes keep shifting back and forth between the two of them. Finally Michael comes over and asks if they want coffee. Brian just stares at him, making him feel even more nervous.

In the light of day Michael regrets destroying all of Brian’s possessions. He never really meant to hurt him, thinking to himself all he really just wanted to do was make Justin pay for stealing Brian away from him. He’s still angry about last night feeling like Justin ruined his first date with Brian, and possibly their first night together. Of course this makes no sense because Brian was never his, but then again he’s not thinking rationally these days.

Brian never eats a big breakfast but today’s an exception as he and Ted order eggs, bacon and toast. Michael’s acting skittish as he tries to figure out what’s going on with Brian; surely he must know about the loft by now. At least he expected him to come in and complain that the loft was vandalized last night. He’s not his usual self, hovering around their table trying to make small talk. He keeps spilling coffee on the customers and dropping dishes which sets off his nerves as he remembers the sounds of Brian’s china breaking last night.

“For crying out loud, Michael, what is with you today? That’s the third stack of dishes you’ve broken. You break any more and it’s coming out of your pay.”

“Sorry, Ma, I don’t know what’s wrong with me.”

Brian gets a call from the insurance company and makes arrangements for him and Ted to meet them at the loft later that morning. It’s just about that time that Carl comes into the diner. Debbie’s face breaks into a big smile. She’s so happy to see him, until she realizes he’s not there to eat. He stops at Brian’s table to let them know they have released the crime scene and the fingerprint analysis was back. It was definitely Michael who destroyed the loft. Michael’s heart rate increases when he sees Carl come in, talking with Brian. He squirms a little and then heads for the bathroom. But Carl calls out to him, asking if he can talk with him outside. Michael responds with, “No. Can’t
you see I’m working right now?”

Now he’s caught Debbie’s attention as she asks, “What’s this all about?”

“I’m sorry to have to do this, Deb, but Michael is being arrested on suspicion of destruction of property. It’s a class C felony.”

“What? No, that can’t be right. He would never do anything like that.”

“I’m sorry, Debbie, but I have to take him in.”

“Just wait a minute. When did this happen? I just know he’s innocent.”

“It was last night, and we have indisputable proof.”

“No, it couldn’t be Michael. He came home early last night. He was with me.”

“I’m so sorry, Deb but I’m afraid I’m not wrong about this.”

“Didn’t you hear me? I said he was with me; he never left the house last night. Tell them, Michael!”

Michael’s in shock. He never thought that he’d be caught, considering how many tricks Brian has brought home. He just figured that they’d blame one of them.

Debbie tries again. “Say something, Michael!”

Michael’s eyes keep shifting back and forth between Carl’s and Brian’s, stunned that he’s being arrested. Debbie is now standing between Carl and Michael with her hands on her hips asking, “So, just who is it that he supposedly vandalized?”

Carl looks sadly at Deb and says, “Brian’s loft.”

Now Debbie’s anger turns to Brian. “So you’re just going to have your best friend arrested? I can’t believe you’d stoop so low, kicking him when he’s already down. Haven’t you caused him enough pain?”

Brian can’t help himself as he shouts back at Debbie. “Debbie, the loft is completely destroyed… I mean everything, dishes, furniture, clothing, bathroom fixtures and Justin’s paintings. Nothing survived… NOTHING…”

“I just can’t believe this. Michael would never hurt a fly, let alone his best friend. There must be some kind of mistake.”

No matter what anyone said at this point, Debbie wouldn’t believe them. She was so sure Michael was innocent, and she’s never been angrier with anyone as she is now. Finally she just stands there, watching, as Carl handcuffs Michael, reading him his rights and leading him to his squad car.

Debbie calls after them, “I’ll call Mel and she’ll have you out in no time.”

Debbie storms over to Brian and slaps him across his face. “How could you have your own best friend arrested? Shame on you!”

Brian doesn’t react. He understands how shocked she is, because it took him all night to wrap his brain around all this himself. He looks down at his cold breakfast and says to Ted, “I guess we should be heading out. I want to stop by the hotel and check on Justin and then we have to meet the insurance assessor at the loft.”
Justin woke up at the hotel. It took him several minutes before the previous night’s nightmare registered. His breathing starts to race as he calls out to Brian. He gets up and finds Brian leaving a couple of new sketch pads and a set of charcoal and colored pencils on the table next to a half dozen lemon bars. He pulls him into a kiss and sits down with him. Brian looks down at the floor and then back up, taking a deep breath. “I know this will be hard to understand. It certainly was for me, but Carl’s arrested Michael. It seems that they found his fingerprints at the loft on some of the damaged things.

Justin shakes his head and squints at Brian questioning him, “Michael?”

“I know it doesn’t make any sense.”

Brian holds him close, running his fingers through his hair, telling him everything will be alright. Justin can’t help the shaking that returns, along with the fear in his eyes.

“I know that Michael has never been supportive of our relationship, but I never thought that he hated me.”

“This didn’t just happen to you, so he must be really mad at me as well. I just don’t know what would set him off like this”

Justin tries to put on a brave face, saying “He’s been acting strange since that night you came over to their house and asked me to come back home.”

“Yeah, that was a crazy night. He said some absurd things about him and me being together. As a matter of fact he said some strange things last night about us having our first date.”

“You can’t be serious?”

“I know it sounds irrational now thinking back on it. Besides, didn’t Emmett say something about him having a date last night?”

Ted pipes in with, “Yeah, just before you two showed up he said that he was meeting someone, acting like he wanted us to leave so they could be alone.”

“I just can’t imagine how he could have ever thought that I was interested in him sexually. I mean, I made it clear that morning at his shop last week that nothing was ever going to happen between us.”

Then Brian kisses Justin on the top of his head and asks if he’s going to be alright, letting him know he has to go to the loft and review all the damage with Ted and the insurance assessor. Justin tries to smile but it’s obvious he’s nervous. He hugs Brian for several minutes, finally releasing him and telling him to go and do what needs to be done. After Brian and Ted leave he digs into the lemon bars as he mulls over the room service menu, trying to decide what he wants for breakfast. A little while later there’s a knock on his door that scares the hell out of him. He slowly opens the door to see his mother standing there with her arms loaded with shopping bags from Nike World and Abercrombie and Fitch.

She tries her best to smile at him as she tells him that Brian called her from the diner and told her what happened last night. That he asked her to go and pick out some new clothes for him as everything he owns was destroyed at the loft. The two of them order room service and discuss the previous night’s events, starting with how strange Michael was acting at Woody’s.
She tells him that Carl has already identified Michael’s own hammer that was left at the scene as well as Michael’s knife that has traces of paint and fibers from the furniture and bed on the blades. She just shakes her head, finding it hard to believe someone they considered a friend could do something like this. Justin frowns a little and says, “Michael has never liked me, he’s tried to hide it. But I knew how he felt. He has always been jealous of my relationship with Brian but I never thought that he hated me.”

“I’m so sorry, darling. I know how awkward that must have been for you.”

“It’s not your fault. You have nothing to be sorry about. Let’s just let it go for now.”

“You’re right. Let’s change the subject. Now Brian asked me if I could speed up the sale of the house because, for the time being, the two of you will be living here at the Fairmount.”

“Wow. I hadn’t even thought about that…”

“I talked with the owners and they’re delighted to put a quick sale on the property. As you know they had to move to Europe suddenly and the place is currently vacant. They have no problem with you and Brian taking possession early so you can start decorating.”

“That’s great because I think I’ll go stir crazy spending so much time cooped up here.”

“Brian asked me for a list of decorators that can help you with purchasing everything you’ll need for the new house. I brought you my laptop for you to use to research furniture and appliances. Brian said he thought a complete remodel of the kitchen was in order and possibly all the bathrooms.”

“Yeah, I know how much he loves a big shower and I definitely want a Jacuzzi and a new kitchen.”

“This house is amazing; I just know you and Brian are going to be happy there.”

“I appreciate you bringing over your laptop. I’m going to have fun researching all our new furniture.”

“Anything I can do to help, just let me know.”

“Wow. I feel so much better than I did when I first woke up. Thanks for coming over and shopping for me. I really appreciate it, and I just love all the new clothes you bought me.”

“No problem, sweetheart. Now I’m sorry I have to eat and run but I have a house to show a client in an hour.”

With that Jennifer bends down and hugs her son good bye, hoping that he’ll be alright the rest of the afternoon, knowing how frightened Brian said he was last night. She really couldn’t imagine just how much stress he must be under. Justin walks her to the door and then locks it up tight. He wanders around the suite checking everything out and then decides on a nice hot bath to try to relax.

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Melanie had to wait around and talk to the district attorney about Michael’s case before she could see him. She was still hoping that there had been a mistake, because she just couldn’t fathom that the father of her child could be capable of such violence and destruction. She hasn’t been to the crime scene, but she has seen the photos and the video that the police took the night before. She really thought that it must be some kind of joke until she saw all the damage; it frightened her
seeing just what Michael had done. So again she questions if they really have the right person, knowing how many men Brian must have had through the loft.

Finally she was able to meet with Michael; she stands up as he walks in and sits down at the table. Michael looks up at her with a puzzled expression on his face asking, “When do I get out of here?”

“First tell me what happened. How could you have done something like this?”

Michael just shrugs his shoulders and says, “I don’t know. I guess I was just really angry at the time.”

Melanie’s a little taken back by his statement as she asks him to explain. His eyes dart everywhere but at her face. It’s obvious that he’s ashamed of his actions as he fidgets with his hands finally saying, “I must have been temporarily insane.”

Mel just stares at him for a few minutes. “Maybe, but I don’t think so… The police have the hammer you took with you and left behind. That in itself proves that the crime was premeditated. Therefore in the eyes of the law you can’t plead temporary insanity.”

“Why not?”

“Because you had the forethought to bring a weapon with you. You had already decided that you were going there to commit a crime. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“I guess so. I mean, I was just so mad at Brian. I thought that he was finally ready to have a relationship with me.”

“What? Why would you think that?”

“Because he told me that he wanted to pay for my education.”

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“Why doesn’t anybody understand this? It’s so obvious. He wants me to become better educated so that I’d be a better partner for him, so we could finally be together.”

“Did he say he wanted to be in a relationship with you? That you’d be partners?”

“Well, not in so many words, but when I went to see him at his office yesterday I explained that I finally understood what he wanted from me and he said we were on the same page. He even made a date with me for last night.”

“You and Brian went out on a date last night?”

“We were supposed to, but he ended up bringing Justin with him and then he acted like he didn’t know what I was talking about.”

“Is it possible that you misunderstood him?”

“No. I don’t see how.”

“Well, you must have, don’t you think?”

“I don’t know anymore. All I know is he made me so furious. I just couldn’t watch them. They were talking about the new house they’re buying, then they were showing Ted and Emmett pictures of the place and not paying any attention to me.”
“Michael, where is all this jealousy coming from?”

“Jealousy! You think I’m jealous? Well of course I’m jealous. I don’t know how he expects me to act, but I’m not willing to be just his bit on the side. I want what he has with Justin… It just isn’t fair. I want him so much and I know he loves me.”

Now Melanie thinks Michael really is unstable but unfortunately it won’t hold up in court because of his actions. “Michael, I don’t think Brian loves you the way you want him to. Can’t you see that he’s in love with Justin?”

“Justin, Justin, Justin… I’m so sick of hearing about Justin! Don’t you see I went over there last night to scare Justin? I have to get him out of Brian’s life so we can start our future together.”

“You’re really frightening me here, Michael. Can you hear what you’re saying?”

“I know what I’m saying. I’m saying that I wish Justin was dead… That I wish that Brian never met him, because if he hadn’t, I just know that Brian and I would probably be married by now.”

“Brian, married?”

“Yes. You see I found them last night in his desk.”

“You found what?”

Michael holds up his left hand and then realizes that the cops took away all his personal possessions. He shakes his head and says, “I found our platinum wedding bands. I guess the cops put it with my things when they arrested me.”

“You’ve stolen a wedding band from Brian’s desk?”

“Yes and it fits perfectly, so don’t you see he was planning on asking me to marry him. He just had to find a way to break it off with Justin.”

Melanie just gawks at him, thinking about what Michael just confessed. She realizes that Brian really is in love, only with Justin.

“Michael, I really don’t know how to react to everything you’ve said here today, but one thing I know for sure is you need to hire an attorney who specializes in criminal law and that’s not me.”

“What? Now you’re dumping me too?”

“It’s not that, Michael. It’s because I’m not experienced enough with criminal law to properly represent you.”

“I can’t afford to hire another attorney. Do you think Brian would pay for my new lawyer? After all he is my fiancé now.”

Melanie just shakes her head, stunned by his response. “I really don’t see that happening. After all, he’s the plaintiff in this case. He wouldn’t hire a lawyer to fight against his own case.”

“Do you really think he’ll press charges? I know he loves me and I love him.”

“If you love him then why in the world would you destroy his home and possessions?”

“I told you I was angry. Think of it as a lover’s spat.”
Melanie feels like they’re talking in circles and she’s getting angry with Michael for being so ridiculous about everything. “I’m sorry, Michael, but I can’t help you. You’ll have to seek other counsel.”

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Lindsay is patiently waiting at home to get the full story because Brian’s and Justin’s phones just kept rolling to voice mail and Debbie is too hysterical to make any sense. When Mel finally comes through the door she looks totally freaked out.

“I need a drink. Make it a double.”

“Mel, it can’t be that bad. From what Debbie said it was just vandalism.”

“It’s worse than you can imagine. Michael’s completely delusional, yet at the same time he seems to know right from wrong. So there’s no way they won’t charge him.”

“What do you mean… delusional?”

“I mean, you know how he’s always carried a torch for Brian? Well, he’s now convinced himself that Brian wants to have a relationship with him, and he actually thought him and Brian had a date last night. But when Brian showed up with Justin he seems to have gone off the deep end.”

“What was he arrested for if not vandalism?”

“Oh, it’s vandalism alright but he went over there last night and literally smashed and slashed everything. It’s a complete loss. He’s being charged with a class C felony, meaning a huge fine and lots of prison time, depending on the judge.”

“He told me he wanted to hurt Justin. That he wished that he was dead.”

“Dead? I can’t believe this. Michael would never hurt anyone. He’s too much of a sissy.”

“Trust me, Linds, he’s totally unstable and I wouldn’t put it past him not to go after Justin if he was released.”

“Melanie, you must have misunderstood… Michael?”

“They just have him in a holding cell. He hasn’t been charged yet but apparently he found a platinum wedding band in Brian’s desk drawer and now he’s thinking that he and Brian are getting married.”

“Brian getting married? Why would he have a wedding band?”

“That’s a totally different story.”

“Maybe it was his father’s?”

“I don’t know, Linds, but I do know that I want to petition the court for sole custody of JR. I don’t want him around her should he get out.”

“Do you think he’s on drugs? Maybe he’s hallucinating?”

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Brian and Ted are walking around the loft, taking in the damage and collecting anything that can
be salvaged while they wait for the insurance assessor. Ted’s in shock. Sure he saw the pictures that Carl had but it’s so much worse in person than it looked. Brian says he needs to call a crime scene clean-up service and restoration, that he doesn’t want his regular cleaning service to have to deal with this mess. Ted’s feeling useless and asks what he can do to help out now while they wait. Brian shrugs his shoulders; he’s still too shocked at all the destruction.

Finally when Brian says that he can clean out the fridge, Ted’s grateful for something to do. He starts dumping leftovers in the sink and starts the garbage disposal, it starts making an awful sound like silverware is down in there. He turns it off and then puts his hand down through all that disgusting food trying to fish something out. It’s small and he’s having a hard time retrieving it, but when he finally frees it and pulls it out he’s surprised it appears to be a wedding band.

Brian comes over to look at it as Ted rinses it off under the water. Brian takes it from Ted and inspects it; he immediately goes over to his desk drawer and finds the empty ring box. Ted asks the obvious question. ”What is it?” Brian just glares at Ted and then his expression changes. He figures that Ted already knows just about everything about his personal life. He’s still holding the Tiffany’s box, and says, “Last weekend when we were in Chicago I bought Justin a new watch. When I was looking for the perfect watch he was fooling around and trying on rings, so when he wasn’t looking I had the manager set aside the ones he liked best.”

“Brian… This isn’t just a ring. You know it’s a wedding band.”

“Yeah, I know I said rings. I wanted to surprise him on his birthday in a couple of weeks.”

“Wow, Brian I never thought I’d see the day.”

“I’m sure you know by now, that if you say anything to anyone, I’ll have you killed and then I’ll fire you.”

“Zipping, zipping. Your secret’s safe with me.”

“Now I just wonder where the other one is?”

“I can’t believe that Michael would put it down the garbage disposal.”

“This shocks you, after looking around all the damage to this place?”

“No, I guess not. I mean the whole thing shocks me.”

“Yeah, me too. I just wish I understood why he did it.”

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Justin’s curled up on the sofa in their suite trying to distract himself by drawing, but he can’t help but feel completely lost, thinking about what happened last night. He’s still frightened, even though he knows nothing’s going to happen to him where he is. It’s like his fears from being bashed have all returned and he can’t help feeling paranoid. He wishes Brian would come back or at least call. He keeps checking his cell phone for messages but there are only ones from Lindsay and some hysterical ones from Deb. He just can’t deal with anyone right now so he turns his phone back off and absentmindedly watches TV with the sound turned off.

Debbie’s at her house, pacing in the living room and angry with the world. She’s sure that Michael’s innocent. Or that everyone’s just blowing this all out of proportion. Emmett’s sitting on the couch, watching her pace, trying to comprehend what Debbie is saying but he’s sure he’s heard her wrong. He can’t wait until Carl comes home then he can get a straight answer about what’s
happened. He keeps trying Ted and Brian’s phones, hoping they’ll pick up. He’s considering calling Justin but he doesn’t want to upset him anymore than he already is.

Finally Debbie makes up her mind and storms out of her house and goes over to the loft. Ted and Brian are boxing up the few things that weren’t destroyed last night along with a box of mementos from Brian’s life that was stuck in the back of the closet. Brian found most of his shoes that never saw the eye of the hurricane and his leather jackets and winter coats. The box of sex toys from under the bed, all the toiletries from inside the medicine cabinet, his stash box, the kitchen’s small appliances, by some miracle his computer and printer as well as the DVD player are still there. The TV didn’t fare so well, as the screen is completely smashed. But the sound system completely missed the mayhem and finally the first picture that Justin drew of him that he purchased at the Gay and Lesbian center art show.

Brian and Ted are just sitting in the middle of all this chaos, smoking a joint as their eyes scan everything to see if they missed anything of value that survived. They both look up as they hear the loft door being pulled back and see a stunned Debbie standing there with her mouth hanging open. “What in the hell happened here?”

Brian just stares at her, wishing she’d just go away. He doesn’t have the time or the patience to deal with her tirade today. “Welcome to the aftermath of hurricane Michael.”

For the first time in her life she’s speechless as she looks out in despair. “How could this have happened? What would posses him to do so much damage?”

Neither Ted nor Brian responds to her questions because they know there’s nothing to say. Debbie moves farther into the loft, scanning the room, taking in more of the pandemonium as she shakes her head asking why? She finally sits down with them on the floor and Brian hands her the joint. Ted’s a little shocked; he’s never seen Deb smoke before. But it’s obvious that Brian and Deb are old smoking buddies. They sit in silence and smoke as the pot does its job to take the edge off their hopelessness.

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It’s late afternoon when Brian finally comes back to their suite; he’s brought with him Justin’s favorite cookies, Thai food and a stack of movies he borrowed from Ted. Justin smiles and jokes, asking if they’re all porn. At least it breaks the tension as the two of them pull each other close and hold each other. Brian can tell it’s been a rough day for Justin and that his nerves are shot. He picks up Justin’s new sketch pad and looks at all the drawings smiling back at him. He’s glad that Justin had something to take his mind off things.

Slowly they unwind from the day and feast on Thai food and cookies. Justin gets a huge smile on his face when he sees that Brian’s brought him milk to dunk his cookies in.

It’s the little things in life that make all the difference.

TBC…
~ Try A Little Help From My Friends…

Chapter Summary

Everyone tries to get on with their lives as they wait to hear about Michael….

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 5587
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Everyone tries to get on with their lives as they wait to hear about Michael….

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Chapter 7 ~ Try A Little Help From My Friends…

Debbie’s pretty solemn when she returns from the loft; she’s having a hard time accepting that her son is responsible for such horrific destruction towards the man who has been his best friend for the majority of his life. She can’t understand why. Why? That’s the question everybody has been asking all day. Carl and Emmett are sitting at the kitchen table talking softly when she comes in; both are worried about how she’s going to react once she knows the truth.

Looking back on Michael’s life she can see that she always made Brian feel obligated to fix Michael’s problems; she always felt like it was somehow Brian’s fault for his shortcomings. But now she sees that she just couldn’t accept that Michael made poor choices and fucked things up on a regular basis. She wonders why Brian didn’t rebel when she blamed him instead of Michael. Did she put conditions on her love for him? Just thinking back on it turns her stomach because no child should have to pay a price to be loved.

She comes into the kitchen and hugs Carl, asking for his forgiveness, saying that she just didn’t believe that it could be true. She looks down at Emmett and asks if this is somehow her fault. If she had only held Michael responsible for his actions he would have learned that sometimes you can’t always get what you want. They tell her she can’t blame herself for the fact that Michael has never really accepted adversity. That he should have learned as a child that you can’t always have that shiny new toy.

He should have learned to accept the fact that Brian didn’t love him any more than as a friend. Looking back on it she can’t help wondering if Michael also put conditions on his love for Brian. He was never able to just be happy with being his best friend. Just the thought makes her sick, realizing that they weren’t much better than his own parents, placing conditions on him. It seems like he’s always being used, except with Justin. Justin has always been able to love him just the way he is. She can’t help but smile knowing that Brian has finally gotten what he deserves. She asks Carl, “So how bad is it?”
He hesitates, gauging her reaction. “It’s not good. It seems like it was premeditated. He’s able to
tell right from wrong but he also seems unstable; he keeps insisting that Brian will never press
charges against him. He even has gone as far as suggesting that Brian and he are engaged to be
married. He told me that Brian bought him a platinum ring.”

“That is crazy. I can’t imagine where he got that impression from.”

“The funny thing is I went through his personal possessions in lock-up and he does have a wedding
band.”

“Are you sure that isn’t the ring Ben gave him in Toronto?”

Emmett takes a deep breath. “I completely forgot that Michael and Ben are still legally married, at
least in Canada.”

Debbie says, “It’s too bad. I had hoped that Ben and he would be able to work things out.”

“I don’t know. Ben was pretty angry, having put up with Michael’s pining for Brian all these years.
It’s almost like Michael just snapped or something.”

“He has seemed obsessed about Brian recently, always talking about him. He even told me that
him and Brian had a date the other night. That’s before he went crazy at the loft.”

“Yeah. He told me he had a date while we were at Woody’s but he wouldn’t say who it was with,
although that makes sense now after the way he stormed out of there, after slapping Brian’s face.”

Carl wonders if Brian and Justin should take out a restraining order against Michael, although there
isn’t much he can do from jail. He just doesn’t know those kinds of people.

Debbie asks, “When is his arraignment?”

“Not until Monday.”

“I guess I should go and see him; he’ll need some understanding and support. The problem is I
don’t understand why he did this, nor do I support him. But I’m his mother and I can’t help still
loving him.”

Debbie’s torn about Michael’s problems as she waits for him to come into the visiting room; she
smiles when she finally sees him picking up the phone on the other side of the Plexiglas.

“So how are you handling your stay in jail? You know I worry about you day and night.”

“How do you think I’m doing?”

Michael spat out, showing all his hostility. He’s mad at the world and doesn’t understand why he
hasn’t been released on bail yet.

“I know this must be hard for you, Michael, but I just don’t have that kind of money to post your
bail right now.”

“What about Brian? Surely he can afford to post my bail?”

“I don’t think he’s going to do that. After all, you’re the one who trashed his loft.”

“Ma, have you even asked him? He hasn’t even come to see me yet. Why hasn’t he come? I’m sure
he’ll understand after we talk.”
“I think he has his hands full right now. He needs to have someone come in and clean up the broken glass, throw away all his damaged possessions and have the bathroom completely remodeled. So I hardly think he wants to rush right over here and see you.”

“Well, he can afford it… Besides, I wouldn’t have done it if he had just told Justin that it’s over, that we’re a couple now.”

“Michael, why in the world would you still think you and Brian are a couple? Especially after everything you’ve done to him and Justin.”

“Because, I know him and I know what he really wants. I know he loves me.”

“Michael, I think you need to talk with a therapist. You’re not really making any sense. Brian has made it perfectly clear that you’re not his boyfriend, or his lover.”

“He’s just trying to find the right time to tell Justin about us… I just know that he’s going to ask me to marry him.”

“I can’t even talk to you. You’re truly irrational. Brian and Justin are buying a house together; they’re building a life together. What in the world would make you think that he wants to marry you?”

“Because I found the ring and it fits perfectly. Besides he’s always told me that he loves me… You know… always have, always will…”

“You know you’re still legally married to Ben? In Canada anyways. I think it’s about time you faced reality. Ben is probably going to divorce you. Hunter won’t even consider coming to visit you, and I’m having a hard time even trying to have a conversation with you.”

“Why is everybody against me? Can’t you see that it all makes perfect since. You know how hard it is for Brian to show his feelings?”

“No, it doesn’t… It makes no sense at all.”

“So when I am I getting out of here?”

“I’m going to ask Carl if you can get a court-appointed attorney and maybe a psychiatric evaluation. I’m really worried about you.”

“Ma, don’t forget to ask Brian to come and see me. I miss him so much.”

Debbie’s even more distraught as she leaves the jail than when she arrived. She just wishes there was something she could do to make Michael see the reality of what’s going on.

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Brian holds Justin as he comes down from his latest nightmare. He just can’t seem to shake those frightening feelings that seem to plague him almost constantly since they came home to the loft being trashed.

“Sssh, I’ve got you now. I’m here. Just hold on.”

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I feel like a fool. I can’t believe I’m going through this again.”

“Don’t worry about anything. I’m right here and you’re safe.”
“Why do you think Michael did this to us? I just don’t understand.”

“I know. I don’t understand either. Just relax. Everything is going to be alright. I’m not going anywhere.”

“You must think I’m such a big baby.”

“No, I don’t. I know you’re traumatized and I know this has set off your fears from the bashing.”

“I can’t help it.”

“Just relax. I’ve got you.”

Brian rocks him in his arms as he rubs his back, thinking he’s going to kill Michael for putting Justin through all this again. Justin’s back on his medication even though he hates it and thinks it makes him lethargic. His nerves are so on edge and he can’t help waiting for the next shoe to drop. He feels trapped in their hotel suite and yet he’s too panicked to venture out on his own. So Daphne, Emmett and his Mom have been spending a lot of time with him as Brian tries to make arrangements for them to move into their new house as soon as possible.

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As a distraction he’s been shopping almost every day, buying home wares, new dishes, towels and linens and looking at furniture, trying to get a feel for what Brian and he might be interested in. Brian spends half his day answering his phone to calm him down when his nerves get the best of him or looking at pictures of what Justin is thinking about buying. The interior designer that his mother suggested is planning on meeting with him and Brian later this evening. He’s even taken Daphne, Emmett and Lindsay out to see the house and shown them around. They’re truly impressed with the mansion and can’t get over how big it is.

Lindsay says, “Isn’t this too much house for just the two of you?”

“Yeah, it is big. But Brian just fell in love with it even before we saw it. He found the property listing online and emailed it to my mom. You know Brian. Once he decides on something his mind is set.”

“Well yeah, but this is over the top. I mean it’s big enough for Mel, me and the kids to move in.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I’m sure that won’t happen. Although we do plan on having a room for Gus.”

“Are you sure Brian will be happy here? It’s just that it’s so far from the city, and you know how much he likes to hit the clubs. It just doesn’t seem to suit his lifestyle.”

Justin tries not to react to her comments and says, “I think he’s ready for a change.”

“You don’t really think he’s going to change for you, do you? If there’s one thing we all know is Brian will never stop tricking, never be in a real relationship.”

Justin just bites his tongue, trying not to let her comments shake him. After all, their friends have no idea what their relationship has developed into. They have no idea about how Brian came to him in the middle of the night and professed his love for him, telling him how much he loved him and wanted them to build a life together.

Emmett and Daphne just look at each other, a little surprised by Lindsay’s remarks. It’s obvious that Lindsay’s more than a little jealous of Brian and Justin’s relationship. She never believed that
Brian could commit to anyone, but Justin lets the moment pass, not wanting to get into it with Lindsay. He shows them out onto the back patio where they can take in the panoramic view of the yard.

They walk around the property, enjoying the landscaping, taking in the stables, pool and pool house. Emmett can’t stop gushing about how much fun it will be to have pool parties this summer, while Lindsay asks if they plan on getting horses for the stables. Justin blushes, saying that he and Brian haven’t discussed it yet, although he’d really like to eventually. He tells them that he took horseback riding lessons when he was a teenager and really enjoyed it. Lindsay comments that she also took lessons when she was younger and what a treat it would be for Gus to learn to ride.

Once they’re back in the city they all go to the diner and have a late lunch but Justin’s a little worried about seeing Debbie. He’s not sure how she’s feeling about what’s happened and he just hopes that things will be alright between them. Emmett tries to tell him that, of course, she feels terrible about what Michael did, but she in no way feels like it’s Brian’s or his fault. She sees Justin and rushes right over and gives him a big hug, practically smothering him. He tried not to react as he pulls away before his nerves get the better of him. He doesn’t want anyone to know just how fucked up he is these days.

As Debbie waits on them, Emmett shows her all the pictures he took out at Britin. Justin tells them about how he and Brian were fooling around and he came up with the name. Lindsay just looks away and rolls her eyes, thinking that it’s awfully pretentious of them to name their house, showing more of her jealousy that she can’t seem to control. She doesn’t understand why she’s feeling this way; she just knows it irritates her like she deserves it, not Justin. She refuses to acknowledge that she’s still carrying a torch for Brian, just like Michael. She sees the things Brian has done for Justin and can’t help her jealousy from flooding her senses.

While they’re eating lunch Ben comes in after his classes with Hunter. He stops at their table and asks how everyone is doing. He tells them how much he misses all of them and that he wished that things had worked out differently. He tells them that he’s heard about the vandalism at the loft and gives Justin a squeeze on his shoulder, telling him if there’s anything he can do just to let him know. Emmett can’t resist and asks him if he’s been to see Michael.

Ben looks down and then at Hunter and says that he went to see him this morning. That he needed to get his signature on all the paperwork to submit to the Canadian courts to have their petition for divorce filed. They all look at him sympathetically and tell him how sorry they all are that things worked out the way they did. Ben just shakes his head and looks to see where Debbie is before he says he thinks Michael needs psychiatric help. He seems to have a distorted picture of reality and he’s really worried about him.

Just then Debbie comes over with their lunch and Ben excuses himself and Hunter as they find another booth. It’s not lost on the others the way Emmett looks at Ben with longing in his eyes. Emmett thought that he was being subtle. But really is it even possible for Emmett to be subtle about anything? Emmett says, “What? Is it wrong for me to look? He’s free now and he’s one gorgeous man.”

Daphne can’t help but agree with him. “If only he was straight.” Both she and Emmett chuckle at that. Lindsay is put off by Emmett’s pining for Ben, thinking he’d never get a man like that interested in him. She really seems to be on her high horse today, thinking the worst of everyone. She’s surprised when Gus comes running up to their booth, waving the picture he has drawn for his Justy. Everyone’s surprised when they see Brian following him to the booth. Gus announces that he’s spending the night with Daddy and Justy.
Lindsay tries to protest but Brian cuts her off telling them that Mel thought it was a great idea. He says that he picked Gus up from preschool and then the two of them went back to Kinnetik and had lunch together. Afterwards Brian went over the quarterly financial reports with Ted while Gus drew pictures at the conference room table. Then Gus stood up on the table and pretended to give them a presentation of his artwork. Brian got a real kick out of Gus’s antics, saying that he’s an ad man in the making.

Lindsay’s had enough of the ‘Brian and Justin show’ for the day as she lets her emotions get the best of her. So she excuses herself from the table, saying that she needs to go grocery shopping. Brian slides right in next to Gus and Justin, and then he leans over to kiss Justin on the cheek. Of course Gus follows suit and kisses Justin right in the same spot as Brian. Gus announces that he’s ready for a banana split. Brian can’t help but protest, thinking about the sugar rush that is sure to come later. Justin suggests that they split one, knowing that Gus would never be able to eat a whole one by himself. Brian rolls his eyes, thinking about both of his boys overdosing on sugar.

As much as Justin tries to help Gus from dripping ice cream and hot fudge all over himself, it becomes obvious that his actions are futile as he seems to be covered in a sweet sticky mess. Brian protests as Gus asks him to take him to the bathroom. Justin looks at him, shaking his head as the two of them head to the restroom. When they come out Gus is all cleaned up and looks like he’s ready for a wet t-shirt contest. Brian can’t help but grin, thinking about how Justin would look in his own wet t-shirt.

“I trust that Mel packed him an overnight bag?”

“Yeah, it’s in the Benz.”

Emmett smiles and says, “You bought a new car? A Mercedes Benz?”

Brian just shrugs. “I needed something to take my clients out in when I entertain, and the Vette was just too small.”

“Oh my God… You really are becoming part of high society. First your beautiful mansion and now a Mercedes Benz.”

“Just like with the Benz, we needed something more suitable with a little more room to entertain.”

Justin can’t help but think that Brian has moved beyond just being a clothes horse, into being a total label queen. What the Hell. He can afford it. Owning his own advertising firm has its perks. They say good bye to Daphne and Emmett as they make their way out of the diner and down the street to the park. They stop and change Gus’s shirt, although Brian wonders why, knowing that he’s going to be covered in dirt once they get to the playground.

He runs and skips down the sidewalk as Brian and Justin hold his hands as he jumps over the cracks, singing songs and talking to himself. It’s just what Gus needs to burn off some of the sugar that’s coursing through his veins. Once at the park he runs circles around the big oak tree with his arms stretched out to his sides, circling like an airplane. Brian and Justin sit on the park bench, watching him. They look through some more pictures on Justin’s phone as Brian rejects most of Justin’s furniture choices.

Brian, of course, can’t have any no-name furniture in his house; he has to have designer brands. Brian takes Justin’s phone and looks up some Italian leather sofas and coffee tables. Justin lets Brian have his fun searching the web as he joins Gus over at the swing sets, and pushes him on the swing. Gus is crying out with joy as he commands his Justy to push him higher and higher.
“Look, Daddy, I’m flying!”

Brian breaks away from drooling over his designer eye candy and watches Gus and Justin as they play, biting his tongue from saying ‘be careful’ and ‘slow down’. He’s just glad to see the two of them so happy and relaxed, having fun together. Justin’s phone rings as Brian is paging through the websites. He answers it, confirming their appointment this evening with Pierre DuPont, the designer Jen recommended.

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Gus took a little nap on the way out to Britin, as Brian and Justin talked about meeting the designer and how this would cut down on all the time Justin was wasting on looking for furniture. Justin’s grateful that now someone else can put up with Brian’s antics and obsessions. When they get to the house Pierre was already waiting for them, making notes about the landscaping and sketching ideas for them to consider.

When Jennifer had mentioned that her son and his partner were looking for help decorating their new house he never thought that the house would be so grand or have so much character. This is also the first time Gus has seen the house. He loves the huge yard and was almost as excited as Justin when he sees the pool. Justin knows that Brian and Pierre will be talking for what seems like hours as they walk from room to room, chatting about what their needs are, as Pierre suggests design motifs and gets a feel for what Brian’s expectations are.

Of course Justin throws in his two cents every once in a while as he listens to the two if them argue about sensibility. Obviously this man has no idea who he’s dealing with as Brian’s even more supercilious than Pierre. Once Pierre realizes that Brian has impeccable taste with a bottomless budget, he snaps out of his pompous attitude and starts listening to Brian’s design ideas and taking specific notes.

Justin and Gus follow Brian and Pierre, inspecting the alcoves and taking in the view from the huge windows that overlook the yard. Brian can’t help but notice that Pierre is quite taken with Justin as he often catches him looking Justin’s way. Brian’s not the jealous type but he makes a note to mention to Justin that Pierre seems enthralled with his ass. Justin, of course, is completely oblivious to Pierre’s desires as he listens to the two of them envisioning the rooms and their possibilities.

Brian’s very specific about what he wants in all the bathrooms, insisting on imported Italian fixtures and premium granite and marble. When they get to the kitchen Brian insists that Justin have exactly what he wants, knowing his love for cooking. Justin wants top-of-the-line appliances, a sub-zero refrigerator and a Wolfe range with double ovens, granite countertops and hardwood floors.

Pierre is more than accommodating and insists that he and Justin spend a day shopping for appliances together, as well as all the natural stonework they want in the house. Brian can’t disagree, but he’s also a little skeptical of Pierre’s motives. He knows that Justin will be the one working closely with Pierre as he designs their new interiors.

Everyone’s a little tired by the time the finish up in the house. Even though they want to redesign the landscaping they set a date for that weekend to go over Pierre’s design ideas. Brian carries Gus as they head out to the car; he’s exhausted from running all around the house investigating every room. Justin talks with Pierre, setting a date to go shopping together. Pierre can’t help touching Justin’s arm as they talk; he even puts the palm of his hand against Justin’s back as they walk towards the driveway. It’s not lost on Brian as he watches Pierre practically come on to Justin right in front of him.
It’s 3-D night at Babylon. They have adjusted all the flat screens to show 3-D clips of gorgeous guys on the beach dancing and playing in the water, as well as skiing and surfing. Emmett and Ted are standing on the catwalk, wearing 3-D glasses, watching the screens as well as the dance floor. Emmett spots Ben out on the dance floor, and excuses himself, leaving Ted there all by himself. He shimmies up to Ben and starts dancing with him. Everyone in the crowd is wearing 3-D glasses and it looks like a scene from some 1950’s movie theater.

Ben’s happy to see a friendly face as he greets Emmett. They dance together for several songs and Ben can’t help thinking that Em is a much better dancer than Michael ever was. Michael just never seemed to have the rhythm down right and he was all feet. Ben’s guessing that’s why they never seemed to dance together very often. Ben always thought that it had something to do with Michael always wanting to hang out with Brian at the bar.

Ben and Emmett take a break to get a drink and a bottle of water. Ted joins them at the bar and offers to buy this round of drinks. They catch up with what each other have been up to recently. Ben tells them about Hunter’s swim meets and how he seems to be the star of the team, and that he’s auditioning for the lead in the school play. Emmett says how proud he must be, and that he’d love to come and see Hunter preform next time if he didn’t think Hunter wouldn’t mind.

By the time Brian, Justin and Gus make it back to their suite, Gus is a little cranky and needs to eat; he insists that he wants waffles for dinner. Brian tries to explain to him that he can have waffles for breakfast the next morning but tonight he needs to have something more appropriate. Gus can’t help but ask, “What’s appropriate taste like?” Justin just grins back at Brian as he suggests that maybe Gus would like a grilled cheese sandwich and soup?

Brian makes a face and says, “Do you know how bad a grilled cheese sandwich is for you? All that greasy bread and melted cheese.”

So of course Gus wants grilled cheese. Justin calls room service and orders dinner for all of them. He suggests that maybe Gus would like to take a bath while they wait for their dinner to arrive. At first he’s adamant he doesn’t want a bath, but when Justin shows him that the tub is a Jacuzzi and has lots of jets that make the water bubble he’s excited and rushes to take off his clothes.

Brian checks his email and looks over his presentation for tomorrow, while Justin helps Gus shampoo his hair as he plays with all the fish-shaped soaps and scrubs him down with a loofah. By the time they’re finished Justin is almost as wet as Gus so he changes into a pair of sweats, while Gus wears his Spiderman pajamas. After dinner Gus insists on watching Cinderella on the Disney channel even though he can hardly keep his eyes open. Brian and Justin snuggle up on the sofa with Gus between them.

Back at Babylon Emmett isn’t the only one who’s interested in dancing with Ben. While Emmett is a little disappointed, Ted reminds him that Ben is positive and that even though he’s a really nice guy that he should reconsider his desire to hook up with him. Emmett nods to Ted, understanding that he’s just looking out for him, as he has his best interest in mind. It’s not that Emmett forgot, but to look at Ben you’d never know he was sick, and he can’t help the attraction he feels.

So Emmett pulls Ted out on the dance floor with him, and they dance to the disco diva, Gloria Gaynor. Emmett has his arms flaying over his head as they reminisce about their wild teenage
youth. “I, I will survive!” Even though he knows that Ted is right, he can’t help watching Ben as he works his moves to the thumpa, thumpa that beats around them.

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Lindsay and Mel are relaxing at home, finally having a little time just to themselves. Debbie took JR for the night and Mel surprised Lindsay with a romantic dinner at home. It’s been a long time since it’s been just the two of them, yet Lindsay’s not feeling it. She can’t stop harping on about the house that Brian and Justin are buying and how she’s sure that Brian will be miserable living out in the country. She’s still having a hard time accepting that Brian’s growing up and that he’s ready to start a future with Justin.

Finally Mel’s had enough and asks, “Why are you so unhappy? Because you’ve been pushing Brian to grow up for years, wanting him to show Justin that he loves him.”

“It’s not that. It just seems so out of character for Brian. I don’t want to see him setting Justin up for disappointment.”

“Bullshit! You think I can’t see that you’re jealous?”

“I am not jealous. I’m just concerned.”

“You’re so full of shit. You can’t handle that Brian has finally opened his heart to Justin, and not you. You don’t fool me. You’re still carrying a torch for Brian, just like Michael.”

“No, no, that’s not it. Besides, you know I love you.”

“Like I said, you don’t fool me. You’ve always hoped deep down that someday you and Brian would get back together and set up house.”

“Mel… It’s not like that. Sure, sometimes I wonder what it might have been like to be Mrs. Brian Kinney. But I know that it’s totally unrealistic, just a schoolgirl fantasy.”

“Lindsay, you’re not a young schoolgirl anymore. You have to let it go. Let him grow up and change.”

“Mel, it’s not that I don’t love you. I do, but there’s always going to be a part of me that still… You now, even if it is unrealistic.”

“Oh, for Christ sakes, Lindsay. You’re thirty-four years old. Grow up or get out! I mean it. I’ve had enough.”

“Mel. Don’t be this way!”

“Me? It’s you that needs a reality check. I refuse to compete with the ghosts of your past.”

“Brian is always going to be part of our lives. He’s Gus’s father.”

“Don’t I know it?”

With that Mel storms out of the room and goes to review legal briefs in her office. She can’t believe that Lindsay ruined a perfectly romantic evening she had planned, that she’s back to this same obsession with Brian again. She’s had enough and she’s starting to wonder if it’s even worth the effort anymore.

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Brian carries Gus into the second bedroom in their suite and gets him all tucked in, with his leather bear firmly in his grasp. It’s been a long day and he just wants to have some private time with Justin. When he comes back into their bedroom he sees that Justin has the lights turned down low and a condom, almond oil and lube set out on the nightstand. Justin’s spread out on the bed, watching him with hooded eyes.

Brian steps out of his jeans and pulls his wife beater over his head, letting it fall to the floor. He lays down next to Justin and pulls him closer, running kisses across his neck, working his way to Justin’s supple lips. A soft moan escapes from Justin as Brian rolls him over and sits on the back of his thighs. He drizzles almond oil across his shoulders and down his back. Brian starts at the top of his shoulders, working his tired muscles with his big, strong hands. He can feel Justin melting into his touch and knows that he’s finally letting go of some of the stress he’s been carrying around the last few days.

As he finishes up with his back massage, Brian starts at the nape of Justin’s neck licking his way down his spine until he’s reached his rosebud. He pulls Justin’s cheeks apart circling around all his tender tissues, tasting that special essence that is totally Justin. Brian teases Justin as he works him open. Justin lifts his ass up a little to be able to take more of Brian’s wet tongue deep inside. He feels Brian’s tongue breach his tight ring of muscle, as Brian laps up his juices, loosening Justin’s sphincter.

Justin’s in heaven as he feels the sensations tickling his passageway. He ruts into the sheets, enjoying all the feelings coursing through him. He hears Brian rip the condom open and sheath himself as he anticipates being penetrated. A thin film of perspiration forms across his face as his breathing hitches. He moans loudly as he takes all of Brian’s length, filling him completely. Brian runs kisses down his back as he waits for Justin to adjust to his girth.

It isn’t long before he signals to Brian that he’s ready. The two of them move in sync, enjoying the friction that builds within their bodies. Brian increases his rhythm as he feels Justin clenching and releasing his tight muscles, sending spirals of pleasure through both of them. Justin can’t help all the little noises that escape as he rides the waves of sensation, pulling him closer to climax. Brian jerks Justin off as he shoots his load across his stomach, his muscles clamping down on Brian’s cock, bringing him to resolution. They collapse together, breathing hard as they catch their breath, enjoying the connection they share.

Justin shushes Brian as he listens closely to hear if they’ve woken Gus in the adjoining room. Brian chides him, saying if he didn’t moan so loudly they wouldn’t have to worry about Gus.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Everybody wants to be Mrs. Brian Kinney…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 6094
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Everybody wants to be Mrs. Brian Kinney…

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Chapter 8 ~ Unrequited Love…

It’s a bright and sunny morning and the first night that Justin hasn’t woken during the night from a nightmare. Gus is up early and wants to take a shower with Brian and Justin. Justin thinks it’s cute while Brian is mortified. But as soon as Justin reminds Gus about the Jacuzzi he decides that he wants a bath. Brian’s disappointed that Justin isn’t joining him but after he’s finished he orders breakfast for everyone and watches Gus while Justin showers.

Brian’s never been one to be shy so he towels off and gets dressed while Gus lies in their bed watching cartoons. Gus has always been curious and can’t help watching Brian; he’s fascinated by the size of Brian’s penis. He starts quizzing Brian about it, wanting to know why it’s so big and if Justin’s is as big as his. Then he wants to know why his is so much smaller. His questions just keep coming and Brian’s wishing Justin would hurry up so he could field some of these questions. He tries to answer him the best he can, but he’s too technical and is failing miserably. Then Gus gets very serious and says, “You know Mommy and Momma don’t have penises. Why is that, Daddy?”

Brian’s never been so relieved when he hears the water turn off and Justin getting out of the shower. Justin comes into the bedroom and sees Brian and Gus sitting on the bed, talking very seriously. Gus looks up at him and says, “I need to see your penis now.”

Justin raises his eyebrows and smirks at Brian questioningly, and then he drops his towel. Gus looks on in wonder and then asks him why he and Daddy have hairy penises, and why is Daddy’s longer? Brian tries to explain about hormones and testosterone. Justin laughs and tells Gus it’s part of being a man and when he grows up his penis will be larger and hairy just like him and Daddy. He announces again that his mommies don’t have penises, just to make sure Justin knows. Justin smiles and says that they’re women and only men have penises.

Gus seems completely satisfied with Justin’s answer and moves on to talking about his new favorite cartoon, ‘Kenny the Shark’. Then he reminds Brian that he wants waffles and sausages for
breakfast. Brian tells him that he’s already ordered breakfast and that it will be there soon. Soon
Brian has his morning coffee and is reading the New York Times so all is right with the world
again. Justin tells Gus that they’re going to the Hands-On Museum today with his mom and then
back to her house where the two of them can paint this afternoon. Gus is excited about his day
away from his mom’s and JR. He never gets one-on-one time any more, now that JR is always the
center of attention.

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Mel wakes up early the next morning, questioning Lindsay’s motives last night, trying to
understand why she can’t be happy for Brian and Justin. If anyone, she’s always thought that
Lindsay was the one who cheered their relationship on, always defending them to other people.
She’s waiting for her coffee to brew as she checks her messages and sees one from the Allegheny
Prison. She can only guess that Michael is trying to contact her, but she’s unsure how she feels
about him right now, so she pages past his message and listens to the rest. She leaves the house
before Lindsay wakes and goes to the diner for breakfast.

Debbie’s working the early shift and greets Mel as she comes in, pouring her coffee and taking her
order. Debbie questions her solemn mood and tells her that it’s no way to start her day. It’s still
early so it’s not rush hour yet. Debbie sits down with Mel as she starts to pour out her feelings,
telling Deb how distant Lindsay’s been and how she almost seems jealous of Justin. She can’t
understand why she’s never enough for Lindsay and wonders when Lindsay is going to finally get
past her dreams of being Mrs. Brian Kinney.

Debbie can’t help but smirk, and says that if she knew how to get Michael to stop obsessing about
Brian she’d pass it along. Mel says she’s not jealous of Brian. She’s gotten over that a long time
ago. This is more about Lindsay never feeling complete. Like she’s still holding out hope that one
day Brian will decide he’s ready to live a hetero life, which is totally ridiculous because everyone
knows Brian will never want a wife. Although he does seem to finally acknowledge that he’s ready
to have a partner and that seems to set off Lindsay’s insecurities.

Debbie gets a big grin on her face. She says that for the first time in Brian’s life he seems truly
happy, and that she’s not sure, but rumor has it that Brian hasn’t been tricking since he and Justin
got back together this last time. That it seems like he’s finally ready to commit to Justin and start a
new phase of his life. Mel smiles at this, thinking Peter Pan is ready to finally grow up. Now she
just wished that Wendy would follow suit.

Speaking of the devil, Brian breezes in through the doors and slides right in next to Mel. He turns
his coffee cup over, signaling to Deb that he’s ready for coffee. He looks around and then asks if
Emmett has been in yet this morning? “No, not yet, but he should be in anytime.”

Brian nods and then turns his attention to Mel, asking how their romantic dinner was last night.
Was it just what they needed to rekindle that old flame that seems to be burning out? Mel just
rhages and says it was a total waste of time that Lindsay hardly noticed the effort she made and she
seems completely jealous of him and Justin. Brian’s eyebrow raises, questioning what Mel is
getting at. She continues with an account of the previous evening’s rant about how she thinks
Lindsay is jealous of the new house that he and Justin are buying. That Lindsay’s questioning
whether Brian could actually be happy living on the outskirts of town, away from all the action at
the clubs?

She continues repeating Lindsay’s tirade about how Brian will never be able to commit to a long-
term relationship, while at the same time daydreaming about being the one that Brian finally
admits to wanting. Brian can’t help but burst out laughing, reminding Mel that sure he loves
Lindsay as a friend, but unless she grows an eight-inch cock he’s never going to be interested in fucking her. Even then he doubts that he’ll be willing to put his relationship with Justin at risk for a ‘cheap fuck’.

Mel’s a little shocked by Brian’s outburst, calling Lindsay a ‘cheap fuck’. But it also makes her realize that Brian really is truly committed to Justin this time around. She’s pleased for the two of them, knowing how hard it is to make a relationship work these days, even when you’re truly committed. Just about that time Emmett sashays into the diner in his new tangerine and peach ensemble. Brian can’t help but think that just looking at Emmett is enough to wake anyone up from the dead.

Mel excuses herself to go to work, leaving Emmett and Brian alone. Brian starts out mentioning that it’s going to be Justin’s birthday in a couple of weeks and that he’d like to do something special for him. Emmett gets all excited, clapping his hands, saying that he’d love to cater a party for Justin. Brian hushes him, saying that he wants it to be a surprise, so not a word to anyone for right now. He says that they’ll need to find a venue, because the loft is now out of the question. Maybe they can rent a banquet room or someplace quaint. Emmett starts taking notes, and jotting down ideas as Brian explains what he’s looking for, although he intentionally omits mentioning that he plans on asking Justin to marry him.

Just as Brian is getting ready to leave for the office, Deb corners him, hesitating a little then asking, “Have you considered going to visit Michael in jail?”

Brian’s taken back by the question as he looks deeply into Debbie’s eyes. “Why the fuck would I want to do that?”

“I know he’s not your favorite person right now, but he’s asked to see you and I thought that maybe you’d want to question him about why he’d do something so horrible to his best friend.”

“I don’t know, Deb. His actions have really set off Justin’s paranoia and I’m just not sure I can even consider forgiving him. He really destroyed almost all of my possessions and I just can’t figure out why he’d do something like that.”

“Well, only he can answer that question.”

“Really? You think he has a reasonable answer?”

“No, of course not, but… Maybe it will give you some closure.”

Brian got that faraway look in his eyes and then said that he’d consider it. He hugs Deb, says good bye and leaves for his nine o’clock meeting with his staff.

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Jennifer is making lunch for Gus and Justin, as Gus chatters on and on about their trip to the Hands-on Museum. How much he loved holding the baby rabbit, and touching the lizard as well as the starfish. He can’t get over how large the butterfly house was with hundreds of different butterflies, flying around and how cool it was that one landed right on top of Justin’s head. Gus is so excited, asking Justin to download the pictures onto Jennifer’s laptop so they can email them to his momma and mommy.

Gus yawns throughout lunch but insists that he’s not tired and doesn’t need a nap. Justin acquiesces to Gus’s desire and holds him on his lap as Jennifer puts in a DVD of Yellow Submarine. It’s only minutes before Gus is out like a light. Justin continues to hold him as the two of them talk about
the remodeling he and Brian are having done at the new house. He tells her that Brian’s a little leery of Pierre, although he seems to like most of his design ideas. But Brian’s sure Pierre is attracted to him. Justin can’t help blushing when he mentions it. He thinks Brian’s over-reacting, but he also thinks it’s kind of cute that Brian would be jealous. “It’s just so not like Brian to ever get jealous. It’s so out of character for him.”

Jennifer chuckles and says “I’m sure he must know there’s nothing to worry about. I can’t imagine you’d do anything to ruin how well things are going right now.”

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Michael is being ushered out into a private room to meet with his court-appointed attorney, Dan Bishop. Dan introduces himself to Michael. Michael objects, saying that he’s sure his boyfriend, Brian, is dropping the charges, so he’s not needed. Dan reminds him he has a hearing scheduled for later this afternoon where they’ll ask to have him released on bail. He asks Michael lots of questions to determine whether Michael’s competent enough to stand trial.

From Michael’s answers he seems to have a good understanding of the charges that he faces, and he also is very forthcoming about admitting that he had premeditated his crime, although his reasoning for committing the crime seems to stem from jealousy and anger. Dan tries to help him understand that he needs to plead ‘not guilty’ if he wants to go to trial; otherwise if he pleads ‘guilty’ the judge has the right to sentence him during the hearing. He asks Michael if he understands what he’s just been told, so there won’t be any surprises in the courtroom.

Michael says he understands but that they don’t have to worry because again he’s sure the Brian is going to drop all the charges. Dan again tries to tell him that it is unlikely and that he’ll need to enter a plea before the court. Dan is becoming very frustrated with Michael, because he doesn’t seem to be paying any attention to what he’s trying to explain to him. It’s like he lives in his own little world and if he doesn’t like what he’s hearing he just ignores it and pretends that he knows better than Dan.

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Brian’s reviewing the new storyboards for Dandy Lube when Cynthia tells him that he has a collect call from Allegheny Prison. She wonders if he wants to take it. Brian just stares off into space, thinking about it and then he turns and tells her that he can’t be reached - he’s in a meeting. Michael’s frustrated because Brian has refused to take any of his calls since he’s been arrested. He was sure this was all Justin’s influence.

Brian continues to go over his presentation for Dandy Lube but he can’t help shaking off the thought of Michael sitting in a jail cell. The words from Deb earlier this morning are running through his head. “Only he can answer that question.” So he finally tells Cynthia that he’s leaving for the day and drives over to the precinct where Michael’s being held. The more Brian thinks about it the angrier he becomes. When they finally bring Brian into the visiting room Michael’s already waiting for him.

At first Brian just stares back at Michael through the Plexiglas, and then he finally picks up the phone so he can talk with Michael. Michael has a huge smile on his face as he starts saying, “I knew you’d come. I know you can’t stay mad at me for very long. It’s always been that way between us. I told everyone that I knew you’d drop the charges. So when am I getting out of here?”

“If you think I’m posting your bail, you must be delusional.”

“What? What do you mean? You’re not really going to go through with charging me, are you?”
“You think what you did isn’t a crime? For Christ sake, Michael, you destroyed my loft. Justin’s and my home.”

“I figured that you’d have explained to Justin by now that it’s over between you two. That we’re now a couple. Don’t you see it was just a lover’s spat?”

“Michael! Are you listening? We are NOT A COUPLE… Never have been, never will be! I don’t understand why you keep saying that we are?”

“What! I don’t understand. I was sure you wanted to give us a chance.”

“WHY? What would make you think that?”

“Because you wanted me to get an education. You know, so I’d be able to go out to client dinners with you as your partner.”

“You’re NOT MY PARTNER. I’m NOT in love with you! I LOVE Justin. I’m going to ask him to marry me. But you already know that now, don’t you? After all, you stole my ring and ground Justin’s up in the garbage disposal.”

“No, no, that’s not right. You bought that ring for me. I know you did. It fit perfectly.”

“Bullshit! If so, then why did you grind the other one up in the disposal if it wasn’t for Justin?”

Michael just stares at Brian as his words sink in. Of course it was a vendetta against Justin. He’s known all along how Brian feels and he just refuses to acknowledge it.

“But you said in your office that afternoon that we were on the same page. I thought you meant that you wanted me.”

“Michael! Are you even listening to yourself? Didn’t you see the pictures of the house that Justin and I are buying? And you were there at the house when I came over in the early morning hours and asked Justin to come back home with me.”

“I… I just didn’t believe you. You always said that you loved me, remember? Always have, always will, right?”

“Wrong! I never loved you… You want to hear the truth? I NEVER LOVED YOU THE WAY I LOVE JUSTIN! NEVER! Now grow up, Michael! You’re never going to be Mrs. Brian Kinney.”

Michael starts crying, wiping his tears on his orange prison uniform sleeve. He’s in shock as the events that landed him in jail are now swirling through his head.

“But I always loved you… And I know you know it. Why can’t you just love me? What’s wrong with me? Why won’t you even try?”

“I DON’T LOVE YOU! You’re not my partner. You’re not my lover and you’re no longer my friend!”

“Brian, you don’t mean that. I know you’re just upset but we’re still best friends. Remember?”

“Best friends don’t behave the way you have. They don’t destroy everything you own and they don’t take your friendship for granted.”

“But Brian…”
“Why? Why did you do it, Michael? Didn’t you know I’d figure out that it was you?”

“I was just angry. I was jealous and mad. I wanted to believe that you loved me, and then you brought Justin with you when we were going to have our first date.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? You know I’m with Justin. I have been for the majority of the last five years. Sure we’ve had our moments but you know better than anyone else how I feel about Justin.”

“But he’s all wrong for you. Can’t you see that?”

“NO… He’s the only one for me. He’s the only one I’ve ever wanted to be in a relationship with. You should know this, if you know me at all. It should have been obvious to you how much I truly love him.”

“But, I wanted it to be me…”

Brian just shakes his head, mystified by all of Michael’s revelations. He’s still angry at Michael, not just for breaking everything, but because he’s brought back all of Justin’s fears and paranoia, although he’ll never tell Michael about that.

“Brian, I don’t suppose that I can ask you to post bail for me? I don’t have that kind of money and neither does my ma.”

Brian just stares back at him, seething. He can’t believe that Michael has the nerve to ask him.

“You’re on your own from now on. I told you that when I offered to pay for your education. I told you I wouldn’t give you any more money. You’ll just have to sit here and think about what you did, because I’m not even convinced that you’re sorry for any of it.”

“But Brian, I’m going to end up having to serve prison time. I thought that you’d drop all the charges against me. Can’t you reconsider?”

“You’re guilty, aren’t you?”

“I was just angry. I didn’t mean it.”

“Well, I’m just angry too! And I do mean it…”

With that Brian hangs up the phone and looks one last time at Michael and wonders where his best friend is, and who this stranger is looking back at him.

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Brian’s feeling a little lost after seeing Michael so he starts driving around to clear his head. He ends up at Lindsay and Melanie’s. He’s sitting out front in his car when he’s startled by Lindsay knocking on his window. She smiles and asks him to come on in the house for a while. JR’s sleeping in her playpen, looking like an angel as she clutches her little lamb. Brian can’t help but think back to when Gus was that small and he used to sleep on his chest while he laid on the sofa.

Lindsay offers to make coffee and Brian welcomes the distraction as he looks around at the current set of paintings Lindsay has been working on. They’re alright but he thinks to himself that Justin is a much better artist then Lindsay, so it makes sense that she is now working in a gallery, instead of trying to work on her art career. She sets a cup of freshly brewed coffee in front of him and asks what he’s doing driving around in the middle of the day, instead of being at work.
He looks down at his feet for a minute and then faces her, telling her he just went to see Michael. He shakes his head and says, “It’s like he’s a completely different person. He’s not even remorseful over what he’s done and he seems completely obsessed with me.”

“I know. Mel told me he seems totally unstable.”

“I don’t know how things have gotten so crazy with him. I know he’s always wanted for us to be a couple, but I swear that I’ve never let him entertain the thought that it was ever a real possibility.”

“I guess he’s always held out hope that someday you would in interested.”

“I guess… But it’s not anything I’ve ever wanted. Hell, he knows how I feel about relationships. I’ve never given him any reason to think it would happen. I thought he was happy with Ben.”

“I know. Maybe he saw how you were changing for Justin and he thought you were ready to give him a chance.”

“That doesn’t even make any sense. I was changing because I finally realized that I didn’t want to lose Justin and even though I was scared, I was willing to take that chance and give us a try.”

“You have to know that he’s always been jealous of Justin. The way you broke all your rules for him.”

“Exactly, for Justin, and only Justin. No one else.”

“I’m so proud of you. I mean it. For finally admitting your feelings and telling Justin how you felt.”

“I have to admit I was sure I had lost him, and I felt so completely lost and empty. I had this dream. It was so surreal. I thought that I had died in a car accident and I never got a chance to tell him how I really felt. That I would never have a chance to build a life with him.”

“Sometimes it takes something like that to see what’s really important in life.”

“I’m glad you understand, because from what Mel said this morning at the diner I was afraid that you wouldn’t.”

“I guess I got my own wake-up call this morning. Mel was already gone when I got up and she didn’t even sleep with me last night. I guess I was feeling insecure and jealous of your relationship with Justin. It’s not that I wasn’t happy for you two. It was just that somehow knowing it was real meant that… God, I can’t believe I’m going to say this but… Well, that we’d never have a chance to be together.”

“Christ, Lindsay. Not you too? We’re gay… We’re never going to be together. You know that. Right?”

“I do… Yes, I really do. I guess I’m a little like Michael, holding out hope that we’d get married someday.”

“So you’re really bi?”

“I don’t know. I’m confused… Sometimes I just need a good hard fuck with a man, and I know Mel can’t understand it. She sees it as a betrayal, but it doesn’t mean I don’t love her. Does this make any sense?”

“Oh. I totally understand needing a good hard fuck with a man. What I don’t need is any kind of
fuck with a woman… not even you.”

“I know. I really do, and I’m putting all those thoughts out of my mind.”

“I sure hope so. Maybe you need to work your feelings out. You know, talk with someone. Maybe you really are bi. You wouldn’t be the first.”

“You’re right. I’m thirty-four years old. I need to come to grips with what I really feel. It’s just that I’m afraid I’ll lose Melanie. She’ll never understand or forgive me.”

“I say, don’t tell her. There’s nothing wrong with getting your needs meet.”

“Now that’s the Brian Kinney I know and love.”

“So glad I can help.”

“The truth is… I… I fucked Sam Auerbach.”

“No shit! Well, there you go. You’re getting your needs met.”

“It’s not that simple, Brian. Mel’s going to find out, and then all Hell is going to break loose.”

Just then they hear Justin and Gus coming up the walkway. Gus is singing ‘Yellow Submarine,’ and carrying the paintings he did for Lindsay. Justin smiles when Lindsay opens the door and sees Brian sitting there in the living room. So he waves good bye to his mother, thanking her for the ride over.

“I called your office and Cynthia said you took the afternoon off. I thought you might be here.”

Gus is a bundle of energy as he tells Brian and Lindsay about his day, going to the Hands-On Museum, painting with Justin and making cookies with Jennifer while watching Yellow Submarine. Gus hands her the paintings while Justin hands her a tin, full of cookies. Justin catches on to the tension in the air and asks if they want more time alone, saying that he can take Gus out back to run off some of his sugar rush from the cookies.

“No, no, that’s okay. I need to get dinner started, and Brian and I are finished talking.”

“Oh, if you say so.”

With that Brian gets up and kisses Gus good bye and puts his arm around Justin’s shoulder as they leave. “Is everything okay? You two seemed to be in the middle of something?”

“Yeah, Lindsay just needs to work a few things out on her own.”

Justin looks up at Brian with a questioning look, but lets it go. Just then Justin’s phone rings and Brian listens to Justin’s side of the conversation. After a few minutes he hangs up.

“Pierre insists that I meet him at the Rock Hard Stone Works; he says he’s found the perfect granite counter tops for the kitchen.”

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Emmett’s shopping at the health food store when Ben comes over and says hello. Emmett explains that he has a client who wants to host a dinner party and insists that the menu be completely organic, including grass-fed beef. Emmett’s waiting in line to place his order with the butcher, as he checks off all the vegetables he needs for the dinner.
Ben and Em make small talk for a few minutes and then Ben asks Emmett if he’d like to come over for dinner tonight. He explains that they’re going to be eating early so they can make it to the basketball game at Hunter’s school. Hunter’s only an alternate on the team, so there’s a possibility that he might not even get a chance to play, but Ben wants to be there to show support. Emmett’s delighted to be asked and offers to help him make dinner. The two of them wander around the store, finding all the ingredients for Ben’s black bean cakes and fruit chutney.

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Brian walks with his arm around Justin’s shoulder as they make their way out back to look at all the granite slabs. Pierre sees Justin and rushes over to hug him, when he notices Brian standing beside him. Pierre quickly recovers, saying, “I didn’t realize that Brian was coming with you.”

“I had the afternoon off so Justin and I were spending some time together.”

“I wouldn’t think you’d be off during the day, instead of working.”

“Well, that’s the advantage of owning your own business and being the boss.”

“Yes, of course. That must have slipped my mind.”

Justin isn’t sure what’s going on but it seems like Pierre and Brian are about to get into a pissing match. He steps between the two of them and asks about the perfect granite countertop that Pierre found. Immediately Brian hates it and makes it well known. Justin takes a deep breath and wonders if this is how it’s going to be picking out every product and furniture for the house. Pierre’s a little flustered; he’s not used to being challenged by his selections when he’s decorating a house. But it’s obvious that Brian is going to be extremely demanding and critical of all his choices.

And as much as Pierre thought that it was going to be just him and Justin working together, he now realizes that Brian will have the final say in everything they purchase. He’s more than a little resentful about this development and he can’t help but let it show just a little. The three of them spend the next hour looking at all the finest granite slabs, and finally decide on one that has coarse black and dark green veins running through it. Justin loves it as he whispers to Brian how much it brings out the color in his eyes.

They take a few samples with them to ponder over their choices for the bathrooms. Pierre suggests that they look at Moen and Kohler bathroom fixtures and gives them the address of the showroom. Brian reminds him that they’re only interested in imported Italian fixtures. Justin takes Brian’s hand as they walk towards the car, saying, “Take me to dinner. I’m starving, and then maybe I’ll let you get lucky tonight.”

Brian leans in and says, “Maybe?”

“Yeah, it’s been a while since I’ve had my way with you.”

“Careful little boy, we’ll just see about that.”

Brian loves it when Justin gets playful and pushy with him; sometimes it feels just right to surrender himself to Justin. Justin gets a huge smile on his face; it’s the first time he’s felt totally relaxed in a long time. They’re driving to China Chef when Brian’s phone rings. It’s Mel, who just happened to be at the courthouse when Michael’s arraignment took place. She sat in the back of the courtroom while the proceedings were in progress, with Michael pleading ‘not guilty’. Even though his attorney requested he be released on bail because this was his first offence, it was denied, due to the violent nature of the crime and the amount of property damage involved.
Michael looks disappointed as he looks around the court room and only notices Carl, his mom and Mel have shown up to support him. The judge ordered him held without bail and sets a court date in six weeks, which is really very quick, considering the case load on the docket. It is just beginning to set in how serious the crime is that he committed. This time he won’t be returning to his holding cell at the precinct; he will be transported to the local county jail. He can’t help the tears that escape from the corners of his eyes.

Brian hangs up, feeling depressed, and in need of a drink. He can’t help but feel guilty. Maybe he should have dropped the charges. But then how could he after everything Justin’s been going through? Justin notices the change in Brian’s mood as he asks who was on the phone. Brian just puts his hand over Justin’s and drives to the Chinese restaurant that Justin loves.

Once they’re seated Brian orders a double Jack Daniels, while Justin asks for a coke. Justin knows it’s serious by how quiet Brian is, so he gives him some space while he looks at the menu. As soon as Brian’s drink arrives he swallows it down in one big gulp, then orders another. Justin finally sets down the menu and looks out the window. Brian puts his hand over Justin’s and apologizes for being so distant.

“It was Mel; she called about Michael’s arraignment. He was denied bail and they set a court date in six weeks.”

“I can only imagine how hard this is for you. But you know this isn’t your fault.”

“I know but it sure feels like it is. Everyone always expects me to come to his rescue. But this time I’m the villain.”

“You are hardly the villain. Michael brought this all on himself. So please stop feeling guilty, it’s not healthy.”

With that Brian forces a smile and squeezes Justin’s hand, knowing that he needs his support.

By the time they make it back to their suite Brian has a decent buzz on and for the first time Brian lets Justin drive the Mercedes Benz. Justin helps Brian to bed and starts undressing him. Brian can’t seem to take his hands off Justin as he pulls on his shirt and reaches for his zipper. Justin pushes him down on the bed as he pulls off Brian’s pants.

Brian loves the touch of Justin’s skin as it grazes over his underwear, making his cock jump at the sensations. Justin hooks his thumbs under the waistband and pulls them off. Brian’s dick springs forth and fills to full mast. Justin can’t help but look down at him tenderly, getting totally turned on by the sight before him.

“God, you are so beautiful.”

“Come here. I want to feel your lush lips around my cock.”

Justin shimmies out of his pants, and pulls his shirt over his head, dropping it on the floor. He covers Brian’s body with his as he plants his lips on Brian’s neck, kissing him passionately when their lips meet. Brian can’t help his hands from wandering across Justin’s back as his fingers card through his hair.

They break the kiss as Justin’s tongue licks a path down Brian’s chest, until his face is nuzzling into Brian’s bush. Justin breathes in Brian’s musky scent that is all him, then he continues to lick down his shaft, circling his head and swishing across his slit. Brian’s flooded with sensations as he lifts his hips to allow more of himself to enter Justin’s mouth.
Justin bobs his head up and down his length. He lets Brian’s head hit the back of this throat again, and again until Brian loses control, and splashes his cum down Justin’s throat. Brian’s now panting as all his nerve endings spasm out of control. Justin licks and swallows all of Brian’s spunk, and then he motions for Brian to turn over. Brian obliges, turning onto his stomach, just waiting to feel Justin’s warm wet tongue delve into his tight crevice.

Although it isn’t often that Brian lets Justin take control but when he does he surrenders completely. Justin nudges Brian’s legs further apart as he swirls his tongue, opening up his rosebud as he laps at Brian’s hole, filling him with intense pleasure. Brian can’t help bucking at the sensations, as it is rare for him to be so vulnerable and open to another’s touch.

As much as Brian’s enjoying this he also wishes that Justin would hurry up and get on with it before he loses control without being penetrated. Justin reaches for the lube and squirts a generous amount onto his fingers, creating a nice wet slick path around his opening. Justin takes the condom in his mouth and rips it open with his teeth as he’s seen Brian do a million times.

The anticipation is driving Brian crazy with need as he ruts into the sheets, indulging his own desires. Justin aligns himself with Brian’s opening then takes hold of his hips as he slowly enters him all the way. Brian can’t help the moan that escapes his lips as he pushes back into Justin’s firm hold. Justin slowly rocks himself in and out of Brian a few inches at a time at first. Then he starts gliding deeper and deeper with each stroke, until he’s thrusting with full force.

Brian’s moaning with intense pleasure as Justin’s head slams into his prostate, repeatedly sending a spiral of vibrations rushing through his limbs. He loses himself in his orgasm, shooting across his chest then dripping down on the duvet. Justin can’t help the smile that spreads across his face, knowing that it was him that brought Brian to his knees. His muscles clamp down hard on his cock, pulling him along with him. Justin feels himself convulse with pleasure as he fills the condom, making him weak in the knees, panting to catch his breath.

Justin rests his head in the center of Brian’s back, listening until Brian’s breathing is less labored and then he slowly inches out of him discarding the condom. He turns him over on his back, resting on Brian’s chest. “Aaa-mazing” escapes Brian’s lips as he kisses the top of Justin’s head, wrapping his arms around him and holding him tight.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Brian grows more skeptical of Pierre’s motives as he learns more about his past...

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 6029
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Brian grows more skeptical of Pierre’s motives as he learns more about his past...

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Chapter 9 ~ Property of Brian Kinney…

Brian leans down and kisses Justin good bye, telling him he’ll be home from work about seven, but he can stop by if he wants to go out to lunch. Justin mumbles something incoherent then rolls over and goes back to sleep. A few minutes later there’s pounding on the suite door; he pulls the pillow over his head but the banging continues. He drags himself out of bed to answer the door, surprised to see Pierre standing there, holding two cups of coffee and a pastry box. Justin asks, “Did we have an appointment this morning?”

Pierre just smiles and says, “I found the perfect dining room table and you must come and see it.”

“It’s 7.30 in the morning. Why are you here?”

“I wanted to be sure to catch you.”

It’s then that Justin looks down and realizes that he’s only wearing his black underwear. He blushes and starts to go and put something on, telling Pierre that he’ll be right back. Just as he turns to go into the bedroom, the suite door opens and Brian walks in, startled.

“What the fuck is going on here?”

Justin can tell from his voice he’s angry, so he says, “I’m putting some clothes on.” He leaves the room but he can hear Pierre through the open door saying, “I thought that you already left for work.”

“I forgot my phone. So why is it you’re here so early? Did you and Justin have plans? Or did you just barge in here disturbing him?”

“I was in the neighborhood so I thought that I’d catch Justin before he left this morning.”
“Oh and what’s this?” Brian motions to the pastry box and coffees with a suspicious look on his face.

“I thought he might like something to start his day off.”

Brian thinks to himself, ‘I just bet you did…’

“It’s 7.30 in the morning, and Justin’s not a morning person. So I suggest you get your ass out of here, and don’t think I don’t know what you’re up to.”

“I have no idea what you mean.”

“Bullshit! Now get the fuck out and don’t ever stop by without an appointment again.”

Pierre just stands there, looking in Justin’s direction, when suddenly Brian grabs him by his shirt collar, pulls him towards the door a little too roughly, and pushes him out. He’s furious and knows his emotions are getting the better of him. He takes a deep breath then reaches down and grabs one of the coffees then proceeds to put way too much sugar in it.

Justin comes out of the bedroom, fully dressed, drying his face off on a towel as he looks around the suite.

“Brian, nothing’s going on. I swear.”

“I know. I just don’t like that weasel, and he has no business dropping by to see you the minute I leave for work. My God, Justin, you were standing there in your underwear.”

“I’m sorry… I was asleep and I thought that it was probably you. I didn’t realize that it was him until I opened the door.”

Brian does that thing with his forehead that makes wrinkles between his eyes, and then he pulls Justin into him, whispering, “I’m sorry, but I really hate that guy.”

“We don’t have to use him. We can hire someone else if you want.”

“No, it’s okay. He did come highly recommended and I did go on his website and look over some of his other interior designs he did and they’re really nice. But I still think he wants to get into your pants. Just showing up here… he had to know you’d still be in bed.”

Justin pulls Brian down on the sofa and says, “You’re so cute when you’re jealous.”

“I’m not jealous! I’m just protective of my property.”

“I’m going to let that go, because I know you’re angry. So hand me my coffee and let’s see what treats he brought me.”

Brian rolls his eyes, letting his mood dissipate as he opens the pastry box and hands Justin an éclair. Justin gets this huge smile on his face; he loves éclairs. He wonders how Pierre knew that he liked them. It was slightly disturbing to think that Pierre might have been watching him. He did go to the bakery with Daphne a couple days ago and they sat out front, drinking lattes and eating éclairs.

Justin tries to get Brian to eat one of them, but he squirms away from Justin, swearing that if he gets custard on his suit he’s going to spank him. Justin’s eyes get really big as he asks if Brian has time to spank him before he has to be at work. Brian shakes his head and tells him, “Not this
morning, but I think I can work that into my evening schedule.”

They sit and drink coffee and talk about how they want to decorate the master bedroom; currently it has a traditional brick fireplace. But Brian wants to update it with a marble face in soft cream-beige tiles with taupe walls that accentuate the natural oak woodwork on the mantel, windowsill and hardwood floors.

Justin leans into him, kissing him passionately, trying to get him to reconsider going into work later so they can fool around. Just then Brian’s phone rings and Justin can tell by the ringtone that it’s Ted, and his plans to seduce Brian will have to wait. Brian answers it as Justin walks out of the room, leaving a trail of clothes as he goes to take a shower. Brian’s eyes follow until he’s out of sight, and if Ted hadn’t called he just might have given into Justin’s desires. But as it is now, Brian’s late for a meeting with Cynthia and Ted. He closes his phone and catches Justin right before he steps into the shower and pulls him into an embrace, telling him how much he’s going to miss him all day.

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Emmett wakes up as the morning sun creeps through the curtains in his bedroom. He’s feeling happy and excited about the time he spent with Ben and Hunter last night. They had a great evening enjoying each other’s company, making dinner, and then watching as Hunter made his debut on the basketball court. He scored several shots and helped bring his team to victory. After the game Hunter went out to celebrate with his teammates while Ben and Emmett spent some quite time together, snuggling on the sofa. They decided to take things slow as they don’t want to rush into anything and end up hurting each other or getting Hunter’s hopes up in case it doesn’t develop into anything. He’s at a tender age where he needs to feel secure in his home life and not worrying if his family is falling apart; losing Michael really shook him up badly.

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Justin’s collecting art supplies he’ll need for school next week and also thinking about where he wants his studio to be at the new house. He can’t decide if he wants to use the bedroom at the end of the hall that has a sun porch off the back, or if he wants to convert the glassed-in sunroom on the side of the house next to what will be Brian’s office. In some ways it would be nice to have the option of using the bedroom with the sun porch as a nursery, but then again he hasn’t even broached the subject with Brian and he has no idea how Brian will react. He hates to push Brian too far; he’s been so great about everything. But he can’t help thinking that he’d love to have a mini Brian running around. He loves Gus so much; sometimes he daydreams about Gus living with them permanently.

His phone rings and he checks the caller ID and sees that it’s Pierre. He’s not sure if he wants to deal with him again today after this morning. He really pissed Brian off, so he lets it roll to voicemail. Besides he’s supposed to meet Daphne at the diner for lunch in half an hour. He’s using his mother’s car again today; he could use the Vette but he’s not really comfortable driving Brian’s baby. He needs to get a car of his own. Something big enough to transport his canvases, that he can get dirt or paint on the interior without Brian having a heart attack.

He picks up the paper and searches the want ads for a used car while he waits for Daphne. Deb comes over, bringing him a coke and asks how he’s doing. She’s a little down because she had really hoped that Michael would have gotten out on bail, but she also knows that it was unlikely. Justin senses her dilemma and has mixed feelings about it. He feels sorry for her because he knows how much she loves Michael. But he also thinks that Michael really needs to take responsibility for his actions, and to tell the truth he’s still afraid of him.
His phone rings again, and he thinks it’s Daph calling to say that she’s running late, so he answers it without checking the caller ID. He’s surprised that it’s Pierre again and he’s starting to feel like he’s being stalked. Pierre starts with how rude Brian was this morning and asks if they can meet this afternoon, telling him how sorry he is for Justin to have to put up with such an asshole all the time. This just infuriates Justin as he tells Pierre that he’s not sure things are going to work out with him decorating their new house. He thinks it was way out of line for him to show up without an appointment, and that it’s important that whoever they work with respect his relationship with Brian. He even goes as far as to tell him that he thinks his behavior was totally unprofessional and out of line.

Pierre tries to calm him down, and he apologizes for his behavior, while at the same time he tells Justin that he can’t help how attracted he is to him. He thinks that he and Justin would have a lot in common so he hopes that they can become good friends. Then he tries to set a date for them to go furniture shopping. Justin’s head is spinning, and he’s not sure if he’s overreacting or if Pierre is trying to come on to him. Somehow by the time they end their conversation Justin has agreed to meet him for lunch tomorrow, and then go shopping.

Justin hangs up the phone just as Daphne slides into the booth across from him, saying that she’s starving and wants a double cheeseburger with chili-cheese fries and a chocolate malt. Justin, on the other hand, feels kind of sick to his stomach, having lost his appetite after talking with Pierre. He drinks his coke down and finally decides on a BLT with coleslaw. Daphne catches on quickly that something is bothering him. She cautiously asks if everything is alright with Brian. Things have been going so well that she almost expects things with Brian to go awry.

Justin smiles and says, “No everything has been great with Brian. Never better. He’s really been here for me through all my weirdness.”

“So spill. What’s bothering you?”

“It’s Pierre, the decorator we hired. Brian tried to tell me that he thought that he was overly attracted to me, but I couldn’t see it.”

“And now you do?”

“Yeah, Brian started acting slightly jealous of him, in Brian’s own special way. But now I think he’s right. Pierre is giving me the creeps.”

“Brian’s usually right about these things. He’s a pretty good judge of character.”

“I know you’re right. Pierre just seems to be showing up at odd times or calling, like he’s checking up on me. It’s really unsettling.”

“I can see how that might get on your nerves. What are you going to do about it?”

“I don’t know. I tried talking with him, telling him that I thought his behavior was out of line.”

“How did that go?”

“At first he made excuses then he started ragging on Brian, acting like Brian was the one that was out of line.”

“I can just imagine your reaction. I know how protective you are of Brian.”

“But somehow when I told him that it might not work out, that we might get a different decorator he became all apologetic. By the end of the conversation he had me agreeing to meet him for lunch
and then shopping in the afternoon.”

“So, his weirdness went away?”

“No, not really. He seems to be a master manipulator, always turning things around to make you feel like you’ve misjudged the situation.”

“He sounds like a real creep.”

“I don’t know. He’s really good looking and it is his job to spend time with me, and take me shopping for the new house.”

“So, you’re going to keep him? Even if he gives you this strange vibe?”

“That’s just it. Maybe I’m letting Brian’s distaste of him color my judgment.”

“I think you need to trust your gut in this type of situation. If it feels weird then he probably is weird, and has an ulterior motive.”

“I know, but we need someone right now. We can’t wait a couple of months until someone else can fit us into their schedule. We want to move into the house as soon as possible.”

“Okay, but trust your instincts. They’re usually right and just be aware of his hidden agenda.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah…”

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“Okay, coming Bri… What’s the hurry?”

“I asked you to come to my office a half an hour ago.”

“I got caught up reviewing payroll for this Friday.”

“Don’t you have some peons working for you to do that?”

“Yes, but I always give it a final review before it goes out to ADP for processing.”

“Don’t we process our own payroll?”

“It’s just easier to have a payroll firm handle it. Besides, it’s cost effective.”

“Okay, whatever you say.”

“What’s up, Brian? I’m sure you didn’t call me in here to talk about payroll processing.”

“No, you’re right. I want you to run a background check on a “Pierre DuPont” he’s an interior decorator.”

“Are we having the offices redecorated?”

“No, he’s this weasel that’s helping Justin decorate the new house. But there’s just something off with him. Besides I’m sure he has designs on Justin.”

“Ha, ha Brian. Very funny.”

“I’m not trying to be funny! Now find out about this bastard before something happens with
Justin!

“I’m sure Justin has good judgment and would never let anything happen.”

“I’m not worried that Justin will get involved with him! It’s just that he’s too trusting. He only sees
the good in people.”

“Okay, boss. I’m on it, but are you sure you’re not being overprotective of Justin?”

“I’m not stupid, I know when someone is scheming to get into Justin’s pants.”

“Right, I’ll get on this right away, Boss.”

Brian is still seething from this morning, remembering Justin’s perky little ass bouncing out of the
living room to get dressed… Well, okay it’s not exactly little. It’s perfectly plump and he hates that
Pierre was standing there, staring at his boy the way he was. He feels a headache coming on as he
snaps at Cynthia to bring him some aspirins, or something stronger.

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Lindsay leaves work on her lunch hour, planning on shopping for some lingerie to make up with
Mel for how things worked out earlier this week. She had a suspicion that someone was following
her but when she looked around she couldn’t see anyone. She holds up a sheer red camisole with
matching panties, when she hears someone whisper in her ear just how much they’d love to see her
in it. She doesn’t even have to turn around to know that it’s Sam Auerbach; she’d know his voice
anywhere. She blushes and asks him what he’s doing in town. After all, she hasn’t seen him in over
a year.

“I finally got a divorce from my fourth wife, and couldn’t stop thinking about you and how much
passion we had together.”

“Sam, you know Melanie and I now have a small baby in the house. I need to focus my energy on
making things work with her.”

“Yeah, but you don’t fool me. I know it’s me you think of when she’s going down on you.”

“Sam, I told you Melanie and I are a couple. We’re committed to our relationship.”

“Yeah, right? Then why did you just let me pay for your sexy lingerie? And why are you letting
me drive you to a no-tell motel?”

“Sam, we really shouldn’t.”

She says this as he slides his fingers under her skirt, shifting her panties to the side to give him full
access. She spreads her legs farther apart and enjoys the sensation of his fingertips stroking her wet
labia. She moans loudly telling him to drive faster. She closes her eyes as his fingers start rubbing
circles around her g-spot. Her mind is going into overdrive as she imagines him penetrating her
over and over. Yes this is what she needs, what she wants. She so close she’s panting with her
mouth slightly open, holding onto that tingly feeling that’s building and ready to burst.

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Michael is just settling into his new prison cell when a surly man calls to him from the opposite
cell. The way he looks at Michael there’s no question that he has plans for his ass. It frightens
Michael, while at the same time it excites him. He’s horny and hasn’t been with anyone in months,
not since Ben left him, or should we say threw him out. The prison guard comes by to tell him that he’s on the night shift for laundry detail, and to be ready when they come for him in about twenty minutes.

Michael’s pissed; he just got there and already they’re making him work. He’s still smarting from being denied bail and now he will have to work late into the night. The man in the cell across from him smiles, telling him that he’ll help him fluff and fold, as his tongue flashes in and out of his mouth. Michael’s in a cell by himself, but he knows that he’ll be assigned to one with roommates before the week’s out. He can still hear the cat calls from when he walked past the other prisoners, while being shown to his cell.

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Daphne and Justin spend the afternoon looking at bedroom furniture and shopping for a new duvet and sheets for the master bedroom. Daphne asks, “Isn’t Pierre supposed to help you pick out furniture?”

“Well yes, but it’s too personal, and I just can’t imagine him and me lying around on mattresses, checking out how firm they are.”

“Yeah, you’re totally right. Besides, I think Brian’s head would explode if he found out you were doing that.”

“No shit! I don’t need to give him any more reasons to hate Pierre.”

They walk around a little more until they come upon a beautiful bedroom set with tall posts on each corner, and an intricate carved design in the headboard. Justin can’t help but let his mind drift off, thinking about Brian tying him up to the bedposts with satin straps.

“What? Why are you looking at me like that?”

“I know your devious mind, and I can just imagine what you’re thinking.”

Justin blushes as he looks away, then they both burst out laughing. Justin turns around when he hears his name being called, and is shocked to see Pierre, standing there with his hands on his hips. He gives Daphne a disgusted look like he thinks she has no place helping Justin pick out bedroom furniture.

“Pierre, what are you doing here?”

Justin’s a little creeped out that he just showed up out of nowhere, and now he’s almost certain that Pierre is following him around.

“Oh, I just happened to be shopping for another client and I thought that I saw you over here.”

“Really?”

Justin looks at him like he doesn’t believe a word he says.

“Yes, of course. What do you think I’m doing here? Stalking you?”

And with that he laughs a little, but it just makes the hair on the back of Justin’s neck stand up.

“Well, I’ll just let you get back to your other client.”

“Nonsense. Since I’m here I’ll help you pick out something more appropriate for you.”
“Actually Pierre, Daphne and I were just leaving. I have to pick up Brian’s suits at the dry cleaners and then we’re meeting friends for cocktails.”

Pierre looks put off and doesn’t believe a word of it. But what can he do? Justin is already halfway to the door, the salesman helping them is furious, because he just lost his sale.

“I don’t care if you are his decorator. You just blew my sale and I won’t doubt that you lost a client.”

“Oh really, that’s complete rubbish. There’s no way he’ll fire me; he needs me too much.”

Daphne and Justin run to the car and lock the doors.

“Oh My God! He is totally creepy. Where did he come from?”

Justin’s breathing is rapid as he puts the car in drive and speeds off to Liberty Avenue Park, where they go and sit by the river and smoke a joint.

~~~

Lindsay’s in the middle of making dinner when Mel comes in. She’s surprised that Lindsay’s hair is all wet, but Lindsay says that she just felt like a bubble bath when she got home. To be helpful Mel empties the washing machine, putting the clothes in the dryer when she comes across Lindsay’s new red lingerie.

“Where did this come from? I’ve never seen it before.”

“Oh, I picked it up at lunchtime, and you know how I hate to wear anything before it’s washed.”

Mel looks at her with a skeptical eye, not really believing a word. She hangs it up to dry in the bathroom and then pours them each a glass of wine. She needs something to take the edge off her day.

~~~

Just before Brian’s ready to leave work for the day he checks his messages and notices that Justin has sent him a few pictures of a bedroom set he likes. As he’s paging through the pics, Ted comes in and says he has a preliminary report on Pierre. It seems that last year one of his clients took out a restraining order against him for stalking, but the charges were dropped: that it was all a misunderstanding.

“I doubt that. What else do you have on him?”

“Well, he declared bankruptcy a couple years ago, after his partner left him and drained his bank accounts.”

“Serves him right.”

“It seems that he’s run into hard times recently, but most of his clients rave about how great a decorator he is.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard that myself.”

Just then Brian’s phone rings and it’s Justin telling him that Daphne and him are at Woody’s and to come by on his way home from work. He tells Justin that he and Ted will be there in fifteen minutes. When they get there Justin and Daphne are playing pool and drinking beers. Brian walks
up to him and wraps his arms around Justin from behind, nuzzling his face against his neck. He runs kisses along his neck, sending shivers through him. Justin loves that rush of excitement he gets when he’s been away from Brian all day.

Ted goes up to the bar to get them a round of drinks, when he notices that Emmett and Ben are sitting in the back of the bar in a dark, secluded booth. It looks like they’re deep in conversation, so Ted decides to give them some privacy. But he can’t stop thinking that Emmett ignored all his advice about not getting involved with Ben. Ted wonders if he’s just irritated that he didn’t take his advice or if it’s because he’s jealous about the two of them getting together.

It’s happy hour and the bartender has just set out hot wings and onion rings. Justin’s eyes light up but Brian frowns, saying, “My God, that shit will give you a heart attack.”

“I think I can chance it.”

“I have a better idea. Why don’t you finish up your game of pool and I’ll take all of us out for seafood.”

Justin’s all smiles now because he loves shrimp and crab. Daphne leans in and kisses Brian’s cheek, saying he can wine and dine her anytime. Ted sets down a tray of drinks, casually saying, “Did anyone else notice how close and chummy Emmett and Ben are over there in the corner. They all turn and look, checking out the two of them. They’re practically sitting on each other’s lap. Justin grins. “When did they become a couple?”

Ted replies, “The other night at Babylon they were dancing together, but I didn’t know that it was anything more than that.”

Brian tosses back his whisky. “Well, he’s a big boy. Besides it takes a lot of man to fill Drew Boyd’s shoes.”

“It’s not his shoes he’s filling.”

“Oh Ted. Do I sense a hint of jealousy?”

“No, no… I’m just worried for his safety, that’s all.”

Justin laughs. “I think they make a cute couple.”

Brian rolls his eyes and says, “Oh please, gag me.”

Daphne shakes her head. “You guys are so catty. You should be happy for them.”

Ted looks back over his shoulder at them. “Yeah, I give it two weeks, tops.”

“If that…”

Justin swats Brian across his chest. “Be kind.”

“Are all you gossip queens ready for dinner?”

“Hey Daph, this will be your first time riding in the Mercedes Benz. You’re going to love it. It’s the ultimate in luxury.”

~~~

Debbie was a little frightened as she entered Allegheny County Jail on her first visit to the prison.
You could just feel the tension in the air, along with the demeanor of the prison guards. It wasn’t a place you’d ever feel comfortable in. She couldn’t help feeling sorry for Michael, wondering how he’s getting along with his fellow inmates. The only saving grace was that this wouldn’t be his permanent home once he was convicted.

“Ma, I’m so glad you came. It’s been a nightmare ever since I’ve been here. You can hear crying in the middle of the night, as well as the shrill sound of someone weeping in pain.”

Debbie’s eyes grow big as she imagines what horrors take place in the middle of the night. What Michael didn’t tell her was that he was one of the ones crying himself to sleep, wishing he could take it all back. She half smiles, trying to put on a brave face.

“I talked with Dan Bishop and he’s arranged for you to have a psychiatric evaluation in the next couple of days. So please be truthful and explain to them exactly what was going through your mind when you decided to vandalize Brian’s loft, and don’t leave anything out.”

“Ma, do you really think I need to see a psychiatrist? I’m not crazy.”

“What you did wasn’t the actions of a sane man.”

“I just hate the idea of someone asking me all kinds of questions.”

“Michael, are you listening to me? Do you want to serve a long prison term?”

“No, of course not but…”

“Well, Dan is trying to prove that you’ve been unstable for some time, before you committed your crime. To do that, you need to tell your side of the story, which, fortunately for you, sounds totally crazy.”

“But I’m not crazy!”

“Michael! Pay attention! If you do as I ask, it’s possible that you might be sent to a psychiatric hospital, or Dan might be able to have you plead guilty to a lesser charge. Then you could be sentenced to a shorter prison term in a correctional facility, rather than being housed with the general population of hardened criminals in jail.”

“How much time would I have to serve?”

“I don’t know for sure, but maybe only a year and a half to two years. If you’re lucky.”

“That sounds like a long time.”

“Well, it’s a lot better than eight to ten years. What you did was a serious crime.”

“I only broke a few things. It wasn’t that serious.”

“Michael, you just don’t get it, do you? You destroyed most of Brian’s loft. One of the reasons you’re being charged with a felony is because the property damage is over ten thousand dollars.”

“Brian can afford it. He’s rich now.”

“Michael, even if Dan is able to have your charges reduced you’ll still have to make restitution for all the damages. That means they will probably garnishee your paychecks until you’ve paid the settlement in full.”
“How much is the restitution?”

“I don’t know, Michael, but I heard Ted talking to Emmett and the insurance estimate is somewhere between seventy to eighty thousand dollars.”

“That’s outrageous!”

“Michael, you destroyed all those imported Italian marble tiles and Brian’s suits, not to mention those platinum wedding bands. Those alone cost twenty-five thousand dollars.”

“Oh my God…”

“Plus you can’t put a price on all of Justin’s paintings. He’s going to be famous someday and then they’ll be worth a fortune.”

“Boy Wonder? I don’t think so…”

“You really have no idea how talented he is, do you? Lindsay says some big-wig art critic from New York is interested in Justin’s work.”

“That will be the day…”

“Please think about what I’ve said. You have a chance to turn your life around. Don’t blow it.”

Just then the guard came over and told them that his visiting time was up. As Debbie walked back out to her car, she only hoped that some of what she said would sink into Michael’s warped mind.

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Smack! The slap echoes through the suite as little squeals escape Justin’s lips, the pain dissipating until the next slap is felt. His body jerks slightly as Brian’s hand makes contact with Justin’s ass, grinding his extreme hard-on into Brian’s thighs. Brian rubs small circles across the reddening spots left from his handprint. Justin’s riding that rollercoaster between pleasure and pain as Brian continues his assault on Justin’s plump ass. Brian loves the feel of the hot skin beneath his palm, knowing that it arouses Justin, while sending pain searing through him at the same time.

Justin’s panting and moaning as he endures his spanking from his Master. Justin loves playing these sex games, remembering when they first started and he was a little scared, not knowing what to expect. But now he delights in the thrill of feeling the intense pain flowing through his body, getting him turned on beyond anything else he ever experienced. Justin’s body jerks from the last blow that jolts his body, and then he feels Brian’s lips kissing and licking his burning skin. Just feeling Brian’s breath on his backside sends chills through him as Brian lifts him up, carrying him to the bed.

Justin’s body is glistening with a sheen of sweat as he anticipates Brian’s next move. His hands are tied over his head and he’s spread-eagled on his back watching Brian’s every move. Brian reaches up and twists his nipple ring, his sensitive skin smarting as he bucks up on the bed. The waiting is driving Justin crazy with need, leaving him on edge, heightening his desire. Brian sits back, admiring his prey, then he reaches over and lights the joint in the ashtray, taking a long deep toke; he holds it to Justin’s lips, letting him get a little stoned.

Justin lets his lungs fill with smoke as he closes his eyes, enjoying the buzz that’s fogging his mind. Then he feels Brian’s soft supple lips, caressing his neck in that special place that drives Justin wild. Brian whispers, “Easy, little boy. Take your time and enjoy this and remember not to cum.”
Justin nods as the thrill of excitement courses through his limbs. Brian runs his hands down his chest, asking him if he remembered his safe word. Justin wishes Brian would continue with his slow torture, enjoying each and every sensation as it builds deep inside of him. Then Brian licks back up the path his fingers have just taken down his chest, up to his neck. He curves up around his chin and neck until he reaches Justin’s lips, kissing him passionately.

Brian is now lying across Justin’s body as he ruts upwards, grinding his cock into Brian’s. They’re both leaking pre-cum, creating a silky wetness they both enjoy. Justin’s breathing increases with the sensations that radiate from his groin, leaving him with a natural high and an overwhelming need that is slowly consuming him. Brian loves to read the pleasure written on Justin’s face, as he becomes more and more excited almost begging. But then he knows better than to speak.

“Such a beautiful boy. So good and naughty all at once.”

Justin slowly blinks his eyes, smiling up at Brian and loving the praise he’s receiving from his Master. Brian sits up, watching Justin watch him. He slowly leans down and takes Justin’s cock down his throat. A deep moan escapes as he is surrounded by Brian’s warm wet mouth. Brian works him with his strong jaw muscles as Justin slides in and out of Brian’s throat. Justin’s mind is spinning as he wishes he could fist Brian’s hair, but he can’t as his hands are tied above his head. So he bends his knees, trying to push more of himself deeper into Brian’s throat.

His soft moans sound almost like a low chant as Brian increases his speed, sucking his cock, bringing him to the brink of orgasm. Then he backs off, leaving Justin frustrated and longing. Then he starts all over again, repeating his assault until Justin’s panting, begging for release. Brian takes mercy on him and pulls him over the edge telling him, “Come for me.”

Justin’s cock explodes like a volcano, spilling over the edge, flowing his hot lava down Brian’s beautiful throat. Brian continues working him until he’s completely spent. Justin’s still trying to catch his breath as he feels Brian untie his restraints and pull him into an embrace, stroking him gently until he comes down from his orgasmic high.

Justin’s hands immediately start carding Brian’s hair as they look deep into each other’s eyes. Brian leans down and captures Justin’s lips, sliding his legs over his shoulders without breaking eye contact. He breaches his opening with his well-lubed fingers, stretching him open, circling his tight ring of muscle. He aligns himself with Justin’s rosebud and penetrates him as he kisses him again. Justin loves the feeling of being claimed by Brian. No one else has ever made him feel so complete. Justin’s in heaven as Brian drives deep into him, slamming into his prostate, sending sparks to all his nerve endings.

It’s like all his senses are in overdrive as waves of pleasure surge through him. Their bodies fit together perfectly like they were made for each other, always knowing what the other one needs, bringing them both right to the brink. Justin loses it as Brian’s hand reaches around front and works his cock, fisting him. He lets his thumb caress his slit as his juices spill out over Brian’s hand. Brian thrusts in one, two and three more times as Justin’s slick walls clench and release him, pulling his orgasm from him.

Brian rests his head on Justin’s shoulder as he catches his breath. Justin can still feel the aftershocks pulsing through his body. He feels so utterly loved he never wants this feeling to end. They hold each other as they drift off to sleep.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Everyone seems to be catching the love bug...

Title: The Offer Still Stands...
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 6191
Rating: R, Porn...
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust...
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Everyone seems to be catching the love bug...

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Chapter 10 ~ Love is in the Air...

It’s early spring and there’s still a crispness in the air, although the sun is shining bright. Pierre stops at the flower stand and buys a bouquet of flowers, forget-me-nots and yellow daisies. He’s almost humming as he strolls into the sushi restaurant. He spots Justin right away and makes his way over to his table, saying,

“These are for you. I thought they’d bring out the color in your eyes and complement your hair.”

He practically gushes as he thinks he’s so clever, finally getting to spend some time alone with Justin. Just as he’s about to sit down, Brian returns to the table after saying hello to a client of his across the restaurant. Brian pulls the chair out from the table, leaving Pierre to tumble to the ground as Brian takes back his seat. Pierre lands hard on his ass, and the flowers fall all over the floor. His face turns a shade of red as he picks up the flowers and glares at Brian.

“I didn’t know you’d be joining us for lunch.”

“Oh, obviously. Unless of course you brought those flowers for me.”

The waiter comes rushing over thinking that Pierre had fallen by mistake. He wants to make sure he’s alright, as he helps him up. Brian hands the waiter the stack of crushed flowers and asks if he’ll dispose of them for him. Pierre tries to object but he thinks better of it, not knowing what to say about bringing another man’s boyfriend flowers.

Justin holds up his menu to keep everyone from noticing he’s laughing at Brian’s antics; he can’t help thinking Pierre is such a pathetic troll. And he really has some nerve bringing him flowers, after he thought he made it clear that he wasn’t interested in him. Brian doesn’t even acknowledge Pierre’s uneasiness as he asks the waiter to bring them a wine list. Pierre smooths down his clothes and runs his hands through his hair as he takes a seat at the table.
Brian stares him straight in the eyes then asks, “Just what perfect piece of furniture do you have to show us today?”

Of course this throws him off his game, knowing that he can’t very well show them the bedroom sets he planned to show Justin.

“I thought that we’d look at living-room furniture and see if we could find something that fits your taste.”

“I thought that the whole purpose of hiring a decorator was so that you would have already chosen several selections for us to review? Justin and I can look at furniture all on our own without you holding our hand. That is if you haven’t already chosen anything for us to see.”

Again Pierre is thrown by this comment. He had really hoped that he could impress Justin, and maybe even get him to see how charming he is. He’s sure all they need is some time together, and he’ll be able to sweet talk Justin into a little afternoon roll in the hay. But with Brian always seeming to show up when he least expects it, it’s infuriating him, to say the least.

Brian loves to play with other people’s minds, and he can tell that he’s got Pierre just where he wants him.

“You know Justin will be starting back to school soon and he won’t have time to waste meeting you if you’re not prepared. After all, time is money, and I don’t expect to be billed for hours of time that you’ve wasted.”

Pierre pulls his lips in and scowls at Brian; just then the waiter comes over to take their order. Brian orders for him and Justin while Pierre fumbles through his selections. He had only picked this restaurant because he heard that sushi can be an aphrodisiac; he’s never really had sushi before.

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Emmett’s been searching high and low but can’t seem to come up with a perfect place to hold Justin’s birthday party. He’s been racking his brain, going over all his options when he remembers the tour that Justin took them on of their new house. That’s when it clicks - the pool house would perfect. It’s glassed in and heated, with a big kitchen where he can set up for the party. He thinks it will be totally romantic, decorating it with tiny white lights and candles everywhere. He can even have water lilies floating in the pool and small tables set with fine linens and china. Now he just has to work on the menu.

Justin loves all kinds of food; he wants it to be something elegant, and something he would never make for himself. That’s when he decides on caviar, shrimp cocktail and Oysters Rockefeller for hors d’oeuvres. Then prime rib with asparagus spears, roasted petite redskin potatoes, and Caesar salad, topped off with a rich chocolate torte. Emmett’s sure Justin will love it and he can’t wait to tell Brian. He’s keeping his fingers crossed that Brian will approve the menu.

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Jennifer’s phone rings and it’s Justin. He’s frantic. He hates Pierre and he thinks Brian will murder him before they finish decorating their house. He asks her if there is anyone else that can take over for him, complaining that he seems totally unprofessional and more interested in him than the house. He starts telling her about how creepy he is and how he bought him flowers and éclairs, and he just seems to show up out of nowhere.
Jennifer sympathizes with Justin, while telling him that the other decorators she works with all have clients on waiting lists. That it would most likely be months before they can squeeze them into their schedules. Justin takes a deep breath and says, “We might have to do this on our own. Brian’s not going to put up with much more of his bullshit.”

“I’m so sorry, honey. I heard he can be overbearing. But he also comes highly recommended and he was available right away.”

“I know, but could you talk with him? Explain to him that Brian and I no longer have an open relationship.”

“Really? I mean, I didn’t know. Not that it’s any of my business. I’m so happy for you, honey.”

“Mom, please let’s stay on track here.”

“Of course, darling, I’m just so surprised.”

“I’ve got to go. Now you promise you’ll talk to him.”

~~~

Lindsay’s finishing up for the day. She’s the last one in the gallery as she turns the lights out and closes the door. Just as she’s locking up she sees Sam waiting for her across the street. She can’t help her excitement, knowing that they’ll be together soon. She knows she shouldn’t keep seeing him, but her desire burns deep within her. She thinks she’s falling in love with him, as she convinces herself that Mel is so busy at work she’ll never suspect anything.

Mel comes home early to make up to Lindsay for the foul mood she’s been in lately, she’s pretty sure it’s all been in her head. After all, Lindsay would never cheat on her again, after what happened last year when she was pregnant. She listens to her messages as she gets in the car. Lindsay has some problem at the gallery that she needs to attend to. She doesn’t know how long she’ll be so she asks Mel to pick the kids up from daycare.

Now it’s getting late; she already has the kids fed, bathed and in bed and Lindsay still isn’t home. She calls the gallery but the phone just rings and rings. She’s surprised that Lindsay didn’t answer it. So she calls her on her cell, but that just rolls over to voicemail. It’s not like Lindsay to be so late, and she can’t help worrying that something has happened. So she pours herself a glass of wine and tries to watch some television, but she can’t focus and just keeps channel surfing as her mind reels.

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“I picked up some Thai food on the way home. I know you said you didn’t want to go out tonight.”

“Thanks. I’m so sick of always going out. I’m really starting to hate living out of the hotel. It was fun the first couple weeks, but now I just want to feel settled in our own place.”

“I know. It’s hard always feeling like you’re on vacation all the time. I’m sorry we have to put up with this.”

“Brian… I hope you’re not mad, but I fired Pierre today.”

“Really? You think this will upset me?”

“No, I hope not. But I have just had it with all his scheming and devious behavior. It was really
giving me the creeps, feeling like he was watching me all the time.”

“I’m so proud of you. I’ve wanted to can him since he showed up early that morning, surprising you.”

“I asked my mom to try and find us someone new, but I was thinking that maybe we could hire a contractor to oversee all the construction. And maybe I’d design the rooms the way we want them. After all we both have a pretty good idea what we want.”

“What about school?”

“We’ll go slowly so we can live in just a few rooms while we’re working on the others.”

“I see. So you want to move into a big empty house?”

“Well, we both liked the bedroom set I picked out. And we can use the kitchen and bathroom in the pool house in the meantime.”

“So you’ve been giving this a lot of thought?”

“Yeah. I feel like I’m hanging by a thread, waiting for my life to start.”

“I see… So when do you see us moving out there?”

“Well, I talked with Cynthia and she said that she can clear your afternoon schedule for tomorrow, and I thought that we could pick out living-room furniture. My mom says we can use her wrought-iron patio furniture in the kitchen area of the pool house until we get something.”

Brian gets a big grin on his face as he pulls Justin into his arms, saying, “You’ve got this all figured out now, don’t you?”

“So, you’re okay with this? Because the limbo is driving me crazy, not to mention being cooped up in the hotel all the time.”

“Yeah, I’m more than okay with this. Why don’t we plan on moving in the weekend after your birthday?”

“I can’t believe you remembered my birthday is next week.”

“You see, I’m really trying this time.”

“You know I love you. You’re the best.”

Brian kisses him on the top of his head and then presses their foreheads together, whispering, “I love you too, sunshine.”

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Michael’s attorney has the results of his competency test from his psychiatrist, and he’s using it to try and negotiate a plea bargain with the district attorney. Even though it shows that Michael was aware of his actions, it also shows he has a distorted view of his relationship with Brian. That he has been building a fantasy in his mind about the life they would have together. When he was faced with the fact that Brian has finally admitted to loving someone other than himself, he was unable to accept it and he had an emotional break from reality.

He’s still struggling to accept the truth and he’ll need to be under psychiatric care for some time.
The courts have agreed to let him plead guilty to destruction of property and assault, without the intent to cause bodily harm. It’s the best they could hope for under the circumstances. Michael will have to serve a sentence of two to four years with the possibility of parole after eighteen months. He’ll also have to make restitution for the damages he caused, with the amount being specified after the final insurance settlement is reached.

His court appearance will be within the next two weeks, and then he’ll move into a minimum security prison in Philadelphia. Even though it’s a drive from Pittsburgh, he’ll be in a safer location than the local maximum security prison. Debbie’s relieved that it’s all being settled out of court, and that it won’t make the front page of the papers. She’s unsure how Brian and Justin will react to the news, she just hopes they are able to forgive Michael over time.

~~~

Hunter’s going away for the weekend with his Wilderness Awareness class he signed up for to learn more about the local flora and fauna. He’s been considering studying at Pittsburgh University in their horticulture program to become a forest ranger. Ben’s glad that his interests have grown into something he can develop into a career and that he’s finally looking to his future.

This will give Ben and Emmett the weekend alone to get to know each other better in their evolving relationship. Emmett can still hear Teddy’s words in the back of his mind, but it’s too late to change the course they’re on. He’s already falling hopelessly in love with Ben.

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Lindsay sneaks into the house at a quarter past one in the morning, when Mel asks her where the Hell she’s been. She practically jumps out of her skin, not having seen Mel as she sat in the dark.

“You scared me to death, sneaking up on me like that.”

“I’m not the one sneaking around at all hours of the night.”

“Mel, it’s not like that. I told you I had to work late, we have a client in from out of town. It was important for me to make sure they’re settled into their hotel room.”

“I bet.”

“Mel, this is a very important artist. It really means a lot to Sidney that we get his work shown in our gallery.”

“Uh hum…”

“As a matter fact, Sidney’s asked me to go to Paris to help select just the right paintings for the gallery. Isn’t that fabulous?”

“Fabulous… Who’s going to watch the kids while you’re gone? You know I have the Patterson trial starting next week.”

“Well, I’ll need to be gone for a few weeks. So maybe we could ask Meredith to watch JR during the day, and pick Gus up after kindergarten when she picks up Shelly.”

“Three weeks is a long time for you to be away from home.”

“Oh Mel, you know I wouldn’t do this if it wasn’t important for my career. After all, you’re not the only one whose career takes precedence.”
“I can’t believe that I’m just hearing about this now. When do you have to leave?”

“It turns out I need to go right away. I’ll be flying out on Thursday.”

“This coming Thursday? You’re going to miss Justin’s birthday party on Friday night?”

“It can’t be helped. Oh and there’s another thing. I know this is just a precaution but because I’m going overseas, I think it would be a good idea if we drew up some papers so Brian can have his rights restored. After all, I could die in an airplane crash, or something.”

“What? Isn’t that a little much? I mean I’m sure you’ll be just fine.”

“Of course I’ll be fine. It’s just a precaution, that’s all.”

“Lindsay, what’s going on?”

“Nothing. I just want everything in order for the worst-case scenario.”

Mel has no idea what to make of all the things Lindsay has just said, it’s almost too much to take in. She can’t help wondering what’s going on. But how can she complain when she’s always putting her career ahead of taking care of the family? Even though it will be hard managing both kids and her trial coming up, she knows she needs to give Lindsay’s career the respect that it deserves, just like Lindsay always gives her career.

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Brian pulls Justin down on him as they lay across a big overstuffed sofa in the designer showroom. Justin is telling him to behave, but Brian looks at him completely innocent.

“You said you wanted to try this one out, and that’s all I’m doing. After all we need to know if it’s comfortable with both of us lying on it.”

“Brian, everyone is watching us.”

“It’s not as if I have you bent over the back of it with your ass in the air.”

“Not yet anyways.”

“You’re such a spoil sport. I thought you said we were going to have fun.”

“Enough!”

“Okay, let’s try out that one over there. It looks like it’s totally fuckable.”

“Ssssh, the salesmen are going to hear you.”

“Justin, believe me, this is the most fun they’ve had all year. Besides, they don’t care as long as we buy one.”

“I really can’t take you anywhere.”

“Okay, when we’re done here let’s go try out that bed you have your eye on.”

“Brian, you are not going to get me to lie down in bed with you here in the store. You’d probably make me ride you just to test the springs.”
“All right. Fine. I’ll just have to get the salesman to help me check it out.”

“You’re impossible.”

“You love it now, don’t you? Besides, this is way more fun than shopping with Pierre.”

“You stain it, you buy it. So keep your pants on.”

The salesman just happened to be coming over to them and overheard Justin, who is now fifty shades of red.

“Do you have any questions? Is there anything I can answer for you?”

“Yes, my husband is worried about the stain-resistant warranty.”

Justin blushes harder, as he swats Brian across his chest.

“Husband, ha? Is that some kind of proposal?”

Brian gets real quiet and Justin just stares at him.

“Brian? Oh My God! Brian!”

Brian smiles back at him, watching him fill with excitement as Justin throws himself into Brian’s arms, saying, “Really?”

Brian shakes his head yes.

“Really? You have to say it!”

“Yes, sunshine. I was hoping you’d make me an honest man?”

“Brian, I can’t believe it…” Justin is bouncing up and down, unable to contain his excitement.

“Okay, fine. Now stop bouncing before you break your leg or something.”

Justin now has tears welling up in his eyes as he watches Brian actually kneel down on one knee, taking his hand in his.

“Justin, will you marry me?”

Justin is now back in Brian’s arms, placing butterfly kisses all over his face grinning like a fool.

“Oh God, yes! Yes, I will marry you.”

“Okay. Now will you lie down on the bed with me?”

“Oh God, Brian… I love you so much! Okay. Take me someplace where we can lie down.”

“I think the beds are in the back.”

“No, not here. Someplace where you can make love to me.”

“Slow down there, Sonny Boy. Let’s at least buy a few things while we’re still here and let these gentlemen earn a commission.”

It took them another hour to pick out just the right sofa and living-room chairs, as well as a couple
of designer end and coffee tables. Justin even laid down with Brian on the bed he had picked out with Daphne the other day. While the salesman was writing up their order and putting a rush on the delivery, Brian took a few minutes to call the Fairmount. He had them light the fireplace in their suite, as well as bringing a bucket of champagne and strawberries, so it would be there waiting for them when they got back. This wasn’t how he had planned to propose to Justin, but it seemed like just the right time when it happened, and Justin couldn’t have been more surprised.

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Mel is really trying but she feels so distant from Lindsay. She wants to spend some quality time with her before she has to leave for Paris. She again plans a romantic night together, only this time she decides to get a hotel room. They’ve already made plans to go out to dinner at Pappaganos. She told Mel that she’d meet her there at eight o’clock; she needed to finish up something at work to get ready for her big trip.

It’s already 8.45 and Lindsay’s still not there. Mel keeps looking at her watch as the waiter brings her another glass of wine. This will be her third and she’s starting to feel a little tipsy. She can’t imagine what’s keeping Lindsay, but she’s determined to not let this affect her good mood. When she finally shows up she looks slightly disheveled, with her hair a mess and her clothes untucked.

Mel asks, “What happened to you?”

“Oh, I’m so sorry I was late. I had to get the new exhibit framed and hung and the framer was late. Then Sidney kept changing how he wanted them spaced and we ended up getting into a big argument. So of course I had to stay and work things out with him. Today’s been a total nightmare. I almost called to tell you we’d need to postpone tonight, but I knew how much you wanted us to go out.”

Melanie’s just watching her as she fidgets with straightening her clothes and finger combs back her hair. Her explanation comes rushing out of her all in one breath. She barely takes a moment to breathe. And there’s just something a little bit off about it, but Mel decides to let it go. The waiter brings Lindsay a glass of wine and hands them the menus. His smile is curt as he tells them the specials of the day.

Lindsay tries to hide her face behind her menu, hoping that the waiter doesn’t recognize her. Earlier this week she came in with Sam, while telling Mel she was working late. But she can’t fool him. He remembers her all too well as the woman that was way too drunk to even place her order while hanging off her man. She was loud and obnoxious, while being overtly sexual, making lewd insinuations. It was totally out of character for the prim and proper Lindsay.

Mel picks up on the tension, but she’s unsure of its origin or why Lindsay should feel uncomfortable. After all the trouble she’s gone to make this a romantic evening, she doesn’t want anything to sidetrack her plans. After they order Mel takes her hand and tells her how much she’s going to miss her. That even though it’s only for a few weeks, it’s going to seem like an eternity.

Lindsay promises to call her every night, telling her that the time will fly by before she knows it. That she thinks all the fuss Mel has gone to for this evening is sweet. Mel finally thinks Lindsay appreciates her effort. She can’t help but be excited to tell her that she’s made plans for them to stay at the Wyndham Hotel and just how great it will be to get away from the kids, even if it’s only for one night.

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Ben has just returned home from dropping Hunter off for his week in the woods. He’s running
around straightening everything and setting out a good bottle of wine and wine glasses; he even made a cheese platter and crackers. Emmett has tried on a dozen outfits, unable to decide on which one to wear. His nerves are getting the better of him as he anticipates his evening to come. He finally decides on a pair of skin-tight jeans and his bright pink corduroy button-down shirt, matching socks and black boots with a black leather jacket.

He knows that it’s totally girly but he can’t help putting on a little mascara and eye shadow to highlight his eyes. Only Emmett could pull off the outfit and still look sexy. He hears Ben pull up out front and starts down the stairs. Debbie tells him how good he looks, and wishes him luck on his weekend. Ben even comes to the door saying hello to Carl and Deb as he takes Emmett’s overnight bag and walks him to his car. Debbie can’t help thinking how cute they look together as they leave on their first official date.

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Michael’s on kitchen duty tonight as he serves meatloaf, mashed potatoes and gravy with canned corn to the first shift of prisoners. It’s relatively easy serving up extra potatoes and gravy when they ask for it. Several of the men give Michael the onceover, letting him know that they’re interested in him. He’s stopped being so frightened as the weeks go by, realizing that he’s now housed with petty crooks, drunk drivers and white-collar criminals.

He’s made a few friends in his cell block, and they’re even trying to teach him how to play basketball out in the courtyard during their afternoon break. He’s still a terrible player, clumsy and uncoordinated, but he’s finally getting the gist of the game. He meets with his psychiatrist three times a week, and even though he still carries a torch for Brian, he’s now able to express his desires openly, no matter how unrealistic they are, and it feels good to be able to talk about it without being judged.

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Justin’s floating on Cloud Nine, today was a perfect day. He’s had so much fun picking out the new furniture, even if Brian embarrassed him to death. Everything just seems so easy between them now. It’s amazing how comfortable Brian is in showing his feelings, even though he rarely does it in public. He wants to scream from the rooftops, Brian Kinney Loves Me and he even wants to spend his life with me! Although he knew that before, when they bought the house, but the proposal just made everything gel. It was the last thing he thought would happen today, or any other day.

Brian can’t seem to keep his hands off Justin in the elevator as they ascend to their floor. He has him up against the back of the elevator, with his arms above his head. He’s kissing him passionately, leaving him breathless. Justin feels lightheaded as he’s filled with more passion than he’s ever experienced. He feels weightless as Brian lifts him up and tosses him across his shoulder, carrying him to their suite. Once they’re inside Justin is overwhelmed with how romantic the room is, aglow from the fireplace that crackles in the corner.

Brian’s never seen him smile so brightly as he lights up the room. It sends a little chill down his spine knowing that he’s the one who put that smile on his face. He never thought showing his passion for Justin would come so easily. Justin’s heart is racing as he takes in his surroundings, never wanting this moment to end. Brian lays him down on the sofa as he stares into his eyes reading all his love and adoration. Brian gives him a genuine smile that comes from some place deep in his soul, some place that’s new to him he never knew existed.

Justin blushes and looks at the coffee table, noticing the champagne and chocolate-dipped strawberries. He opens his mouth as Brian feeds him a juicy berry, coated in white chocolate, his
favorite. He hears the champagne cork pop as the bubbly wine seeps over the rim, dripping down Brian’s hand. They toast to their future, sipping the brut champagne as it tickles Justin’s nose. It makes him laugh as Brian places butterfly kisses all over his face. He’s never felt so in love, and he can’t help that giddy feeling in the pit of his stomach.

Brian reaches over and starts undoing the buttons on his black shirt, finally pulling it off him and letting it fall to the floor. He moves on to his beige cargo pants, unzipping them and letting his firm erection spring free, finally pulling them by the bottom of the pant legs until his gorgeous naked body is spread out before him.

“God, you are so beautiful and now you’re all mine.”

“Brian, I’ve been all yours for a while now. Don’t you know that?”

“Yeah, but now I don’t have to worry about saying the wrong thing and you walking out on me.”

Justin’s a little surprised by Brian’s admission, finally knowing how much he’s hurt him in the past. He wraps his arms around Brian’s neck and pulls him into his embrace, kissing him with so much passion that it leaves no doubt how he feels.

Just because Brian never expresses his feeling, doesn’t mean he never has them. All you ever had to do was look in his eyes, and you’d be able to see all his fear and pain. The problem was Justin never stayed around to notice it before.

“Brian, I’m so sorry for hurting you. I now know how sensitive you are, and I promise I’ll always stand by you from now on.”

Brian rolls his lips into his mouth and smiles, showing Justin how happy he is.

“Here, let me help you out of your clothes. I’m starting to feel very naked.”

Brian lifts his arms up and Justin pulls his red cashmere sweater over his head. He then runs his hands down his chest until he reaches the waistband of his black 501’s. He pulls at the buttons until they all pop open, revealing his black underwear. He already has a wet spot spreading across the head of his penis, showing just how excited he is. He shimmies out of his pants and jockey shorts, stepping out of them as they fall to the floor.

They wrap their arms around each other, pulling themselves closer as they kiss and nibble at one another’s neck and ears. Brian lies them down in front of the fireplace as they feel the warmth spread across their bodies. Even though they’ve been together thousands of times before, this moment seems to be the start of a whole new level of their relationship. The intensity of the passion they feel for one another is unparalleled, and they can’t seem to get enough of each other.

Brian tucks his head into Justin’s shoulder, sucking on his neck, not caring that he’s going to leave a red mark. Justin’s legs naturally circle around Brian’s waist as they rub their groins together, sending sensations spiraling through them both. Justin reaches into the drawer in the coffee table where he knows Brian has a stash of condoms and packets of lube. He rips the lube open and motions for Brian to sit up as he reaches between his legs and circles his opening, leaving it coated and glistening as it calls to Brian to come and play. Brian’s mesmerized by him, watching him twitch and wink.

Brian hears Justin rip the condom open then feels him rolling it down his shaft. Justin aligns himself as Brian pushes deep into him. Brian can feel Justin arch his back, taking even more of Brian into him, loving the feeling of being full. They’re both excited and overcome with need as
they move in sync with one another. They slowly build friction deep within until Justin’s moaning out Brian’s name, beckoning him to fuck him harder. Brian can’t help but pull back and look deep into Justin’s eyes then he slams into him, increasing his thrusts.

Justin’s body convulses as Brian shifts his thrusts and starts pounding his prostate. His breathing is labored as the sensations build to full throttle, bringing him right to the edge. Their bodies are so close together that Justin’s cock is wet and slippery, gliding between both of their stomachs, soon to reach climax. Brian throws his head back as his orgasm explodes, sliding smoothly against Justin’s deep channel. They both cum together as they feel each other’s body quaking and shuddering, riding out their intense pleasure.

Brian’s heart is racing as he rests his head against Justin’s chest, rising and falling with each breath. They’re both so overcome with passion; they’ve never felt so close to one another before.

A brand-new page in their playbook has been turned.

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Lindsay is sitting on her suitcase trying to get it closed. Mel comes in and helps her, questioning why she feels the need to take four suitcases.

“You’re only going for a few weeks, but you’re packing like you’ll be gone for the next year.”

“Oh, you never know how the weather is going to be and I just want to be prepared.”

“Do you have a copy of your itinerary for me? I want to know how to get a hold of you in case something should happen. Or I just need to hear your voice.”

“I’ll print one out and leave it on your desk. But there’s no need to worry, everything is going to be fine.”

“I know, but this is the first time you’ll be away from Gus. I know he’ll want you to say goodnight to you while you’re gone.”

Lindsay thinks to herself about how much she’s going to miss Gus, but she knows that he’ll be okay. After all, he’ll have Brian and Justin as well as Mel to take care of him. Even though it will be hard on him at first, she’s sure that he’ll get past it with time.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to take you to the airport? It really isn’t a problem.”

“No, of course not. My plane is leaving at the crack of dawn. Besides you need to be here to get the kids ready for school, and Meredith.”

Mel is driving her crazy with all her questions; she just wishes that she’d back off before she snaps at her. She goes in to say goodnight to Gus, kissing him just a little too long and running her hand through his hair. She looks down at him with tears in her eyes. She reads him a story and before she’s even finished he’s already asleep. She closes his door and then double checks her list just to make sure she has everything.

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Emmett was just putting the finishing touches on all his plans for Justin’s birthday. He has hired a wait staff so he can enjoy the festivities, and still oversee the event during the party. He has workmen hanging tiny twinkle lights all over the room, and the tables and chairs were being delivered that afternoon. He has checked with the florist and they have eight dozen Water Lilies
ready to float in the pool, plus mini fish bowls with a water lily in each of them for the centerpieces on each table.

The butcher has dropped off all the beef, and the bakery was due with the chocolate torte anytime. Ben stopped by the house to check and see if Emmett needed any help; he was totally taken back by the grandeur of the mansion. He had heard that it was really beautiful and huge but that didn’t do it justice. It was truly magnificent and he is proud of how far Brian has expanded his business; he couldn’t help but be envious.

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Justin still didn’t have a clue about his surprise party. He was still going over all his art supplies for next week for when school starts back up. Brian had left for work early but insisted on having lunch with him. He was just packing up everything in their suite. Tomorrow they would check out of the Fairmount and spend their first night at Britin. He still didn’t understand why he couldn’t move some of their things out there today, but Brian had been adamant that they wait until Saturday.

His instincts told him something was up. Everyone was acting a little strange, even his mother. Daphne made plans for them to have breakfast together, she was due any minute. They were going to Dominick’s which was famous for their huge omelets, and he was starving. All he and Brian had last night was champagne and strawberries, although at midnight he ordered a hot fudge sundae. He can’t help smiling, almost blushing as he thinks back to him dripping ice cream and hot fudge all over Brian’s body and licking it off. The only reason Brian agreed was because it was after midnight, so it was technically his birthday. How could he refuse?

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Lindsay left early Friday morning before Mel even got up. She was a little sorry for deceiving Mel the way she was, but she just had to get away. And after all it was Mel who said, “You’re thirty-four years old. Either grow up or get out.”

While she felt guilty for leaving Gus the way she was, she just hoped he would understand when he was older. Now that Brian’s parental rights had been restored she hoped that they would share custody and Gus would have a chance to really know his father.

She knows she should have stayed and explained herself. But she just wasn’t strong enough to face reality and come clean with Melanie. It would only be a matter of days before she realized that Lindsay was gone for good.

TBC…
Chapter 11 ~ I Hear It’s Your Birthday!

Justin is walking down Liberty Avenue, talking with Daphne after they’ve finished his birthday breakfast. They’re going shopping at Torso to find something for Justin to wear tonight. Brian wouldn’t tell him where they were going, he just told him to wear something comfortable. Justin wanted something sexy, something that would make him feel special. Although he doubted that he could top yesterday’s excitement. He hadn’t told anyone about Brian’s proposal in the furniture store. He was keeping that memory all to himself, but every once in a while he had to pinch himself to know it was real.

“What are you smiling about? Did you and Brian have a good morning together?”

“Yeah. It was fabulous. He woke me up by giving me a mind-altering blowjob. Then he flipped me over and pounded my ass until I came repeatedly. I was sure I wouldn’t be able to sit down for the rest of the day.”

“Why do I even ask, when I already know the answer?”

“Oh Daph, life with Brian is better than I ever dreamed it could be. I love him so much, and he just keeps surprising me more and more every day.”

Daphne smiles to herself, knowing what is next to come today. It was her job to keep him busy until lunch-time when he’s meeting Brian for his next surprise. He is browsing through a rack of Diesel jeans trying to find his size. He knew he should have bought them last week when he tried them on; they fit his ass perfectly, hugging him in all the right places. He finally found a pair in his size, but they were black denim not the faded blue jeans he wanted.

He tried them anyway and Daphne agreed they fit like a glove, so he put them in the ‘buy’ pile. He also found a pair of grey corduroys that totally fit. Daphne holds up an oxford shirt in black, to
get a feel for how it will look.

“Daph, I’m not wearing all black on my birthday. Maybe I will when I turn thirty, but I’m only twenty-three.”

“Yeah. But you still look seventeen…”

She burst out laughing at him, telling him to try it on; that the contrast will really make his hair shine. He comes over to the rack she’s looking at and pulls out a pale lavender oxford, holding it up as he looks in the mirror.

“T really like this one, and I think the contrast will look good with the black jeans.”

“Oh, shut up. You know you’re a pain in the ass.”

“Yeah. But I’m cute and it’s my birthday.”

They continue shopping, finding a few long-sleeved t-shirts and a blue sweater that really makes his eyes pop. They’re headed to the checkout when Justin spots a soft brown leather jock strap that he knows will drive Brian wild. He snickers as he adds it to his growing pile of clothes. He didn’t see Brian come in, so he’s surprised when Brian kisses him on the left side of his neck where it drives him crazy.

“Brian! What are you doing here? I thought I was coming by your office to go to lunch?”

“I got bored waiting for you. So I called Daphne to find out where you two were.”

Justin can’t help checking out Brian in his faded 501’s and a black sweater. Definitely not the suit he had on when he left the hotel this morning.

“You look very relaxed. Does this mean you’re not going back to work after lunch?”

“Yes. I’m afraid you’re stuck with me all afternoon and evening.”

Justin’s smile grows even bigger. “I can think of a few things we could get stuck doing.”

“I’m afraid your dance card is already full. We’ll have to see if we can find the time later.”

“Really? You’ve made plans for us all day?”

“Yes. It’s true. I’m the perfect fiancé.”

Daphne’s head snaps around so fast she might have whiplash.

“What was that part about a fiancé?”

Brian raises his eyebrows and looks at Justin.

“What?”

“You haven’t told your fag hag, and you’ve been together all morning?”

Justin blushes.

“I’m waiting! And if one of you doesn’t explain it to me soon, I swear I’m going to broadcast it up and down Liberty Avenue.”
Now Justin is smiling one of his big sunshine smiles.

“Well, it was so surprising, so unlike Brian. He actually got down on his knee in the middle of the furniture store yesterday, and asked me to marry him.”

“That is so romantic.”

“Well actually we were fooling around just before that, but we don’t need to get into all that. Anyways he made some innuendo about me being his husband.”

“Oh My God!”

“And then I asked him if that was a proposal?”

“You guys are so sweet…”

“Please, Daphne. Don’t call me sweet…”

“Sorry, Brian. I didn’t mean to ruin your reputation.”

Brian smiles and kisses Justin’s cheek. He takes the clothes Justin’s picked out away, and pays for them. Then he thanks Daphne, and kisses her good bye, saying they have to get going; they’re on a tight schedule.

“Brian. Where are we going?”

“You’ll see…”

He ushers Justin out of Torso and takes his hand in his. They walk down the street towards Brian’s Mercedes Benz. He even opens the door for him, then walks around the car to the driver’s side.

“Hungry?”

“What are you up to?”

“I’m giving you the best birthday you’ve ever had.”

Justin can’t help the grin that’s growing on his face; he’s so surprised that Brian is celebrating his birthday. They drive to the top of Mount Washington and enter The Bella Vista. Once they’re seated they have a beautiful view of downtown’s Golden Triangle. Justin can’t help but feel underdressed but Brian assures him that he does enough business here. They would seat him here even if he was naked.

That’s when Justin realizes that everyone seems to know Brian’s name. The chef has even come out to greet Brian, telling him how happy he is to see him again. Justin is feeling like royalty the way they’re being pampered.

“Brian. I can’t believe the chef came out to our table.”

“I know. He often greets me and my guests when I’m here on business. I told him it was your birthday, so he’s planned a special menu for us.”

Justin is practically in shock as he soaks up all the glamor, feeling like a king. Justin is starting to understand how important Brian really is with the local businessmen. He knew that Kinnetik was playing in the big league, but he had no idea what that really meant until now.
Melanie woke up early and was surprised that Lindsay was already gone. She thought for sure that Lindsay would have woken her up to have one last good bye, knowing how much she was going to miss her. She knows that it’s a long flight, and she’ll have her cell phone off while she’s on the plane. But she can’t resist calling her to leave her a message, letting her know that she’s thinking about her.

Mel’s surprised when she hears Lindsay’s phone ring. It’s sitting on top of the dresser. Mel can’t believe that she forgot her phone; it must be a mistake. She takes her shower and gets the kids ready for their day. Just before she leaves for work, she goes into her office to grab Lindsay’s itinerary and it’s not there. Now she’s starting to panic a little, not knowing what’s going on but she has to leave or she’ll be late for court.

Britin is humming with worker bees everywhere. Tables are being set up and arranged. All the fine china and stemware is being run through the dishwasher and there’s a couple of the wait staff polishing the silverware. It’s going to look simply elegant when Brian and Justin arrive. Emmett is beaming with pride. He accidentally overheard Brian on the phone talking with Tiffany’s about replacing the wedding bands Michael ruined and he hasn’t told a soul yet. He’s practically ready to burst, keeping it a secret while trying his best to give Justin the best surprise he could ever imagine.

Brian had said he wanted something simple but elegant. No birthday streamers or tacky banners and balloons, wishing Justin a ‘Happy Birthday’. Emmett had spent hours at the party rental store finding just the right china. It is white with a gold ring around the edge with matching crystal wine glasses, champagne flutes and water glasses. He even found gold silverware with a simple art deco design. He choose all-white crisp linens with the same gold band around the edge of the tablecloths and napkins.

He just hopes that he isn’t taking too much of a risk when he asked the baker to make the chocolate torte with cascading layers, topping it with a golden bow and ribbons of caramel flowing down the layers. Emmett couldn’t help thinking he was being very clever with all the innuendoes he has used while planning Justin’s birthday.

Emmett is running around, shouting orders, making sure the pool house is transformed into a beautiful and sophisticated glass house. He is even having all the windows washed so they sparkle, even though there is only going to be twenty-five people attending, mostly family, good friends and a couple of Justin’s classmates. Emmett has insisted on hiring a DJ to spin tasteful classical music during dinner, then switching to the familiar thumpa, thumpa with a rock n’ roll beat for the rest of the evening.

The sun is shining brightly as they leave the Bella Vista. Brian puts his arm around Justin’s shoulders, not only as a sign of his love but to keep Justin from tripping. He’s pleasantly buzzed from the champagne that Brian ordered with lunch. He gets him all tucked in and buckled up as they head to the next stop on Brian’s agenda -Drake’s Spa for Men. It’s the place Brian has been going to for ages since he became an innovative young ad executive.

It’s a modern day spa catering specifically for the distinguished gentleman. They start out with a haircut and shave, then a manicure, facial and wax. They’re on their own to indulge in the hot tub, swimming pool, steam room and sauna. Then they complete their day with a Swedish deep-tissue
massage. Justin has never felt so spoiled; he feels incredible and totally relaxed. He’s now beginning to see why Brian is always impeccably groomed; it’s days like today that could make anyone have a huge ego.

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The first chance Mel had to call Sidney wasn’t until late afternoon. She asks him if she can get the name and phone number of the hotel where Lindsay is staying, explaining that Lindsay forgot to leave it for her this morning, saying she also forgot her cell phone. Mel can’t quite comprehend what Sidney is saying. Apparently Lindsay quit her job last week without even giving notice. Sidney knows nothing about a trip to Paris. Mel’s in shock, still not grasping what’s going on. She slowly sits down at her desk, realizing the Lindsay has left her. Without any explanation.

She can’t help the tears that well up in her eyes; she feels totally devastated and deceived. She sits there reviewing all the strangeness with Lindsay that’s happened over the last few weeks, and she is starting to see a pattern. It’s obvious that Lindsay has been seeing someone new. But it’s so unlike her not to at least have the decency to explain the truth about her feelings.

She pulls herself together enough to be able to walk out of the office without drawing attention to herself. Once she’s in her car she calls Brian to find out if he knows about Lindsay’s finely planned escape. She’s disappointed when his cell just rolls over to voicemail. She immediately calls Ted and he agrees to meet her at Woody’s. He has no idea what’s up. He can hardly understand her on the phone; she isn’t making any sense.

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Brian’s never seen Justin so happy, except for yesterday, of course. Just knowing that he finally seemed to get it right makes him so grateful he surrendered to his insecurities behind his wall of indifference. It’s about four o’clock in the afternoon and Justin is racking his brain, trying to figure out where Brian is taking him to dinner. After all, they already went out to lunch at one of Pittsburgh’s finest restaurants.

He leans back in his plush leather seat, daydreaming when he notices that they’ve turned onto his mother’s street.

“You’re taking me to see my mom?”

“Well, it is your birthday. I’m sure she wants to see you.”

“Yeah, okay… It’s just that she called me this morning, and asked us to come for dinner. I told her we already made plans.”

Brian thinks to himself, ‘Yeah I know… So we had to figure out another way to get you over to her house without raising suspicion.’

“We’ll only stay a little while, and then we’ll be off on our next adventure.”

“Brian. I still can’t believe everything you’ve done for me today. I think it’s the best day of my life… Okay, second best day. Because nothing will ever top yesterday.”

“It seems an old dog can learn new tricks. Okay, sorry, no tricks…”

“Brian. You know I’m madly in love with you…”

“I should hope so. After all, I’ve given up all those other men just for you.”
Justin can’t help grinning as he slaps Brian across his chest, wishing they would just go back to the hotel, so Brian could make mad passionate love to him. He’s floating on a natural high when they pull up to his mom’s house.

His sister runs to the door, swinging it open, yelling, “Happy Birthday, Justin!”

She jumps into his arms, hugging him tight, then she sees Brian and shifts her attention to him. She has a huge crush on him, thinking he’s so gorgeous and charming. She sometimes daydreams about marrying him someday.

Jennifer comes in from the kitchen and hugs and kisses Justin, nodding to Brian to let him know everything is all set.

“Molly made you a birthday cake, and she insisted that you stop by and celebrate your birthday with her.”

That’s when Justin notices the dining room full of streamers, balloons and confetti. In the middle of the table is a slightly lopsided spice cake, with caramel icing. Justin grins; he loves spice cake almost as much as he loves chocolate. Molly insists on singing happy birthday to him, after she puts all twenty-three candles on the cake. She can’t help but tell him he’s ancient, and of course to an eleven-year-old, twenty-three is ancient.

She tells him to make a wish, and then to blow out the candles. Justin grins up at Brian and tells him he can’t think of anything he wants. Brian has already given him everything he’s ever dreamed of. He smiles at everyone and then blows out the candles; he starts cutting the cake as Jennifer goes to get them coffee. Molly grins up at Brian with a huge smile.

“Isn’t there any ice cream, Mom?”

“Oh, it’s out in the freezer in the garage. Justin, will you be a dear and run and get it?”

He thinks nothing about her request as he makes his way out to the garage that’s attached to the house. He enters the dark garage with everyone following him, and as soon as he turns on the light they all yell, “Surprise!”

Justin’s in shock as he stares at the brand new royal blue jeep that’s parked in the middle of the garage with a huge white bow on top of it.

“What? I mean, wow! I can’t believe this…”

Brian pulls him into his arms, kissing him passionately, and whispers to him, “I found the want ads you were looking through for a used car, and decided that you really needed something new. After all, with us living out in the country, you’ll need something to get around in. The Vette is just too small to carry all your art supplies and big canvases.”

Justin has tears in his eyes as he looks up at Brian.

“I can’t believe you did this. You’ve already done so much. God, I love you! You really are amazing!”

“I know!”

“And modest!” he says as he hits him across the chest again.

“Yeah, but let’s not tell everyone. I have an image to uphold.”
The excitement wore off for Molly pretty fast, as she complains that she wants cake and ice cream. Brian even indulges and joins them in eating the sweet confections. Afterwards they move to the living room to drink coffee and open more presents. Molly beams as she hands Justin a long gift-wrapped box. She has saved up her allowance just to buy him a set of Kolinsky sable hair paintbrushes. The best paintbrushes available. He hugs her and tells her they’re just what he wants. That an artist can never have too many brushes.

Then there’s several boxes from Jennifer; the first one is a small oblong box. Inside is a pair of buttery-soft brown leather gloves that fit him perfectly. He really needs them as he lost his gloves a couple of weeks ago. It’s February and even though it’s sunny out, it’s still cold.

Next is a pair of Puma Sky-Hi Italian suede tennis shoes. He’s wanted these shoes for a long time, but they’ve always been on back order. Brian thinks, ‘If he insists on wearing tennis shoes he might as well be wearing designer ones’. Brian pulled a few strings for Jennifer to be able to get them.

The next present is huge. But it’s only a few inches thick; he can’t imagine what it could be. Once he rips the wrapping paper and sees the box he’s truly delighted. It’s a brown leather portfolio to carry all his art in, to and from class. He can’t help grinning, he’s so happy; he’s needed a portfolio forever.

The final box is a dress box from Prada. Inside is a rich lambskin vest in a soft grey color. It has a slight hint of blue in it that brings out the color in Justin’s eyes. He’s truly overwhelmed with everything he’s experienced today. This is definitely the best birthday he’s ever had. He thanks his mother profusely, giving her a huge hug and a big kiss. Molly hugs him again, saying, “Isn’t it funny that all your presents from mom are leather?”

Jennifer chuckles, “That’s what happens when Brian lends a helping hand in picking out birthday presents.”

Molly asks Brian if he’ll help mom pick out her next birthday’s presents. She thinks he has great taste. Brian suggests that Justin change into some of his new clothes for the evening; he still has no idea where Brian is taking him. But it seems that his mother is in on the plan, otherwise she would be insisting that they all have dinner together.

Brian goes out to the Mercedes and brings back a bag with Justin’s new black diesel jeans, and the lavender oxford shirt, telling him it will look great with his new vest. Justin feels like a million bucks as he comes down the stairs dressed in his new outfit, modeling it for everyone.

They say good-bye to Jennifer and Molly as Brian hands Justin the keys to his new jeep, suggesting that they go for a test drive. They head out of town going no place special, (but I can change that) just enjoying each other’s company. Justin’s still floating on Cloud Nine as he looks at Brian, still not believing everything that’s happen today.

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Melanie is on her third shot of bourbon when Ted joins her at the bar. The bartender has never been so relieved to see anyone as he is Ted. He’s been trying to console Mel as she rambles on about her losing the love of her life. She starts all over again from the time she woke up, to when she talked with Sidney. Tears are streaming down her face. She’s so distraught you’d think the world was coming to an end, and for Melanie it is.

She just can’t believe that she didn’t see it coming; sure, Lindsay had been distant and inattentive. She was always working late, and seemed to have lost most of her interest in the kids recently. Ted’s trying to find the silver lining, but he can’t come up with anything. Mel’s complaining that
she just doesn’t have the energy to be a single mother to two small children, that she works seventy hours or more a week.

Then it occurs to her that Lindsay had made her sign back over Brian’s parental rights, ‘Just in case something happens.’ God, she should have seen this coming; she just wishes that she knew who it was that Lindsay ran off with, because she would never be strong enough to go on her own. She signals to the bartender for a refill. Ted waves him off, telling her that no matter how bad things are they have a birthday party to attend, and she’s already late picking up the kids.

At first she protests saying that she can’t go. But Ted makes her take a long hot shower while he picks the kids up from Meredith’s house. By the time he returns she has pulled herself together, determined not to ruin Justin’s birthday. She already has the kids’ outfits laid out, and Ted helps Gus dress. She cleans up well, and if you didn’t look too close you’d never know she was devastated… the miracles of makeup.

Ted ran back to his place and changed clothes while Mel gathered all the paraphernalia she needs for two small children, including toys, pajamas and the portable playpen. Ted reassures her that there is someplace for Gus to lie down, and that Emmett has arranged to have someone watch the kids in the late hours of the party.

Mel is feeling better about herself, and she can’t wait to see this mansion that everybody’s been gushing about. She was almost out the door, when she runs back in and grabs her briefcase. Ted looks at her questioningly and she simply smiles, saying she has some papers for Brian to sign.

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Emmett’s stressed out, and frantic. Time is drawing nearer to when Brian is due to deliver Justin to his surprise party. The wait staff and bartenders are all dressed in formal suits, waiting on guests, pouring champagne, and carrying tray of hors d’oeuvres as they circulate around the crowd. Ben puts his arms around Emmett, pulling him in for a kiss. He reassures him that everything looks great and he knows the dinner will be fabulous.

It helps calm him down and focus his energy, just having Ben there supporting him. There’s really no reason for Emmett to be nervous but it’s the first time he’s given a party with all his friends in attendance. He somehow feels like he needs to prove himself, which is totally ridiculous. Ben gets him a glass of champagne to calm his nerves. They toast to his success, saying Brian is going to love how he’s managed to transform the pool house into an elegant dining room.

He checks on the dinner menu, making sure everything is cooking properly. It’s all timed to be ready in about an hour. Ben takes his hand and they escape into the main house, checking to make sure everything is perfect in there as well. Brian has also hired Emmett to oversee all the furniture delivered today. Justin doesn’t think it’s scheduled to be delivered until the middle of next week.

The living room is spotless, with the new burgundy leather sofa and loveseat. The side chairs are a pair of matching tapestry club chairs with ottomans, set up in front of the fireplace. There’s a set of rich mahogany end tables, and matching coffee tables that are polished to a beautiful shine. Several of Justin’s large paintings have been hung on the walls, complementing the furniture placement.

The bedroom is exquisite. The painters finished the walls in a rich taupe color, and the bedroom set looks beautiful. The furniture is placed around the room accentuating the height of the walls. The bed, with its tall bedposts is set up across from the fireplace, with the armoire placed to the left and the dressers opposite the tall windows. The duvet is a soft cream color with tiny tucks running the full length on each side of the coverlet, with matching pillow shams and throw pillows. There are a dozen beautiful velvety deep-red roses on the mantel with a narrow parchment scroll, tied
with a golden metallic ribbon, from Brian. Inside are the lyrics of one of their favorite songs, because Justin knows he’s always at a loss for words when it comes to romance.

Love Song
by The Cure

whenever I'm alone with you
you make me feel like I am home again
whenever I’m alone with you
you make me feel like I am whole again

whenever I'm alone with you
you make me feel like I am young again
whenever I’m alone with you
you make me feel like I am fun again

however far away I will always love you
however long I stay I will always love you
whatever words I say I will always love you
I will always love you

whenever I'm alone with you
you make me feel like I am free again
whenever I’m alone with you
you make me feel like I am clean again

however far away I will always love you
however long I stay I will always love you
whatever words I say I will always love you
I will always love you

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Justin took Brian on a long and leisurely drive to the country to Outlook Point to watch the sun descend on their perfect day. They sit, smoking a joint, looking down at the city below, watching how beautiful the city is as it was slowly lights up. They make out for a while like a couple of teenagers, exploring the benefits of having a jeep again. They make love in the back of the jeep. Justin loves being able to plant his feet firmly on the roof using it for leverage as he lays on his back.

It is exciting to be able to have sex in a jeep again, as it brings back so many memories. Brian crawls up Justin’s body, leaving a trail of kisses up his torso until he reaches his lips, kissing him passionately as his body covers Justin’s. Brian gently separates Justin’s legs as he rubs his fingertips around his opening. Justin can’t help moaning as he enjoys the sensations stirring within him. Brian rips open a packet of lube, coating his fingers, stroking them around Justin’s rosebud.

Justin says, “It’s cold.”

Brian chuckles and says, “It will heat up.”

But it’s not just the lube that’s cold. It’s getting chilly outside, so Brian hurries up and align himself with Justin’s opening and swiftly penetrates him. He starts out slowly, rocking into him, only giving Justin a couple of inches. He teases him, making him beg for more.
“Brian… Hurry up! I’m horny and I’ve been waiting all day for you to fuck me.”

“Patience, patience, my dear boy.”

Justin sighs loudly, showing his displeasure at having to wait. So Brian looks deep into his eyes, watching his every move as he slides all the way in. Then he pulls almost all the way out, slamming back into him, setting a deep steady pace. Justin braces with his legs for leverage, pushing back and loving the way Brian feels as he fills him completely. They’re both enjoying the intense ride as Brian thrusts into Justin, pulling him closer and closer to his climax.

Justin loves the sensations of Brian’s cock caressing his prostate. Soon he’s riding the waves of his orgasm as they spiral through his limbs. Brian works Justin’s dick until he feels his juices flow through his fingers. Justin moans as Brian continues pumping until he also feels his own orgasm rip through him, leaving his breath hitching as his heart rate slowly returns to normal.

“That was great!”

“You expected less?”

“No. It’s just been a long time since I’ve had ability to thrust back at you, using my legs for resistance. I love how deep it drives you, like I’m devouring your penis.”

Brian raises his eyebrows, questioning him…

“In a good way. You know what I mean.”

“So glad I could oblige.”

“This is the best day of my life. I never want it to end.”

“Well that’s a good thing, because it’s only half over. The best is yet to come!”

“Really? Brian, I can hardly believe it.”

“Get dressed, sunshine. You’re overdue for the next leg of your journey.”

They get dressed and Justin beams at Brian, wondering how this day could possibly get any better. He straightens his clothes and runs a comb through his hair, turning back into his beautiful self. Brian motions for him to sit in the passenger’s seat, while he climbs behind the wheel.

“Brian, where are we going? I smell like sex. Maybe we should take a detour and have a shower?”

Brian just grins. “We could stop by Britin and use one of the showers there?”

“But there aren’t any towels or shampoo there.”

“Ah. Well, you never know. Santa’s elves have been busy.”

“Brian. It’s not even Christmas time.”

“What? You think those elves on are vacation eleven months of the year?”

“Brian… What’s going on?”

Justin didn’t realize just how close they already were to Britin, and he’s surprised when they pull into the driveway minutes later.
“Why are there so many cars here?”

“I guess the contractor is working late.”

“But there’s too many cars, and it’s a Friday night.”

Brian pulls into the garage, and takes Justin’s hand, showing him into the house. Considering how many cars there are parked outside, it’s almost eerily quiet. They walk through the foyer and into the living room. Justin’s totally in shock as he sees all the furniture arranged just like they talked about. He can’t help crying, he’s so overwhelmed by everything. Brian reaches out, pulling him into his embrace.

“Shhh. It’s okay. No tears on your birthday, okay?”

“Oh God, Brian. I just can’t believe it.”

Emmett and Ben round the corner and Emmett yells, “What have you done to him, Brian! It’s his birthday, for Christ sakes!”

Justin jumps when he hears Emmett, not realizing there was anyone in the house. He’d forgotten about all those cars. He can’t help the tears that roll down his face as he turns to Brian.

“You really are unbelievable!”

“I know. It’s true…”

Justin backhands him across his chest as he looks around, still stunned at how beautiful the house looks. Brian takes his hand, leading him upstairs towards the bedroom so he can wash his face. When they enter the bedroom he’s overwhelmed again; the room is decorated just like they envisioned.

“Brian? How did you get this done so fast? The color is exactly what we talked about.”

“Money talks Justin, and you’d be amazed at what you can accomplish with a big enough check.”

Justin looks around the room, taking in the beauty of all the furniture and the finished fireplace. The marble looks amazing as he goes over and runs his hand across the surface. Then he sees the roses and can’t help the tears that are welling up again. He takes the scroll and reads the lyrics which sound like a love poem to him. He’s completely stunned that Brian is able to express his feelings for him so freely.

Brian takes him back into his arms, kissing the top of his head then leans their foreheads together.

“Is it everything you ever wanted? Everything you ever dreamed of?”

“Oh God, yes and more. I can’t believe you did all this for me. I love you so much. It’s like a fairytale and my Prince Charming has swept me off my feet.”

Once Justin has composed himself the washes his face and fixes his hair, and then he lets Brian lead him out towards the pool house. It’s all aglow with thousands of tiny white lights and candles everywhere. That’s all the lighting the room has and it sets the perfect ambiance for his birthday party.

“Oh My God, Brian!”

“Shhh… No tears this time. You don’t want everyone to think I’ve been abusing you all day.”
Justin stops right before they reach the door and wraps his arms around Brian’s neck, reaching up on his tiptoes to kiss him with all the passion he feels, giving everyone a little show of just how much they love each other.

Brian walks with Justin, placing his hand on the small of his back as they enter the pool house. Everyone yells, “Surprise.” After having seen everything through the huge glass windows, it was obvious he was having a birthday party. Justin smiles his big sunshine smile as he looks around at everything. It’s almost too much to take in, as his eyes gaze around the room, loving the candles everywhere. Then he notices all the water lilies floating in the pool, and the centerpieces on the tables. It’s a beautiful tropical paradise and the room smells like honeysuckle. He beams back at everyone, thanking them all for coming, and making this the best birthday celebration he’s ever had.

Emmett comes over and hands them each a glass of champagne and toasts to Justin’s birthday! To help relieve the focus now directed at Brian and Justin, Emmett waves towards the DJ. Then the room is filled with beautifully soft classical music, as everyone relaxes and mingles enjoying the party.

Brian and Justin circulate, greeting all their guests, chit chatting with everyone, making sure that they’re all enjoying themselves. Brian is truly amazed at the job Emmett has done with transforming the pool house. It’s an elegant and sophisticated setting, perfect for a party. Jennifer corners Brian, thanking him for giving Justin a birthday celebration he’ll never forget. He chuckles then smiles and says, “Now what will I do next year, when I can’t top this one?”

“I’m sure you’ll come up with something.”

Dinner was a great success; Emmett pulled off the perfect dinner and everyone enjoyed themselves. Emmett couldn’t have been prouder if he tried. The champagne and cocktails flowed freely as people danced to their favorite songs. Justin even danced with Gus, holding him in his arms with Gus’s legs around his waist. Gus got a total kick out of it when Justin swooped him down, dipping him over as they floated around the dance floor.

Debbie was impressed that Brian was finally able to show Justin how he felt. She never thought she’d see the day, but he was full of surprises these days. She wished that Michael could have been there to see how much Brian had finally grown up. Maybe then he could accept that Brian was happy with Justin, and he would be able to let him go. She was still depressed that Michael had been convicted of vandalism, but it could have been so much worse. At least now he was receiving the medical care he so desperately needed; she just wishes that maybe someday Brian will be able to forgive him, knowing that Michael will never really be able to move on without Brian’s blessing.

Ted was trying his best to cheer Melanie up and she is doing a bang-up job of not letting her feelings show. Several people have asked where Lindsay is, and why she wasn’t able to attend Justin’s birthday. The more she thought about it, she realized that there was no real reason why she had to leave before his party. She was just being selfish, only caring about her own needs. It seems obvious to her that Brian knew nothing about Lindsay’s departure, other than the cover story she had told everyone.

Justin is going back for a second helping of his birthday torte; he loves the creamy chocolate filling. Daphne joins him, indulging her taste buds as well. She hugs him, telling him how lucky he is to finally make it work with Brian. She can’t help squealing just thinking about Brian and Justin being engaged. She asks if they have told anyone else. Justin smiles back at her, acknowledging her suggestion.
Justin goes over to where Brian is talking with a group of friends, and pulls him towards the front of the room. He taps on his champagne glass to get everyone’s attention; everyone quiets until there’s just a hush of whispers. Justin grins back at everyone, taking Brian’s hand in his and clearing his throat. He looks up into Brian’s eyes then starts.

“As all of you know, I fell in love with Brian the first night we met. But that wasn’t the case with Brian. He went running and screaming into the night, declaring that he didn’t believe in love, only fucking.”

Justin looks down, blushing slightly, embarrassed to tell this story in front of his mother and sister.

“But I never gave up. I chased him all over Liberty Avenue, making a fool of myself, too brazen to even be embarrassed by my behavior. But with sheer persistence and determination, I slowly broke down his walls, and a little part of his heart slowly allowed me in.”

Brian puts his tongue in his cheek, then rolls his lips into his mouth, smiling back at everyone.

“I still have no idea how he did that.”

Justin swats him across the chest, whispering, “Behave.”

“It was hit and miss for a while. But the more he tried not to love me, the more his heart grew lonely. I wasn’t sure if we’d make it, but then he surprised me and let me back in.”

“He’s a persistent little fucker…”

Everyone laughs, breaking the slight tension in the air.

“Things were good for a while. But I wanted more. I wanted it all.”

“He’s so pushy…”

“And just when I was sure we had finally reached the end, with no possibilities for reconciliation, he surprised me again by asking me to give him another chance.”

“What can I say? I got used to him stalking me…”

They just stare into each other’s eyes, smiling like a couple of fools, then Brian speaks up.

“So there really wasn’t anything I could do but ask him to be my husband!”

The whole crowd burst out hollering and clapping, somewhat in shock.

“I actually thought that he was kidding around. But then if you know Brian, you know he would never kid around about marriage.”

“Well, it was obvious that I was never going to be able to get rid of him.”

Justin smacks him again across the chest. But this time Brian catches his arm and pulls him into a passionate kiss that lasts a little bit too long, leaving Justin breathless.

“So I’ve decided to finally take him to Vermont tonight, and make him an honest man.”


“Well actually, very early in the morning.”
Brian takes him back into his arms, holding him close, leaning their foreheads together. Then he kisses him behind his left ear where it drives him crazy. Justin squirms, laughing, finally kissing him some more as he tries unsuccessfully to stop the tears from flowing.

“God, Justin! Not the tears again…”

“I can’t help it. I love you so much!”

“I should hope so. Otherwise I’m making a total fool out of myself.”

Ted stands up and lifts his champagne glass, “To Brian and Justin. May they have a long and happy marriage!”

TBC…
Chapter 12 ~ Surprise!

After the shock of their big announcement everyone is happy for them, and they all keep coming over and congratulating them. Debbie is the one who is most shocked, and the happiest for them. She knew that once they made a commitment to one another, they’d have a great future together. Because if there’s one thing she knows, it’s once Brian makes up his mind about something he gives it his all.

Justin pulls Brian out on the dance floor and the two of them mold into one another’s bodies, dancing as one. It’s impossible not to see all the love that flows between them; they’ve never looked more beautiful. Brian’s relieved that everything has gone just as he planned; it’s the perfect birthday celebration. In some ways it is like a reception with all the people that mean the most to them here in attendance, except for Lindsay, of course. Brian’s a little sad that Wendy had to miss his shining moment; it’s one for the record books.

Justin’s swaying with the music with his arms around Brian’s neck, while Brian’s arms are around his waist. Justin looks up, running kisses up Brian’s neck. Brian turns his head and captures Justin’s lips that taste like chocolate cream filling.

“I’m going to gain weight just from kissing you!”

“Oh, poor baby… I know how you can burn a few calories off.”

The two of them just stare into each other’s eyes until they’re interrupted by Mel. She leans in and tells Brian that she has everything he’s asked for, ready for their signatures. Justin looks at him questioningly, wondering what she’s talking about. Brian motions toward the door, saying, “Come on, sunshine, let’s go do this in the living room.”

He takes Justin’s hand as Mel follows, picking up her briefcase from the table she was sharing with
Ted. Once inside she looks around the living room, truly stunned by its beauty. “Holy shit, Brian, this is downright respectable.”

“I’m so glad you approve, although it’s too bad your better half couldn’t have been here.”

Mel pulls her lips in, looking a little solemn.

“What? Trouble in paradise again?”

She just shakes her head, and motions for them to continue. She doesn’t want to burden them with her misfortune. Brian looks at her for a moment, but he understands all too well how it feels to be unable to express yourself. Besides, she’ll tell them when she’s ready; it’s never a good thing to push someone when they’re feeling vulnerable.

Brian and Justin have a seat on the sofa as Mel organizes everything, then spreads out the first stack of papers in front of them.

“This first one is a marriage license from the state of Vermont; it’s accepted by any priest, judge or Justice of the Peace. You simply have to have it signed after the ceremony, and then have it filed with the court. I’ve already contacted an attorney in Vermont that will do this for you, his contact information is attached.”

Justin can’t help the huge grin that’s smiling back at Brian; he never expected this day to ever come. Brian pulls him into a big sloppy kiss, and Mel can’t help but roll her eyes.

“The next few forms are to add Justin’s name to all your bank accounts.”

“Oh my God! Brian, do you really want to do this?”

“What? Are you planning to rob me blind?”

They both sign each form where Mel has indicated with sticky arrows.

“These next few pages are the legal documents that give each other Power of Attorney. Just in case something should ever happen to one of you, you’ll have rights in the hospitals or in the court’s eyes and be able to make legal decisions for each other.”

Justin can’t help the tear that escapes out the corner of his eye. Brian reaches over and wipes it away then he and Justin sign the forms.

“This next one is to add Justin’s name to your businesses; he’ll be half-owner of Kinnetik and Babylon. You’ll need his signature should you decide to make any substantial changes to either business.”

Justin’s eyes get really big as he looks at Brian, astounded by this turn of events.

“Really? Brian? It’s too much!”

“It’s what I want. I want us to be full partners in everything we do from now on.”

“All right. If you say so.”

Again they sign at all the places that are indicated by the little red arrows.

Brian smiles, pulling Justin into his embrace. “Now, sunshine, we’re more legally connected in the state of Pennsylvania’s eyes than most married couples.”
“This next document legally changes your names, should you both agree to it. I’ve listed it as Taylor-Kinney. But it can be changed to Kinney-Taylor, or Justin can simply take your name and drop Taylor. It’s up to the both of you.”

“Justin’s smile is beaming again as he says, ‘Taylor-Kinney’. I like how that sounds.”

Brian kisses his cheek, takes the document, signs his name, and Justin follows suit. They start to stand, thinking they’re done when Mel motions for them to sit back down.

“Wait. There’s one more document I need your signature on.” Brian looks at her questioningly.

“Before Lindsay left she insisted that just in case something should happen, she wanted your parental rights restored.”

“What? Why? She’s only going to be gone three weeks.”

Mel has this faraway look in her eyes and it’s obvious that she’s about to cry. She shakes her head, looking away. But it’s no use, she can’t hold back her tears any longer.

“What’s going on? What’s happened?”

Brian thinks the worst, that maybe Lindsay’s plane has crashed or something.

“I wanted to wait until you came back from Vermont, but I can’t… I’m just too devastated.”

“What is it? You’re starting to scare me.”

“Lindsay’s left me. She has no intention of returning from Paris. If that’s even where she went.”

“I don’t understand. Why would she do something like this?”

“I guess she decided that I wasn’t enough, that she wanted a new life.”

Brian’s truly stunned; he feels sorry for Mel. He stands up and takes her in his arms, just holding her as her tears start to flow. It’s several minutes before she pulls herself together and tries to smile back at him.

“Now, don’t you worry about me. I want you two to go off and have the best honeymoon anyone’s ever had. After all, you two deserve it after everything you’ve been through.”

Justin tries to console her, telling her how bad he feels for her. “If there’s anything we can do to help, just let us know.”

Brian wonders what Lindsay’s up to, and why she didn’t tell him before she left. What exactly does it mean that his parental rights have been restored? Does that mean Mel’s have been taken away? He is worried that this will affect Gus.

Mel quietly gathers up all the papers on the coffee table, saying that she’ll file them with the court. Then she hands Brian the marriage certificate saying she hopes they have better luck than she’s had. She excuses herself as she goes into the bathroom and washes her tear-stained face, and composes herself once again.

Brian takes out his phone and tries to call Lindsay for some kind of explanation. Mel has forgotten to tell him that she left it at home. It rings several times then goes to voice mail. He’s starting to get a little angry feeling like she owes him an explanation. He can’t believe she would abandon her son like this. Brian’s frustrated and looks around, wanting to reach for a shot of whisky, but the bar
hasn’t been set up just yet.

He shakes his head and pulls Justin into his arms, whispering, “It’s probably better if I don’t drink right now anyways. Drunk is not the way I want to start our life together.”

Justin knows that Brian is distressed so he does the only thing he knows to do. He takes Brian’s hand and leads him upstairs to christen their new mattress. At first Brian just lays on the bed, looking at the ceiling, then he takes a joint out of his pocket and lights it.

He feels good as the smoke enters his lungs and starts to fog his mind, taking the edge off of all the tension he feels. He turns to Justin and they sit up as Brian shotguns the joint, sending smoke deep into Justin’s lungs. It isn’t long before they’re both stoned, staring into each other’s eyes. Justin has his head on Brian’s shoulder as he plays with the bottom edge of Brian’s sweater. He sneaks his fingers up under it, caressing his torso, finally pulling it over Brian’s head.

It feels good to Brian as Justin’s fingers stroke his flat stomach and dip into his belly button. Brian wiggles as Justin’s fingertips work their way to his side, knowing that’s the one place Brian is ticklish. Brian’s fast as he pushes Justin’s hand away saying, “Don’t you dare, little boy. If you know what’s best for you.”

Justin’s relieved to hear the playfulness in Brian’s voice. He’s thankful that’s Brian’s able to refocus his energy and his mood. Justin stands up on the bed, swaying, his body tempting Brian as he turns around. He wiggles his ass as he lowers his pants and then steps out of them. Next he looks over his shoulders provocatively, raising his eyebrows as he unbuttons his vest. It falls off one shoulder, then the next, as it slides down his back, resting by his feet.

He turns back around, facing Brian as his hand disappears under his shirt tail, and down the front of his black underwear. He throws his head back, breathing hard, as his hand strokes his cock, making his shirt and underwear tent from his erection. He closes his eyes and starts moaning as a wet spot starts appearing and growing, leaking pre-cum through his underwear onto his shirt.

Brian’s lying back, propped up with pillows behind his head, watching Justin’s every move. He guides his own hand down the front of his pants, taking hold of his dick, stroking it to the same rhythm as Justin.

“You better take that shirt off before you ruin it, staining it with your cum.”

“It will wash… You just want a better look at my stiff cock that’s bulging against my underwear.”

“You’re on to me… So get on with the show.”

“Patience, patience… Isn’t that what you told me in the Jeep?”

“Smart ass!”

“You love it!”

Justin reaches behind his back and pulls his oxford shirt off without even unbuttoning it, then tosses it on the floor. Then he cups his cock, showing Brian just how hard he is through the tight-knit cotton. He hooks his thumbs into his waistband, lowering his briefs down below his ass then letting them slip off. Brian smiles back at him with hooded eyes, taking in Justin’s every move. Justin’s now waving his arms like a hula dancer. His dick sways back and forth, jutting out in front of him with pre-cum bubbling from his slit and running down his shaft.

The sight is almost too much for Brian, as his pants strain to hold him tightly bound in his denim
prison.

“Justin. You better be careful or you’re going to fall. We don’t want you to risk injuring yourself.”

“What? You think I might break my dick?” he chuckles.

“Come here…”

Brian grabs a hold of his legs, pulling him down on top of himself. Justin squirms a little then he reaches for Brian’s zipper, struggling to get it down past Brian’s hard cock.

“This would be easier if you didn’t have a raging hard on.”

“But not nearly as much fun.”

Justin takes a hold of his dick through the denim and squeezes him, but not hard enough to hurt. Brian bats his hand away, unzipping his jeans, lifting his hips and sliding them down his thighs. Then he licks Brian’s left leg from his ankle to his groin, nuzzling Brian’s bush with his face for a second. Then he resumes kissing his way to the head of Brian’s penis. Brian moans, fisting Justin’s hair.

“That feels great.”

Justin continues licking around his crown. Every once in a while he swishes his tongue across his slit, lapping up the juices that are bubbling out. Brian arches his back, pushing more of his erection down Justin’s throat. Justin pumps his lips up and down his dick several times, and then releases him. Brian lifts his head looking down at him, wondering why he stopped.

“What’s up?”

“I don’t want you to cum like this. I want to ride you.”

Brian reaches for his jeans but they’re out of reach. Justin bats his hand away and grabs them, pulling out a condom and a packet of lube. Justin rips the foil wrapper open, and slides it down Brian’s cock. Then he squirts some lube in his palm and coats the condom. He turns around, straddling Brian, with his ass towards Brian to give him a better view.

He reaches back and spreads his cheeks, circling his opening and then pushing two fingers in. He stretches himself open, spreading the lubricant in and around his ass. Then he aligns Brian’s shaft, and slowly lowers himself onto him. Brian’s breath hitches as he watches his dick being swallowed by Justin’s perfectly plump ass. Brian throws his head back, enjoying the wonderful sensation of Justin’s walls gliding up and down on him. He reaches out his hand to hold Justin’s thigh, to help him steady himself without falling.

Justin’s moans fill the room as he increases his speed and depth, taking more and more of Brian inside of him. He’s in heaven as he feels the head of Brian’s cock nudge his prostate, sparking a fire within. Justin closes his eyes, his mouth slightly open, as he starts working his penis in his fist. He looks like a bronco rider on the mechanical bull in those hick cowboy bars.

Soon he’s riding Brian with determination. He’s slamming himself down on Brian’s shaft, as he sees fireworks behind his eyes. Brian now has both of his hands on Justin’s hips, as he pumps himself up and down. Brian’s climax is building, pulling him closer as Justin impales himself repeatedly. Brian teeters on the edge of his orgasm, while his cock is being squeezed tight. Justin’s warm slick walls clench and release him, as he waits to cum simultaneously with Justin. Justin
moans out, “Oh! God! Yes! Brian!”

Then he collapses, laying down on Brian’s legs. Justin is panting as sweat rolls down his back. He’s exhausted, trying to catch his breath.
“Ssssh.”

“What is it?”

“I hear someone coming. Did you lock the door?”

“No one is going to walk through a closed bedroom door.”

Of course it’s just then that Gus comes ambling in. Then he stops and stares right at Justin and his dad.

“Hi Daddy! What are you doing?”

Melanie follows close behind. “Gus! What have I told you about knocking before you enter someone’s bedroom?”

Gus just looks at her, still curious as to what’s going on.

“I want to sleep with Daddy and Justy!”

“Not tonight. Justin and your dad need their sleep. They have to get up very early.”

“Cause it’s past their bedtime?”

“It’s past your bedtime, that’s for sure.”

Justin maneuvers the duvet over him and Brian while Melanie is trying to get Gus to leave the room with her. She smiles coyly, hoping for their forgiveness.

“I want to kiss Daddy good night!”

“Okay. But make it quick.”

Gus climbs up on the bed and asks, “Do you need me to tell you a bedtime story?”

Brian opens his mouth, but Gus just continues with.

“Once upon a time…”

“Gus! I said one kiss good night, not a bedtime story.”

Gus leans over and gives each of them a big kiss. Then Melanie pulls him off the bed, carrying him to the door.

“By the way, you might want to say good night to your guests.”

They hadn’t planned on taking as long as they have. So they slip out of bed and get a quick shower then they dress and go back to the party that’s in full swing.

“Christ! No one even knew we were gone.”

“They do now. All they have to do is see our wet hair and the satisfied grins on our faces.”
“Brian. Stop being a brat. Let’s circulate around the room once more, and then plan our great escape.”

“I’d rather sneak back upstairs…”

“Brian! Behave. My mother is coming this way.”

“Mother Taylor!”

Brian reaches out and gives Jennifer a hug.

“I hope you enjoyed yourself tonight.”

“It was a beautiful party, full of so many surprises.”

She can’t stop eyeing the two of them with their wet spiked hair.

“Well, it’s getting late. Molly and I had a great time, but she needs to get to bed.”

“I can totally understand that.”

Justin backhands him across his chest and whispers, “Not in front of my mother.”

Molly walks up to them and says, “Happy Birthday, Justin. I bet you were really surprised tonight?”

Justin hugs her and puts his arm around his mother’s waist. “I’ll walk you out to your car.”

Just then Debbie and Carl join them, telling them what a great time they had. Brian hugs Debbie and shakes Carl’s hand and they congratulate them again.

“I’m so proud of you, Brian. You really went all out. It’s about time the two of you settled down. And your house is really a mansion, isn’t it? Now go to Vermont, and finally have that vacation you promised sunshine.”

With that, they’re off. Brian sees Ted sitting with Emmett and Ben. He goes over and thanks Emmett for making this evening the perfect birthday for Justin. He tells Emmett that he has really outdone himself, way beyond his expectations. Emmett glows, soaking in all the praise. He’s proud that he really pulled it off. Emmett smiles and tells Brian that they saved the top layer of Justin’s cake for them to freeze and enjoy at a later time.

“Isn’t that some traditional wedding thing?”

“It would be if this was a wedding reception…”

“I’m sure Justin will love it. Although he’ll probably eat it as soon as he finds it. He’s a total chocoholic.”

Now that Jennifer, Deb and Carl were gone, the gang was on their own. So Brian lights a joint and passes it to Ben. Justin comes up behind Brian, running his arm around his waist. Emmett can’t help razzing them, “I see you two took a little detour.”

“What can I say? Justin’s a total nymphomaniac. If he doesn’t gets his needs met, he becomes a total… Ouch, that hurt!”

“I can’t take you anywhere, can I? Now will you please behave yourself?”
“Yes, dear.”

Daphne sneaks up on them taking the joint for Emmett.

“You two are so adorable.”

“Daph! What did I tell you earlier?”

“Right, Brian. Your secret’s safe with me. I wouldn’t want to ruin your reputation.”

“So, when does your plane leave?”

“At some ungodly hour. I’ve arranged for a car service to pick us up.”

Justin looks at Brian. “Oh my God! We need to pack and everything is at the hotel.”

“It’s all taken care of.”

“Really? Are you sure?”

“Yes. I packed our suitcases when you went shopping with Daphne this morning, as well as everything else at the Fairmont. It is all in the trunk of the Mercedes. I also checked us out of our room.”

“But you left the Benz at my mom’s house.”

“Ted went and got it before the party and unpacked everything into our walk-in closet.”

“You think of everything, don’t you?”

“Well, I had time to kill after my staff meeting this morning.”

“So everything’s here, already unpacked?”

“That’s what I said. It really wasn’t hard. We barely had anything to pack, since Michael ruined most of our clothes. We only had what we’ve purchased in the last few weeks.”

Justin frowns, thinking about Michael. He really hasn’t thought about him in a while. He still can’t believe all that’s happened. Losing the loft and Michael being sentenced, now in prison. He knows he shouldn’t, but he still feels guilty. Like it was his fault that Michael behaved the way he did.

“Ssssh. Don’t think about it. He’s right where he belongs. Getting the help he so desperately needs.”

“It’s getting late, maybe we should try and get a little sleep?”

“Sure. Let’s just take one more spin around the dance floor.”

Brian takes Justin’s hand and leads him into the middle of all the dancers, wrapping his arms around him as they sway together, and Justin sings along to Proud.

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I look into the window of my mind.
Reflections of the fears I know I’ve left behind.
I step out of the ordinary, I can feel my soul ascending.
I’m on my way, can’t stop me now and you can do the same, yeah.
Brian’s out like a light after saying good night to their guests; they left the party still going strong in Emmett’s capable hands. They wanted their friends to continue and enjoy themselves. There was no need to kick everyone out, just because they have to be ready for the car service at four in the morning. Justin, on the other hand, is restless. He can’t sleep as he plays the day over again in his head. His mind is reeling, just thinking about what a perfect day it was; he’s never had anyone pamper him so much.

He looks over at Brian’s sleeping form and his heart just swells; he’s so in love with him. He makes a note to himself that he’s going to do everything he can to show Brian just how much he loves him. To make him feel things he’s never allowed himself to feel before. He snuggles up against Brian, putting his head on his chest. Brian’s arm naturally circles around him pulling him in closer. Justin lies there, listening to Brian’s steady heartbeat that lulls him off to sleep.

It seems like he just fell asleep when he hears the alarm go off. Brian automatically swats at the clock turning it off, as it falls on the floor. Justin’s too tired; he doesn’t want to get up. He’s never been easy to wake, and most of the time Brian usually gives in to his grumpiness. But tonight/today is different; they need to leave for the airport in forty-five minutes. Brian knows he could have scheduled them on a flight that took off later that afternoon but he wanted them to wake up in Vermont and not spend a day traveling.

He goes down to the kitchen and gets a cup of coffee, grateful for the automatic brew setting on the coffee maker. He pours himself an extra-large very strong cup of coffee, then he pours Justin a normal-sized mug knowing that he probably won’t drink it.

“Wake up, sunshine. We only have fifteen minutes before the car service arrives.”

Of course that’s a lie, but if it gets him moving it’s worth it.

“Oh God, Brian. It’s still dark out.”

Brian thinks to himself that even if it was seven o’clock in the morning, it would still be dark out. Justin pulls the covers up over his head, wishing somehow that would give him an extra five hours of sleep. He smells the coffee that Brian has left for him on the nightstand; slowly it seeps into his senses, pulling him from his sleep. He hears Brian shuffling things around as he peeks out from under the covers, watching him carry their suitcases out of the room.

“Brian. Did you pack the clothes I bought yesterday? I want to take them too.”

“Yes, dear. I’ve even laid out something for you to wear on the plane. Now hurry up or we’re going to be late, you can sleep in the car.”

He slowly pulls himself out of bed, grabbing his coffee and heading into the bathroom. He drinks down the strong brew while relieving himself, then washes his face and brushes his teeth. He looks in the mirror through slitted eyes at his hair that is sticking up everywhere. Once dressed he meets Brian downstairs in the living room, watching him double check everything; he’s always so organized.

Brian comes over and wraps his arms around him, whispering, “Don’t worry. You’ll be back asleep in no time.”

Justin just grunts as his eyes flutter, trying to stay open. Brian thinks he looks adorable as he kisses
the top of his head, and then runs a brush through his hair. They hear the horn from the car service, he practically sleeps through boarding the plane and riding in the taxi.

He wakes up in a strange room with the sun shining brightly through the curtains, he looks around and the room is grand. There’s a big fireplace across the room, with very tall windows that run from ceiling to the floor. They’re in a huge bed that’s so comfortable he’s not sure he wants to venture out of it anytime soon.

Brian’s asleep with his arm thrown across his eyes, trying to block out the sunlight that’s determined to make its presence known. Justin lies awake, watching him sleep; he’s reminded of the first time he awoke in the loft. Brian was sleeping in a similar manner. He looks around the room for their suitcases, wondering if Brian packed his sketch pads. He doesn’t see them so he slips out from under the covers and walks around the room. There’s a huge walk-in closet where everything is already unpacked and hanging up.

He goes into the living room of their suite and sees what he’s looking for. Several brand-new sketch pads, a pack of pencils and some watercolors, all laid out on the desk near the windows. He can’t help pulling the curtains back, and he’s stunned by the breathtaking views of the ski slopes, with lots of skiers zig-zagging down the slopes. He sees a clock across the room and it’s almost noon. Brian will be up soon, so he orders breakfast and a large pot of coffee, knowing that he’ll need it.

He takes the sketch pad and pencils back with him into the room, sitting in the big overstuffed chair next to the fireplace. He has the perfect view of Brian sprawled out on the bed. He stares at Brian for several minutes, deciding how he wants to accent Brian’s features in his drawing. He’s still overcome by the passion he feels for Brian. Just thinking about the fact that they’re going to be married soon fills him with so much love. Soon you can hear the scratching of the pencil gliding across the paper, as Brian’s image starts taking place before Justin’s eyes.

Justin hears the knock on their door, and scrambles to find his jeans before he answers the door. Justin signs for their breakfast as the bellboy puts it down on the coffee table in the outer suite. His senses come to life just smelling the blueberry pancakes and real maple syrup; he didn’t realize just how hungry he was until their breakfast arrived. Brian is awakened by the sounds of someone talking then he was led by his nose to the freshly brewed coffee.

He’s thankful when he sees that Justin ordered a large pot of double-strength French roast; he leans down to plant a kiss on his mouth, tasting the sweet syrup. He looks beautiful as he sips his morning brew, yawning as he reaches for the morning paper. So thankful that it’s the New York Post, he goes to pull out the business section when Page Six falls out onto the floor, promoting the celebrity section of the paper.

The headlines capture his eyes as he reads ‘Famed abstract artist Sam Auerbach takes a fifth wife.’

“What the fuck?”

Brian grabs that section of the paper as he looks down at a picture of Sam and Lindsay on the courthouse steps. ‘The bride is wearing a fashionable, pale yellow Donna Karan suit, carrying a bouquet of white lilies. The happy couple will be honeymooning in Paris, after Mr. Auerbach’s art opening this afternoon at DM Contemporary gallery downtown.’ Brian almost spills his coffee.

“Well I guess we now know where Lindsay is. She’s in New York.”

Justin reaches for the paper in Brian’s hands…
“What? Let me see… Well I’ll be damned. I can’t believe she didn’t tell us about this.”

“There seems to be a lot of things Lindsay hasn’t been telling us.”

“Oh Brian. This is just going to kill Mel… and what about the Kids?”

“She always was a selfish, self-centered bitch!”

“Do you think we should call her? I mean, wouldn’t it be better hearing this from us instead of reading it in the paper, or seeing it on TV?”

Brian grabs his cell phone and asks for the DM Contemporary Gallery in downtown New York City. The gallery manager answers the phone, “Hello, DM Contemporary Gallery.”

“May I please speak to Lindsay Peterson, or Peterson-Auerbach, or whatever the fuck she’s going by?”

“Who?”

“Mrs. Sam Auerbach!”

“I’m afraid she not available right now.”

“Put the bitch on the phone!”

“Language, Sir!”

“Now!”

“May I tell her whose calling?”

“The father of her son, that’s who…”

“Of course. Right away.”

There’s a long silence as Brian waits for Lindsay, he starts pacing letting his anger get the better of him.

“Brian?”

“Don’t fucking ‘Brian’ me, Lindsay!”

“I knew you would react badly.”

“What the fuck is going on?”

“Well I, I was given a second chance at happiness. And I couldn’t afford to let it slip away.”

“Why didn’t you tell anyone? Why did you feel like you had to run away in the middle of the night?”

“I didn’t think anyone would understand.”

“So you just up and married someone?”

“Sam’s not just someone, you know that.”
“Don’t you think you owe Melanie an explanation?”

“I can’t believe you of all people would be defending Melanie.”

“You’re the one that put me in this situation. Why didn’t you at least tell me?”

Silence…

“I’m waiting!”

“Brian. I didn’t want you to try and talk me out of it.”

“You’re already married, to someone else! Or have you forgotten!”

“Brian. You know that wasn’t real.”

“It was real enough when you had your wedding at the Schickel mansion, or did you forget?”

“Brian, please. Try and understand. You said it yourself, that there was nothing wrong with me getting my needs met.”

“I never said to lie and deceive your friends and family.”

“I have to do what makes me happy. For once I’m putting my needs first.”

“What about Gus?”

“Brian. I was thinking of Gus. That’s why I had Melanie sign back over your parental rights.”

“So, she doesn’t have any parental rights anymore?”

“No…”

“And what about your parental rights?”

“I… I’m with Sam now. He doesn’t want children, or at least not children that aren’t his own biologically.”

“That’s very broadminded of him.”

“Brian. Please don’t be mad.”

“I don’t even know you anymore. Where’s my Wendy?”

“She grew up.”

“She grew up and became straight?”

“I guess I was just kidding myself, just experimenting.”

“You sure are leaving a trail of bodies in your wake.”

“Brian. Please try and understand.”

“You know, Lindsay, being the fifth Mrs. Sam Auerbach might have a very short shelf life. I mean how long do you think it will be before he’s sleeping around? And then leaving you for someone newer and younger?”
“Fuck you, Brian! Things are different this time, he really loves me.”

“I’m sure that’s what the other four wives before you thought as well.”

“This is my wedding day. Can’t you at least be happy for me?”

Silence…

“Brian? Please let’s not fight.”

“Give me your new phone number and address, so I can reach you in case something happens with Gus.”

“Okay, but I don’t know it right now. I’ll call and leave it on your voice mail if you don’t pick up.”

“So you’re really turning your back on Gus? You don’t plan on being his mother anymore?”

“I don’t want to be that other person I used to be… I’m making a fresh start.”

“Okay, if that’s the way you feel. But I want something from you.”

“What? Anything you want.”

“I want you to sign your parental rights over to Justin, immediately. Before you leave for Paris.”

“Brian…”

“You just said you didn’t want to be his mother anymore. So if you go through with this, there’s no turning back. You’re out of his life until he’s old enough to decide for himself if he wants to know you.”

“I understand.”

“Besides, Justin and I are planning to get married. We’re in Vermont right now. We’ll probably be married tomorrow or Monday.”

“Really? I mean, I’m just surprised. That’s all.”

“Well if you had stuck around for Justin’s birthday party, you would have been here for our big announcement last night.”

“I’m, I’m happy for you Brian. I really am. I just wish you could be happy for me.”

“I’d feel a lot better if you’d take the time to tell Gus in person. You owe him that much.”

“I, I can’t…”

“You really are a bitch, you know that.”

“Brian…”

“I’ll be expecting your attorney to get Justin and me the paperwork for Gus’s parental rights. And if you don’t, I’ll call a news conference telling the whole world how Sammy’s new wife abandoned her family and son. And it won’t be pretty, I promise you that.”

“I’m sorry, Brian… I hope in time you can forgive me.”
“It’s not me you need to worry about! It’s Gus!”

With that Brian slams the phone shut and rests his face in his hands, letting his emotions get the better of him. Justin comes over and wraps his arms around him, just holding him until he can compose himself again. After hearing the beginning of Brian’s conversation with Lindsay, Justin called Debbie and gave her the bad news. He asked her to go over and tell Melanie in person, knowing that she’ll need someone to be there for her. Needless to say everyone’s in shock this morning, and what started out as a happy occasion was now a depressing day.

“God, I want a drink!”

Justin gets up and walks over to the minibar, “What will it be? Johnny Walker Black, Jack Daniels or George Dickel?”

“Yeah. All of the above.”

Justin brings over a half dozen tiny bottles of whiskey and a glass. He stands behind Brian, running his hands over his shoulders, and starts working his stressed-out muscles to help him relax.

“That feels good.”

Brian shifts so he lays down on the sofa as Justin sits on his butt, working long strokes down Brian’s back. Justin continues massaging all the muscle groups, until he’s worked his way down to Brian’s ass. Brian looks over his shoulder and smiles at Justin. “You’re really getting good at that.”

“I just remembered what the masseuse did to my back yesterday, and tried it on you.”

“Let’s take a shower, then maybe I’ll be up for enjoying the slopes.”

There’s nothing like a long hot shower to make you forget all your troubles. Brian loves the feel of the water cascading down his body. He reaches up and pours some shampoo into Justin’s hair, working up a lather, then rinsing it out. He repeats his actions with the conditioner, and then they switch and Brian leans over as Justin suds up his hair. Justin loves to lather up Brian’s body, working his fingers into all the cracks and crevices to scrub him clean.

When they’ve both been thoroughly washed Brian turns Justin around, running his hands down his back, spreading his cheeks apart, working his rosebud open. Brian’s always prepared as he finds the packet of lube and the condom he brought with him. Justin’s completely relaxed to Brian’s touch as he feels Brian’s slick fingers stretching him open. He leans into the shower wall with his hands flat against the tiles, arching his back, to make it easier for Brian to penetrate him. It isn’t long before he’s filled with Brian’s long wet shaft.

Brian puts his hands on Justin’s hips, and begins to pump in and out of him ever so gently. Justin loves to wake up this way, all wet and naked in the shower, with Brian slowly making love to him. Brian shifts his hips back and forth, creating a steady rhythm, working them both towards fruition. Brian changes his angle slightly, and he’s now thrusting against Justin’s prostate. He moans with pleasure as the head of Brian’s penis caresses him just right, as that beautiful tingly sensation starts to grow, spreading throughout his body.

Justin cries out Brian’s name as he pushes back against him, taking more of him deeper into his tight channel. Brian feels him drawing close to his climax. He reaches around and takes Justin’s cock in his fist, and starts working him. Soon the two of them are close to reaching their orgasm, as they work their bodies together. They can’t hold back any longer, as they both fall over the edge, trembling from the waves of pleasure pulsating through them.
It makes Justin weak in the knees, as Brian holds him up until he finishes ejaculating against the shower tiles. They both just stand there catching their breath, as they watch the water from the shower head wash away all remnants of Justin’s seed.

“That was amazing!”

“Incredible!”

“I know. It’s true, I am.”

Justin chuckles, glad that Brian seems to have lost his bad mood, and never reached for that drink of whiskey. Maybe just knowing it was there was enough for Brian. Justin’s noticed that since they’ve gotten back together, Brian doesn’t seem to be drinking anywhere near his normal consumption level.

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Once they’re dressed they venture down to the lodge to have lunch in the bar, watching everyone skiing and snowboarding. It’s a little crowded with a lot of skiers who have been out on the slopes since earlier this morning. They order lunch, and then Brian goes over to the information desk, and asks about renting skis and equipment. When he turns back to look at Justin, someone is standing at their table. He’s bent over with his arm around Justin’s shoulder as they talk very close together.

Brian isn’t very comfortable with the scenario before him. He can’t help his mind from wandering, trying to think of who might be here that they know. The gentleman that’s talking with Brian gives him a pamphlet on the equipment rentals, and the different runs and hills, explaining what experience level is needed to ski each mountain. When Brian turns back around this guy seems even closer to Justin than before, and he’s playing with the back of his hair.

Brian isn’t really the jealous type, and he’s trying not to let this guy set off another bad mood. Everyone always thinks that it’s Justin who’s the moody fucker in their relationship, with all his drama queen moments. But the truth is, Brian’s has a tendency to over react when he thinks someone is honing in on his man. He stands and watches the two of them for a couple more minutes. The hair on the back of his neck starts standing up, as he watches this guy lean in and kiss Justin.

Brian’s first reaction is to go over there and pound this guy into the ground. But on second thoughts, he decides to make a trip to the bar. When he comes back the guy is gone. Brian looks around but doesn’t see anyone dressed like he was. He reaches down and sets Justin’s hot chocolate before him, then he sits and sips his latte.

Justin looks surprised as he tastes the cocoa making yummy noises as he licks the froth from his upper lip.

“You were gone a long time.”

“I wanted to talk with the guy about renting skis, and find out about the slopes. Then there was a line at the bar coming back.”

“I was starting to get worried about you.”

“I’m sure you found something to occupy your time.”

Brian gazes into Justin’s eyes, waiting to see if he’ll offer any explanation. But he remains silent, and Brian’s mind starts to fill in the details from his imagination. He pulls his lips into his mouth
and gives Justin a little grin. It’s something he does when he’s nervous or skeptical about something. Justin looks at him with concern, but doesn’t ask what’s bothering him. Just then the waiter arrives with their lunch, a cheeseburger and fries for Justin, and a crab Louie salad for Brian.

After lunch they tackle the slopes, starting out on the bunny hill, because when you’re in Vermont, even the bunny hill is long and steep. There are no little mountains in Vermont, only slightly less steep and winding ones. They ski down the slopes for about an hour, and then they move on to the steeper slopes. Justin is an expert skier while Brian is a little inexperienced.

Justin went with his family every year to Vail, Colorado, and learned to ski as a young boy. Brian on the other hand, went skiing for the first time in college with a group of friends. They went away for the weekend to Alpine Mountain in the Poconos. And later on he went with Lindsay several times to Elk Mountain, north of Scranton. They both enjoy the afternoon out on the wet snow-packed mountain. After several hours they come in and have cocktails in the bar, sitting next to the big open fireplace to get warm.

They return to their room to rest before they go out to dinner later that evening. Brian fell asleep rather fast, being exhausted from the afternoon’s workout. Justin’s adrenaline is pumping through him, he’s so excited just being away with Brian. He reads over one of the brochures he got from the front desk about chapels and other festive places that are set up for weddings in the area.

TBC…
~ Don’t Lie To Me!

Chapter Summary

Things are never as they seem, as Brian’s emotions get the better of him...

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 7076
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Things are never as they seem, as Brian’s emotions get the better of him...

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Chapter 13 ~ Don’t Lie To Me!

Brian’s mind is foggy as he awakens, hearing Justin’s cell phone ring. He wouldn’t have let it bother him if it wasn’t obvious that Justin had gone into the bathroom so Brian couldn’t hear him talking. He lies there, listening to the muffled sound of Justin’s voice.

“I can’t really talk right now. Please try and understand. I can’t meet you.”

Brian tries to rationalize it, saying to himself that it’s nothing to worry about. But his mind is working overtime. He can’t help but remember when Justin was so secretive, hiding things from him a long time ago. He lies there awake with his eyes closed; when Justin comes back out he slips the phone into his pocket. Then he resumes reading through the leaflet on same-sex weddings near their ski resort.

A little while later Justin comes over and climbs up on the bed, snuggling up close to Brian. Justin runs his hands through Brian’s hair, staring into his eyes; he can’t help seeing a hint of doubt that seems to be plaguing him. The two start kissing and all is forgotten about this mysterious man that seems to be pursuing Justin. Soon they’re both naked, lying on top of the duvet. Brian runs his hands over Justin’s porcelain skin enjoying the sight before him, as Justin purrs like a kitten.

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Lindsay is thinking about everything that Brian said. She feels bad that she didn’t really say goodbye to Gus, but she didn’t want to fight with Melanie. She knows that she took the coward’s way out, disrespecting Mel, lying to her and deceiving her. But it had been so long since she’d felt this kind of passion. She finally felt alive, not trapped or feeling like her life was boring. She thinks about calling Mel and apologizing to her, but she isn’t ready to face the music.

She daydreams about how her new life will be, traveling to exotic places and meeting other great
artists. She’ll never have to worry about money again. She’ll be a true jetsetter, living a prestigious life with a famous husband. Sometimes she thinks that the reason she became a lesbian was to punish Brian for rejecting her sexual advances after their initial liaison. She wonders if she picked someone she knew would push all of Brian’s buttons. But he failed to become jealous, leaving her in an intense relationship.

Mel excited her in the beginning, being a high-powered attorney. She was sure she’d be living a life equal to her mother’s, keeping her social standing in the community. But that hadn’t happened. Her family had rejected her lifestyle, even rejected their grandchild, always praising and showering her sister with affection - affection she was desperately seeking.

Sure she loved Mel in her own special way, allowing her to be the rebellious one. She defied authority, trying to teach her mother a lesson for rejecting her, never approving of her choices. But after ten years she now felt trapped, desperately wanting the glamorous life she dreamed of as a little girl. Yes, what Brian said was true; she was a selfish cold-hearted bitch. She always put her needs first and now she was about to break her son’s heart. He would never understand why she needed to leave, why she didn’t want him in her life anymore.

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Ted was getting ready for his presentation with Greek Goddess Yogurt, their new client. He was chairing the meeting since Brian was out of the office on his honeymoon; he was starting to get really good at giving the initial presentations. He was much more secure in himself, and confident in the ad campaign they had come up with. Cynthia had shown the client into the conference room, and Ted is taken back by just how gorgeous the head of their marketing department is.

He stands when Ted enters the room, extending his hand to introduce himself.

“Gerald Goodman. I’m so pleased to meet you, you must be Brian Kinney?”

“No, actually Brian’s out of town this week. I’m Ted Schmidt. I’m pleased to meet you too.”

Their eyes connect and it’s obvious the two of them are attracted to one another. Now that Ted has upgraded his wardrobe using Brian’s tailor, he fits the image of a high-powered ad executive. His delivery of the presentation only reinforces that image. Everything is going smoothly, and after their business meeting Ted invites Gerald out to lunch.

“So, Gerald, I’ve made reservations at Pappagano’s at one o’clock.”

“Please, call me Jerry. Gerald was my father and it always makes me feel old.”

“Oh, I’m sorry for your loss. Please accept my condolences.”

“Thanks. That is very kind of you but let’s not dwell on it. I’m still getting used to not having him around.”

With that Ted escorts Jerry out of the conference room towards the building’s exit. He shows him to his car, a brand new BMW sedan. Ted’s manners are impeccable as he opens the door for Jerry, and then places an opera CD in the player.

Jerry grins, saying, “And here I thought that I was the only one under fifty who listened to opera.”

“I actually have season tickets here at Schickel Hall. I’d love to have the company, if you’d like to join me for tonight’s performance?”
They both grin widely at each other, happy that things seem to be going so effortlessly between them. Ted isn’t the least bit nervous and that’s a first for him, although his heart is racing as he imagines the two of them hooking up later tonight.

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Brian pulls Justin close to himself, enjoying just holding him, wanting the feeling of deep passionate love to never end. He rolls them over so he’s lying on top of him, running kisses around his neck to his ear, igniting a fire that burns deep within. He whispers, “I love you so much, Justin. I need you more than you’ll ever know.”

Justin’s taken aback by Brian’s confession; he’s not one for declarations of love. He almost sounds sad, like he’s expecting the bottom to drop out of his world. Justin kisses him back, showing all the passion he’s capable of. He’s not sure what’s going on with Brian, maybe he’s having last minute jitters about their impending marriage. Whatever it is, he wants to put Brian’s mind at ease, showing him there’s nothing to worry about, that he means everything to him.

There so much going on between the two of them without any words being spoken. Brian licks down Justin’s chest, stopping at his nipples, swirling his tongue around one raised nub and sucking gently. Then he moves over to his other nipple, and does the same while softly pulling on his nipple ring with his teeth. This makes Justin’s back arch, as a little moan escapes his throat. He can’t help becoming turned on by Brian’s warm wet tongue.

Brian gently twists his nipples between his fingers as he continues down his stomach, rimming his belly button. Justin throws his head back, delighting in all the sensations that Brian is sending through his body. Justin’s natural instinct is to raise his legs up onto Brian’s shoulders. He feels Brian push them up even farther, so his body curls until he’s leaning on his upper back and shoulders. Brian runs his tongue down his penis, and over his balls, finally across his perineum until he reaches his rosebud.

Justin cries out in pleasure, as Brian swirls his tongue around his opening and delves inside his pucker. He continues licking his tender tissues as he drives his tongue in deeper. Justin is panting loudly, as Brian works his way inside. He creates intense sensations as he rims his ass. Justin’s head flails back and forth on his pillow, as he’s overcome with desire.

He hears the top of the lube snap open, as Brian’s warm tongue withdraws. The cool gel covers his fingers as he works him open to accommodate his wide girth. Justin’s heart is racing with excitement, as he waits for Brian to finish stretching him, until he finally feels his heart-shaped head penetrate him. Brian teases him at first, slipping in and out, using just a couple inches of his dick. He can hear the desire in Justin’s moans, until he finally glides all the way down his tight channel, filling him up.

“Oh God. Yes. Brian! I love you so much!”

Brian loves hearing Justin admit his feelings for him as he takes him, then he leans down and captures his lips. Justin’s ankles cross over on the back of Brian’s neck, lifting himself up in the air as his body rocks, swaying to the steady rhythm that Brian has set. Long deep strokes glide back and forth, sending intense sensations rippling through him as his hits his prostate. Justin loses himself in the passion that he’s feeling. His legs slip off Brian’s shoulder and circle his waist, leaving his body yearning for Brian to take him over the edge.

Justin’s cock skims across Brian’s tight stomach muscles leaving a slippery trail of pre-cum. Justin’s lost in a fog, as he chants Brian’s name over and over as his orgasm builds. The closer he gets, the more his channel clenches and releases Brian’s hard cock, signaling his climax is near.
Brian continues to thrust until he feels Justin’s cum splash between their bodies. He loses himself, filling the condom while his body shakes with pure bliss. Justin takes Brian’s lips in his, kissing him softly, as the two of them ride out the waves still pulsating through their limbs.

“God, I love you, Brian! You know my body so well; you always know just what I need.”

Brian buries his face in Justin’s hair, running kisses across his forehead, holding him close, letting what Justin said sink in; he must have misunderstood the situation earlier. There’s no way Justin would be cheating on him while Brian is trying so hard to give him everything he’s ever wanted. He kicks himself for not believing in their love, letting his fears get the best of him. Justin is soon sound asleep, so Brian slips out of bed and goes into the living room to smoke a cigarette.

He sees the pamphlet for the weddings and picks it up, reading about all the local options. He sees that Justin has circled a few of them. One is a quaint little chapel that’s over a hundred years old, listed in the historical registry. It’s a brick church with lots of stained glass windows, and beautiful mahogany interiors and an altar with granite floors.

The second one is in an old Victorian house with ornate windows and woodwork. The interior is more like a home with a large living room, where the service would take place. There’s also a parlor to relax in as well as a formal dining room that can accommodate up to fifty guests. And the final one is a modern A-frame cabin, which is set in the side of the hill, with beautiful views overlooking the surrounding snow-covered mountains. The interior is very simple with a large Oak fireplace and archway to frame the ceremony. It has an art deco furniture motif in the main room, as well as the dining room.

All three places offer a Justice of the Peace, or you can bring in your own clergy. It’s not necessary to use all of the facilities, but they’re available if your family and friends attend. You wouldn’t think that Brian was very religious but, as a child, praying was all he had to help him cope with his childhood nightmares. Sometimes he’s sure that’s the only reason he survived, even if his mother perverted God’s word when he was older. It was Father Thom who made Brian’s belief in God return. Even if he never attended church, he’s still a good Catholic boy.

So marrying in a church is fine with him if that’s what Justin wants. But he’s also open to the Victorian chapel or the modern A-frame in the mountains. He reaches to pick up his phone, to see when they’re available when there’s a knock on the door of the suite. He wasn’t expecting room service or anyone else so he’s curious who it could be, because they don’t know anyone else here at the ski lodge.

He opens the door and his heart stops. He just stares at Ethan, finally saying, “What the fuck do you want?”

Ethan seems almost as startled as Brian when he sees him standing on the other side of the door.

“I didn’t realize you were here with Justin?”

“Surprise!”

“Is he here? I really need to see him.”

Brian’s first reaction is to be furious. He can’t help the sarcasm in his voice as he waves his hand towards the bedroom. “Right this way!”

Ethan’s nervous as he steps into the suite and then he hears the loud sound of the door slamming shut which echoes throughout the suite, waking Justin. He’s startled from the noise and looks up to
see Ethan standing in the doorway to the bedroom.

“Oh God, Ethan. What are you doing here?”

Justin sits up, still disoriented, looking around for Brian.

“He left.”

“Fuck, Ethan. What have you done?”

“I had to see you.”

“I told you we don’t have anything to talk about.”

Justin goes to get up and realizes that he doesn’t have any clothes on.

“Would you please wait in the other room, and close the door?”

Ethan walks back into the living room, looking around at just how grand the suite is, with its fantastic views. He can only imagine what a suite like this must cost, knowing that he’ll never be able to afford anything like this. He looks up as Justin comes into the room. He picks up the roses he bought him, smiling, trying to hand them to Justin.

Justin just stands there, looking at him with his arms crossed over his chest.

“What do you want?”

“I wanted to tell you that I still love you. I think about you all the time, and I know we’d be good together if you just gave me a second chance.”

“You have got to be kidding me?”

“I love you!”

“I’m getting married, you asshole!”

“So I’m not too late. You haven’t married him yet?”

“I love Brian!”

“You know he’ll never stay true to you. He’ll only end up sleeping around and breaking your heart.”

“You know nothing about our relationship!”

“I know leopards don’t change their spots!”

“You need to leave, and never come back! I’ll never want a relationship with you again!”

“You’re just angry. You haven’t had enough time to really think about what I’m offering you.”

“No! Get Out!”

“I love you! I’m not going to just walk away when I know we belong together.”

“Get out or I’ll call security. I swear I’ll get a restraining order!”
“You don’t mean that. I know you love me too!”

“I DON’T LOVE YOU! I NEVER DID… I WAS A FOOL TO LEAVE BRIAN FOR YOU ONCE, AND I’LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!”

“Justin, please. Give me a chance.”

Justin walks over and picks up the house phone, and the operator answers. Justin asks for security to come and remove Ethan Gold from his room, and requests that he be banned from the hotel.

Justin’s relieved when hotel security comes and removes him from his room, and the hotel. He takes a deep breath and then looks around for his phone. He needs to call Brian to try and explain. But when he calls, Brian’s phone rings on the coffee table. He quickly gets his sox and shoes and goes down to the hotel bar. He thinks Brian is probably there, drowning his anger in whiskey. But no such luck. Justin walks around and looks in all the restaurants, coffee shops and stores.

He’s frustrated that he can’t find him and hopes he hasn’t done anything stupid, but the more he looks for him the more worried he gets. He can only imagine what Brian must be thinking, and Justin hopes he didn’t turn to tricking to ease his pain. He knows he should have told Brian about running into Ethan at lunch. But he didn’t want to upset him, knowing how much he dislikes Ethan. He told Ethan when he called him that afternoon he wasn’t interested. That he didn’t want to see him again, but he just wouldn’t listen.

Justin’s so stressed he considers getting a drink himself, but he figures that one of them should be sober when they finally see each other. So he decides to go back to the room and wait for Brian.

Reflections on Brian…

Justin remembers the man Brian used to be, the one who didn’t celebrate birthdays. Looking back on it, Justin is surprised how much Brian has changed recently. Changed for him, and he really is trying. It wasn’t until he spoke with Debbie, that he found out that birthdays were never a happy time in the Kinney household. Most of the time they were completely ignored. But when Brian was younger his mom would make him his favorite - chocolate, chocolate chip cake. But it inevitably would set off Jack on a rampage, swearing about how much money Joan had wasted on presents. Then he’d end up throwing the cake against the wall, shattering all of Brian’s dreams of a happy birthday.

No wonder Brian never wanted to be the center of attention growing up in that household. He was never shown the tiniest amount of love that a small child so desperately needs. Brian’s never been comfortable being showered with affection, it makes him feel unworthy. The only places he allows himself to be admired is in the boardroom where he outshines everyone else, or in the bedroom, at Babylon or Woody’s where no one can keep their eyes or hands off him. Probably because those were the places where no one can take it away from him.

Justin’s so surprised by everything Brian has done for him. If anyone would have told him six months ago, that he would be going to Vermont to get married to Brian, he would never have believed it. He would have said that Brian had been taken over by a pod person. But the truth is Brian has changed, not overnight. Not like he’s a completely different person but more like he finally stopped fighting with himself, and allowed himself to feel and be loved.

Justin can see that he isn’t so set in his ways. Even though he struggles with showing his emotions, he at least wants to be someone Justin will be proud to marry. Giving up tricking wasn’t nearly as hard as he once imagined it would be. An endless stream of faceless tricks stopped making him feel alive. He found the sex was boring, and he was just going through the motions. When he and
Justin were apart (but still living in the same city), Brian was lonely. He missed him and it made him insane when he’d see Justin out with Ethan. To admit that he was jealous would never happen, even if that’s exactly what he was feeling behind all his bravado.

The nightmare he had that night when he was totally shitfaced, really scared him. It made him realize that the only person he was fooling was himself. He never thought that he could be loved, that he should be loved. But trying to go on living his life without Justin made him feel empty; nothing seemed to have any meaning anymore. Sure he poured himself into his work, and he became the best. He had more money than he ever dreamed of, but with no one there to share it with, it left him searching for something more.

The last couple of months had been the best in his life, he never felt as sure of everything as he did now. Justin and he were really making it work and he was happy, truly happy. They were going to be married in the next day or so, and they were finally having that winter vacation they’d been waiting for, for years. Things couldn’t have been better, but now everything was shifting so fast. He didn’t trust his instincts and he hated feeling so desperate. Something was going on with Justin; he was hiding things from him again. No matter how much he tried to tell himself that it was just his imagination, he couldn’t deny it anymore, after finding Ethan standing at their door.

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When Justin returns to their suite he sees Brian’s suitcases, packed, by the door. He looks around the suite not seeing him anywhere then he goes into the bathroom. He’s sitting naked on the floor of the shower, with the hot water streaming down on him. He has his face in his hands and he looks so sad. Justin climbs in next to him and wraps his arms around him, just holding him as his clothes get soaking wet.

Brian doesn’t say anything, he won’t look at him. It becomes obvious that Brian hasn’t been drinking, and it’s hard to say if he’s been tricking. It’s the first thing Justin thinks of when he sees him in the shower, but he hopes he’s wrong. They just sit there together until the water starts to run cold; Justin stands up and turns it off. He reaches down and takes Brian’s hand, leading him to the bed, wrapping a towel around him. Then he peels off his wet clothes throwing them back into the shower, then he comes back with a towel around his waist.

“Brian. I want to explain.”

“It’s not necessary.”

“I think it is.”

“I think we both need some space.”

“Will you please listen to me?”

“I’ve gotten another room. I’ll let you have this one.”

“So, you’re just going to leave?”

“Oh, I forgot. That’s your specialty!”

“That’s low…”

“It’s true.”

“I don’t want you to go. Please stay with me.”
Brian’s eyes water as he looks up at Justin. “This was a bad idea.”

“What? Just leaving, when you saw Ethan?”

“Us…”

“I can’t believe you just said that. I love you!”

“You’re young. You have your whole life ahead of you. You don’t need to be tied down. There’s so much more you need to experience, and you could do so much better.”

“Don’t you dare fucking leave me!”

“Justin. I don’t want you to marry me, just because you think it’s what you should do. What’s expected of you. I should have seen that you’re not ready to make a lifelong commitment.”

“That’s such bullshit, and don’t you tell me how I feel.”

“I want you to keep the house. I bought it for you. If you don’t want it, you can sell it or something.”

“You’re not getting rid of me that easily. I need you to listen to me. Please!”

“There nothing left to say. I understand. You don’t have to explain it to me… I’m a big boy.”

“Will you shut up, and listen to me.”

“I don’t want to do this. I don’t want to fight.”

“It’s not what you think. Look at me! I LOVE YOU!”

“You just think you do. Because it’s what you’re supposed to do. But sometimes it’s not enough.”

“Don’t you dare shut down on me. Don’t you put up those fucking walls, and hide your feelings from me!”

Brian looks up at him, staring straight into his eyes. They’re wide open, showing so much pain and fear. His vulnerability is heartbreaking, and it scares Justin to death. He’s truly afraid that he’s losing Brian, and he has no idea how to reel him back in. It would be so much easier if he was just angry or snarky, full of sarcasm. That, he knows how to deal with.

“I love you! I LOVE YOU! Do you hear me? Please just give me a chance to explain. You owe me that much.”

Brian waves his hand. “The floor’s all yours.”

“I don’t know how things got so fucked up so fast. But this really isn’t what you think.”

“I understand. You never really got over your first love. He’ll always be important to you, and I’ll always be a disappointment to you.”

“It’s true. I’ll never stop loving my first love. I’ll never stop loving you.”

Justin runs his hands through Brian’s hair and pulls him in closer. “I had to call hotel security, and have them remove Ethan from our suite. I wish you would have stuck around.”
“I figured you needed your space.”

Justin leans in and kisses Brian. At first he just sits there not allowing himself to feel anything. But Justin just keeps kissing him, pushing his tongue forward until he’s forced it into Brian’s mouth. Brian’s resistance is waning, and he finally starts kissing Justin back. At first it’s gentle, but then his lips grow stronger until they’re both full of passion.

“Oh God, Justin. I love you so much.”

“Good! You better!”

“When I came back and you were gone, I was sure you went with him.”

“I’ll never leave you again. NEVER! You have to trust me.”

Brian looks down, pulling his lips into his mouth, looking nervous as hell.

“I saw you with him in the restaurant. But I didn’t know it was him, and when you didn’t say anything, I hated that you were lying to me.”

Brian takes a deep breath and then continues.

”Then later this afternoon I heard you talking, whispering with him on the phone. And all I could think about was that you were seeing someone new.”

“Oh, Brian…”

“No, no. I need to say this. Then when I answered the door, and he was standing there, all my fears came rushing back. I felt like my heart was breaking. I couldn’t believe I was losing you again, and to him. God, I hate him!”

“This is why you’ve been acting so strange all day? You are such an idiot. Don’t you know how much I love you?”

“I tried not to let myself believe it. But you know I have an overactive imagination.”

“I didn’t say anything, because I know how much you hate him. I didn’t want to upset you. I tried to tell him nicely at lunch I wasn’t interested.”

“You should have said something. Told me the truth.”

“I can see that now, in retrospect. I never meant to hurt you. I was trying to protect you.”

“Lying by omission is still a lie.”

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. This isn’t how I wanted to start our marriage.”

Brian gives him a half-smile, still showing his vulnerability.

“Then when he called and you were sleeping, I didn’t want to wake you. So I took the call into the bathroom where I was a little more forceful, telling him I didn’t want to see him.”

“I heard you on the phone. And I couldn’t help but think you were sneaking around again.”

“Then when he showed up here at our suite, I was in shock. I couldn’t believe it. And you were gone. I had no idea where you were.”
“I couldn’t stay and watch you leave me for him. Again.”

Justin shakes his head and runs his fingers through his hair nervously.

“I told him there was no way I was ever going to want him. He wouldn’t listen, so I called security.”

“I would have liked to have seen that.”

“I think they threw him out of his room and banned him from the hotel.”

“I hope so. Otherwise I’m going to smash his face next time I see him.”

“So you see, there never really was anything going on between us. He was just stalking me. I didn’t know he’d be here, and I never want to see him again.”

“I really am an idiot, aren’t I”

“Yeah. But you’re my idiot.”

“You scared the shit out of me. I was so sure history was repeating itself.”

“You really have to trust me, if this marriage thing is going to work.”

“I know… I do, I really do. It’s Ian that I don’t trust.”

“So I looked for you everywhere. Where did you go?”

“Downstairs in the gym. I ran on the treadmill for over an hour. Then I took a few swings at the punching bag.”

“I was so sure I’d find you drunk. But I’m so happy you’ve found another way to relieve your stress.”

Justin is so glad that he hasn’t fallen back into his old ways. He’s ashamed that he even thought Brian would have turned to tricking. Brian’s not the only one who needs to forgive past indiscretions.

“I have a headache. I think I need to eat something?”

“Let’s order room service. And then I’ll make mad passionate love to you.”

“I’d like that. I really need to feel you deep inside of me. I need to feel how much you love me.”

“Mr. Kinney, you say the most beautiful things.”

“It’s Taylor-Kinney.”

“My mistake.”

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Gus is screaming, running around crazy, throwing a temper tantrum. JR is crying, throwing her dinner on the floor, and Mel has no idea how Lindsay ever managed the kids. She’s gained a whole lot more respect for Lindsay over the last couple of days, never realizing how much work two kids are. She’s at her wits’ end, trying desperately not to snap at the kids. Gus is demanding to
see his mother, his father, or anyone but her.

She’s determined not to let her emotions get the best of her as she feels like crying, along with Gus and JR. She’s so angry with Lindsay right now for leaving her. It’s a good thing she’s gone, otherwise Mel would strangle her. It’s so loud in the house she doesn’t even hear the knocking at the front door. She jumps when she realizes that there’s someone in the kitchen with her.

“Leda! What are you doing here?”

“I got your message, and decided that you needed help.”

“Oh my God… I left you that drunken message. I was so desperate and confused. I can’t believe you’re here.”

“Leda to the rescue!”

“You came all the way from California, just to see me?”

“I would have come halfway around the world. If you needed me.”

Mel has tears in her eyes. She’s missed Leda over the years, always regretting that things hadn’t worked out between them.

“I’ve missed you, Mel. I have for a long time…”

“Really? I missed you too.”

“I was so happy that you called. I mean, not that you were heartbroken, but that you’d reached out to me.”

“I can’t even remember why we split up.”

“I wasn’t ready to give up the open road. I still needed to sow my wild oats. But that doesn’t mean I ever stopped loving you.”

“God, Leda. Ten years is a long time to carry a torch. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I wanted to but you were with Lindsay, and she was the perfect wife. I couldn’t compete with her. Besides, even if I am a bitch, I would never destroy your happiness.”

“I’m so glad you’re here, so glad that you’ve been honest with me. But I have to tell you, being a mom is the hardest job I’ve ever had. So you might want to think twice before you sign up for something you’re not ready for.”

“Let’s just take it one day at a time.”

Melanie walks over and wraps her arms around Leda, the connection between them has never felt so strong. Things are starting to look up and she’s grateful they stayed in touch over the years, never expecting that they’d have a second chance.

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Michael’s exhausted after having sessions each morning for the last week with his psychiatrist, Dr. Maurice Edwards. He doesn’t see the benefits of rehashing all his feelings for Brian. It only seems to make him angrier that things never developed. But his doctor says he’s making progress, because he now realizes that there never was anything romantic between them.
Dr. Edwards has asked him to keep a journal of all his feelings and emotions, so he can understand Michael’s mood swings and stabilize him with antipsychotic drugs. Considering Michael’s delusions and occasional hallucinations about his relationship with Brian, Dr. Edwards thinks maybe Michael is suffering from mild schizophrenia that was never diagnosed. It’s not unusual for symptoms to develop when a patient is in their twenties and progressively get worse without treatment.

For now, Michael has been moved from a correctional center to a psychiatric hospital where he can be monitored twenty-four seven. News of Michael’s pending diagnoses has Debbie worried that she never recognized his symptoms. She was always writing it off as Michael being immature and childlike, never really growing up emotionally. She feels guilty that she always made up excuses for him over the years, or blamed Brian when Michael did stupid and irrational things.

Debbie spent the afternoon with Dr. Edwards going over their family history, and her own illusions about Michael’s father. He thinks she confused Michael because she had made the whole thing up, instead of having to admit that she got knocked up as a teenager by her gay lover. She always insisted that his father was killed in Vietnam, yet they knew virtually nothing about him, or his family history; not even where his grave site was located.

In retrospect she can see how damaging that might have been for Michael. Never feeling complete, not knowing where he came from as well as learning that deception was a natural thing. Then there’s the fact that her father committed suicide. He wasn’t the only one on that side of her family who suffered from severe depression, never seeking treatment. It was never talked about openly, her mother always making excuses for the bizarre behavior of some of their relatives. Now it was all coming back to haunt her. She feels depressed herself, as she walks out to the car where Carl is waiting for her.

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Later, after dinner Brian reaches out and takes Justin’s hand. They look into each other’s eyes and Brian says, “You know I’d understand if you didn’t want to go through with this, if you’re having second thoughts.”

“You’ve got to be kidding. Right?”

“I don’t want you to do anything you’re not ready to do. Because marriage is a big step, and I would never want you to feel trapped.”

“I’ve wanted this since we first met. I’ve fantasized about marrying you for years. I just never thought that you’d want it too.”

“But you’d tell me if you had reservations about it, right? You wouldn’t just do it because it’s something I want?”

Justin grins and pushes Brian down on the sofa, realizing just how apprehensive Brian is. He hates that Brian still has doubts about their relationship. But he also knows that it stems from his childhood and never feeling loved. That he still thinks he doesn’t deserve to be loved or that it’s a fleeting emotion that will disappear if things get tough. He wishes he could make him see that he’ll always love him, even if they disagree or fight about something. It’s not something that will be taken away from him should he disappoint him.

Justin sees fear again in Brian’s eyes and knows there’s more; he strokes the side of his face and lightly kisses his lips.
“Tell me… I don’t want you to feel like there isn’t anything you can’t confide in me about. We’re partners now. No secrets, remember. Isn’t that what you said?”

Brian has that faraway look in his eyes. “It’s nothing. Don’t worry about it.”

Justin motions like he’s going to tickle him. “Tell me…”

“It’s just that when I was running on the treadmill, I felt so lost. I didn’t have anyone I could reach out to or talk with. With Lindsay acting all crazy in New York, and Michael literally crazy in jail, I felt so all alone. I realized I needed you, but I thought I was losing you, and I’ve never felt so desperate. I realized that you’re my best friend; you’re the only one I feel safe with. It scared the hell out of me just thinking I might lose you.”

“You’re never going to lose me, even if we fight or disagree. I’ll always be here right by your side. I’m not going anywhere… You can trust me, trust in our love. It’s a bond that will never break.”

Justin can’t help thinking, ‘If you just talked to me first instead of running off, none of this would have happened.’ Seeing how distressed Brian is about finding out that Ethan was here in Vermont makes him wonder if Brian had just let on about how he felt about him and Ethan in the beginning, he probably never would have left him. But that wasn’t who Brian was then, he was way too afraid to let his emotions show. So Justin was left with ‘It’s your call where you want to be’. Not understanding that Brian wanted him to make the choice, by reading his actions instead of his words, he now sees that he hurt Brian deeper than he ever let on, rattling him to his core and shaking his confidence.

“Come here.”

Justin takes his hand and leads him into the bedroom where Brian sits on the bed while Justin lights the fireplace. They both drop their towels and lie down on the bed. He puts his head on Brian’s chest and asks him what he thinks about the chapels he circled on the pamphlet.

“Whatever you want is fine with me.”

“We’re doing this together. So tell me what you want.”

“Well. It depends upon what’s available.”

“Brian…”

“Okay, okay. I guess I’m traditional even if it doesn’t show.”

“Meaning?”

“I like the idea of the stained glass windows, and having our union blessed by God.”

“You really are a total romantic. I think that sounds great. We’ll call them in the morning and see when we can schedule it.”

It feels so good to be holding each other after such a stressful day with their emotions all over the place. They’re just grateful that they finally listened to one another, finally understanding that what they wanted most, was to find a way out of the madness together. Justin’s lying with his head on Brian’s chest, while Brian plays with the back of his hair. He loves it a little longer; he thinks it makes him look sexy.

Brian leans forward to kiss the top of Justin’s head. Justin looks up at him, smiling back and
reading the desire in his eyes. Brian sometimes has a hard time asking for what he wants or needs. But Justin’s an expert at reading his moods as he reaches into the drawer of the nightstand, taking out a condom and the bottle of lube. He kisses Brian then motions for him to roll over. He’s more than happy to comply. Brian lies on his stomach with his arms and legs spread out to his sides, giving Justin more than enough room to climb between his legs.

Justin runs his fingers down his spine, loving the little dip in the small of his back. He leans in and kisses Brian at the top of his crack, gently pulling his cheeks apart. He runs his tongue down to his pucker as he starts to rim him, circling his opening as he licks at his delicate folds. Brian moans, enjoying the pleasure of Justin’s warm tongue. Soon he feels him dip a little deeper, heightening Brian’s desire as his muscles relax, taking in more of his tongue.

Brian may be the master, but Justin is a talented student who’s perfected his technique, leaving Brian longing for more. He delves in further, breaching Brian’s tight ring of muscle. Justin circles several more times, leaving Brian nice and wet. Then he withdraws his tongue and replaces it with two well-lubed fingers. Brian pushes back at Justin’s intrusion, causing his fingers to delve deeper into Brian’s channel, stretching him open.

Justin tears the condom open and glides it down his shaft then spreads a generous amount of lube on his dick. He knows that Brian isn’t used to being penetrated regularly and he doesn’t want to hurt him. Justin kisses Brian’s shoulders as he waits for him to adjust. It’s only a couple seconds until Brian’s ready, motioning for Justin to start thrusting. Justin rocks in and out of Brian’s tight ass, feeling his walls squeeze his cock as he glides to and fro, awakening sensations deep within him.

Brian loses himself in the steady rhythm that Justin has set, as he slides in deeper with each downward stroke. Justin’s in heaven, loving the tight channel of Brian’s virgin-like ass, as the two of them pull each other towards climax. Justin can tell from Brian’s deep moans that he’s sending spirals of pleasure throughout him as he strokes his prostate with his plump head.

They’re both getting close as their breathing increases and their temperature rises. Justin closes his eyes as he feels Brian clamping down harder, as he drives deeper. Justin slides his hand around and takes Brian’s cock in his hand, jerking him off to the same rhythm as his thrusts. Justin rides the waves of pleasure until he feels Brian’s cum spread across his palm. The two of them quake as their orgasms rip through them, and they collapse onto the bed. Justin rests his forehead between Brian’s shoulder blades as he catches his breath, Brian’s body still echoing with waves of pleasure pulsating through his limbs.

Justin slowly disengages and removes the condom, tossing it into the trashcan. Then he lies down next to Brian, as Brian curls into Justin’s embrace. He’s always so open and vulnerable after he surrenders himself completely to Justin, fulfilling a deep desire that he rarely allows himself. Justin holds him close, running kisses across his forehead as he relaxes to his touch, and slips off to sleep.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Till Death Do Us Part...

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 6967
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Till Death Do Us Part...

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Chapter 14 ~ To Have and To Hold ♥♥♥

Brian and Justin both sleep late the next morning, enjoying being close one another. Finally Justin slips out of bed and orders breakfast for them. Brian wakes to the smells of fresh-brewed coffee and makes himself get up. Once in the living room he sees that Justin has breakfast all set up; fresh-squeezed orange juice, quiche Lorraine, blueberry muffins, fresh fruit and a large side of bacon. Brian would have you think he doesn’t eat bacon, being that it’s high in fat. The truth is he loves it, but only allows himself to indulge on Sunday mornings.

Brian’s happy to see the Sunday paper, he likes to sit and read for the first couple of hours on Sunday mornings. He’s surprised when he looks at the clock and sees that it’s almost 2 p.m.

“Shit, how late did we sleep?”

“Don’t worry about it. We’re on vacation and we don’t have to be anywhere today.”

“It’s snowing out, it looks like a big snow storm is blowing in. It should make for great skiing and snowboarding.”

“It makes me just want to snuggle down in front of the fire, and have a lazy day making love.”

“I like the sound of that. After yesterday all I want to do is relax and be with you. Maybe watch some movies, but I do want to call the church.”

“I’ve already left a message for them to call us when they get a chance.”

Brian sits and reads the paper and Justin gets out his sketch pad and colored pencils and starts sketching.

“You look so hot with a day’s worth of growth on your face and those reading glasses slipping
“down your nose make you look sexy.”

“You mean I look old and shadowy…”

“No. I mean it turns me on.”

“You’re a freak.”

“Yeah, but I’m your freak.”

Justin’s birthday party ran late into the night that Friday night. Emmett put all the food away, but decided to come back on Sunday to clean up, seeing as he had another party to give on Saturday night. Ben and Ted came with him to help so it would go faster. He usually only cleans up the kitchen because most functions are at private residences or hotels that have staff. But they had rented tables and chairs as well as all the dishes and linens, and he told Brian that they would clean everything up and have the trash hauled away.

They’re all working like beavers, running around cleaning and organizing everything, ready to meet the party rental van to load up all the supplies. Ben’s working on taking down all the tiny white lights while Ted is sweeping the floor and gathering the trash when suddenly they hear Emmett scream from inside the house.

Both Ben and Ted are there instantly, as they see Emmett questioning someone who’s walking around like he owns the place.

“Who are you, and just what do you think you’re doing here?”

“I should ask you the same question.”

“I don’t think so…”

Ted asks, “Mr. DuPont, isn’t it? You are Pierre DuPont, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I’m Mr. Taylor’s interior decorator, and whom would you three be?”

“I’m Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Kinney’s financial advisor and this is Mr. Honeycutt, Mr. Kinney’s event planner and Mr. Bruckner, Mr. Kinney’s head of security.”

“Oh, I see…”

“So we’ll ask you again. What are you doing here? Because I believe that Mr. Kinney and Mr. Taylor fired you.”

“That was simply a misunderstanding. I was hoping to catch Mr. Taylor here, so we could go over the plans I’ve drawn up for the house.”

“That would be the same kind of misunderstanding you had with your client last year? The one who had a restraining order issued against you?”

Ted doesn’t miss a beat as Pierre looks flustered, trying to come up with an explanation.

“I’m afraid I’ll have to ask for your key, and then ask you to leave immediately.”

“I need to see Mr. Taylor. It seems he’s checked out of the Fairmont, and didn’t leave word of his
whereabouts."

“I know for a fact that you’ve been fired. If you don’t leave now I’ll have the police arrest you for
trespassing.”

“I simply must speak with Mr. Taylor, now.”

“I’m sorry he’s out of town on a vacation, and not available.”

“I have a signed contract with Mr. Taylor and Mr. Kinney to redecorate this residence.”

“Nice try, but like I said I’m Mr. Kinney’s financial advisor, and I know for a fact that the contract
was never signed.”

“I’m sure that is just an oversight, and it will all be straightened out when Mr. Taylor returns. I’d
ask you to call him but since you can’t contact him…”

“No, I said he’s not available to you. I know exactly where he is and how to contact him.”

Just then they hear the doorbell ring. Emmett offers to get it as Ben just grins back at Pierre.
They’re all surprised, except Ben of course that it’s the police. He stepped away and called them
when Pierre was whining about needing to see Justin.

“Is this the suspect who has broken in and entered this private residence?”

“Yes. This is Pierre DuPont, liar extraordinaire.”

“I never…”

“Please put your hands behind your back, so I can handcuff you. Do you have an attorney? Because
you might want to have him meet you at the police station. Now I’m going to read you your rights.
If you have any questions please speak up.”

“Sir. This is a complete misunderstanding…”

Ted just shakes his head no, and motions for the police to continue to arrest him. Once they’re out
of the house, Emmett just grins at Teddy “Head of security… I like that.”

“Well, he looks the part and I couldn’t very well say he was Mr. Kinney’s literature professor, now
could I?”

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Mel slept well last night; it’s the first decent night’s sleep she’s gotten since Lindsay started acting
suspicious and crazy. She still can’t believe that Leda is here, and being so nurturing towards her.
Once, a long time ago Mel would have thought that she and Leda would have set up house
together. But Leda was more like Brian then Mel cared to admit. She insisted on having an open
relationship and never understood why Mel was jealous when she’d see her out with another
woman.

Now she’s here being supportive, helping with the kids and being very attentive to her needs.
Maybe this isn’t just a rebound fling, maybe they’re both ready to give it another try. She gets up to
check on the kids and is surprised that neither one of them is in their rooms. Walking down the
stairs she smells freshly grilled waffles, and hears Gus singing in the background.

He’s so cute when he sings and dances around; she sometimes wonders if he’ll become the next
Adam Lambert. Of course it’s too early to tell if he’s gay yet, but with having Brian and Lindsay’s genes there’s a strong possibility. Gus sees her come into the kitchen and runs over to her, telling her how Leda agreed to make waffles for him. She even let him drop the blueberries down on top of the batter just before she closed the lid.

Making waffles is usually a treat that Justin and Gus do a couple of times a month; it’s fun for Gus and it gives Mel and Lindsay a break from their normal routine.

“I wish Justy was here, he could help make syrup. He always makes homemade syrup like his mom taught him, and when I grow up I’m going to teach my kids.”

“Thank goodness that will be a couple years off. I couldn’t handle the stress of being a grandmother.”

“When are Daddy and Justy coming home? I miss them and it snowed last night. I want to make a snowman with Justy, he promised.”

“Not for a few more days. They went away to get married in the mountains of Vermont.”

“Can we go to Vermont after breakfast? I want to go to their wedding.”

“No. It’s too far away, but you’ll see them at the end of the week. I bet your Daddy and Justin will bring you back a present.”

“Momma, when Daddy and Justy get married, is Justy going to be the bride? Will he have a veil and a bunch of flowers?”

“Well…”

“Cause that’s how it is in all the movies, and he’s pretty, like all the brides.”

“Gus, it’s different with men. They’re…”

“I know ‘cos daddy told me. They have penises and women don’t.”

Mel looks shocked and relieved at the same time. Leda just grins at her from across the room where she’s pouring orange juice. Melanie is grateful for once that Gus talks a mile a minute, and seems to answer his own questions if you’re too slow.

“That’s right, honey.”

“So, is he?”

~~~

It’s after mass as Debbie lights a candle for Michael, praying that he starts to gets better. Maybe he needs inspiration from God, he used to love going to Sunday school. So she stops by the church’s gift shop and buys a new bible for him which is when she sees Joan Kinney. They don’t run into each other very often, but when they do it’s usually at church.

“Joan, it’s so nice to see you here today.”

“Oh, hello Debbie. Well where else would I be on a Sunday morning? Although it truly is a surprise that you’re here, I haven’t seen you in years.”

Debbie just smiles, biting her tongue. Joan can be so condescending. But then again they’re in
church so she lets her comments pass as they’re in the presence of God.

“I attend when it’s possible. I have a new husband and he works all hours of the day and night. He’s a police officer and he needs to be my first priority.”

“I would think God would be your first priority.”

Debbie just takes a deep breath. She hates to admit it but she truly hates Joan Kinney, always thinking she’s superior to everyone else, like God looks after her more than the other parishioners.

“I saw in the paper that your son was arrested. He’s really grown up to be quite violent.

Again Debbie bites her tongue, afraid of what might come out.

“Of course, growing up without a father must have been a real hardship for him.”

Now she just wants to strangle her, and watch her eyes pop out of her head.

“Well, I’d better be running along. I have bible studies with Father Thom soon; it’s good to see you investing in buying a new bible. Now just be sure to take some time to read it. I’m sure it will give you solace and take your mind off Michael’s behavioral problems.”

She just wants to scream, but she remains cool until she’s driving home in the privacy of her own car. Oh God, how did Brian survive growing up in that household? Oh, that’s right, he escaped to my house on a regular basis. Well, there’s no doubt where Brian gets his arrogance from.

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Brian and Justin are relaxing, taking a bubble bath together.

“I still can’t believe you talked me into doing this. If you tell anyone, I’ll divorce you.”

“You love it, now don’t you?”

Brian sneers at him playfully as he washes Justin’s stomach, while he lies across Brian’s chest. Justin looks down at the few stray hairs on his chest.

“I really need to trim those, if I want to keep my youthful appearance.”

“You’ll always look seventeen to me.”

“You just love remembering how naïve and innocent I was that first night.”

“It was a night to remember… How you cried out as I penetrated you for the first time, worried about being safe. It was cute.”

“I’ll never forget your words, ‘I want you to remember this, so no matter who you’re with I’ll always be there with you’.”

“You really do remember practically everything I’ve ever said to you.”

“I was already falling in love with you by then.”

“I should have known then that I’d never get rid of you.”

“You so love me… You want to marry me…”
“You truly are a brat, you know that.”

“You can’t hide your feelings from me anymore. I’m onto you.”

“Let’s get out before our skin gets all pruney.”

They start drying each other off, playfully teasing each other, and Brian starts to shave his face. Justin goes into the toiletry bag to get Brian’s electric razor to trim his chest hair, and he sees the small blue velvet box from Tiffany’s. He can’t help his curiosity as he opens the box; he’s so overcome he starts to cry, unable to contain his emotions. Brian sees him and thinks he cut himself as he tries to comfort him.

“Come here, let me see. How bad is it?”

“I can’t believe you bought these.”

“What? What are you talking about? I thought that you cut yourself.”

It’s then that Brian sees Justin holding the ring box, looking at the platinum wedding bands.

“I wanted to surprise you.”

He decides not to tell him about the first set that Michael found, with Michael convincing himself that Brian wanted to marry him.

“These are the ones I was trying on in Chicago, the ones I fell in love with. I didn’t think you were paying attention, you were so caught up with looking at watches.”

“I can be very observant.”

“So, you’ve had these the whole time?”

“Something like that.”

Brian reaches over and wipes the tears from his eyes.

“I can’t believe you’re crying again.”

“They’re happy tears. You never stop surprising me.”

“I can only hope.”

“God, Brian, I love you so much.”

Brian pulls him into his embrace and they share a passionate kiss that leaves them both weak in the knees. It’s just then that they hear Justin’s cell phone ring.

“Let it go to voicemail…”

“Brian, what if it’s the church?”

“Okay, answer it.”

~~~

“Ma! Why’d you bring me a bible? You know I’ll never read it.”
“I thought that with all the time on your hands you might find the word of God reassuring.”

“Oh, please… I haven’t prayed to God since I was a boy.”

“Well, maybe it’s time you started again. I’m worried about you.”

“I’m fine, there’s nothing wrong with me. I can’t wait until I get out of here because everyone seems crazy in here.”

“Michael, you know that’s not going to happen until you show improvement. Did Dr. Edwards start you on medication?”

Michael looks at her a little shocked, not realizing that she knew about the meds they have put him on. Of course he only pretends to take them then he hides them in his pillowcase.

“I don’t need them. I’m not crazy.”

“Michael, if the doctors think you need them, then you have to give it some time to work.”

“I hate it here. Nobody ever comes to visit me. When is Brian going to come and see me? He must be worried about me. It’s been so long since I’ve seen him.”

“Michael, Brian’s busy. He has a business to run and a new house to move into. Besides, he’s in Vermont with Justin right now.”

She hadn’t meant for that to slip out so she looks at him cautiously, waiting for his reaction.

“I can’t believe he finally took Justin to Vermont on vacation. That’s so unlike Brian.”

“Honey, Brian’s changed. He’s finally ready to grow up.”

“Trust me, Ma, Brian will never change. He’ll always be looking to get his needs met, chasing the latest hottie that passes through the doors of Babylon.”

“You’d be surprised, and I’m proud of him.”

“Why? What’s he done to be proud of?”

She doesn’t want to hurt her son, but she thinks honesty is the best policy. And maybe hearing the truth will help him accept reality.

“Because he’s finally decided to express his feelings. He threw Justin a surprise birthday party. He had Emmett cater it and he surprised him with a trip to Vermont and a marriage proposal.”

“What! That’s total bullshit! He’ll never get married. He’s waiting until the time is right, he’s waiting for me.”

Michael’s now standing up and shouting, waving his hands around to show his panic and displeasure, drawing everyone’s attention in the visitor’s room.

“Michael, please calm down and sit before the nurses see you.”

“You’re lying! I don’t believe you! He loves me!”

One step forward, three steps back…
It’s then that the staff comes and restrains him and the nurse administers a sedative to calm him down. They tell Debbie she has to leave as they escort Michael into an isolated room where he can’t hurt himself or anyone else. She looks on in horror, never seeing him act so violently. But then again, that’s what’s landed him in trouble in the first place. Dr. Edwards’s words echo through her head. ‘He needs to learn to accept reality. The medication will help with his delusions.’

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Justin comes back from answering the phone. He smiles up at Brian, taking his hand in his.

“Brian, will you marry me, tonight at seven-thirty?”

Brian grins back at him, pulling him into his arms, kissing him madly.

“You do realize that’s only two hours from now?”

“Yeah, Reverend Alexander tried to get me to agree to schedule it on Tuesday. But I told him we didn’t want to wait, then when I said it was just the two of us, he offered to do it tonight. Monday, his schedule is all full.”

“That sounds great. The perfect end to a perfect day.”

“Well at least that doesn’t give us time for pre-wedding jitters.”

“I’m not the least bit nervous. For the first time in my life I know exactly what I want.”

“Oh, Brian… You really are romantic sometimes.”

“Who’d ‘a thunk it?”

“Oh no, what are we going to wear?”

“Don’t worry, I’ve taken care of everything. I had the tailor who altered your suit in Chicago make us each a new suit, just for tonight. I even bought us new shirts and ties. I wanted everything to be perfect.”

“You really do think of everything. It’s a good thing I said yes.”

With that Brian pushes Justin down on the bed and starts tickling him, making him wiggle and squirm. Begging for Brian to stop, Justin really is ticklish.

“Brian… There’s something I should have mentioned, but I didn’t want to upset you.”

“What? You’re pregnant?”

They both burst out laughing.

“No, no, it’s nothing really. I just didn’t tell you because I didn’t want you to get mad, but Pierre has left me a half dozen messages since I fired him. I just deleted them without listening to them. I figured he’ll get the message eventually.”

Brian looks puzzled, but just nods, agreeing that it’s no big deal.

“I just didn’t want you to find out and think I was keeping things from you, you know. No more secrets.”
The boys spent the next hour or so prepping and getting ready for the big event. Justin watches his Adonis for half an hour just fixing his hair, he’s such a perfectionist. He can’t help thinking how handsome Brian is. Then Brian pulled out their suits and Justin is in awe. They were absolutely beautiful and they fit to a tee. Brian stands back and looks at Justin. He’s taken in by his beauty; he reaches out and smooths down his collar.

They take a cab into the quaint little town that mostly caters to the visitors of the ski resort; it looks almost picturesque with the recent snowfall covering the rooftops. When they reach the church it’s even grander than the pictures in the pamphlet showed. Brian takes his hand and leads them into the church. Martha, the church’s events coordinator greets them, showing them to the parlor. She offers them a glass of champagne as they relax and wait for Reverend Alexander.

When they enter the church they are amazed at how very beautiful it was as they look around at all the stained glass windows, and the statuary of Christ, Madonna, and angels, everywhere. They can’t help but feel like they’re in the presence of God. It takes Brian back to his childhood; he spent a lot of time in church. It truly was his sanctuary and made him feel safe.

Brian pulls Justin into an embrace, kissing the top of his head, whispering how much he loves him. Unlike many couples, they didn’t write their own vows, opting for a traditional ceremony. Martha offers them corsages of white baby rosebuds and to take some pictures of the ceremony. It didn’t take long for them to pledge their love to one another, in sickness and in health, for as long as they both shall live.

Justin couldn’t help getting tears in his eyes as he took his vows, and Brian, of course, reaches over and wipes them away. They both look so in love as they slide their platinum bands onto each other’s hands. When the reverend announced them husband and husband, Brian wrapped his arms around Justin, giving him a deep and passionate kiss that lasts a little too long and makes Martha blush.

When they leave the church Brian surprises Justin, having arranged for them to have dinner in town at a very fancy French restaurant. Justin agrees to let Brian order for them, starting with Crab Cakes, Arugula Salad, and Lobster Flambéed in Cognac for Justin and Angus Beef Tenderloin for Brian, finishing with Crème Brulee for dessert. They had a long and leisurely dinner, sipping champagne and tasting the many delicate flavors of their French cuisine.

It’s stopped snowing outside and there is virtually no wind, the town looks beautiful blanketed in snow. So when they leave the restaurant, instead of hailing a cab, there magically appears a horse-drawn sled. Brian takes Justin’s hand and helps him into the backseat and covers him up with a wool blanket. Once they’re settled the driver opened a bottle of cognac for them to enjoy on the way back to their hotel. It was only about five miles down the road, so they could enjoy the ride and wouldn’t get too cold before they arrived. Justin thinks it is so romantic and unexpected, making their wedding night the best night of his life.

~~~

Ben is running late this morning to meet Emmett for breakfast at the diner.

“Hurry up, Hunter, if you want to go with me.”

“I’m hurrying. I just can’t find anything to wear.”

Ben looks at him puzzled, it’s not like Hunter has any kind of style. He usually looks like he slept in his clothes, with them being wrinkled and dirty. It’s usually Ben trying to get him to wear something clean.
“Are you coming?”

“I hate all my clothes. Can I please have some money to buy something new?”

At first Ben resists, but then he thinks better of it.

“Sure, I’ll give you some money once we get to the diner, okay?”

Then Hunter yells, “Great! Okay, come on. What’s taking you so long?”

Ben chuckles to himself because Hunter can be a real handful at times. But at least he’s happy these days. Soon they round the corner to the diner to see Ted and Emmett sitting in the back. Emmett gets a huge grin on his face when he sees Ben, as Ted drones on about their new account for yogurt; he’s not really paying attention anymore.

“Morning, men!”

Hunter gets a kick out of it when Emmett calls him a man. They’re all slightly surprised by Hunter’s rosy disposition, wondering what’s up with him. He puts out his hand, motioning for Ben to give him some cash.

“Win a bet?” Emmett asks.

“No, going shopping.”

Hunter smiles and says, “I need some new clothes. I hate all my old ones.”

“The manager of Torso and I are still friends. I still get my discount, so if you want me to take you.”

“Really? You’d do that for me?”

Ben smiles and thanks Em for showing an interest in Hunter’s needs. Ted continues on with, “So as I was saying, I met Jerry who’s the marketing manager at Greek Goddess Yogurt. We really hit it off, so I invited him to the opera.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“Hunter, behave…”

“I didn’t know anyone still listened to that shit. Isn’t it a requirement that you have to be over a hundred?”

“Hunter, be nice.”

“We both really enjoyed it and he asked me to join him for dinner tonight. I’m just not sure where we should go?”

“That’s sweet, Teddy. It’s about time you met someone.”

“Thanks, Em.”

“Maybe you should cook for him, that’s always romantic and personal.”

“Thanks, Ben. That’s a great idea.”
“Yeah, and if things go really well, your bedroom is right there.”

“Hunter…”

“It’s true.”

After breakfast as Ben is getting ready to go work out, he hands Hunter forty dollars. “I want to see what you buy when I get home.”

“Forty dollars, that’s nothing. I need like a hundred.”

He hands him another forty. “Shop thrifty. I’m not made of money.”

“Thanks, dad. Maybe with Emmett’s discount I’ll be able to get some cool things.”

Ben leaves for the gym, and Ted takes off to plan his romantic dinner.

“So, tell me, what’s the big occasion?”

“I don’t know what you mean?”

“Come on, Hunter, I’d know that look anywhere. What’s her name?”

“Terry, but she’s a guy.”

“So, you decided to re-enlist?”

“I think maybe I’m bi? But I don’t know how to tell Ben.”

“Oh, don’t worry about him. I’m sure he’ll be happy for you. So tell me about Terry?”

“Actually you met him and his parents at the game last week. He’s the team captain.”

“Oh, he’s cute as I recall. So tall, hard and handsome.”

“Yeah, and we really get along great.”

“That’s exciting.”

“I know, we’ve only messed around, kissing a little, but I’m really attracted to him. But his parents don’t know. You know, that he’s gay.”

“As I recall, his parents seemed nice and they didn’t have a problem with Ben and me. And it isn’t much of a secret that I’m gay, so my guess is they’re at least open to the possibility.”

“Yeah, but it’s different when it’s your kid.”

“Let’s not worry about it until something happens. My guess is that they’ll just be glad that Terry is interested in someone.”

“Okay, you’re right.”

“Good. Now let’s go get you some new clothes and don’t worry about how much things cost. It’s my present to you.”

~~~
They arrive back at the hotel and Justin looks happier than Brian ever remembers him being. He is glowing with his big sunshine smile. In the elevator Justin gets up on his tippy toes and kisses Brian, letting his passion get the best of him as he tries to grind into Brian. But they’re both dressed in long wool overcoats so there isn’t much friction, but there will be once Brian gets him back into their suite. Brian opens the door and there’s a plate of Truffles on the coffee table, and next to it is a bucket of champagne and two champagne flutes.

“Let’s slip out of these suits and get comfortable.”

Justin’s more than happy to oblige as he slides his suit jacket off. Brian takes it and hangs it up, being totally obsessive about these things. Brian continues hanging each article of clothing up until they’re both standing there, totally naked. Even though they’ve both been drinking all night, they’re not drunk, having spaced it out over the evening’s events. Justin’s delighted to see the sweets and he can’t resist trying them, while Brian opens the champagne. They toast to a long and happy marriage, knowing that their love will never die.

“Come here.”

Brian pulls Justin in close, wrapping his arms around him, whispering to him how much he loves him. Justin’s arms naturally go around Brian’s neck as they start kissing, looking deep into each other’s eyes, reading all the passion they share. Brian sees something in Justin’s eyes and he questions him.

“What? Tell me.”

He just shakes his head, blushing slightly. “It’s not important.”

“Of course it is. Remember, no secrets.”

Justin looks down, slightly nervous, “It’s just… I mean I know you said… But I really want to…”

“What? Haven’t you figured out yet that there isn’t anything I will refuse you?”

“Yeah, but… This is different…”

“I’m not a mind reader, Justin. You have to tell me.”

“We should have talked about this before now. I don’t want to ruin this beautiful moment.”

“Tell me… If you don’t, I’ll hold you down and tickle you.”

Justin’s eyes get really big and he pulls his lips into his mouth, a nervous habit he’s developed when he’s sometimes afraid of how Brian might react.

“Okay, okay… I was just hoping that now that we’re married, that you might allow us to…”

Brian raises his eyebrows.

“For us to do it raw. I understand if you don’t want to, but… I mean you never know how things will work out.”

“Justin… I don’t ever want you to feel insecure in our relationship or our marriage. I’m not planning on tricking. I haven’t been with anyone for the last several months.”

Justin just stares at him, still a little unsure.
“Justin, I want this too. I want us to be together in the most intimate way possible. It’s just that we need to get tested before we take the deep plunge.”

“I understand.”

“No, listen. I should have had us get tested when we first got back together, but I still think we need to wait a few months just to be careful.”

“I know.”

“I’ll tell you what. On our three-month anniversary we’ll go away and have a second honeymoon - one that will last longer than a few days. Someplace romantic, like Ibiza, or wherever you want to go. I wish we had more time on this honeymoon, but you need to be back to start school on Thursday.”

“Really? That sounds great! I can’t believe you’re really agreeing to this.”

“Justin, I’m totally committed to our marriage. I’m not going to start tricking. I’m in this for the long haul, remember.”

Justin’s sunshine smile is back, beaming up at Brian. He takes Brian’s hand and leads him to the bedroom. Brian lights the fireplace and all the tea-light candles that are placed around the room, creating a soft romantic light that makes Justin’s skin glow.

Brian lays down next to Justin, running his hand through his hair, then he leans in and kisses him. Their kisses are soft and tender as they run their fingertips across each other’s skin. This causes shivers to run down Justin’s spine, making him arch his back into Brian’s embrace. Justin rolls them over so he’s lying on top of Brian; he reaches into the nightstand drawer and takes out a condom and the bottle of lube.

He straddles Brian as he glides the condom down his cock. He goes to squirt some lube into his hand when Brian takes it away from him, rolling them back over so Justin’s laid out underneath him. Brian loves it when Justin takes the initiative, but tonight he wants Justin to relax and enjoy the show. He kisses Justin around his neck from ear to ear, then he brings his legs up onto his shoulders as he reaches between his legs and circles his lubed fingers around his opening.

Little moans escape him as he closes his eyes, enjoying the sensations of Brian’s fingers breaching his tight ring of muscle, leaving a slick path as his fingers loop around his pucker, stretching him open. Brian’s long fingers caress his walls, reaching deep to stroke his prostate, making Justin purr like a kitten. He continues pleasuring him for several minutes, listening to Justin’s breathing increase as he gets turned on.

Justin softly whispers, “Brian”

He knows that he’s driving him crazy as he continues his assault. Justin’s breath is now hitching as his moans is increase. Brian puts his forehead in the center of Justin’s chest as he reaches for his dick and aligns himself with Justin’s now wet and welcoming tunnel of love. Brian looks down into Justin’s eyes as he penetrates him, sliding deep into his channel as a smile spreads across his face, loving the feel of Brian filling him.

“God, you feel so good.”

Brian grins down at him, satisfied that he’s ignited his internal flame. Justin pushes back at Brian’s intrusion, letting him know that he’s more than ready. They start rocking together in a slow and steady pace, enjoying the feel of each other as Brian glides back and forth, stimulating Justin’s
tight walls. Justin gets lost in his sensations as that tingly feeling builds from the center of his spine, sending vibrations throughout his limbs to the tips of his fingers and toes.

He has his eyes closed and his mouth slightly open as he rides the waves of pleasure pulsating through him. His head is flung back as he moans deeply, lost in his own world, wishing he could live in this heightened state of arousal forever. Brian’s cock has been poking and prodding his prostate for several minutes but when he feels Brian’s fist circle his cock, slowing jerking him off, in long and torturous strokes it’s more than he can handle as he loses control.

Brian feels Justin’s walls tighten around his cock as his body starts shuddering. He increases the speed at which he’s thrusting, drilling deep inside him as well as pumping his fist, pleasuring Justin’s dick. Justin cries out as he falls over the edge, feeling his orgasm flood his senses as he spills his seed over Brian’s hand.

Brian pulls almost all the way out and then dives deep into Justin several more times. He feels his own climax consume him, filling the condom as his own body quakes from his orgasm. The two of them lie in a sticky mess as they catch their breath, never feeling closer than they do at this moment.

“That was fucking amazing!”

“Definitely, Brian! I don’t think I’ve ever felt anything so intense before. You really are incredible!”

Brian rolls them over so Justin’s head is lying on his chest; they just hold each other close until they start to drift off. Brian hears Justin’s breathing change and feels him starting to drool on his chest. He slips out from under him, discards the condom and returns with a warm wet washcloth. He cleans them both up, checks the fireplace to make sure the screen is in place and then he climbs back into bed. He pulls Justin back onto his chest and circles his arms across his back, loving the way they fit perfectly together.

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Melanie is reviewing the legal briefs she finished late last night, when her assistant comes in with a Federal Express envelope. She wasn’t expecting anything, and she’s shocked when she opens it and finds legal documents from Lindsay. Inside she sees paperwork signing over all her interest in the house to Mel, as well as all their bank accounts and her parental rights to JR. She also has received a copy of the paperwork Brian insisted on, relinquishing her parental rights for Gus to Justin.

She knew this was probably coming, after talking with Deb and reading in the paper that Lindsay had married Sam Auerbach. She’s surprised that Lindsay has gone through with all these legal documents, and it’s now just starting to sink in that she has no legal rights concerning Gus. She looks through all the paperwork again, hoping she missed a letter or note from Lindsay explaining why she left, and what’s she planning to do. But it seems that Lindsay doesn’t even have the courtesy to tell Mel the truth about what’s happening.

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Emmett’s sitting in the bleachers, cheering Hunter on as he makes several baskets. He’s really improved since he and Ben started practicing at home in the evenings. Emmett can’t help bouncing and clapping because he’s so excited for Hunter. Ben couldn’t get out of the final exams for his students, so he’ll be joining them as soon as he can. The other parents in the bleachers were a little leery of Emmett at first, but by the second quarter it’s like they’re all old friends.
Emmett had made peanut butter and chocolate chip cookies for everyone, as well as packing the large cooler with sodas, waters and bottles of juice. For the first time in Emmett’s life he feels like he really belongs to a family. Sure everyone thinks of Deb as their mom, and they get together for weekly dinners, but this is different. Things with Ben have really progressed and this weekend looks like it might be when they take the big step.

It’s the first time Emmett has gotten to know someone before jumping into bed with them. His feelings have really grown for Ben and it’s obvious that Ben feels the same way. Emmett’s a total romantic, always leaving Ben love notes on fancy stationery tucked into his book bag, or on his desk at home so that he’ll find them when he least expects it.

He feels a little bad about how Michael might react to him and Ben getting together. But they had clearly split up and Ben had filed divorce papers before they even started hanging out together. He hopes Michael’s okay with them, but even if Michael isn’t, Emmett has to do what’s best for him and Ben. Besides, Michael should have thought about the repercussions of what would happen after he left Ben.

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Justin yawns loudly and stretches as he wakes up. Brian had been watching him sleep.

“Good morning, Mr. Taylor-Kinney.”

“Good Morning to you too, Mr. Taylor-Kinney. God, Brian, I love how that sounds.”

“You’re even more beautiful, if that’s possible.”

Justin blushes as he reaches up and runs his hand across the side of Brian’s face. They’re completely relaxed, enjoying the lazy morning of the first day of their marriage. Justin can’t help beaming his bright smile back at Brian as he climbs up on him, straddling his hips as he smiles coyly, reaching for a condom and lube.

“I want to ride you… Feel your big hard dick deep inside as you surrender to me, letting me drive.”

Brian just nods, watching Justin roll the condom down his cock. He reaches back to insert his fingers into his opening, spreading the lube around his pucker. Just to be safe he coats Brian’s dick with a generous amount of lube before he mounts him. Justin has a little devious smile on his face as he lowers himself down on Brian’s shaft. He throws his head back, loving the feeling of Brian sliding deep inside of him. Brian reaches out and holds Justin’s hips to keep him steady, as he starts riding Brian’s cock.

Brian watches Justin with his eyes closed, as the friction builds and little moans escape him. He looks completely lost in his own world as he glides up and down, loving the sensation of Brian’s dick caressing his prostate. The more excited he becomes, the harder he comes down on Brian’s cock, loving the jabs to his prostate that send spirals of pleasure deep within.

His breathing hitches as his upper lip quivers, pulling himself closer to his climax. Justin takes his cock in his hand and starts jerking himself off, riding Brian harder and faster. He loses control as he cries out Brian’s name, coating his chest as he ejaculates. Brian loves watching him fall over the edge, thinking what a filthy boy he is as he watches his seed run down his stomach.

Justin leans forward to catch his breath, laying across Brian’s chest, spent. Brian’s still hard and horny as he flexes his hips, then brings his feet flat on the mattress next to Justin’s sides. He pumps his hips up and down, loving the sensations of gliding in Justin’s tight channel. Brian runs his
hands back behind Justin, holding his ass as he starts thrusting in earnest. Soon he’s close as he feels Justin’s body respond by gripping him tightly as waves of pleasure quake through him, soon achieving orgasm.

~~~

Brian and Justin decide to go out for breakfast, needing to get out of their suite for a break. As they pass the front desk the concierge calls to them, “Excuse me, Mr. Taylor, you have an envelope that was delivered for you.”

Justin looks a little surprised as he takes it, opening it. He remembers that the only other person who knows they’re here is Ethan. Brian frowns a little, watching Justin as he reads the note inside. Justin crumples it up along with the tickets to his performance this evening.

“Brian, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I just hate that motherfucker. I swear I’m going to kill him.”

“Let’s get some breakfast. I’m starving.”

Brian takes his hand and leads him towards the taxi stand. They want to try out a café they saw downtown and then do a little shopping at some souvenir shops.

TBC…
~ Mr. and Mr. Taylor-Kinney ♥♥♥

Chapter Summary

Brian and Justin play tourist on their last day of vacation...

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 6737
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Brian and Justin play tourist on their last day of vacation…

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Chapter 15 ~ Mr. and Mr. Taylor-Kinney ♥♥♥

Brian and Justin had a great breakfast at this quaint little café in the middle of the town square. There was a long line waiting to be seated, even for a Monday morning. Thank goodness the waitress walked around, serving coffee to those waiting in line. Besides being a great restaurant, they also owned the coffee beanery next door where they roasted their own coffee beans. Just the smell of the place was heaven to Brian, as he took in all the delightful aromas.

While waiting inside Justin noticed that they also had an extensive display case of pastries, muffins and pies. His mouth was watering as he gazed at all the fresh-baked treats. That’s when the waitress mentioned that they also owned the bakery next door where they roasted their own coffee beans. Just the smell of the place was heaven to Brian, as he took in all the delightful aromas.

Once they were seated, Justin was impressed with the huge selection of items on the menu, but of course he still wanted waffles, while Brian splurged on Eggs Benedict. They sit near the windows in the front as the sun pours in. Justin can’t help playing with his ring as it catches the sun, castings rays of light around the restaurant. They enjoy a leisurely breakfast and make plans to go window shopping and play tourist that afternoon.

They happened upon a local artist who makes unique jewelry. Justin finds a locket in the shape of the moon, with a small blue sapphire, for Molly. For his mom they bought a pair of gold tear-shaped earrings, and for Deb they found a rainbow pin made with different colored gemstones. The jeweler had a large selection of bracelets that Justin fell in love with. He wanted Brian and him to get one. Finally after convincing Brian that he needed to let go of his aversion he felt towards John, and his cowry shell bracelet, he agreed. Justin selected one made of platinum and leather, while Brian’s was a very classic design made of platinum and gold. They had them engraved with ‘It was love to me’ and the date of their wedding.

Just down the block was the Vermont Teddy Bear Company, where you could design your own
teddy bears. For Gus they designed a polar bear with a woolen scarf, mittens and ice skates. And for JR they chose a grey ballerina teddy bear, with a pink tutu, ballet slippers and rhinestone tiara. Brian knew that it would irritate the hell out of Mel that they were stereotyping them, but he couldn’t resist.

The next shop they went into was Made in Vermont. Soon Justin was loading up their basket with bottles of real maple syrup, honey, homemade jams, salsa and cherry mustard. Then he found the handmade soaps that smelled like coconut, vanilla, and milk and honey. Brian teased Justin about whether he was going to eat them or shower with them, but he couldn’t fool Justin, he knew Brian really liked them too. They even decided to get Melanie a gift basket of soaps and matching bubble bath.

By this time Brian’s arms are loaded down with bags and packages from all over town, then they decide to stop at the local pub, The Rainbow Lounge, for lunch. They were sure before they even entered that it was a gay bar because there was a sign in the window advertising a daily afternoon Tea Dance. They felt right at home with the atmosphere being so similar to Woody’s. The bartender offered to store their shopping bags in the office, so they could relax, have lunch and dance without having to worry about someone stealing their things.

Everyone there was checking them out as the bar slowly filled up. Their waiter brought over their lunch and another round of beers, compliments of the couple sitting at the bar. Brian turned to look at them, lifting his beer to acknowledge his thanks. Justin just smiled, not wanting to give them the wrong impression; after all they hadn’t even been married twenty-four hours. Brian tried to be gracious without looking interested, so he flashed his wedding band as he nodded to them.

The couple couldn’t help but look disappointed, but they accepted it, as they held up their own wedding bands. There was an MC announcing the band, but first he congratulated several couples on their recent nuptials. Brian glared at Justin, saying, “Don’t you dare, little boy… Or I’ll have to spank you.”

Justin couldn’t help smiling back at him, knowing how much Brian would hate being the center of attention in front of all these strangers. After everyone celebrated by throwing confetti at the couples announcing their partnerships, the thumpa, thumpa beat took over. Justin pulled Brian out on the dance floor and soon they were in a world of their own, swaying to the music with their arms around each other as they kissed.

They drank and danced the afternoon away, meeting several people as they enjoyed themselves. It felt good to be back in friendly surroundings, not having to think about how their affection for one another might be interpreted. Not that the ski lodge was uncomfortable; it was just good to be with those of their own kind. When it started getting dark out they decided to head back to the hotel and get dressed for dinner. They had reservations at one of the fancy restaurants at the ski lodge, and of course Justin was starting to get hungry, or maybe he was a little drunk and just needed to eat something.

Once back in their suite, Justin started giving Brian a little strip show. He threw his head back and lifted his shirt up, flashing his chest. Then he turned around and wiggled his ass as he pulled his shirt over his head, letting it drop to the floor. Next he started shimmying out of his pants, swinging his hips as they fell to the floor. Brian reached out and pulled him close, wrapping his arms around him, kissing him, leaving him breathless.

“You know if you keep this up we will miss our reservations, but we can always order room service.”

Justin thinks about it for a minute and then says, “How about you just give me another mind-
altering blowjob and then we can go to dinner.”

“It’s good to know you have your priorities straight.”

Brian lifts him up and carries him into the bedroom, laying him out on the bed. Justin throws his arms above his head as he feels Brian’s wet lips engulfing his cock; he arches his back as Brian swallows all of him, while sucking on his shaft. Soon Justin is moaning as his breathing increases, and Brian slides his lips up and down his dick. Every few strokes Justin’s head hits the back of Brian’s throat and he’s in heaven, loving the sensations spiraling through him. He fists Brian’s hair as he increases his rhythm until Justin loses control, shooting down Brian’s throat.

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Debbie waits patiently for Michael in the guest lounge. She’s a little worried about how he’s doing after having to be sedated on her last visit. She’s not sure if it’s a good thing or not, but Michael looks calm. He sits down next to her, a little spaced out. She hands him the bag of cookies she’s baked for him, asking him how he’s feeling.

“I’m better.”

“Good. I understand that Dr. Edwards has changed your medication, and you’re now getting injections. He told me that they discovered that you were hiding your pills in your pillowcase.”

“Yeah, I guess that was stupid of me to think they wouldn’t find out. I just didn’t think I needed them.”

“And now?”

“I guess the medication is helping. I still hate having to take it, but what choice do I have?”

“Michael, I was worried about you after my last visit. I hope you’ve been able to accept that Brian and Justin have gotten married?”

Michael shifts in his seat, swearing.

“There’s no fucking way it will last! Brian will never give him what he wants, and Justin will always run away when he doesn’t get his own way.”

“Michael Charles Novotny! Stop feeling sorry for yourself and accept reality. Brian is married to Justin. He’s never been interested in you romantically, and if you don’t stop all this nonsense you’re going to lose his friendship. Capish!”

“Ma, you can’t really think…”

“Michael, for Christ sakes, get it through your thick head. It’s never going to happen!”

“But…”

“No buts about it. It’s this foolish daydreaming that’s gotten you into this mess to begin with. You need to learn to face reality.”

“I just don’t understand why he couldn’t love me, the way I love him.”

“Michael, infatuation isn’t love. Don’t let your life pass you by while you wait for a future that’s never going to come. Stop this ridiculous obsession left over from your adolescent years.”
“You don’t understand. I just want a chance. I know he has feelings for me.”

“Michael, right now the only feelings he has for you is anger and resentment. You’ve been coddled and pampered your whole life, and I know that’s partially my fault. I never reprimanded you or held you accountable when you were growing up. It’s made you a weak man, who never owns up to his mistakes and accepts his responsibilities.”

“I can’t believe you just said that. Is that how you really feel about me?”

“Unfortunately yes, at this point. You’re almost thirty-five years old and look at your life. It’s a complete mess. You threw away your marriage, your foster son wants nothing to do with you. You’ve never been able to help support JR financially, your comic bookstore failed. Your petty resentment toward Justin has left you in jail. You’ve lost most of your friends and you’re now in a psychiatric hospital on anti-psychotic drugs.”

“Maybe I’d be better off dead!”

“Enough with the drama princess act, I’m not buying it. You need to take this time to analyse your life, accept reality, and work with your psychiatrist to figure out where you want to go from here.”

“What options do I have?”

“Once you’ve gotten help and shown improvement, there’s a rehabilitation program that helps retrain inmates for careers once they’re released.”

“But you know I’m no good at school.”

“You have to try, Michael. Granted, it won’t be as good an option as Brian offered you, but it will be a start.”

“I don’t know…”

“You don’t really have any other choice, now do you?”

~~~

Emmett starts to knock on Ben’s door as he looks around and notices the realtor’s For Sale sign on the lawn. Hunter answers and waves him in. “Ben should be down in a few minutes.”

Ben comes down the stairs and goes over and gives Emmett a kiss on his cheek.

“Hunter, I expect you home by the time we get back, and be sure to clean your room before you go out.”

“Yes, dad…”

Ben and Emmett were on their way to an art exhibit at the Gay and Lesbian center, and then out to dinner.

“You’re selling your house?”

“Yeah, we don’t really fit into the neighborhood and Hunter and I would rather live closer to Liberty Avenue. Besides, it reminds us of Michael and we both need to move on from him.”

“I’m working with Jennifer to get one of those townhouses over near Brian’s old loft. They’re reasonably priced, and they have a large community center, a big lawn and pool area that’s
maintained by the Home Owners’ Association.”

“I have a friend who owns one and they’re a lot more spacious than you’d think.”

“I think it will be good for Hunter and me to have a change, and it’s close enough that he can work as a busboy at the dinner and not have to take the bus, or ride his bike.”

“Speaking of Michael, have you been to see him since he’s been moved to the psychiatric hospital?”

“No, and I don’t plan on visiting him. He made it quite clear that he isn’t interested in having any kind of relationship with me or Hunter when he signed the divorce papers.”

“I haven’t been to see him either. I feel a little awkward and unsure about how to tell him that we’ve been seeing each other. The last thing I want is for him to freak out even more than he already is.”

“To tell you the truth, I don’t think he would really care. He seemed so distant the last time I saw him. He didn’t even ask how Hunter was doing.”

“Yeah, but it would be just like Michael to react badly once he finds out, and I really don’t want to hurt him.”

“He brought this all on himself and he has no one else to blame. I tried, I really tried. But he was so hung up on Brian he couldn’t see reality, and now look where it’s gotten him.”

~~~

After dinner Brian and Justin decide to spend a little time night skiing, enjoying the slopes. They planned to leave the next day, to be home in time for Justin to unwind and get ready for school on Thursday. The rush of downhill skiing was even more intense in the darkness under the starlit sky, but romantic at the same time.

Later that evening they sat next to the big fireplace in the bar, sipping cognac, warming their bones and reflecting on the last few days as they celebrated their marriage. It was great to get away, but soon they had to return home and start their new life together. Justin leans back into Brian’s arms as he sits on his lap, whispering words of love, showing his appreciation, still amazed that they’re really married. He can’t remember ever feeling so in love as he does right now, and he never wants this feeling to end.

They slowly make their way back up to their suite, enjoying a little buzz from the cognac. They walk with their arms around each other’s waist, holding one another close. Once inside Justin pushes Brian up against the wall, standing up on his tip-toes to kiss him passionately. Brian reaches out to hold him steady, so he won’t fall as they move into the bedroom. He lies him down on the bed and starts to disrobe him, loving all the little signs and giggles coming from his intoxicated husband.

Soon he’s divested himself of his clothing and crawls up Justin’s body, running kisses up his torso and around his neck from ear to ear. He drives Justin crazy, knowing how sensitive he is as he watches him squirm under his touch. Looking down into his eyes, seeing the lust and passion, he rolls him over and starts licking down his spine, leaving a wet path as he goes. Again Justin is giggling as Brian’s warm tongue tickles him. Soon Brian’s spreading his cheeks and lapping at his tender tissues.

Justin loves the intense sensations that are building as Brian swishes his tongue around his pucker.
Soon he’s delving in and out of him, making him buck to get more of his tongue deeper inside. His breathing increases and he starts panting. Justin soon relaxes into Brian’s intrusion, loving the tremors of desire that are swirling towards his prostate, soon to take him over the brink.

He can’t help rutting into the three hundred thread count sheets that feel like silk to his cock. He can no longer hold back his orgasm as he cums across the bedding, leaving a large wet spot. Brian crawls up his back, and runs kisses across his shoulders as Justin’s breathing returns to normal. He rests his head between his shoulder blades as he sheaths his cock. Then they hear the distinct sound of the lube snapping open, as he spreads the cool gel around his opening.

Brian pulls Justin up by his hips, leaving his head still resting on the bed as he penetrates him in one long smooth motion. Justin loves the feeling of being full. Brian’s hands hold him in place, as he starts thrusting his hips back and forth. Brian throws his head back, loving the sensations of sliding deep into Justin. He can’t help thinking they fit perfectly together, like Justin’s body was made just for him. He’s on a natural high as the friction builds between them, sending waves of pleasure from the base of his spine throughout his body.

Brian hears Justin’s breathing hitch so he knows that he’s already getting close again. He reaches around and grasps his dick in his fist. Soon Brian’s driving in a steady rhythm as he pumps Justin’s cock, pulling them both closer to ecstasy. Brian increases his thrusts, feeling his slick walls clamping down on him as they both teeter on the edge, finally falling into oblivion. Now the only sound they hear is the two of them breathing, as their hearts race in their chests, and their senses slowly return to normal.

“Oh God, Brian… You’re absolutely amazing…”

“I know, it’s true, I am…”

“And modest…”

“Twat!”

“You love me so much…”

“It’s true, I do…”

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Mel and Leda are having a late supper; the kids are all tucked into bed, and they’re finally alone. It’s bittersweet as Leda is leaving in the morning to go back to California, and while she’s applied for several jobs in Pittsburgh, she hasn’t heard back from any of them. She needs to sell her house in LA, and give notice at her job. They don’t know how long it will be until she can return, possibly several months but they’re both optimistic about the future.

Mel has decided to sell the house her and Lindsay have shared for the last decade, and look for something new to give them a fresh start. She knows that she has to talk with Brian and Justin about Gus’s custody, she hates to lose him. But she also knows that it’s too much for her to care for two small children, and continue to work such long hours as an attorney. She just hopes the transition will go smoothly, and Gus adjusts easily to the changes. He’s still confused about Lindsay’s departure and it breaks her heart.

Leda tells her to relax, that everything will work out and they’ll all be together soon. No matter how positive Leda is, Mel’s still smarting over how Lindsay deceived her, and it’s hard for her to believe in a future that’s so uncertain. Even though she loves Leda, it’s been a long time since
they’ve been a couple and she can’t help remembering how Leda needed her freedom, and the option of having an open relationship. Mel’s not sure she can live like that, especially now she’s a parent. They still have so much to discuss.

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Ben and Emmett walk hand in hand down Liberty Avenue. It’s a little brisk out but it isn’t snowing anymore. They’re almost at The Limelight where they have reservations when Ben’s cell phone rings and it’s Hunter. He wants to know if he can spend the night at Terry’s house. After having dinner with his family they’re settling down for the evening to play video games.

Ben is a little hesitant, knowing how attracted the two of them are to one another, but he figures Terry’s parents are home and he doubts anything will happen. Besides, with Hunter spending the night at Terry’s, this would leave him and Emmett alone for the night, and that’s just what they need to move their relationship along.

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After they drifted off to sleep after an intense session of passionate sex, Brian awakes to find he’s alone in bed. But when he looks up there’s a small lamp on across the room where Justin sits, sketching him while he sleeps.

“Drawing my cock again?”

“You know it. I couldn’t resist…”

Brian just grins back at him, questioning what’s bothering him.

“I couldn’t sleep. It must be my nerves about starting school on Thursday. I know it sounds ridiculous, and I have nothing to be nervous about. But it’s been awhile since I’ve been in school and I left under such bad circumstances.”

“Justin, I’m sure all has been forgiven. Besides, Stockwell ended up in jail, which just goes to show you were right to have stood up for what you believed in.”

“Maybe. I guess you’re right.”

“Now come back to bed. It’s getting cold without you wrapped around me.”

Justin smiles and puts down his sketch pad and pencil and joins Brian in bed.

“Come here.”

Brian wraps his arms around Justin as their lips gently graze one another’s. Soon they’re lost in each other, kissing passionately. Justin breaks for air as he looks at Brian with that twinkle in his eye. Brian knows that look well. It’s the one Justin gets when he’s in the mood to top, but is afraid to ask. Brian thinks it’s adorable when he’s shy like that, but he also feels bad because for so long he denied Justin that pleasure. Now he never wants him to feel insecure about wanting to get his needs met.

Justin looks deep into Brian’s eyes as he leans on his elbows, looking down at him. Brian runs his fingers down the side of his face, caressing him gently. He motions for Justin to move his legs up on his shoulders. Justin’s surprised because it’s rare that Brian allows him to top, and he almost never allows them to face each other. Brian’s eyes are so open, so welcoming, letting Justin read his desire. A huge smile spreads across his face when he realizes what Brian is offering; so much
passion is communicated without either one of them speaking.

Justin sits back a little and takes Brian’s legs, lifting them up over his shoulders. Then he leans back down and kisses him. He reaches into the nightstand drawer and takes out the bottle of lube and a condom. Justin coats his fingers and spreads the lubricant around Brian’s rosebud. He inserts a finger, running it around to stretch him open. He squirts more lube on his fingers, wanting to make sure Brian is more than sufficiently covered, then adds another finger, circling and stretching his tight muscles, helping him relax to his touch.

Soon Brian’s eyes become more intense as the green and golden irises sparkle with desire. Brian reaches for the condom, smiling as he slips it on Justin’s cock, signaling to him that he’s ready. Justin grins back at him as he aligns himself and pushes deep into his husband, loving the incredible sensations he’s feeling. He leans down again, kissing Brian as he waits for him to adjust. Once his breathing evens out he knows he’s ready, and starts to slowly thrust.

Brian sighs, releasing a deep moan, loving the feelings that Justin is awakening within him. What starts out slow and tender quickly turns to a deep penetrating plunge, sending waves of pleasure as his prostate is prodded in a steady rhythm. Justin increases his thrusts as he pulls both of them closer with each downward dive. Soon they’re both quaking with pleasure, sending them both to their climax.

Justin lays down across Brian chest as they catch their breath, feeling Brian’s semen as it spreads across both their bellies, leaving them exhausted and covered in spunk. Justin gets up and retrieves a warm washcloth to clean them up. But it’s no use as the sheets are soaked. It’s a good thing that room service started leaving them extra sets of sheets when they clean their room. Once they’re done refreshing the linen on the bed they climb back in and curl up, embracing each other as they both drift off into a deep sleep.

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Lindsay sits alone in her apartment wondering when Sam will return. They’ve only been in Paris a few days and she’s already concerned about her decision to marry him. Things were great when they first started sneaking around together. It was exciting being pursued by the famous artist, making her feel alive. But since they’ve been back in Paris Sam’s been distant, often coming home late from drinking with his friends. She’s starting to feel the way Mel must have felt when she was running around with him.

She won’t allow herself to consider that she’s made a huge mistake by rushing into a marriage without thinking about the consequences. She liked the idea of not having to work, having all her free time to be able to paint, cook and be a good housewife. But she didn’t expect to be sitting at home alone, while her husband was out indulging in his lifestyle that didn’t seem to include her. She misses Brian and can’t help thinking that if things could have been different, she might be his wife instead of Sam’s.

She’s determined to make things work, no matter how difficult things seem at the moment. She loves the idea of living in Paris and being able to shop at the open-air markets, and visit all the museums. She mentioned to Sam that she thought that they could share a studio space, but he made it clear that he needs his privacy when he creates. So she’s decided that she’ll find a studio of her own and really start concentrating on her own art work, to try and make a name for herself.

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Michael sits in the patient lounge, watching re-runs of Desperate Housewives; he doesn’t really like the show but the actor playing Jackson reminds him of Brian. He can’t help rewinding in his
head the conversation he had with his mom earlier in the day. As much as he was trying, he couldn’t stop feeling sorry for himself. He has made some really bad choices, and now he has lost most of his friends. Even though he fell out of love with Ben somewhere along the way, he still misses being part of a couple.

Accepting that Brian and Justin had actually gotten married, didn’t sit well with him but he also knew that his mother was right. Infatuation isn’t love. He knows in his heart that Brian never loved him romantically, and it was never going to happen. Thinking back on it he wishes that he would have taken the chance with Brian when they were fourteen, and finished what they had started. Then he would have been Brian’s first experience with a boy, and maybe things might have developed between them. But now it was all water under the bridge. You can’t go back and change how things work out, except in comic books.

As much as he hates to admit it the medication is starting to work. He’s calmer and his thoughts are clearer. He realizes that when his mind starts wandering, thinking about things that will never be. Things could be worse - he could actually be in jail, and he wonders if he’ll actually have to go back to jail once he’s stabilized on medication and attending regular therapy sessions. Just the thought makes him sick to his stomach, and sends a chill down his spine.

Images of him, frantic, in Brian’s loft drift to the surface and he sees himself with a pair of scissors, slashing Justin’s painting, then moving to the closet as his anger boils over, and he slashes Brian’s designer suits. He was so irate that Brian had made a name for himself, while he was unemployed and living with his mother. He’s now just starting to realize that not all of his wild behavior stems from his resentment of Justin. He is also jealous of Brian and his success, his confidence to be able to have any man he wanted.

There’s so much more to it than what shows on the surface. He blames Brian because he never really got an education, never excelling in a career. Brian always helped him out, doing his homework and writing his essays for him, as well as protecting him from the school bullies. Although he couldn’t see it at the time, he now realizes that it put him at a disadvantage later in life; he never had a good self-image or the confidence of believing in himself.

Even with his relationships, he never went after the guys he was attracted to; he always ended up with Brian’s rejects. Hell, the first time he got laid wasn’t until he was twenty-one, and Brian had taken him to the baths; he was scared to death and ready to bolt, until Brian had found someone and set up their encounter, hoping that it would give Mikey the reassurance to start approaching men. With David and Ben he fell into those relationships almost by mistake, mostly trying to prove something to Brian. He had little in common with them, and at times he had a hard time keeping up his side of the conversation.

Yes, he was definitely showing improvement, finally accepting reality even if it killed him to acknowledge the truth. Dr. Edwards had told him that it wouldn’t be easy; that the truth was hard to see and even harder to accept. But once he started to see things for how they really were, he’d be able to move past them and work towards a clearer future. Michael’s writing frantically in his notebook, jotting down all his thoughts and realizations, just like Dr. Edwards had asked him to. He always thought that it was a stupid idea, but now that he has started to put his feelings into words, it’s becoming easier to express his hidden fears.

He looks up at the TV screen and sees Gale Harold; he still can’t help thinking how much he looks like Brian and his heartbeat seems to race. He knows now how unrealistic it is to continue to pine for Brian, finally accepting that it will never happen. But it’s still hard not to feel attracted to him; after all, he’s spent most of his life wishing for him to love him in return. He thinks it strange how you can love and hate someone at the same time, and he can’t help wondering if they’ll ever be
Emmett and Ben have been seeing each other for months, and they’ve gotten to know each other well. They’re both really attracted to one another, but it’s never gone farther than heavy petting. Which seems appropriate since they both feel a little awkward, like teenagers discovering sex for the first time. Ben takes Emmett’s hand and leads him up the stairs into his bedroom. It is a little uncomfortable being in the same room that he used to share with Michael. Ben’s not the only one who feels hesitant as he looks at Emmett’s face. He smirks a little then reaches into the drawer next to the bed and removes the tube of lubricant and several condoms.

He pulls Em into his embrace and kisses him to help him relax, then he motions for him to follow him as they walk down the hallway to what was once JR’s bedroom. Although the crib has been removed there’s now a double bed set up as the guestroom. Ben adjusts the dimmer on the overhead light to just a faint light, creating the perfect ambiance. Just being in a neutral room seems to make it so much more comfortable as the two of them run their hands across each other’s bodies. Emmett still can’t get over how strong and muscular Ben is, as his hands float over each and every muscle group.

They start undoing the buttons on each other’s shirts, and soon they’re working on unzipping their pants. Emmett can’t help sinking down to his knees as he starts to fondle Ben’s cock. Just as he’s about to take him into his mouth Ben steps back and hands Emmett a condom. It’s then that the reality of the situation sets in, but Em’s had lots of time to contemplate the situation and he knows this is what he wants. Ben grins down at him as Em rolls the condom down his impressive shaft.

“On, I’ve wanted this for a long time now. I’m ready. I want us to be together in the most intimate way.”

A smile spreads across Ben’s face, and then he reminds Emmett to be very careful and to cover his teeth. He doesn’t want there to be any possibility that something might happen. Emmett slides his hands up so that they’re holding Ben’s hips, as he starts pumping his lips up and down his cock. It’s been so long since Ben has been with anyone and he can’t help all the moans and sighs that escape as Emmett works him to a state of elation. Just a few more pumps and Ben falls over the edge, filling the condom as he cries out Emmett’s name.

Emmett runs kisses up Ben’s chest until he reaches his neck and mouth, then he pushes him down on the bed. It feels so good to be able to finally express the passion and desire that’s been building between them for so long. They lie together holding each other close, relaxing in each other’s arms as Ben comes back down to earth ready for round two. Ben rolls Em over so he’s lying on his stomach. He starts running kisses around his shoulders and down his spine until he reaches his firm cheeks.

He snaps the lube open and spreads some gel on his fingers and gently penetrates his tight ring of muscle. Emmett had hoped that Ben was going to rim him, but then he realizes that it’s out of the question, even though it’s an unlikely possibility, it’s still a risk that Ben isn’t willing to take. Em can’t help but feel overwhelmed by Ben’s need to keep him safe, and it just seems to make him feel even closer to him.

After circling his fingers around Emmett’s tight pucker several times stretching him open, he slips on a condom and swiftly enters him, diving down into his warm slick ravine. Emmett’s truly in
heaven as he feels Ben gliding deep into him, loving the sensations as he starts thrusting back and forth. It isn’t long before they’re both lost in the passion that’s flowing between them. They both knew that their first time wouldn’t last long, since they’ve been waiting for this night for so long. Several more plunges and they’re both consumed by their orgasm.

“Oh God, Ben.”

Ben pulls back momentarily and removes the condom, tossing it into the wastebasket. Then he rolls them over onto their sides. They’re grinning like fools, still feeling the vibrations pulsating through them. Ben’s strong arms encircle him, pulling Em closer as they hold each other tight.

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Brian and Justin decided to have a late breakfast in the dining room before they check out of the ski lodge to return home. They were both a little disappointed that their honeymoon is coming to an end; they’d like nothing more than to be able to stay for another week. It felt so good to get away and just be with one another, relax, and not have to worry about what was waiting for them at home. Besides Justin starting school, they will have to talk with Mel about Gus’s custody.

At some point Brian will have to decide if he is going to pursue retribution against Michael for all the costs to the loft, knowing that it will take him years, if not decades, to repay the damages. This whole thing gives him a headache, but he knows that Justin will never forgive him if he lets Michael slide, and the only way he will learn his lesson is if he’s held responsible for his actions.

After ordering breakfast Brian excuses himself to go buy the New York Times, and catch up on what’s going on in the business world. Just after Brian has left the table Justin is surprised when he feels a hand on his shoulder. He turns around casually, thinking it’s Brian to remind the waitress that he wants extra strong coffee, not the weak brew they usually serve. He’s more than surprised when he sees Ethan standing there; he was sure he had made it clear that he wanted nothing more to do with him.

“Justin, I saw you sitting here alone and I just wanted to give you my address and phone number. So you’d know how to reach me when you came to your senses and realized you’ve made the biggest mistake of your life marrying that heathen. Or when you find out that he’s cheating on you, never taking your marriage seriously like I would if you were my husband.”

“Ethan, I can’t believe that you’re still stalking me, after I made it clear I didn’t want to see you again.”

“But, Justin…”

Ethan didn’t get a chance to finish his sentence as he was twirled around and his chin came in contact with Brian’s fist, leaving him staggering backwards. But Brian wasn’t finished. He landed another blow, sending him hurtling towards the ground. But instead of letting him fall Brian jerked him back by grabbing his arm, dislocating his shoulder and almost ending his career as a musician.

“Brian! Please! Stop! That’s enough!”

Brian’s eyes fell upon a shocked Justin, and he released his hold on Ethan’s arm and he tumbled to the floor, landing on his injured shoulder, sending immense pain shooting through him. Ethan lies on the floor, as the restaurant manager comes rushing over, wondering what had just happened.

“I’ll get you for that, Kinney. You just wait. I’ll sue you for everything you’ve got!”

“I don’t think so. You’ve been warned, and I believe that you were banned from this establishment.
Your presence here violates that order, and therefore you have no grounds to sue me. If anything, I should sue you for violating that order.”

Justin hates that they seem to be the entertainment for the rest of the patrons of the restaurant. He motions for the waitress as Brian straightens everything out with the manager. He changes their breakfast order to room service, then quickly escorts Brian back to their room once he’s finished.

“I’m sorry, Justin. I didn’t mean to cause a scene and embarrass you like that.”

“I know, Brian. I understand how much he bothers you. I just hope you know that I will never be interested in him again. It’s so unlike you to become violent, but I know he pushes all of your buttons.”

“So you forgive me for acting out?”

“Come here.”

Justin pulls Brian down onto the sofa and starts running his hands through his hair, peppering his face with soft butterfly kisses. It’s then that they hear someone at the door. Justin jumps up as their breakfast cart is rolled into their suite.

“Great! I’m starving!”

“Aren’t you always?”

Justin swats Brian across his chest as Brian laughs at him, glad the tension in the air has dissipated. They sit down and enjoy their breakfast, knowing that they have to leave for the airport in about an hour. But if they hurry up they just might have time for one last tryst before their taxi cab arrives.

Brian has his head thrown back as Justin’s lips encompass his cock. Justin’s talented tongue works his magic as he licks and sucks Brian’s head, swishing his tongue across his slit, eliciting moans as Brian’s pulled closer to his climax. Brian fists Justin’s hair as he holds his head in place while he feeds his dick in and out of his beautiful mouth. Justin slips a finger between his cheeks and penetrates his ass, twirling it around twice as Brian loses control, shooting down his throat. Justin comes up for air as he tucks him back in and zips up his pants, grinning up at him like a Cheshire cat.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

The boys settle into life as a married couple...

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 7252
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: The boys settle into life as a married couple...

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Chapter 16 ~ Home Sweet Home…

Justin’s POV

I felt a little sad that we were leaving the ski lodge. It had been great to get away from everything and finally have that winter vacation Brian promised me so many years ago. Even though I had been extremely upset that he never joined me last time, maybe we weren’t ready, maybe we needed to grow more as a couple. After all it would have broken my heart to have come here and watched him bed countless tricks along the way.

Now everything has changed; we’re both so head over heels in love with each other, and our wedding was truly romantic. I love this quaint little town, with snowcapped mountains, and our luxurious suite at the lodge. Even though we had our moments, in the end it only made us stronger, and I finally understood how much I had hurt Brian with the whole Ethan fiasco. Looking back on it, I think it was very sweet seeing how jealous Brian was when Ethan showed up here, but of course I’ll never tell him that.

It gave us a chance to really see each other’s deep love and commitment to one another, and Brian finally allowed me to see him so open and vulnerable, expressing all his fears and passion just underneath the surface. It was such a big step for him, and it brought us even closer than either one of us expected. Now I know that we’ll always be able to talk things through if they get off track. We’ve both learned so much about one another.

I loved our winter honeymoon, but I’m really even more excited about our summer honeymoon that’s coming. We’ll finally be taking that other vacation Brian promised me so long ago. It will be just the two of us sunbathing on the white sandy beaches, sipping tropical drinks and most of all making love the way it’s meant to be, without any barriers. It makes me weak in the knees just thinking about it. I’ve dreamed of this day for as long as I can remember. I never believed that Brian would give into me and allow us to truly be as one. Yes, times have definitely changed.
Our plane is almost due to touch down at Pittsburgh International Airport. It’s bright and sunny out but the wind chill makes it about twenty degrees outside. It has snowed a lot since we’ve been gone, and I’ve already received a text message from Gus (with a little help from Mel) asking when we’re going to make snowmen. I can’t help smiling just thinking about seeing him. I wonder how he’s holding up with Lindsay disappearing from his life so suddenly.

It reminds me that we need to buy furniture for Gus’s bedroom and design a room that will makes him feel special, knowing that he has a place all his own. I have no idea what the custody arrangement will be. All I know for sure is that it’s important for Gus to know that he’s loved and wanted, and that we’ll never abandon him. Brian gazes over at me as he shuts down his laptop, getting ready for the plane’s descent. He squeezes my hand and asks if I’m ready for all the changes that are about to happen.

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It’s the first morning that Ben and Emmett have woken up together. Emmett smells coffee brewing as the aroma wafts up from downstairs. He sits up and notices that Ben has left him a terrycloth robe across the chair next to the bed. He slips it on and heads downstairs. He’s surprised when he sees the table all set for breakfast, and freshly baked blueberry muffins waiting for him on the table. Ben comes out from the kitchen carrying two plates saying, “I’ve made us a tofu, peppers and bean sprout omelet, with goat’s cheese and salsa.”

Emmett’s impressed that Ben actually cooked for him. It’s usually him cooking for others and it’s a nice change. He’s not sure if he’ll like the healthy aspect of the omelet but he’s willing to give it a try, knowing that Ben’s a health food nut. He’s surprised that it’s actually really good because tofu is one of those ingredients that absorbs the flavors of whatever it’s cooked with. Ben’s beaming with pride, so glad that Emmett’s enjoying his breakfast. Sometimes Michael and Hunter wouldn’t even try some of his cooking, claiming that it smelled weird, or just sounded awful.

Emmett hates to eat and run but he has a meeting scheduled with the Emerson’s for their wedding in an hour and he needs to shower and change clothes, so Ben drops him off at Deb’s on the way to the university. They make plans to meet up tonight at Babylon. It’s the Absolute Abs contest. Emmett has been trying to get Ben to enter, saying that he’s sure to win it, and the prize is an all-expenses paid vacation to Puerto Rico.

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Ben isn’t the only one to have an overnight guest. Jerry spent the night at Teddy’s, and like Ben, he’s been busy in the kitchen trying to impress his guest. He decided to try his hand at making Belgian waffles, topped with fresh strawberries and whipped cream, and a side of hickory smoked bacon, obviously not a health food nut. Jerry’s very impressed with Teddy’s cooking skills as the two of them enjoy a fattening breakfast, that they’re sure to work off under the sheets.

They’ve been seeing each other for the last few days and, like Ben and Emmett, last night was the first night they spent together. Both are still in that state of isn’t it amazing we have so much in common? phase, still surprised that they’ve met someone that matches their personality and desires. Jerry loves that Teddy seems to understand the advertising market so well. His last boyfriend could never understand the stress he was under, and hated that he was always working late or traveling for business.

Even though they don’t live in the same city, they’re only a short flight away from each other. Besides, Jerry will be spending quite a bit of time at Kinnetik, working out the details of the commercials and print advertising for Greek Goddess Yogurt. Being a fledgling company, and with the recent trend of Greek yogurt their business is skyrocketing. They’re just starting to expand into
the frozen yogurt market and need to set up focus groups to critique their new flavors, and to find their niche market.

As much as Teddy hates having to part from Jerry, he is due back in Cincinnati in a couple of days to meet with his boss and go over the advertising campaign that Kinnetik has proposed. He will be back in Pittsburgh by the end of next week to finalize the campaign, and the two of them have already made plans to go away for the weekend to a small out-of-town bed and breakfast. Teddy’s grinning like a fool as he makes his way to his office, daydreaming about his plans to go away with Jerry.

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With Brian and Justin getting married; Mel and Leda getting back together; Emmett and Ben finally taking the plunge; Teddy and Jerry finding one another, and even Hunter starting to see Terry, love seemed to definitely be in the air. So it shouldn’t have been a surprise when Debbie announced to Michael that she and Carl had decided to finally get married. She had hoped that he would be happy for her, but the whole idea doesn’t sit well with him. He can’t help but remind her that she had said she wouldn’t get married until it was legal for her son to marry.

She tries to make light of the situation, pointing out that things have truly progressed and that it was now legal to marry in New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Iowa, Hawaii, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland, Maine and California, just to name some of the states. Still, Michael hates the idea of her off living her new life, while he is still institutionalized and will remain there for the unforeseen future.

He wants her to remain in the role of his doting mother, always taking care of him. He never likes to think about her being a sexual person. He just can’t really stomach the concept, always discounting her relationship with Carl. But now here she was throwing it in his face, and it just made his blood boil. How could she leave him like this? Didn’t she know that he depended on her to try and resolve all his legal and emotional issues?

He felt like everybody was abandoning him, and it only made him even more insecure and miserable with his life. Now he had even more issues to discuss with Dr. Edwards, he can’t help but feel like his life is spinning out of control. It seems that everyone has someone special in their life except him, because he threw it all away on a whim. His mother was right; it was his own foolish behavior that has landed him in all this trouble. He’s glad that no one seems to ever come visit him; he doesn’t want them to see him while he feels so helpless.

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Justin is exhausted from the plane ride, feeling like his whole day has been spent catching taxis and rushing so they didn’t miss their flight. Luckily Brian has arranged for the car service to pick them up and drive them home. He now lays across the bed as he watches Brian unpack their suitcases, sorting out the dirty laundry, and hanging up their suits. Brian takes a break and comes to sit down next to him, running his hand down the side of his face. He leans down and kisses him, telling him to take a nap and get some rest. He needs to call the office to check in, then he’ll join him in a few minutes.

“Cynthia, I just called to make sure you two didn’t burn the place down while I was away. Cyn, Cynthia I don’t need to hear all about Ted’s new romance. I’m sure Emmett will give me the blow by blow next time I see him.”

Not paying any attention to what Brian said, she continues rambling on about Jerry Goodman from Greek Goddess Yogurt, and how he and Teddy seem to a perfect match.
“Cynthia! Are you telling me Ted is romantically involved with a client of Kinnetik?”

“They both seem so happy. They went to the opera together and tonight they’re going to the Absolute Abs contest at Babylon.”

“Do you think it’s really a good idea for him to be bedding one of our clients?”

“You never thought it was a bad idea when you did it.”

“That’s different…”

“Oh really, Brian. Just because you’re married now is no reason to be so uptight.”

“This is my business…”

“Ah ha… I recall you saying it wasn’t anybody else’s business who you slept with…”

“Enough! Just make sure he doesn’t blow this account.”

“It’s the account rep, not the account that he’s blowing…”

“Enough already! I’ll see you in the morning.”

Brian hangs up and starts flipping through the mail that’s stacked up. He can’t help grinning, thinking Teddy really is following in his footsteps. After giving the mail the once over, he goes back upstairs and climbs into bed next to his sleeping husband. It isn’t long before Justin’s arms are all tangled up around him and they’ve both drifted off to sleep.

The sun is just starting to set when they’re awoken by Brian’s cell phone ringing. Justin reaches for the offending object and answers it, yawning hello. It’s Mel and she’s frantic. It seems that she mentioned to Gus that they’d be home today and Gus is demanding to see his father. Justin talks briefly with Gus and agrees to pick him up and take him to the diner for supper. Mel’s never been so grateful that they’re finally home as Gus has been asking to see them all week.

Justin yawns again and rests his head back down on Brian’s chest. Brian mumbles something into his hair as the two of them slowly start to wake up. It’s impossible not to notice Brian’s hard-on that’s tenting the duvet. Justin leans down a little and licks the pre-cum off his head. Brian stretches, mumbling, “Feels so good”, as Justin wiggles down taking more of his cock into his mouth. Brian arches his back pushing himself deeper down his throat. Finally Justin starts sucking him, running his lips up and down his shaft, making him moan out his name as he becomes more excited.

Brian’s hands find the back of Justin’s hair, pulling on it firmly, directing Justin’s head in a steady rhythm that’s sure to bring him to the brink. Just moments later, Justin’s swallowing his sweet cream, licking his lips with a satisfied grin on his face as he climbs back up his chest to share his treat with his husband. They end up kissing for several minutes, then Justin pulls back, reminding Brian that they now have a dinner date with Gus.

Debbie welcomes them as they walk into the diner, shouting “Well if it isn’t Mr. and Mr. Taylor-Kinney.” Everyone turns and looks at them, a little shocked. Most people hadn’t heard that they went to Vermont to get married, as the surprise shows on most of their faces. Finally someone shouts, “Congratulations!” and the restaurant breaks out clapping. Brian’s slightly irritated as he barks, “Deb, is that really necessary?”

Justin, on the other hand, couldn’t be happier as everyone hoots and hollers, congratulating them as
they make their way to an open booth in the back. Gus is bouncing and clapping along with the
crowd, excited for his dad and Justy. Then one of the cooks comes out from the back and hands
some rice to a few people close by, and they all start throwing it at the happy couple. Brian again
barks, “Deb, is this really necessary?”

“You bet it is, mister. After all, we didn’t get invited to the wedding and Lord knows you probably
won’t have a reception for everyone to celebrate.”

Justin just bites his lip, knowing that Brian is hating all the attention that’s being showered upon
them. But they should have expected it, knowing Debbie won’t let them slide without torturing
them just a little. Brian does his best, glaring back at everyone, but no one takes him seriously, and
finally the crowd dies down and Deb takes their order. The rumor mill is now working overtime as
they enjoy their dinner and soon word has spread up and down Liberty Avenue that the reigning
stud has finally hung up his jockstrap.

Gus only wants ice cream for dinner, but Brian insists that he order something more suitable,
knowing that Mel would kill him if he allowed Gus to come home bouncing off the walls on a
sugar high. Finally he agrees to let him have chicken fingers and fries, even though he thinks that’s
just as bad. During dinner Gus bombards them with questions. Who was the bride? Did they have a
big wedding cake? Did they save a piece for him? Why didn’t they take him with them on their
honeymoon, and of course, is Justin now my other daddy?

Brian explains that they’re going to discuss it with Mel, then he asks Gus if he wants Justin to be
his father, and how he feels about maybe living with them. Gus is excited, saying he wants to live
in the big house, and play out in the yard. He wants to know if he can have a playhouse, and a
swing set and can he take swimming lessons. Oh, and of course, daddy, can he have a dog. Brian’s
truly amazed that Gus’s mind is working a mile a minute, as he responds with we’ll see - a phrase
that he’ll find himself repeating often as he becomes accustomed to being a full-time father.

When they return to Mel’s house Justin takes Gus up the walkway, as Brian follows behind
carrying the gifts they bought in Vermont. Gus doesn’t see them until they’ve entered the house,
then he starts jumping up and down, so excited about the presents. JR joins right in when Justin
hands both of them their gift-wrapped boxes, watching them tear into the wrapping paper. They’re
both ecstatic, loving their teddy bears.

After allowing them to play with them for the next hour, Justin suggests that he get them ready for
bed. Once they have their jammies on, all three of them snuggle down on Gus’s bed as Justin starts
reading them a bedtime story. This gives Brian and Mel some quiet time to talk about Gus’s
custody; he wasn’t sure how painful this conversation was going to be for Mel but it seems that she
is expecting it. She acknowledges that Lindsay has relinquished her rights to Justin, and she has
already filed the paperwork returning Brian’s rights to him earlier in the week, as Lindsay had
asked.

Mel’s a little emotional talking about the changes that were coming, but she also knows that she
can’t handle being a single mother of two small children. Even with Leda moving back to
Pittsburgh, she not sure their reunion can handle to strain of instant motherhood. So she agrees that
it’s for the best that Gus live with Brian and Justin full time. Brian’s surprised as he expected more
of a fight from her. But he can understand after listening to her explain what she’s going through.

He never thought that it would go this smoothly, as they make arrangements to move Gus into the
country manor over the next week. They agree on keeping Gus in the same school where he still
has all his friends and teachers as a support system. Brian also thinks it would be a good idea if
they shared custody on the weekends, not wanting to have Gus feel he’s being abandoned by his
other mother. It will also give him a chance to stay in Jenny Rebecca’s life as her big brother.

It’s agreed that once he’s settled into his new house that Brian will drop him off at school in the morning and Justin will pick him up in the afternoons. Mel and Brian will both participate in supporting Gus in all his school activities, hoping this makes him feel secure with all the changes he’s going through, as well as filling the void that Lindsay’s left behind. They’ve decided that honesty is the best policy, not wanting to give him false hope that Lindsay will be returning anytime soon. As hard as it is for him to understand, they always want him to know that he’s loved.

Justin only got halfway through the story before they were both sound asleep. He carries JR into her room, getting her snuggled down with her little lamb. Then he returned to Gus’s, making sure he’s all tucked in. He can’t help standing in the doorway watching him sleep for a few minutes, knowing that soon this would be a nightly activity they would be sharing. Yes, things were definitely changing in his life and he couldn’t be happier.

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“What’s got you so upset, Deb?” Emmett asked.

“I went to see Michael yesterday. I told him about me and Carl getting married. He didn’t take it so well, to say the least. I had hoped he’d be happy for me, knowing how much I love Carl and how long we’ve been waiting.”

“I’m sorry. It must be hard for you, with him being locked away, not able to share your everyday life like he used to. He’s probably only feeling sorry for himself. I can understand that he might feel jealous, seeing you moving on with your life, while his seems to be put on hold until he gets better.”

“That’s what I’m worried about. I’m afraid he might not get better. He’s always been self-centered, always putting his feelings first, never being grateful for what he has, and always wishing for what he can’t have.”

“Well, we all have to grow up sooner or later.”

“I feel like it’s all my fault. I always made excuses for him. He’s always expected someone to come to his rescue, either myself, then Brian and even Ben. I was so surprised when I heard that Ben had been paying the rent on his comic book store.”

“Ben’s very giving that way. But you’re right, it only kept Michael thinking that someone would always bail him out.”

“He was so shocked when Brian finally stood up to him and said no, making him take responsibility.”

“It’s too bad he didn’t take Brian up on his offer to get an education. I think he might have really had a chance to get somewhere with his life.”

“Well, if he really applies himself working with Dr. Edwards, he might have a chance to go into a vocational training program while he’s still in jail.”

“Jail? You think he’ll have to go back to jail after he gets better?”
“Yes, I’m afraid so. Dr. Edwards made it clear that once he was over his delusions and his medication has stabilized him, he would start seeing him as an outpatient through the prison system.”

“Oh, I didn’t know. I thought that maybe he’d be released once he’s been cured.”

“There’s no cure, Em. There’s only psychotherapy and medication. He’ll have to be under a doctor’s care for the rest of his life. It’s some kind of chemical imbalance in the brain, and if he goes off his medication his symptoms will return.”

“Oh my… I didn’t realize. I guess it’s a good thing he’s under a doctor’s care now, getting the treatment he needs.”

“I know, honey. It’s hard to accept but you’re right, it is good he’s under a doctor’s care.”

“Well, cheer up, Deb. We’re going to celebrate your marriage to Carl, and everything will work out alright. You’ll see…”

“I don’t want everyone to make a fuss over me. I want something small. Maybe we should go to Las Vegas and tie the knot. Maybe we’ll win the jackpot while we’re there.”

“Now that’s a thought.”

~~~

Brian parks his Mercedes in his reserved parking space at Babylon, and takes Justin’s hand as they make their way to the front of the line. The bouncer opens the door saying, “Good evening Mr. and Mr. Taylor-Kinney.” Brian nods as they walk past. The club is crowded, almost filled to capacity, and Brian can’t help seeing dollar signs as they walk towards the bar. The Absolute Abs contest is always a crowd pleaser.

When they reach the bar drinks are already waiting for them. Brian leans over, grinning at Justin as he gives him a kiss. Justin feels the little tab of E melt onto his tongue as Brian kisses him, then Brian places his own tab of E in his mouth. Justin eyes glaze over just thinking about dancing the night away with Brian. Being stoned brings back so many memories.

Soon the music dies down and the Princess of Babylon takes the stage and announces the first contestant. The crowd hoots and hollers as he struts across the stage, hamming it up for the audience. He flexes his muscles and turns one-hundred-and-eighty degrees, giving everyone a good view of his abs. Then he takes his place to the right of the stage. This continues for the next hour until there’s just under a dozen contestants lined up on stage.

Everyone’s so engrossed in the performances on stage that they don’t see Ben sneak off and head towards the back of the stage. Emmett has been encouraging him to enter the contest all week but he was resistant. But once he’s here, and had a few cocktails he’s starting to think about how much fun the two of them could have in Puerto Rico. When the last contestant is announced everyone turns to see ‘Beefy Ben’ as he sways and struts across the stage. Ben grins back at Emmett as he cheers him on, knowing that he would never be doing this if it hadn’t been for Em’s encouragement.

They’re just about to announce the winner of the contest when Ted and Jerry join the boys on the catwalk, blushing when Brian asks what held them up. Brian would know that smirk anywhere, as he pats Teddy’s back. “I didn’t know you had it in you.”

“Oh, I had it in me alright…”
Now it was Jerry’s turn to blush, as Ted introduces him to Brian, Justin and Emmett. Jerry blushes even more when he realizes that Brian is the owner of Kinnetik and he wants to make a good impression for Greek Goddess Yogurt. But soon their attention is drawn back to the stage as ‘Beefy Ben’ is announced as the winner of the all-expenses paid trip for two to Puerto Rico. Emmett can’t help clapping and bouncing up and down; he’s so excited that Ben won the contest.

Once Ben rejoins the gang, bringing back with him a round of drinks for everyone, Emmett squeaks out, “I’m so happy for you, baby!” Ben blushes slightly and pulls him into his arms, kissing him, knowing how excited he is that they’ll be taking a vacation together soon.

“I just knew you would win!”

Brian rolls his eyes at Emmett’s antics, and then he pulls Justin out on the dance floor where the two of them mold themselves together, dancing as one. Jerry comments on what a beautiful couple they are, and Emmett adds that they just got back from their honeymoon in Vermont. “Isn’t it romantic?”

Ted glares back at Emmett knowing that Brian hates to have clients know too much about his personal life. He’d rather keep everything on a professional level these days. Yes, much has changed since Brian first started working in the advertising business, with him always nailing the account in more ways than one.

Soon the rest of the guys join them on the dance floor. Brian and Justin are lost in a world of their own, slightly light headed, with Justin giggling as he sways in Brian’s arms, feeling safe. After several more dances Brian directs them back to the bar for a round of water, and then it’s off to the backroom for a little action. Once they find an open space, Justin pushes Brian up against the wall, grinding himself into Brian’s bulging cock.

Brian quickly turns them around so Justin is leaning up against the wall as he unbuttons the front of his jeans. Justin is just high enough that he starts stripping off all of his clothes, until he’s standing there, naked, writhing against Brian.

“Come here, little boy. Now don’t get too carried away.”

Brian quickly undoes his pants, only lowering them just far enough to release his cock out the front. There’s just something hot about Justin being naked with him still mostly clothed that excites him to no end. Justin’s still wiggling and laughing, and Brian thinks that the second hit of E was too much for his frolicking husband. He reaches out and pulls him back into his arms, trying to keep him still while he prepares and enters him.

Justin sighs loudly as Brian enters him in one fell swoop, holding onto his hips to keep him in place. Soon Justin’s chanting, “Fuck me, Brian! Fuck me, Brian! Fuck me, Brian!”

All eyes are on the two of them as Brian works his husband into a frenzied state of elation, leaving him hanging on the brink of his orgasm. Now he’s pleading, “Please, Brian! Please, Brian! Please! Oh God, just fuck me!”

Soon he puts him out of his misery, as he slides his hand around the front, fisting his cock as he drills into him. He hammers his prostate until he loses control, crying out Brian’s name over and over again. Brian follows right behind him, groaning in pleasure as Justin’s slick walls clench and release him, pumping him dry.

“You certainly are a loud little boy tonight. Did you enjoy being everyone’s entertainment?”
“Love you! Love you so much! Love the way you fuck me! Oh God, I love you!”

“Really? I hadn’t noticed.”

Justin’s still squirming as Brian tries desperately to get his clothes back on him. He’s almost ready to just throw him over his shoulder and take him out the back door to the parking lot, buck naked.

“Oh Brian, I feel so free without any clothes on. Don’t you think it would be fun for me to dance in one of the cages, naked?”

“That would be a NO…”

“Oh, come on. I’d be hot!”

“Justin. You’re testing my patience…”

“You’d love it. Now wouldn’t you?”

“You can dance for me all you want once we get home. How’s that sound?”

“I think maybe I’m a secret exhibitionist…”

“I don’t think it’s much of a secret.”

“No?”

“Now hold still and at least let me get your underwear back on you.”

“Oh yeah, I love my black silk underwear. Don’t I look sexy?”

“Would you please stop wriggling and put your legs through the openings.”

Then Justin hears ‘Wild Thing’ blaring from the sound system. He starts dancing and singing.

“Wild Thing, you make my heart sing! You make everything groovy! But I wanna know for sure! You move me! Wild Thing, I think I love you!”

“Okay, wild thing. Let’s get you out of here.”

“Brian, I think I’m ready for round two.”

“Justin…”

“Come on, Brian, I want you so badly.”

Of course everyone in the backroom is watching them intently, loving the show. Then someone snickers and says, “Oh the joys of marriage.”

Brian turns and glares at the crowd. Finally giving up, he gathers Justin’s clothes and throws him over his shoulder. Someone’s nice enough to open the back door for them, and offers to unlock his car door.

Justin, of course, falls asleep on the way back to Britin. When Brian wakes him after he’s pulled into the garage, Justin can’t seem to comprehend why he’s naked. Brian looks at him, smirking.

“Come on, wild thing. It’s time to put you to bed.”
“But Brian, why am I naked?”

Brian just glares at him, thinking maybe he should show him the footage from the surveillance cameras, and let him see his little show from tonight. But he thinks better of it seeing they’ve only been married less than a week. He really does love him, even if he can’t handle himself, stoned in public.

“You’re really not going to tell me, are you?”

“Come on, let’s go to bed. You’ll forget all about this by the morning.”

~~~

Brian brings Justin a huge cup of strong coffee as he leans over and kisses his husband good-bye, wishing him a happy first day of school.”

“Brian, why do I feel so tired? What did we do last night? I can’t remember anything after we left Mel’s house.”

Brian chuckles, raising his eyebrows. “That’s probably a good thing. Now hurry up and take a shower. Your first class is at eleven o’clock, thank goodness.”

“But why can’t I remember?”

Brian kisses him again, and then leaves for work.

~~~

Of course by the time Brian makes it to his desk Ted is there waiting for him. “So that was some night last night.”

Brian just glares at him, while Ted snickers. “I gather you got him home in one piece.”

“Not another word, Theodore. If you still want your job.”

“Zipping, zipping.”

“Now do you have the expenses from last month, and the projections for the coming months?”

“Yes boss, whenever you’re ready to review them.”

~~~

Justin’s sitting in class zoning out as the teacher goes over this semester’s curriculum, and the art supplies needed for the class. For some reason he can’t seem to get that old sixties song ‘Wild Thing’ out of his mind, and visions of people hooting and hollering in the background. He thinks it must be remnants of a dream he had, but parts of it seem so real, then he vaguely remembers being naked in the garage.

After class some guy comes over and introduces himself, saying how much he loves to dance and how he just found that nightclub Babylon for the first time last night, asking if he’s ever heard of it.

Justin stares at him and finally says, “Yes, my husband and I own it.”

The guy just smirks and says, “That explains it.”
Justin stands there, staring at him as he walks away laughing. Now he’s really starting to panic, wondering just what went on last night. But he lets it go. He needs to concentrate on his classes and not worry about last night. Besides, he’s sure Brian will tell him if anything important happened.

When he gets out of school for the day he stops by Fantasy Island, a store that specializes in children’s furniture. He walks around the store looking for things that will not only interest Gus now, but later. Even though he’s only six, Justin would like to create a special room that he’ll enjoy for years.

The more he looks around at the bedroom sets, the more he’s sure Brian will hate all of them. They were either too childish, too feminine or too tacky. He was beginning to think that it would be better to get him an adult bedroom set and decorate with colors and themes that represented Gus’s tastes. He never thought that it would be so hard to find something appropriate to fit their needs.

There’s one that’s not so bad; it’s very modern and white, which Justin thinks Brian will like, although it’s too stark in black and white. Maybe if Justin used shades of blue instead of black and added all Gus’s toys and art work on the walls it might work. He takes out his phone and sends a pic to Brian to check out. Now he needs to get out of there as this place is driving him crazy, and he can’t believe there’s only one bedroom set he likes.

~~~

Brian is working on his presentation for a new line of men’s toiletries called “Modern Men.” The company has given them several gift bags of their products, and he’s standing in front of the mirror in his private bathroom trying them out. He doesn’t hear Justin come in as he stands in the doorway, watching him preen in the mirror. He’s just finished shaving, liking the feel of the shaving cream on his face. Next he tries the anti-aging cream. He applies it to the areas around his eyes and mouth, making faces in the mirror as he looks for signs of wrinkles. He holds up the container of moisturizer, applying it liberally to his face, thinking it smells good, like a mixture of musk and leather.

Finally he spots Justin watching him in the mirror as Justin jokes, “Getting ready for a hot date?” Brian spins him around and pulls him into his arms, kissing him. Justin can’t help but sigh, whispering, “God, you smell great!”

Brian motions for him to try out the products, telling him he wants his opinion and that they’ll go to dinner when he’s finished. Justin looks through the gift bag, choosing a different variety pack of the products, and sets in on his own regime. This one isn’t as sophisticated smelling as the line Brian’s trying out; it smells more like the ocean - fresh, almost like sunshine or the smell of fresh linen. Justin loves it; it makes him feel crisp and clean but he also loves the way Brian smells, more down-to-earth and masculine.

Ted rushes into Brian’s office and is surprised to find them primping in the bathroom. He can’t help asking if they’re having a girls’ play date, sharing makeup tips. Brian growls, telling him that it might do him some good to try out one of the new lines of “Modern Men” products. He chides him about his crow’s feet and laugh lines that are making their mark on his weathered face. Ted can’t help running his hand across his face, as he pushes his way into the bathroom and joins the boys applying creams and lotions. He stares at himself in the mirror, panicking about the little lines that have recently appeared on his face.

“Was there something you wanted, when you burst in here without knocking?”

“Oh, yeah. I was just wondering if you wanted to join Emmett, Ben and I at Woody’s for a drink
after work?”

Brian raises his eyebrows then looks at Justin for his thoughts on the matter. “I guess so, Brian then we can go to dinner afterwards.”

~~~~

Emmett’s getting a little perturbed that everyone keeps coming up to Ben to congratulate him on winning the Absolute Abs contest, asking if they can buy him a drink, or if he wants to hook up, shoving their phone numbers into his hand. Ben, of course, is very gracious but turns them down, putting his arm around Em’s shoulder and giving him a little squeeze.

“Don’t let them bother you. You’re the only one I want to go home with, the only one I care about.”

This makes Emmett feel a little better, but he’s still somewhat insecure, seeing how much attention Ben is receiving from everyone at the bar. Soon the boys have joined them and Brian says, “Cheer up, Honeycutt. I’m sure the good professor can’t wait to give you a private showing of his abdominal muscles, as well as the one a little bit lower.”

Now both Ben and Emmett are blushing, and Brian can’t believe how easily he can make them self-conscious, like school girls talking about sex for the first time.

“Brian, be good. Can’t you see you’re embarrassing them?”

“Yes, dear… Now who wants another cocktail?”

“Oh me, me, me. Another Cosmo please!”

“Alright Em, don’t pee your pants. Another beer for the good professor? Ted, you still want a bottle of mineral water, and for you, I think you should stick with water as well, wild thing.”

“What? Why? And why did you just call me that?”

“Hum… Let me see…”

“Brian, I’m serious. Why did you call me wild thing?”

Ted, Ben and Emmett all looked the other way, trying not to burst out laughing. Justin became really quiet and looked at everyone.

“Brian, oh my God. What did I do?”

Brian just flexes his shoulders, with a questioning look.

“Brian? You’re my husband. You’re supposed to tell me these things.”

“Let’s just say you were dancing rather enthusiastically last night.”

“Oh God! How bad was it?”

“Come here.”

Brian pulls him into his arms, whispering into his ear. “Don’t worry about it. It was just a little dance.”
“Then why don’t I believe you? And why can’t anyone look at me?”

“Trust me, everyone was looking at you…”

Now Justin’s the one blushing, wondering just what happened last night. But Brian’s right, he’ll stick with water tonight. After all it is a school night.

~~~

After a relaxing meal of sushi, and talking about which room they want to set up Gus’s bedroom in, they drive by Fantasy Island to check out the bedroom set that Justin picked out. Brian liked it from the photo that Justin sent him, but he wanted to see it in person. It’s a double bed set into the wall, with cabinets on each side of the bed, and shelving above the bed.

There’s also a matching toy chest at the end of the bed, and Justin had found a children’s-size club chair and ottoman, as well as a small table and chairs. It will be perfect for Gus’s to do his homework on for now, and later on they can switch it to a desk when he gets older. The room they selected has several large windows, and a window seat looking out over the backyard, which gives the room lots of sunlight.

Gus loves the color blue, and Justin wants to paint the walls a bright royal blue with one wall in a softer pale sky blue. Wanting to keep the room feeling more masculine, they decided against curtains, instead having white wooden blinds put in, with all the woodwork painted white. Brian selected the linens and bedding in a geometric design, that picked up the colors of the different shades of blue in the room.

They wanted to have the room painted this weekend, so they could move Gus in the next week. Of course, getting a painter at the last minute was going to be expensive but Brian decided that they could use the same contractor who painted their bedroom the week before. They were both happy with the design for Gus’s room and hoped that he liked it as well. It was more than twice the size of his current bedroom and it gave him lots of storage space.

~~~

There is a full moon out tonight and it is shining through their bedroom window. Brian marvels at Justin’s skin glowing as he lies snuggled down in the duvet. They had had a full day today getting back into the swing of things. Justin had been quiet and Brian couldn’t help wondering if everything was okay. He could understand that it might have been a little disconcerting wondering what happened at Babylon the previous night, but it really was nothing and if he asks again Brian will come clean about his little dance.

Brian lies down and pulls Justin into his chest, with his arms circling around him; it feels good to just hold him in his arms. Brian kisses the top of his head, as Justin looks up at him. Justin turns over in his arms as he positions himself above him, his eyes filled with need as he reaches into the drawer and retrieves the lube and a condom. He rolls the prophylactic down Brian’s shaft, and then spreads the gel with his fingers before he mounts his husband.

Justin slowly lowers himself down, filling himself with Brian’s firm member, loving the sensation as he starts to ride his husband. He can’t help smiling, thinking about being married to the man that stole his heart so long ago. Justin arches his back as he slides up and down, thrusting himself into his prostate, loving the rippling effects that consume his senses. Brian reaches out, holding Justin’s hips, steadying him as he watches him pleasure himself on each downward stroke.

Soon he pants as his breath hitches in his throat. He increases his speed as the waves of pleasure...
spiral through his body, pulling him closer to his destination. Brian grins back at him as he watches him lose control, closing his eyes while jerking himself off with an intense rhythm. Soon all his senses are flooded as he shoots across his chest, pulling Brian along with him.

Finally Justin collapses, lying down on Brian’s chest as he catches his breath. Brian strokes his hair, loving the way his husband is so open and vulnerable, giving himself to him completely.

TBC…
~ One Big Happy Family...

Chapter Summary

They grow together as a family, learning to trust and support one another...

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 6997
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: They grow together as a family, learning to trust and support one another...

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Chapter 17 ~ One Big Happy Family…

Friday was hectic for both of them. Brian was meeting with his marketing team to go over his initial advertising ideas for Modern Men’s cosmetics. Then in the afternoon he had an appointment with his oncologist for his six-month checkup. He didn’t tell Justin about his doctor’s appointment, because it was just routine and he didn’t want to worry him.

Justin has an early class and doesn’t really care for his professor, but he has no choice, he’s the only one who’s teaching it this semester. He needs the Life Study class as a prerequisite for his fall courses. He had hoped that the professor wouldn’t recognize him from his past classes, but of course that isn’t the case.

Professor Higgins feels that Justin has been given too much leeway concerning his physical limitations. He’s made it very clear that he wouldn’t agree to any preferential treatment in his class. Even though he is aware of the circumstances surrounding Justin’s injuries, he isn’t sympathetic to his handicap. He always makes Justin feel guarded about his homosexuality, like he thinks that Justin deserved what happened because he flaunted his lifestyle.

Needless to say this makes Justin on edge, always looking over his shoulder and second guessing what his professor’s real motivations are. Especially since the professor used him as an example in class today as what not to do with one’s career. He considers it unprofessional of Justin to have left school and gone to Hollywood to work on an unsuccessful homoerotic movie. Then there is his involvement in the Stockwell campaign, creating those political posters and plastering them all over town.

No, Justin won’t have an easy time in Professor Higgins’s class this term. He just hopes that he passes the class, knowing that he’ll have to work extra hard to gain any recognition or respect for his artwork. He has his work cut out for him and isn’t looking forward to it. Some of Justin’s friends think he should talk to the Dean about his concerns. But Justin doesn’t want to stir up any
more trouble than he already feels he’s in, and the last person he wants to know about his troubles is Brian.

~~~

Mel’s feeling sad today, knowing that Gus will be moving in with Brian and Justin soon. She knows that it’s for the best, but that doesn’t stop the tears on her face and her disappointment from coming to the surface. She can’t concentrate at work right now, so she leaves early. After going home and walking around the house, she’s amazed at how quiet it is without the kids at home.

She wanders around, running her fingers over all the surfaces as her memories come to the forefront and she daydreams about her past. She always thought that her and Lindsay were happy, always thought that they’d make it to the end. She really never saw this coming; it never even occurred to her that Lindsay would leave her like she did. She swallows down her emotions as they try and claw to the surface, determined not to let them get the best of her.

Slowly she starts gathering all the things that were Lindsay’s, all the things that remind her of their past. Soon she has the top of the dining room table filled with dishes, knick-knacks and sketches that Lindsay drew. Her initial reaction is to toss everything in the trash. But, as she stands there thinking about it, she realizes that someday Gus might need to have something that belonged to his mother. Someday when he’s older and can comprehend why she left the way she did.

She’s surprised that it only took her a couple of hours to gather all of Lindsay’s things from the rooms, packing them up in boxes and storing them in the basement. Everything except Lindsay’s clothes, which she’s packed for the women’s shelter so others can get some use out of them. Now as she walks around the house it feels freer; like a big weight has been lifted and she’s ready to start moving on with her life.

While she was extracting everything that was Lindsay’s she also rearranged the furniture, and rehung some of the artwork, making her own mark on her surroundings, finally releasing all the ghosts from their past. She’s busy vacuuming, and dusting the living room when she notices Justin come through the door. She’s grateful that he agreed to pick up Gus and JR and take them to Deb’s for a visit, while she transformed the house into a place of her own.

She’s surprised when Justin brings the kids in and sets the table for dinner. Deb insisted on sending home a pan of puttanesca, a big salad, and a loaf of garlic bread. Brian arrives a few minutes later with a nice bottle of merlot, and they all sit down as a family to eat dinner. Even though it’s a little odd at first, soon Mel realizes that in their own way, they are now a family and need to support each other.

All the bitterness that she and Brian always felt towards one another seems to have dissipated; they’re now allies working to keep their family together. She never thought that she’d see the day when Brian would become a responsible parent, but times sure have changed. She can’t help wondering if Lindsay has any idea how much her actions would initiate so many changes in all their lives.

Gus is excited about moving in with Brian and Justin. Mel has prepared all the paperwork finalizing Justin’s adoption of Gus. They’ve all decided that Gus will take Marcus as his middle name, and Taylor-Kinney as his last. It’s a little hard for Mel to let go, but Brian has made it clear that he still wants her to be part of Gus’s life, reassuring her that she’ll always be Gus’s mother. He’s even gone as far as to insist on helping her with the down payment on her new home, wanting her to have plenty of room to grow.

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It’s Friday night and it’s been a long week. So much has happened and they’re ready to relax and enjoy the evening. Brian asks if Justin wants to go out and get a drink, or would he rather go home. It’s been a stressful day for both of them and they decide to go home. They’re lying with their backs against the headboard smoking a joint, as Justin shows Brian some of the sketches he’s drawn up of the next rooms to be remodeled.

Brian wants a big office for when he works from home. Justin’s designed a very classical look with a large desk and credenza. One wall has built-in bookshelves from floor to ceiling; behind the desk and above the credenza is a wall of windows. Incorporated on the wall directly in front of the desk is a big plasma screen TV so he can teleconference with the office and clients. And of course there’s a seating area with a leather sofa and a table and chairs.

Next he shows Brian what he has planned for his studio; he’s decided to redesign the sunroom. It has three walls of windows that let in lots of sunlight and will be great for painting. He’s designed an area to the left that’s very much like a galley kitchen, with two granite countertops. One with a sink in it facing the windows and lots of storage space underneath both, with a tall cabinet on the end where he can store his completed paintings.

He wants a drafting table for sketching and a couple of easels so he can work on multiple paintings at once. He’s decided that Gus should have his own little corner with a child-sized easel for painting. In the middle there’s a sitting area with a sofa and a couple of club chairs, along with a table and chairs for meetings for when he becomes rich and famous. He can’t help laughing as he says that, but Brian just grins, saying it will happen before he knows it.

They talk about what they want to do with the rest of the house, besides designing a guest room. Brian thinks it would be good to set up a room for Jenny Rebecca, knowing that there will inevitably be weekends that she spends with them, allowing Mel some private time to herself. Justin smiles back at his husband, loving how he now thinks about other people’s needs, no longer just his own. Then Brian leans over and gives him a big kiss that becomes passionate.

Justin sets his sketchbook down and rests his head on Brian’s stomach. Brian instinctually runs his hands through his hair, loving how soft and silky it is. He takes one last hit off the joint and sets the ashtray aside. It’s still hard for him to sometimes acknowledge that he’d rather spend a lazy night at home with his husband, instead of prowling Babylon for his next prey. He hardly recognizes himself these days, but he wouldn’t want it any other way. Miracles never cease...

He moans out Justin’s name as he looks down at his husband with admiration, loving how he always knows just what he needs. Justin stands up, bringing his arms around Brian’s neck as they share a sweet creamy kiss. Words of praise slip past his lips, as he whispers his appreciation of Brian being his husband. It’s the best decision that he’s ever made, and to think he almost lost him
forever with his arrogant and self-centered behavior.

Justin continues kissing him as he pushes him back onto the bed, and they fall down together. They lie there holding each other close, feeling all the love they have for one another, wondering what took them so long to finally get here. Justin feels so good in Brian’s arms, and their bodies automatically react to one another’s touch. Soon Justin has that twinkle in his eyes, as he grinds himself against Brian, both leaking pre-cum across their tummies. Justin raises his eyebrows as he reaches into the nightstand and removes the lube and a condom. Soon he’s ready for action. Brian starts to roll over but Justin stops him, wanting to be able to see his face as he takes him.

The two kiss passionately as Justin brings Brian’s legs up onto his shoulders, looking deep into his eyes. Brian feels the cool gel as Justin slips a finger into him, then he relaxes to his touch. Justin pulls and stretches him, adding another finger, and then he circles his rosebud. Finally welcoming his stout cock he slides into him; Brian loves the feeling of being full, as Justin starts pushing back and forth. Soon Brian’s welcoming the intrusion as Justin glides deeper, caressing his prostate on each downward thrust. It doesn’t take long before Brian feels all those wonderful waves of pleasure spreading out to consume his senses. He whispers, “Yes, yes, right there! Oh God, Justin! Justin! Justin!”

Justin’s lost in his own world of bliss as he feels Brian’s body surrendering to him as he slips in and out of his husband. Just hearing Brian chant his name totally turns him on; he loves that Brian’s so comfortable with their newfound relationship. It wasn’t long ago when Brian was uncomfortable with allowing Justin to top him, but now it’s just part of their repertoire. Several more plunges and they’re both teetering on the edge. Justin takes Brian’s cock in his fist and jerks him off as they both fall over the edge together.

Justin’s head rests on Brian’s chest, as the two of them wait for their breathing to return to normal. Brian places soft kisses on the top of his head, loving the smell of his coconut shampoo and the pheromones as they assault his senses. Brian strokes his back as the two of them drift off to sleep, completely satiated from their session of love-making. They’re still wrapped up in each other’s arms when they wake the next morning, having gotten a good night’s sleep.

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Mel rushes around, dressing Gus in his snowsuit, scarf and mittens so he’ll be ready when Justin arrives to take him sledding. After dinner last night Brian and Justin helped Gus make snowmen, or should we say a snow family out on the front lawn, complete with button eyes, hats and scarves, with sticks for arms and carrots for the noses. Brian tried to sneak cucumbers out for the snow daddies but Justin vetoed that idea, not wanting Mel to freak out.

They drove Justin’s new jeep into town thinking it would get better traction in the snow, after the new eight inches that fell last night. Justin drops Brian off at Kinnetik to finish up some paperwork and catch up on the work he missed earlier in the week. They make plans to join each other for lunch at the diner afterwards.

Justin and Gus are having a blast sledding at the local park/golf course. There are several long sloping hills that the local kids love to cross-country ski and sled down. After a couple of hours, and several hot chocolate breaks later, Gus is exhausted and ready to warm up and have lunch with his dad. You can hear the excitement in Gus’s voice as he describes sledding downhill with Justin. He explains that he was screaming at the top of his lungs, as the sled whipped through the snow at what seemed like the speed of light. Yet no matter how scared he was while they were flying down the hill, he insisted on doing it over and over again, truly waking up his inner daredevil.

Deb had the perfect remedy for Gus’s frozen bones - homemade vegetable and barley soup with
grilled cheese sandwiches. Brian smiles, listening to Gus go on and on about his morning activities; he promises that he’ll go with him and Justin next time. Once they finish up at the diner they’re off to the public library. Gus is excited about getting his own library card. Even though he’s only six years old, Brian wants to start teaching him how to read, setting aside a special time just for him and Gus in the evenings to read together.

Justin suggests maybe Gus might want to write his own stories, mostly by drawing pictures, with them helping him write a few words on each page. It would be a way for Gus to vent his frustrations and fears and come to grips with all the changes he’s going through. Brian can’t help but think Justin is a genius, finding a way to help Gus express his feelings, while encouraging his drawing. He’s currently learning to write in his first-grade class, having already learned his ABCs in kindergarten.

They show him the comforter that Brian picked out for him. He likes the geometric pattern and is excited about his new bedroom. They decide to take Gus to the hardware store and let him pick out his own paint colors; he loves the idea of painting the walls two different shades of blue. Their contractor has promised them that he’ll have everything painted by Tuesday night, and the furniture is all set to be delivered on Wednesday. If everything works out right Gus could actually sleep in his new bedroom on Wednesday night.

So they all go back to Mel’s and started packing up Gus’s things. They leave him with enough clothes for the next week and his five favorite toys. Everything else is boxed up so the guys can move it today, and not have to worry about moving it in the middle of the week. Brian is amazed at how many toys Gus has as he remembers his own childhood. He promises himself that Gus will never experience that kind of pain. Of course Gus has outgrown some of the toys so they separate the ones he no longer plays with to either give them to Jenny, or donate them to charity.

For some reason, Gus has taken to calling his baby sister Jenny or Jenny Rebecca, now hating the nickname JR. He says it sounds like a stupid boy’s name. But Mel guesses that it might have something to do with the fact the Lindsay loved calling her that. Even though he rarely talks about Lindsay now, after Mel, Brian and Justin, sat him down and talked about Lindsay moving away, it’s obvious that he’s angry.

So they just go along with it and figure that he’ll have questions later on, or even a temper tantrum at some point. JR is really too young to be able to verbalize her emotions about Lindsay and Michael missing from her life, and she might not even remember them when she’s older. Justin’s worried that maybe Gus might need to talk with a children’s psychologist to help him understand about her leaving and to explain to him that it has nothing to do with him. They know that sometimes children internalize their feelings, especially when they don’t understand why things happen the way they have.

Brian couldn’t help thinking that Justin is a natural when it comes to fatherhood, unlike himself. He’s afraid that he might fuck it up and scar Gus for life. Of course Justin tries to reassure him that he’s a great father. He always does what he thinks is best for Gus, like when he gave up his parental rights which Justin totally disagreed with. But now that they have been restored, Brian has a second chance to do the right thing and be there for his son.

Later that afternoon they’re looking through paint swatches for the office and studio, trying to find the perfect colors. The house phone rings and Justin answers it; he’s slightly confused as he listens to the detective on the other end.
“I’m sorry, sir. Can you repeat that?”

“Yes, I’m calling to inform you that Pierre DuPont is being released from jail on Monday.”

“Jail? He was arrested? What’s this have to do with me?”

“The judge only ordered that he be held for a week, considering that this wasn’t his first arrest for breaking and entering.”

“Breaking and entering?”

“Yes, you’ll have to lodge an official complaint against him if you want to press charges.”

“Press charges?”

“Yes, as I explained to Mr. Schmidt when he was arrested, you might have to appear in court before the judge. And considering his past behavior, you might want to get a restraining order against him, since he has a history of stalking.”

Justin sinks down into the overstuffed chair, thoroughly confused by his conversation with the detective.

“I’m sorry. You’ll have to give me time to digest all this…”

Brian comes over and takes the phone from Justin.

“This is Brian Taylor-Kinney. May I ask what is going on? You seem to have upset my husband, leaving him confused with all your questions and insinuations.”

Brian listens as the detective explains the situation concerning Pierre DuPont.

“When exactly was he arrested?”

“Last Sunday at your residence. A Theodore Schmidt insisted that he be arrested.”

“I see, and you say he was caught breaking and entering?”

“Yes sir, and when his car was searched we found hundreds of photographs of your husband, Justin Taylor, that were taken over a period of time.”

“You’re kidding me?”

“No sir, I’m quite serious. It appears that he’s been stalking him for the last month or so, and he isn’t the first victim Mr. DuPont has had a fixation on.”

“So why is he being released, if he’s been stalking my husband?”

“Because the judge needs you to file an official complaint against him, to be able to hold him in jail. And as I suggested to your husband, you might want to get a restraining order put in place just in case he tries to bother you again.”

“But you just said that he would be held in jail once the complaint was lodged.”

“Yes, but after his arraignment he’ll be eligible to be released on bail until his hearing and forthcoming trial.”
“I see… Well, I’ll contact my attorney and have an official complaint filed with the court, as well as having a restraining order put in place.”

“Yes, I think that would be a good idea, Mr. Taylor-Kinney. He’ll be held until Monday morning, and then if no action is taken he’ll be released.”

“Thank you for bringing this to our attention, and I’ll make sure my attorney starts working on this case immediately.”

“No problem, sir, and just so you know the local police will be patrolling your neighborhood to make sure everything is alright.”

“I appreciate that…”

Brian hangs up the phone and sits down on the arm of the chair Justin is sitting in. He runs his hand through his hair, and tells him everything will be alright.

“I had no idea he was stalking me. I know he seemed taken with me, and called me all the time but I always thought he was harmless. I never thought that he was dangerous, or anything.”

Brian knows now that he should have told Justin about Pierre’s client who had a restraining order issued against him last year, but, like Justin, he assumed he was harmless. The first thing Brian does is call a locksmith and have all the locks changed, then he insists that they upgrade the security system on the house. His third call is to Mel, so she can get the ball rolling first thing Monday morning, filing an official complaint against Pierre DuPont.

Finally his last phone call is to Ted to berate him for failing to tell him about Pierre breaking into the house last Sunday. Just the thought of him lurking around their house send chills up his spine, and he worries for Justin and Gus’s safety. He can’t help that he’s overprotective of his boys, wanting to make sure they’re safe at all times. Now he’s grateful that Justin fired him, hating the idea that he might still be actively involved in their lives.

“God, Brian, how could I not see this coming?”

Justin paces, letting the stress get to him. Finally he decides to go make dinner; cooking always centers him. Thank Goodness he just went grocery shopping and the fridge and cupboards are full. Soon he’s chopping garlic and onions, sautéing them to start making his killer marinara sauce. He decides to make fresh pasta to go with it, even though he knows that Brian will complain about the carbs as he comes back for seconds. He loves Justin’s cooking, although he swears that he’s going to gain ten pounds if Justin keeps this up.

“Oh shut up and open a bottle of wine. You know you love it.”

“Yes dear... You’re making garlic bread too, aren’t you?”

“Well, let’s see…”

Brian comes up behind him, starting to tickle him as he squirms.

“I guess that would be a yes. I wouldn’t want to disappoint you, but don’t worry, I’m also making a big salad with a homemade vinaigrette.”

“I knew there was a reason I married you.”

“Oh, and here I thought it had something to do with my bubble butt?”
“Well… That too.”

Brian nuzzles his neck, running kisses across his cheek until he reaches his mouth, and then he leans him over backwards, kissing him passionately, leaving him breathless.

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Michael’s sulking. Emmett had just left after having visited him for the first time since he’s been incarcerated. First he was angry that he didn’t visit earlier, trying to make Emmett feel sorry for him. He told him how horrible it is in the hospital, and how he hated being around all the crazy people but it didn’t seem that bad to Em. The grounds were scenic and the visitor’s room was large and spacious with lots of different sitting areas. He has a bedroom to himself; Debbie had bought him an IPod and lots of books to read. He even has his old comforter from his childhood with Captain Astro on it. He seems pretty settled in and his medication seems to be working. He even gets along well with Dr. Edwards.

Although it was awkward when Emmett first got there, after a little while they both seemed comfortable. Em got him caught up on the gang’s activities, telling him about Ted’s new boyfriend, Jerry; he even told him about Lindsay moving to Paris. Michael was really surprised like everyone else was, when they heard that she had married Sam. Then he freaked out a little when he mentioned that Gus was going to live with Brian and Justin fulltime, and that Justin was adopting him. He refused to believe that Brian would choose to be a fulltime father, or that Brian and Justin were actually married.

Things started going downhill from there; he complained that Deb was abandoning him by marrying Carl. He didn’t understand why she needed to be married at all, and he thinks that Carl is trying to come between them, which is ridiculous because she and Carl have been together for a couple of years now. He actually said he forbade her to marry him, and he started pouting. Then it happened… He asked about Ben…

Emmett was a little hesitant at first because he didn’t know how Michael was going to react. He reminded Michael that he and Ben had split up, and were now divorced. Michael agreed that they weren’t together anymore but he was just curious how he was doing. So Emmett bit the bullet, saying that they had become good friends recently. That they were very close and had actually started seeing each other. Michael was crushed, then he said lots of mean and spiteful things to Emmett, accusing him of trying to split him and Ben up, saying that he was no longer his friend.

Soon he started to become hysterical, and one of the nurses started giving Michael the stink eye, cautioning him to settle down. Emmett was shocked by his behavior, and of course he felt terrible that he had upset him so much. He really thought that Michael had gotten over Ben. After all he agreed that he wanted the divorce, and that he had fallen out of love with him quite a while ago. But apparently he still harbored ill feelings towards him, hating that he’d found happiness after they split up.

Once he was outside in the parking lot Em called Teddy, asking him to meet him for a drink at Woody’s. He needed someone to talk to about all this. He’s upset as he has never seen Michael acting so out of control. It was like he was a completely different person - belligerent, verging on dangerous. Emmett was still shaking when he got to the parking lot at Woody’s so he just sat in his car trying to calm himself. He now understood why Michael needed to be hospitalized and on medication; the man was totally out of his mind.

Emmett jumped when Ted knocked on his window, asking if he was okay. He coaxed him to come into Woody’s and have a drink to calm his nerves. They sat in a booth in the back, drinking round after round (of course Ted only had club soda) as Emmett told him about his confrontation with
Michael.

“It was so strange. He was fine one minute, and then as soon as he heard something he didn’t like, he became angry. He couldn’t stand to hear anything he didn’t agree with; he was like a small child throwing a temper tantrum.”

“That sounds frightening. Are you okay?”

“No, no, absolutely not. He totally shocked me the way he was acting. I mean, it’s not like he didn’t already know that Deb was engaged, or that Brian and Justin were married. He even agreed that he and Ben were through; it’s like he couldn’t accept that everyone was moving on with their lives.”

“Yeah, Deb kind of alluded to him being in denial. We always knew he was jealous of Justin’s relationship with Brian, but him lashing out at Deb and you. That’s really scary, and the idea of him becoming violent is just too much.”

“I’m really worried about him. I never thought that he was this bad off. It’s like he’s just angry with the world, blaming all his troubles on everyone else.”

“You have to admit, he’s never taken adversity well, always expecting others to fix everything.”

Emmett signals to the bartender for another round, but Ted waves him away, saying that he thinks he’s had enough for one evening, offering to take him home. At first Emmett tries to complain, but then he agrees he could use some rest.

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Leda calls on Sunday morning, letting Mel know that she’s put her house on the market. She’s also been applying online for jobs in the Pittsburgh area. Then she mentions that she saw an advertisement in one of the trade magazines, for a position in the art department at Kinnetik. Even though she doesn’t have any experience in advertising, she’s a talented artist, and asks if Mel thinks she should apply for the position.

Mel thinks about how Leda’s always been very independent, working freelance, picking and choosing her assignments. She’s not sure Leda would fit into a nine-to-five job. But then again they’re both growing up, and maybe this is just what she needs right now in her life. She finally says that it couldn’t do any harm to send them her resume.

Mel gets her caught up with everything that’s going on with Gus; she even seems pretty well adjusted to the changes that are coming. She also has her house on the market, hoping that it sells fast. She just wants a fresh start some place new, so she can let go of the past and stop replaying the last month over and over again in her head.

Leda mentions that she has a few interviews set up for next week, and she plans to stay through the weekend. They make plans to go house hunting while she’s here and the two of them start planning their life together. Mel mentions the townhouses that Ben is moving into, and suggests that maybe they might want to check them out. Finally things start to look like they’re turning around for Mel, as she looks forward to her future.

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Over coffee and the Sunday paper Emmett tells Deb about his visit yesterday to see Michael. She’s sympathetic, knowing how easily Michael can turn on a dime; she’s at her wits’ end trying to figure out how to help him. As much as she loves him, she’s finally having the life she’s always dreamed
about. She’s excited about planning her wedding and honeymoon. She wants him to be happy for
her, but she’s not going to change her plans just because Michael feels threatened by Carl’s place in
her life.

She wonders if she’s still pampering him too much, even with him in the hospital. She thinks she
might be co-dependent, always making excuses for his behavior. She knows that it’s not healthy
for either of them, and starts to think that it would be better if she didn’t visit him as often as she
does. Although it breaks her heart to think of Michael there all alone, maybe it would be good for
him to finally have to go it alone and be honest with himself.

So after talking with Dr. Edwards it’s decided that she’ll take a break for a month or so and not see
Michael during that time. Even though it will be hard on both of them, in the long run, hopefully, it
will help kick start Michael’s therapy sessions. He’ll be able to voice his frustrations, and finally
start searching for ways to accept reality and become a man, releasing his needy child from within.
So Debbie sees him one last time, telling him how much she loves him, but they need to spend
some time apart. He, of course, doesn’t take the news well, and tries everything he can to make her
feel guilty for deserting him. He’s shocked when his tactics don’t work, as he’s always been able to
manipulate her before, and this just makes him ever angrier than usual.

It doesn’t help when Mel shows up later that day with a custody order signed by a judge,
relinquishing all his rights to Jenny Rebecca. Mel explains that she has to do what’s in Jenny’s best
interest. That once he’s released from prison or the hospital, and gotten himself a good job and a
place to live, he can always petition the courts for joint custody. But he’ll have to show that he’s
mentally stable, and able to not only support himself, but also contribute to Jenny Rebecca’s
wellbeing.

Michael flies off the handle, screaming at her, calling her a manipulative bitch, saying that she
can’t do this to him. He’s finally left alone crying, knowing that there’s no way he’ll ever get joint
custody again. He couldn’t even afford to contribute to her support before any of this happened. It
will be even less likely that he’ll be able to do so in the future. He’s desperate, needing a friend.
Once he’s calmed down he convinces the nurse to let him make a phone call. Of course Brian’s
phone rolls over to voice mail, and Michaels leaves a hysterical message asking for Brian’s help.
But Brian just erases it without even listening to it.

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Brian and Justin meet with Jake, their contractor, to go over the plans for the house: Gus’s
bedroom, the kitchen, bathrooms, office and Justin’s studio. They want to finish Gus’s room first
so he can move in later this week. It really only involves painting the walls and trim, and hanging
the wooden blinds. Jake recommends his friend, Tim to make the cabinets, bookcases and
cupboards for the kitchen, office and studio. Justin’s set up a time to meet with Tim in the morning
and go over the designs.

Jake also suggested that they go and pick out the rest of the granite and marble for the countertops
and bathroom tiles. After Jake leaves Justin suggests that maybe the green and black granite they
picked out for the kitchen counters could be used in the pool house kitchen. He thinks that maybe
he’d like to use black granite with grey veins running through it in the kitchen, painting the
cabinets red with stainless steel appliances. Brian just grins, loving Justin’s new kitchen ideas.

Brian wants mahogany for his office bookcases and furniture, to give it that dark rich feeling, with
matching wooden blinds for the windows. They’ve made arrangements to meet tomorrow when
Brian gets off work to pick out the rest of the countertops. Justin doesn’t have any classes on
Mondays. He’s planned it that way so he’d always have a three-day weekend, allowing him to
work in his studio or do homework with his free time. They spend the rest of the afternoon relaxing and messing around, until they have to leave for dinner at Deb’s that evening.

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When they finally arrive everyone else is already there discussing Michael when they walk in. Debbie told them about Dr. Edwards’ decision to give Michael some space to become more self-reliant. He needs to find his inner strength and start believing in himself, instead of others. This will probably be one of the hardest things she’s ever done, but if it helps Michael then it will be worth it. Michael won’t be allowed any visitors for the next four to six weeks, not that anyone else ever visited him anyways.

The rest of the evening they talk about Brian and Justin’s plans for the house and after dinner Emmett and Deb make plans for her and Carl’s wedding. Brian’s grateful they went away and got married, without all the hoopla from the family putting their two cents worth in, although the gang did razz them about not having a reception for their friends and family. After much taunting from everyone, Justin finally got Brian to agree that after they come back from Ibiza, they would have a formal dinner for everyone.

Emmett can’t resist nagging Mel about her and Leda, but she stood her ground saying one unsuccessful marriage was enough for her, although she’s excited about moving, and spends much of the evening with Jennifer discussing what she wanted in a new house. Brian tries to ignore most of the family, as he sits on the floor with Gus. They’re playing with his blocks, building an airport hangar for several of his toy planes; this week he wants to grow up and become a pilot.

By the time they made it home Sunday night they were both exhausted. It had been a long week and the coming week looked just as hectic, but by this time next week Gus will be living with them. Brian’s excited and a little nervous at the same time. He has never been totally responsible for Gus before, and he wonders if he can handle it. Justin reassures him that they’re going to be great. Sure they’ll have a learning curve at first, but once everyone settles into their new roles it would all come naturally to them.

Justin’s brushing his teeth, while Brian checks his messages. He had turned his phone off while they were at Deb’s, thinking everyone who could call him was already there. He’s surprised to find a half dozen messages from Michael waiting for him. His first response is just to delete them again, but he can’t help wondering what he wants. What could be so important? He sets his phone aside to wait until morning to decide what he wants to do.

Justin comes into the bedroom looking very sexy, as he wiggles his bubble butt at his husband. He climbs up on the bed, with his luscious ass calling out to Brian, beckoning him to join him in bed. He loves it when Justin is playful with him, and his body responds accordingly. He pulls his shirt off then his jeans become a little too tight as they start tenting. He naturally cups himself just before he unzips and slips them off.

He can hardly turn away from Justin’s heart-shaped ass as he climbs up onto the bed to cover Justin’s body with his. He runs kisses up his spine and then licks towards his left ear, knowing that it drives him crazy. Justin shivers with desire as he feels Brian’s cock brush against his ass. He instinctually moans, excited about what’s to come. Brian rocks his dick between his cheeks. His balls swing, bumping into Justin’s ass.

Justin releases a breathy “Brian” almost begging him to take him. Overcome with passion Brian whispers, “Patience, my dear boy. All in good time.”

Justin raises his ass for more contact with Brian’s member. Brian slips his arm around his waist
and pulls him up onto his knees, while kissing and nibbling on Justin’s neck. Justin can’t help panting as he waits for Brian’s next move. Soon he hears the familiar sound of the foil wrapper ripping open, knowing that Brian is sheathing himself. He’s already becoming heady from the longing and need he feels, wishing that Brian would just penetrate him and stop teasing him.

He doesn’t even realize that he’s begging again as he softly chants, “Brian! Brian! Brian!”

Then he feels the cool gel at his opening, and Brian’s fingers gently circling him, spreading the lubricant around to prepare him for Brian’s long cock. Brian aligns himself and then pushes in, breaching his tight ring of muscle, then gliding deep into him. Justin’s immediate reaction is to push back, taking more of Brian’s length into his tight channel.

“Oh, God! Yes! Yes! Yes!”

Soon Brian’s pumping in a steady rhythm, bringing them both closer with each downward thrust. Justin’s already filled with passion, as he feels all those wonderful sensations building from deep within. He closes his eyes, seeing all the bright colors flashing behind his lids. Brian works his dick in his fist, pumping him frantically until they’re both overcome. Justin flows over Brian’s hand, dripping down onto the sheets, as Brian fills the condom until he’s spent and satisfied.

Justin rests his head on the mattress, while Brian rests his head between Justin’s shoulder blades. It takes them both a few moments to catch their breath.

“Fuck Brian, you’re amazing… You always know just what I need.”

“I love you too, sunshine…”

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Brian and Justin go on an emotional roll-a-coaster…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 7131
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Brian and Justin go on an emotional roll-a-coaster…

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Chapter 18 ~ Fear and Loathing

Justin sits at the kitchen counter drinking some of Brian’s very strong French roast as he wakes up to a beautiful morning. The sun is shining brightly, lightening up all the rooms, making them feel warm and inviting. He wanders around with his coffee in hand, envisioning each room. He’s designing them in his head, so they feel more like his and Brian’s. He’s brought out of his daydreaming when he hears someone knocking at the front door.

It’s Jake; he and his painting crew have arrived, ready to start on Gus’s room. They’re carrying drop cloths and ladders to prep the room, while someone else measures the windows for the wooden blinds. Jake, Tim and Justin walk around the house, looking at the kitchen, studio and Brian’s office. Tim, the cabinetmaker, will be building all the cabinets and built-ins they need. Justin goes into great detail about how he wants each and every room to be completed. Tim takes extensive notes and measures all the spaces so he can start ordering the necessary materials.

Justin can’t help but feel he’s met Tim before. He can only imagine where it was, probably at Babylon or the baths, especially considering the sideways glances Tim keeps giving him. He just prays that Tim lets it go, not wanting to get into it with him, or to be made to feel uncomfortable about the situation. Justin’s grateful when they continue the conversation about the needs and uses of the cabinets with the extra design elements.

In the kitchen they’ll be using pull-out shelves for the bottom cabinets, and self-closing drawers. Afterwards Justin spends some time looking through a book of photos, showing some of their completed projects. This gives him a better feel for the design details he wants to incorporate into the house. Justin explains his new ideas for the kitchen, changing the color scheme to black and red with hardwood floors and stainless steel appliances.

Finally Justin excuses himself and lets them get to work. He goes into the living room and starts reading his homework assignment for Art History. He can’t concentrate because he’s racking his
brain, trying to remember where he’s met Tim before. Maybe it was at the diner? There’s always so many people eating there, and they all start to run together after a while. A few minutes later he’s back to studying his textbook, forgetting all about the cabinetmaker. A couple hours pass and he starts to get hungry, so he goes into the kitchen to make a sandwich. He stops in the doorway when he sees Tim scrolling through their honeymoon pictures, unaware that he’s been caught.

“Is there something you needed on my laptop?”

Tim jumps, startled by Justin’s appearance in the doorway. He knows he’s been caught, but he tries to make up an excuse to cover his ass anyways.

“I was just using your computer to check the availability of the mahogany needed for Brian’s studio. I hope that’s not a problem?”

Justin’s floored by the audacity of Tim lying to him. And how did he know Brian’s name? Now he’s sure they’ve met at the baths or Babylon.

“Yes, it is a problem! How dare you look through my private photos, and then lie to me about it! I won’t tolerate this kind of behavior. How can I trust you in my house if you show this kind of disrespect towards me?”

“I’m sorry, Taylor. It won’t happen again.”

“It’s Mr. Taylor-Kinney, and if it does you’ll be fired immediately. Is that understood?”

Tim’s seething, hating that he has to answer to this little twink. But he bites his tongue and replies, “Yes, Mr. Taylor.” Fuck, if he’s going to call him Mr. Taylor-Kinney.

Justin is livid; he wants to fire him right now on the spot. But he thinks better of it, knowing that they want the remodel to be done as soon as possible. Justin walks across the room and takes the laptop off the kitchen counter. He notices that it’s open to a photograph of Brian, standing naked, looking out the suite window at the snowcapped mountains. He just hopes they don’t have another Pierre working for them.

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Mel is just leaving court, after filing the restraining orders against Pierre DuPont and Ethan Gold. Brian decided that if she was going into court already to file the first restraining order, he might as well have one issued against the slimy chin-rat too. The judge has set a court date for Pierre’s breaking and entering case for next week, and the restraining orders go into effect immediately. There never seems to be a shortage of people that have pissed off Brian these days; she just hopes the list stops growing.

She stops at the diner after court and sees Emmett sitting in the back. She slides in across from him and turns her coffee cup over, indicating she wants some of the toxic brew. It’s slow this time of the morning, so Debbie slides in next to Mel asking how everything’s going. And if Gus is excited about his move to Britin. Mel just smiles and says he’s excited. But she’s worried of course; she can’t help thinking about how much she’s going to miss him.

She knows it’s selfish for her to only think about her feelings, but all of this is still so raw for her emotionally. She’s grateful that Leda will be back on Thursday for her job interviews, and they’ll have the weekend to spend time together. Brian and Justin have offered to take Jenny Rebecca on Saturday night, so they can have some private time for just the two of them. As leery as she is about Brian, she thinks this co-parenting thing with Brian and Justin just might be a life saver.
considering her work schedule.

Emmett hates to eat and run, but he needs to hurry to the party rental store and select all the things he needs for several of his upcoming weddings. With spring just around the corner, it seems that everyone wants to get married and he’s never been busier.

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Brian sits at his desk, going over the storyboards for Liberty Air. They’re expanding into the southwest and are starting a new ad campaign featuring flights to New Mexico, Arizona and California. The ads highlight the deep pink and purple sunsets that are so spectacular and the southwest is known for. Brian’s lost, looking at the stud models posing in their uniforms. They’re featured standing in front of the plane windows near the flight service station, helping passengers.

Cynthia buzzes him, telling him that Tim McCall is there to see him. Brian crinkles up his nose and wonders who he is and why he’s here. Cynthia shows him into Brian’s office just as Brian stands.

“How can I help you, Jim?”

Tim’s thrown off his game a little when Brian calls him the wrong name but he holds out his hand to shake Brian’s.

“It’s Tim, Tim McCall. Don’t you remember me?”

“Ah no. Have we met before?”

Tim blushes a little and says, “Well yes. We had a three-way with your twink at Babylon six months or so ago.”

Brian raises his eyebrows in question.

“Oh… And what? You’re pregnant?”

Tim blushes again. “That’s funny,” he says as he starts laughing gregariously.

“It’s not that funny. Now what can I do for you?”

“I’ve brought the wood samples for your office remodel. I thought that we could look them over.”

“Justin’s handling all of the details for the house, you should know that. Why are you here bothering me?”

“Well… You caught me. I thought that maybe we could have a replay. Only this time it could be just the two of us?”

Brian looks at him with a critical eye. “Yeah, Justin handles all those details as well.”

“Oh, come on, Brian, what could a little afternoon delight hurt?”

“It’s Mr. Taylor-Kinney to you, and you should know I never do repeats.”

“But it was so good between us last time. Are you sure you don’t want a replay? I’ll promise, I won’t tell your twink.”

“He’s my husband. He stopped being my twink a long time ago. In case you didn’t notice he’s
rather well endowed, and not some little pipsqueak.”

“Don’t tell me you two don’t fuck around on each other?”

Brian just glares at him with his hands on his hips.

“He really has you trained well… My, how the Great God Kinney has fallen.”

“Get the fuck out of here, and don’t come back. If anything like this happens again, I’ll see to it that Jake fires you, and not only from this job.”

Tim raises his eyebrows provocatively and cups his cock, saying, “You don’t know what you’re missing.”

“Really? I thought you just said I’ve had you before?”

With that Brian slams his office door and instructs Cynthia not to let him back into the building. He can’t help but wonder how Justin’s interactions with Tim have gone today. He just hopes Tim cuts out all the bullshit, and just does his job.

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Michael pouts as he writes frantically in his journal, expressing his emotions. He’s angry that Brian hasn’t returned any of his calls. For the first time it occurs to him that maybe Brian was serious, that he doesn’t want to continue their friendship. He has been making up excuses in his head for why Brian hasn’t been to visit him, saying that he’s busy with work, or he’s been out of town traveling, pitching new campaign ideas to prospective clients.

Although in the back of his mind he knows that Brian and Justin have gotten married, it’s still so hard for him to accept. He can’t help but feel like Justin has somehow stolen what should have been his life but sitting here in his room alone, he replays the last five years in his head. Looking back on it, it all seems so impossible to miss. It seems from that very first morning, when Brian insisted on driving him to school, things were already changing. He would never have cared how a trick got home, or to work before that.

Hell, it even started before that, if Michael’s honest. The fact that Brian brought Justin with him to the hospital when Gus was born, then let him name him. Yes, Justin was already slipping in under the wire, only no one noticed it at that time. Even if they did, it wouldn’t have made any difference. Justin had already stolen a piece of Brian’s heart, and he never loosened his grip, not even to this day. As much as it kills Michael to admit this, he knows the same is true for Brian. Even though he’ll never admit it, he fell in love with Justin practically at first sight.

Just getting that down on paper helped him release some of his loathing, and for the first time in his life he questions why he hates himself so much. Even though his actions were always directed at others, the truth is, it was himself that he was disgusted with. Why did he always have to blame others for his unhappiness, always needing others to give him his self-worth? He was always insecure, and self-defeating, never believing in himself. He shied away from fights as a young boy, instead of just coming out swinging, learning to take what was coming and move on.

He’s always blamed his mother for being over protective, even when Brian punched him in the eye at Mel and Lindsay’s party. She didn’t even wait to find out why Brian would do something like that, and Lord knows he’s deserved it for that remark about Justin. Yes, it’s obvious now that he’s always had a dysfunctional relationship with his mother, and of course he blames her for that as well.
The more he writes in his journal, the more self-introspection he has, and he doesn’t like himself very much. He’s not quite ready to take responsibility for his mood swings, or actions but he’s finally ready to admit that he doesn’t like himself very much these days. Maybe he’s finally hit the bottom; he just doesn’t know how to start crawling out of his bottomless pit. Even though he can’t see it, he’s finally making some real progress. Now if he’ll just let Dr. Edwards help him.

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It is Monday afternoon when the house phone rings and Dr. Hassan’s nurse asks to speak with Mr. Taylor-Kinney. She explains that she wasn’t able to reach him on his cell phone. She felt it was necessary to contact him immediately as she’s concerned about his blood tests. She asks him to come into the office that afternoon to rerun the blood work from last Friday.

Brian’s just getting out of his staff meeting and is surprised that Justin is waiting for him in his office.

“Didn’t we agree to meet at five o’clock?”

“Yes, but… You have an appointment with Doctor Hassan in an hour.”

“Oh?”

Now looking closer at his husband he can see that he’s seething just under the surface. He tries his best to assure Justin that he didn’t mean to deceive him, he just didn’t want him to worry. Justin’s not buying any of it. He says, “Gather your things. We’re leaving immediately, and don’t even try and argue with me.”

They walk in silence to the jeep. Brian’s looking rather sheepish as he takes a seat on the passenger’s side. He wonders how long it will be before Justin even speaks to him again, but he doesn’t have to wait long.

“How could you? How could you not tell me about seeing Dr. Hassan?”

“It was just a routine appointment. I didn’t want to worry you.”

Justin just glares at him, giving him a death stare.

“We’re married, Brian! For Christ sakes… No secrets, remember?”

“Justin… I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you.”

Justin’s back to glaring at him. “Don’t push me, Brian. I’m not in the mood.”

“What did Dr. Hassan say?”

“Your blood tests came back abnormal; he wants to redo them.”

“I’m sure it’s nothing to worry about.”

Justin’s back to glaring at him again…

“You don’t know that! Don’t try and make light of this. You know how serious this might be.”

“Justin, please…”

“No Brian, don’t… Just don’t! I don’t know what I’d do if I lost you… How dare you discount my
feelings? God, Brian, I love you so much.”

Now Justin has tears running down his face, he’s so distraught. Brian reaches over when they stop at a street light, and wipes them away.

“I’m sorry. I really am. I never meant for you to get hurt. But trust me, I’m sure it’s nothing. Probably just some mix-up.”

“It better be, otherwise I’m going to kill you. You hear me, mister! And if you ever withhold information from me again, I swear you’re never getting laid…”

Brian can’t help smirking, even though he knows Justin is probably going to smack him as soon as he parks the car. He sneaks a look at his husband, hoping he can make him see the humor in his threat. Justin looks back at him, crying again.

“Oh God, Brian, what if something’s really wrong? I can’t go on without you.”

“So you want to make a suicide pact?”

That brought a smile to his face. “God, I hate you so much sometimes.”

He reaches out and squeezes his thigh. “Everything’s going to be fine. You’ll see, and I promise to never leave you in the dark again. Okay?”

“You promise?”

Justin parks the car, and Brian leans over and pulls him into his arms to hold him tight. Some of the stress Justin’s feeling dissipates as Brian rubs circles across his back, relaxing him.

“Now, let’s go see Dr. Hassan and get these tests over with. Then we’ll go get a drink at Woody’s and maybe I’ll even take you out to dinner.”

“Okay. But some place nice. Not the diner or Thai.”

“Wherever you want.”

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Carl sits patiently listening to Deb as she drones on about her big ideas for their small wedding. The truth is it’s just fine with him if she wants to go big. After all that’s one of the things he likes about her but he can’t help wondering if she really thinks she’s planning a small wedding. Even though the head count will be small, under fifty, her plans include everything from a full-on Catholic Church service, to Jenny Rebecca as the flower girl even though she’s barely two years old.

She’s planning on asking Jennifer to be her maid of honor, and Mel her bridesmaid. Carl can just imagine what Mel’s reaction will be. He’s not sure he’s ever even seen her in anything other than pants, and questions if she even owns a dress or skirt.

He never realized all the details involved in planning a wedding. Not only does she want a glamorous wedding dress, she thinks she needs another outfit to depart from the wedding reception. And then there’s the decorations, flowers for the altar, bouquets for everyone, center pieces for the tables, rose petals for the flower girl to throw on the runner, gift bags placed on the tables with Jordan almonds or chocolates, or both.
She also wants a formal sit-down dinner, an open bar, champagne toasts, and of course, a huge wedding cake. He wonders what happened to the idea of running away to Las Vegas. Then there’s his pride as Brian’s offered to pay for the wedding and he’s going to need all the financial help he can get. He’s just not sure if he should be offended, or grateful, at this point.

And let’s not forget the honeymoon. Deb’s now got it in her head that she wants to go to France or Italy, maybe both. At this rate he’ll never be able to retire. Hell, it will cost him all of his retirement savings just to pay for this shindig. He’s trying not to get stressed out, but he can’t help thinking he needs a drink, even if it’s only three o’clock in the afternoon. Where’s Emmett when he needs him?

He spaced out for a few minutes, overcome with all the details and apparently now she’s moved on to his attire. She wants him to wear a classic black tuxedo complete with tails and cummerbund. He has visions of himself stuffed into an under-sized suit with his stomach protruding over the damn sash, as he walks around looking more like a penguin than a groom.

You’d think the flushed cheeks, and the beads of sweat forming on his brow would be a clue for Deb to slow down. But apparently she’s lost in her own world of sugar-plum fairies, and formal dining to focus on her soon-to-be-passed-out fiancé. He tries to get her attention, but the only sound coming out of his mouth is a slightly gurgled gasp that barely registers a blip on her radar. She moves on to jewelry, and how much she wants diamond earrings. She actually asks if it would be too much for her to wear a diamond tiara instead of a veil.

At this point Carl thinks he needs to lie down before he has a heart attack. Debbie’s still rambling on about what’s appropriate to wear, a shawl or maybe a mink stole, oblivious to Carl’s need for air. She hardly notices him get up and make his way to the kitchen for the bottle of Beam. He’s never been more grateful that Brian brought it with him to one of the family dinners several weeks ago.

After a few shots of the burning liquid flowing down his throat, he hears her asking if he wants a groom’s cake; he’s never even heard of a groom’s cake. Then she tells him that Emmett’s offered to host his bachelor’s party; he can only wonder what a gay bachelor’s party would involve but one thing he’s sure of - the last thing Emmett would plan is a buxom blond jumping out of some cake. He thinks he’s headed for a nervous breakdown, and wonders if Michael has space in his room at the sanitarium for an overnight guest.

“Carl… Carl, are you listening to me? What’s wrong, honey? You don’t look so good.”

He’s white as a ghost as his nerves get the best of him, and he tries to remember what she was saying. He’s never been more thankful when the phone rings, and he’s been called back to the station for an interrogation in the arrest of one of the suspects in his bank robbery case. He kisses Deb on the cheek, and tells her to continue planning whatever she wants for their wedding without him. Not that he’d have any say in what she decides anyways.

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Hunter and Terry are shooting hoops out back, practicing for the game Friday night. They’re getting hot after running around for the last half hour. Terry takes off his jersey, showing off his taut muscles as he wipes the sweat from his brow. Hunter can’t help checking him out, as he flashes his abs. He pulls him back behind the garage, kissing him passionately. Finally they break for air and slide down to the ground.

Terry takes out a joint and lights it, handing it to Hunter. They sit and smoke it with silly grins on their faces as they become stoned. Soon their hands wander all over each other, excited by one
another’s touch. They’re both sporting woodies as they grind against each other, letting their passion take them away. Terry soon has Hunter on his back in the tall grass, as he slides a condom down his hard cock, and lubes Hunter up. The thrill of being a teenager and in love overtakes them. Any trace of inhibition they might feel is soon lost in their passion.

It isn’t until they hear someone whistle that they’re brought out of their sexual haze, and realize that they’re being watched by the neighborhood boys. At first they’re freaked out, and think that maybe the guys are threatening them. But they soon realize that the guys are frantically working themselves into oblivion, just watching them. Hunter jumps up and pulls Terry with him, so they can continue their routine behind a locked bedroom door, not wanting to be caught twice in one day.

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Dr. Hassan greets Brian and Justin apologizing for the mishap at the lab. Apparently several blood samples were mislabeled, making it necessary for the blood tests to be performed again. Brian grins, squeezing Justin’s hand to reassure him that it wasn’t anything serious. Justin’s relieved by the news, but also makes it clear that Brian will never exclude him from his health check-ups in the future.

Then he asks Dr. Hassan if he could run an HIV screening for both of them. They want to be certain in June when they go to Ibiza that they have a clean bill of health, and can finally make love the way it’s meant to be. Once they’re finished having their blood drawn, Justin announces that he wants to go out for sushi. Brian hesitates, wondering if he should tell Justin about Tim’s visit this afternoon, but Justin’s in a really good mood and he hates the idea of spoiling that. So he decides to wait until later before he comes clean about his admirer.

Ted calls as they’re leaving the doctor’s office, asking where Brian is. He’s shocked that Brian left so early, knowing that they were swamped at work right now.

“I didn’t know I had to check in with you, updating you on my comings and goings, Theodore?”

“It’s not that. I was just surprised. I came down to your office with all the accounts payable checks for you to sign, and was surprised that you had left. That’s all…”

“Theodore. What’s really bothering you?"

“Nothing, no, nothing, really Bri.”

“Spill it… I know you better than this.”

“Oh, alright. I just wanted to ask you if it was alright if I took Friday off. Jerry’s flying into town on Tuesday to work with the focus groups for the new line of flavors for Greek Goddess Yogurt. We planned on going to the country for a long weekend.”

“Yes, I already know that.”

“You do?”

“Yes, Ted. You should know by now that Emmett is the biggest gossip queen in all of Pittsburgh.”

“Oh, yeah, right. Okay, so it’s alright if I leave after the focus group on Thursday?”

“Isn’t it at ten o’clock in the morning?”
“Well… Yeah, but…”

“God, Ted, you’re too gullible. Of course you can have a long weekend with your steady boyfriend.”

“You can barely say it without hurling, can you?”

“Whatever.”

“I just think it’s funny coming from a newlywed.”

“Remind me to fire you first thing in the morning. Bye, Teddy.”

“Thanks, Bri, you know you’re getting soft in your old age.”

“Ted, never, and I mean never, say I’m going soft, or old age to me in a sentence again. Or you really will be fired.”

“Zipping, zipping.”

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Ben’s grading homework when Emmett arrives. He’s brought with him the makings for a pesto pizza, with portabella mushrooms, sundried tomatoes, and black olives. He starts making the crust, kneading it, and then waiting for it to rise. When he finishes chopping the vegetables he asks when Hunter will be home. Ben checks the clock and is surprised when he sees how late it is, and he hasn’t heard from him yet. That’s when they hear the water running in the shower, and laughter echoing down the stairs.

“I didn’t realize he was home, or that he had company.”

Of course they know who’s upstairs with him, and Ben wonders if he should have a talk with Hunter. But it would be a little redundant, considering his sexual history. What would he say? He doesn’t want to make Hunter feel self-conscious about his past, and he certainly knows all about safe sex. The only thing Ben’s worried about is another scene like the one with Callie’s parents. But he knows that he needs to let Hunter tell Terry in his own way, he just hopes that it’s not the disaster it was last time.

Ben’s setting the table when Terry and Hunter come into the dining room.

“Wow, that smells great! Emmett must be cooking tonight.”

Hunter couldn’t help the little dig he made towards Ben’s cooking.

“Sorry, dad, it’s just sometimes you make the weirdest diners. And well, Em just seems to know what I like to eat.”

“I wasn’t sure if you’d eat a pesto pizza, so I also made a traditional pepperoni and ham pizza.”

“That sounds great. You don’t mind if Terry stays for dinner, do you, dad?”

“Of course not. I was just going to ask him to stay. But he needs to call his folks and let them know where he is.”

“That’s cool. They already know that I came here after school to practice shooting hoops. So I’m sure it’s okay.”
While Terry’s calling his parents, Hunter spots the chocolate chip cookies that Em made earlier this afternoon. He grabs a couple for both him and Terry. “What? I’m starving.”

Ben just smiles. He catches himself before he sounds totally like a parent, telling him not to spoil his dinner because Hunter never has a problem eating if there’s food on the table.

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Justin takes a sip of his wine as he cruises the menu, which is totally unnecessary because he always gets a California roll, sashimi, spider roll, and a sushi cone. As always his stomach is a bottomless pit, and Brian orders extra shrimp tempura, and a tuna roll, knowing he’ll still be hungry.

Brian can’t help being relieved that Justin isn’t as angry as he was earlier this afternoon. He’s learned his lesson to never try and keep him in the dark concerning his health. He was sure at one point that when Justin was so angry that he might not ever get into his ass again. Justin almost had him worried that maybe something really was wrong. He remembered all the time he wasted pushing Justin away, just because he was afraid of showing his feelings. Being honest with himself, he was afraid of getting hurt.

He looks across the table at his husband, thankful that Justin didn’t just walk away from him, considering how badly he used to treat him, being so arrogant and self-centered. He can’t imagine not having Justin in his life. He reaches over and hooks his pinky with Justin’s, making him smile his bright sunshine smile.

“Maybe after dinner I’ll take you to Maude’s for dessert. I know how much you love their chocolate raspberry torte.”

“You’re still trying to get me to forgive you, aren’t you? Don’t you know I stopped being angry at you once Dr. Hassan told us about the problems at the lab? But I appreciate the gesture, and I do want that chocolate torte.”

“I’m sure you do…”

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Dr. Edwards is noting all the changes Michael is going through as he rambles on endlessly about how much he never realized that Brian was changing right before his eyes. He doesn’t understand why Brian would change for Justin, and not him. Brian knew all along that Michael was in love with him, but he never even considered giving him a chance.

“It just doesn’t make any sense. I mean, we are perfect for one another, and I’ve loved him for so long. Then Justin comes along, and everything changes. Even though Brian would never admit it at the time.”

“Michael. I’m sure by now you realize that we don’t choose who we fall in love with. The heart has a way of claiming what it wants, much to the chagrin of our minds.”

“But I choose to love Brian. I wanted him from the minute I first saw him.”

“Michael, please. Can’t you see that what you felt for Brian is infatuation, not love? You’re totally obsessed with him. That’s not love, and it’s not healthy.”

“No. I do love him.”
“You need to accept the truth. It’s the only way you’re going to be able to move past this. Love is something you feel in your heart. It’s when you want what’s best for them, putting their feelings first, not your own.”

Michael just stares at Dr. Edwards. It’s the first time in his life he’s ever thought about doing what’s best for another person, instead of always thinking about himself first and foremost. It’s a completely new concept for him. It’s hard at first to come to grips with the idea. All that’s ever mattered to him was getting his needs met. Always wanting everything that’s best for him.

“So you think I’m selfish and self-centered?”

“I think you need to grow up. Become the man you’re meant to be. Not the petulant child, who’s used to always getting his own way.”

“I do not… I just want things the way I want them.”

“Exactly. But that’s not how life works. The sooner you start building your coping skills, the better you’ll be able to handle adversity and change.”

Now Michael’s just brooding, hating being challenged like this, not wanting to believe what Dr. Edwards is saying is true. Is he really so petulant, and self-centered?

Dr. Edwards finishes up taking notes, and tells Michael that this is enough for today’s session. He hopes that he’ll think about what they’ve talked about and reflect on how he can change his attitude for the better in the future.

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Jennifer and Debbie make plans to go shopping for wedding and bridesmaids’ dresses. Debbie gushes about wanting something big and fluffy with lots of ruffles and bows. Jennifer’s relieved when she realizes that she’s talking about her wedding dress, and not the bridesmaids’. Although she is a little skeptical when Deb mentions that she thinks it would be great if the girls wore red dresses. Jennifer cringes, biting her tongue, hoping that she’ll change her mind once they start trying on dresses.

They set a time to meet the next day, and Debbie hangs up and starts searching through Modern Bride looking at all the dresses, tearing out the pages with the styles of the ones she’d die for. In the back of her mind she can hear both Carl and Jen saying that the bridesmaids’ dresses should be plain, so as not to detract from the bride.

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They’re almost home when Brian mentions that he had a visitor today at work.

“I was surprised when Jim stopped by for me to view his wood samples for my home office. I didn’t even know he knew where I worked.”

“Brian, his name is Tim. And every fag in this burgh knows where you work.”

“Oh…”

Justin rolls his eyes, knowing full well that Brian knows this already.

“So he wanted you to sample his wood?”
“Basically…”

“I see. So how was he?”

“Disappointed, to say the least. And I made it clear that it was inappropriate, and if it happened again, I’d have Jake fire him.”

“I see… I vaguely remember having a three-way with him a long time ago.”

“So he said… But I didn’t really remember.”

“Good.”

It would have been the perfect time to tell Brian about catching Tim looking through his laptop at their honeymoon photos, but he decides against it. He hopes he doesn’t regret it later. He just wants to go to bed and show Brian how grateful he is that Dr. Hassan only wanted to rerun the blood tests, and that it wasn’t something more serious.

Before going to their bedroom they stop and check on Gus’s room, to see how the painting is coming along. The ceiling is painted a soft white that will match the trim and blinds, and three of the walls have been painted the darker blue, leaving only the light blue wall to be painted tomorrow. Once Gus’s bedroom furniture is delivered on Wednesday the room will be complete. Brian likes it; he thinks it has a strong masculine look, and will be perfect for Gus.

“‘The only thing we forgot to buy is a large rug to warm up the hardwood floors. I guess I’ll be busy after school tomorrow picking one out, but that shouldn’t be a problem. The only problem I foresee is finding one that both you and I agree on. You can be so picky sometimes. Maybe I’ll stop by Kinnetik at lunch time and we can go together, hopefully that will be enough time.’”

Justin’s POV

Brian turns off the light and pulls me down the hallway to the master bedroom. He wraps his arms around me, holding me from behind. I can’t help wiggling as his lips tickle my neck where he’s licking and nibbling on my exposed skin. I naturally lean in to his touch and I feel his hands slip under my sweater. He caresses my stomach until his fingers find the button and zipper on the front of my jeans.

A moan escapes my lips as his hand cups my cock, making me instantly hard in his palm. He squeezes me gently, running his thumb across my slit, leaving a trail of pre-cum in his path. I’m becoming totally moldable to his touch as my body responds, sending electrical signals pulsating throughout me. Suddenly I’m overcome with heat, still wearing my jeans and sweater. My breathing turns to panting as I become more excited.

He unzips my pants and lifts the sweater over my head, which sends a gust of cool air to assault my senses. I step out of my pants and walk towards the bed. I hook my thumbs under my waistband and allow my underwear to fall to the floor. All this time his lips are still connected to my neck and a rush of desire courses through me, anticipating his next move.

I twist around in his embrace and run my arms around his neck. We press our lips together until we’re both kissing passionately. I’m filled with love and deep admiration, so relieved that he’s healthy. I was really scared earlier this afternoon, almost on the verge of panicking. I truly don’t know what I’d do if I lost him. Just thinking about it, the idea of a suicide pact doesn’t sound unreasonable. I know he was joking, but I really don’t think I can live without him.

We break for air, and I slowly start untying his tie, then I move on to unbuttoning his dress shirt. I
gently push it off his shoulders, watching it fall to the floor behind him. I run my hands up his chest, loving the feel of his firm muscles. My hands reach the back of his neck and I pull him back into a kiss, which leaves us both panting. He finally whispers my name, “Justin…”

I step back and allow him to slip out of his pants, leaving them in a puddle on the floor next to his shirt. He looks so beautiful with his hard cock straining against the black cotton fabric of his briefs. I can’t help the huge grin I get on my face, as I stare at my husband, still holding his red tie in my hand. The innuendo isn’t lost on him as he pushes me back onto the bed, taking the tie from my firm grasp. Soon he has my arms over my head, and my wrists bound together. I gaze back at him intently, loving his playful gestures.

There’s nothing more sexy and erotic than Brian in his predator mode, and I love being his prey. The golden flecks in his hazel eyes send signals to my dick, taking me into overdrive. His voice is soft as it sends shivers down my spine. I hear him say, “You were a very bossy bottom this afternoon, little boy.”

I’m lost in the depth of his eyes, mesmerized by his actions, eagerly anticipating his next move. He runs kisses down the center of my chest, and stops at my nipples. He gently takes the firm nub into his mouth and sucks, licking around the outer edge, making it stand up to attention. The sensations he’s creating are making me heady with desire as I’m flooded with endorphins.

He moves over to my other nipple, licking and then blowing cool air on it, getting a rise out of this one as well. He takes the golden ball of the nipple ring between his teeth and gently tugs and twists it. This sets off a whole new set of sensations which go directly to my cock. I’m now squirming, looking for any sense of relief. I try and grind myself against the soft cotton of his briefs, which holds his beautiful member just a little too far away from me.

He chuckles at me, knowing that I’m yearning for contact. He raises his hips just far enough away that I’m becoming frustrated. He gazes down at me, sending chills through me, even though I’m burning with desire. My body is confused; all I know for sure is that I want him deep inside me. I’m lost in my mixed emotions as he takes mercy on me. I moan with desire just thinking about him taking me. Hopelessly lost in my longing, I wait for his tender touch to put me out of my misery.

He shifts, kneeling back on his legs. He slips his underwear down his thighs, and then down his calves, tossing them onto the pile of clothing. Finally he reaches into the nightstand and removes the tube of lube and a condom. We stare into each other’s eyes, as we both think about when we won’t need to use protection, finally giving ourselves to one another in the most intimate way possible.

He swoops down, bringing our lips together, while at the same time he slides my legs up onto his shoulders. I can feel the warmth of his penis as it rests against my opening. My mind imagines him breaching me with no barriers. Our lips are still locked together, as our tongues duel for dominance. I’m brought back to reality when I hear the sound of the lube snapping open; he sits back and spreads the gel across my rosebud.

I’m more than ready as I push back, taking his fingers into me. He pushes farther in until he passes my tight ring of muscle. Then he circles me several times, finally sheathing himself. He penetrates me, gliding into me until I feel his balls pressed against my ass. I close my eyes, loving the feeling of him deep inside of me. He completes me, making me feel whole. He places butterfly kisses across my face, making me smile. Then he starts moving in and out of me in long smooth motions.

He knows my body so well, as he hits my sweet spot on the first and each thrust forward, building momentum. I’m inundated with sensations as he pumps faster, and faster, sparking waves of
pleasure that pulsate from my spine to the tips of my finger and toes. I’m chanting his name, again and again as I’m overcome with passion.

“Brian, Brian, Brian!”

I can tell he’s getting close himself, as he increases his speed and his breathing becomes erratic. He reaches down between us and grabs my dick, pumping me to the same rhythm as his thrusts. We’re both being pulled closer and closer to ecstasy. My head is flailing back and forth across the pillow, as I’m consumed by my orgasm. It quakes throughout me, until I feel like I’m going to pass out.

Brian follows right behind. I hear his deep guttural moans escape. My slick walls clench and release him, pulling him over the edge, while he jerks and shudders, filling the condom. He reaches up and unties my wrists, gently rubbing them to make sure I’m not in pain. We both lie there in post-coital bliss as our breathing levels out. I want him to stay in me forever, loving the feeling of us being so connected. But that’s something for us to look forward to in the future. Moments later he gets up and fetches a warm wet washcloth to clean me off. Then he circles his arms around me from behind as we both drift off to sleep in complete and utter bliss.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Brian struggles with being a fulltime father…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 6423
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Brian struggles with being a fulltime father…

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Chapter 19 ~ I’ll Be Dog Gone

Brian awakens to a full-blown orgasm, thrusting his hips back and forth, loving the sensations of Justin’s slick tongue as he slides down his throat.

“Oh Fuck! Justin! Justin! Amazing!”

Justin continues to keep swallowing as Brian shoots his remaining juices. Still feeling his climax as he continues to shudder, he fists Justin’s hair, moaning his pleasure. Justin continues licking, inspecting and rotating Brian’s balls to make sure he’s covered all his tissues with his saliva. He’s decided that he’s going to make it a habit of examining his husband’s jewels, making sure there are no abnormalities. He never wants to have another day like yesterday, worrying and wondering about Brian’s health again.

“Justin, if you keep that up I’m going to cum all over your face in a few seconds.”

“You wish, old man. You’re not as young as you used to be and I doubt you can recover again so soon.”

“Smartass!”

“You so love me.”

Brian pulls Justin down on top of him and kisses the top of his head, while running his hands across his back. Brian may not admit to enjoying cuddling, but he loves holding Justin close after sex, especially if he’s extremely satisfied. The two of them lay there, slowly waking up, daydreaming about the changes that are soon to come. Finally Justin yawns and says, “Come on, I’ll make you a feta and spinach egg-white omelet.”
Michael picks at his breakfast, inspecting the imitation powdered scrambled eggs, wondering why the hospital doesn’t serve real eggs; after all eggs aren’t that expensive. He doesn’t have much of an appetite these days, he’s lonely and he’s missing his mom. She always gave him updates on what was happening with the gang, and, of course, Brian. He’s still having a hard time understanding why she felt she needed to stop visiting him, giving him some space to come to grips with his situation.

He thinks he’s doing so much better now, finally able to see that his actions have caused all his problems. Even though he still catches himself daydreaming about a future that will never happen, he knows that it’s foolish to contemplate being married to Brian. He knows that Brian and Justin are together, really committed to each other, even monogamous. But just because he’s accepted it doesn’t mean he’s not jealous, although these days he seems to be attracted to his psychiatrist.

Dr. Edwards is older like David was. He’s not bad looking, smart and rich. He is always patient and understanding when he talks with Michael. Unfortunately Michael misinterprets his bedside manner as attraction and he can’t help thinking that the doctor’s attracted to him. Michael’s attitude has improved, and he seems to be taking better care of himself. He now makes an effort to dress nicely, and is well groomed when he has an appointment. Dr. Edwards has noticed the improvement in Michael’s appearance and outlook. But he has yet to notice his attraction to him, which of course is unhealthy and counterproductive to Michael’s stability.

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Emmett gazes over at Ben as he pumps iron, lifting barbells and flexing his muscles. He can’t help the attraction he feels for him, loving the way he keeps in shape. He tries not to think about Ben’s HIV status; he hates the idea of losing him. He’s thankful that Ben is always safe and healthy. His attitude is even starting to rub off on Hunter, who is now more health conscious, playing sports and working out with them when he can.

Ben suggests that Emmett give the barbells a try, adjusting the weights to what he thinks Emmett can lift. Emmett struggles with them as Ben coaches him, spotting him and helping him set them back down on the bar. It’s probably the first time Emmett’s ever broken a sweat while working out at the gym. Ben encourages him, saying that it gets easier with time.

He then suggests that they run a few laps around the track. Emmett’s feeling weak but he doesn’t want to show it. So Emmett starts running, quickly falling behind, but Ben slows down and jogs next to him while he finds his stride. Knowing how boring running the track can be, Ben suggests that they set a course around the neighborhood. He thinks seeing spring blossoming will be an inspiration for them both, and maybe Hunter can join them on occasion.

They finish their workout and then enjoy the steam room and sauna; it’s good to relax their muscles after a good workout. Ben naturally turns a few heads with his perfectly sculpted body, but he only has eyes for Emmett.

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Debbie and Jen sit in Café Marco’s, eating lunch and discussing Debbie and Carl’s wedding. Debbie plans on going all out. Who can blame her? She never thought that she’d see the day she’d be walking down the aisle. She just wishes that Vic was still alive to witness it, or that Michael wasn’t hospitalized. She’s had so much on her mind lately, she hasn’t thought much about Michael.

Even though it’s been the hardest thing for her to stay away, she knows it’s for the best. Whatever it takes for Michael to finally see his way in the darkness. She hopes he’ll find his own way in life
and stop depending on others for his happiness and wellbeing. Jen mentions that she saw some beautiful dresses at Macy’s the other day with Molly. This seems to snap Deb out of her thoughts and back to reality.

The two of them spend the rest of the afternoon trying on dresses of all shapes and sizes. Debbie, of course, loves the ones with lots of ruffles and bows, with cascading layers of satin and beads. Jen can’t help but think that she looks like a human wedding cake. But she bites her tongue knowing that her taste is very different than Deb’s. She steers Deb’s desire for bridesmaid dresses toward something plain and elegant, saying that their dresses shouldn’t distract from the bride’s.

Debbie takes the hint and finally starts looking for something more modest, something that will look good on both Jen and Mel. That’s when they find a simple, slip dress made of satin with shoestring straps. It’s very plain but elegant at the same time. She can just imagine them in bright red, with the girls carrying soft pink roses for their bouquets. Even though the color choice isn’t what Jen would pick, it’s something bright and cheerful that reflects Debbie’s personality.

~ ~ ~

Brian’s sitting at his desk reviewing the presentation for the focus groups on Thursday for Greek Goddess yogurt. He snickers to himself that Ted may have just found Mr. Right. He truly hopes so because he likes Ted’s new-found confidence. Suddenly his office door swings open and Claire comes in. Brian stares at Cynthia, wondering how she got past his bulldog of an assistant.

“Brian! I know you’re busy, but I just have to see you. I just found out my worthless ex-husband has canceled the Blue Cross policy for John, Peter and myself.”

“Oh?”

“Brian, this is serious. We need health insurance. Who knows what might happen? John could get hurt playing soccer, and you know Peter’s asthma might act up. He seems to be allergic to practically everything.”

“It’s not my fault you married a worthless son-of-a-bitch! What’s his excuse this time?”

“He says that he can’t afford it now he has a new family. He’s even stopped paying child support. He just laughed at me when I threatened to sue him.”

“What do you want me to do about it?”

“Brian, I need help. You know I won’t be able to keep up the house payments without the boys’ support payments.”

Brian takes a deep breath, as he looks at his distraught sister, wondering how much she was going to cost him this time.

“How much?”

“Oh, Brian, thank you. Thank you so much.”

As much as he hated Claire growing up, now that he’s about to become a fulltime father he understands worrying about the welfare of your family and children. He can’t help being amazed at how much his life has changed over the last six months, and it doesn’t even scare him like he once thought it would.

Brian takes out his checkbook and writes her a check for five thousand dollars. He smiles as he
hands it to her, telling her to expect a phone call from a friend of his. He tells her Melanie Marcus will handle all her legal problems so that John Sr. will soon be paying his share of expenses to support their children. Claire’s shocked and grateful to Brian for his generosity, and wonders if maybe this will be a turning point in their relationship.

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Justin is finishing up his sketches for his life drawing class just as his cell phone rings. He’s surprised that it’s Gus’s school and hopes that everything is alright. Now that Gus will be living with him and Brian fulltime, Justin will be picking him up from school every afternoon. He’s now the primary contact person for the school. It seems that Gus has been sent to the principal’s office for fighting on the playground. Justin’s a little shocked, but tells the school secretary that he’ll be right there.

When he gets there, Gus is sitting outside the principal’s office with his arms crossed over his chest, pouting. He’s giving the little girl across from him the evil eye. Justin spots him and goes over and kneels in front of him, asking him what happened.

“It’s all her fault! She started it!”

With that he sticks his tongue out at the little blond girl who’s sitting there like a little angel. She smiles back at Gus, and Justin is pretty sure she just flashed her eyes at him. He can’t help wondering if girls are just born flirts.

“Mr. Taylor-Kinney, why don’t you and Gus have a seat in my office? Then maybe we can get to the bottom of all this.”

Gus is still angry, glaring at her as they walk into the principal’s office.

“Now Gus, would you like to explain why you pushed Sally Meyers down on the playground?”

He just sits there, silent, refusing to say anything.

“Gus, you know it’s wrong to hit or push other students. Why would you do something like this?”

Gus finally repeats his accusation again.

“It’s all her fault! She started it!”

Justin runs his hand through Gus’s hair. “Why don’t you tell us what happened?”

“She was chasing me. She wouldn’t leave me alone.”

He looks at Justin, ashamed. “She was trying to kiss me!”

Justin smirks, then in his serious tone of voice he says, “Gus, even if she tried to kiss you, you shouldn’t have pushed her down. She could have gotten hurt.”

“But I didn’t want her to kiss me!”

“I know, and that was wrong of her to do that. But it’s still not right for you to push her. Do you understand?”

“Yeah, but she was just mad because I didn’t want to be her boyfriend.”

“That’s probably true, but pushing doesn’t solve anything.”
“Is she in trouble for chasing me, and trying to kiss me?”

The principal speaks up, saying she’ll have a talk with Sally and her parents. That it won’t happen again.

They’re almost home free as they walk out of the principal’s office until Gus decides to add, “’Cause I already have a boyfriend, Robby Timmons.”

Justin can’t help smirking as he takes Gus’s hand and pulls him out of the office before the principal has a chance to respond.

“Justy, am I in trouble? ‘Cause I’m pretty sure daddy would have pushed her away too.”

Justin thinks to himself, yeah, I’m sure he would too.

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Emmett and Ben decide that they have time for a quickie before Hunter’s due home from basketball practice. Ben pulls out his massage oil and starts rubbing it into Emmett’s back. Em loves the feel of his firm hands massaging his sore back muscles. After working out most of the afternoon Ben’s working wonders to help him relax. Moans are escaping him as he melts into the mattress. Emmett has never worked out so hard before, but he wanted to impress Ben with his stamina.

Ben leans down and starts running kisses down Emmett’s spine, and not a moment too soon. If Ben had waited much longer Em would have surely fallen asleep from his muscles relaxing to his tender touch. Ben works his way down until he reaches Em’s perfect cheeks, gently spreading them and continues until he’s found his delicate pucker.

He slides his fingers in until he breaches his tight ring of muscle, working his tissues, opening him up. He continues working his fingers in deeper, stretching and spreading him open, waiting for Em to relax. The cool gel helps glide his condom-covered cock into his nice tight ass. Em can’t help but push back to greet Ben’s firm member.

Soon the two of them are working themselves in a frantic rhythm as their pulses race, and their hearts beat faster. It isn’t long before they’re both totally lost in their own little world of intense pleasure. A few more thrusts they both fall over the edge and collapse onto the damp sheets. Both are thoroughly satisfied, loving the overwhelming sensations as their bodies quake. Ben nudges Em softly, suggesting they get a shower before Hunter gets home.

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Debbie gets home exhausted from dress shopping, but she’s happy it was a productive day. She found the perfect wedding and bridesmaid dresses. Now all she needs to find is a little pink flower-girl dress for Jenny Rebecca, something frilly like hers with lots of ribbons and bows.

Mel stops by after picking Jenny up from daycare to see the dresses they chose this afternoon. She’s relieved when she sees the simple, yet classic slip dress that she’ll be wearing. She was so sure it was going to be some monstrosity of ruffles and flowers. She’s never been more thankful that Jen took the day off to go shopping with Deb, pointing her in the right direction.

She joins Deb for a glass of wine, as she listens to all the details Deb has planned for her nuptials. She knows that she’s stalling, not wanting to go home, knowing that tonight is the first night that Gus will be sleeping in his new bedroom at Britin. She already misses him, but she knows that she needs to get used to the idea of them now being a family. Besides she’ll have him on the
weekends, and she'll still be a big part of his life.

Justin is making a big salad, and marinating the pork tenderloin for dinner while Gus is coloring a picture to hang on the fridge. Justin looks over and notices that he’s drawing a picture of the three of them playing in the yard with a dog. He can’t help wondering about the dog in the picture, when Gus mentions that Mr. Rudy (Debbie’s neighbor) needs to find homes for all his puppies.

“Justy, do you think daddy will let me get a puppy?”

Justin groans inwardly, wondering how he’s going to explain to Gus why that’s probably not a good idea.

“I don’t know, Gus. I think your dad is just getting used to all the changes with you moving in. It might not be a good time to get a puppy.”

“But Mr. Rudy says that they all have to go to good homes. Don’t you think we have a good home?”

“It’s not that, Gus. It’s just that your father needs time to get used to all the changes.”

“But I promise I’ll take good care of him.”

“I’m sure you will, Gus. But you know your father needs time to adjust to you being here.”

“I’ll help him. You’ll see, he’s gonna love Zeek.”

“Zeek?”

“Yeah, I already named him. Mr. Rudy says he can come home with us anytime now.”

“I see…”

Justin bites his tongue, and just hopes that Brian has an easier time explaining to Gus why he can’t have a dog. He’s a little mad at Deb for letting Gus play next door at Mr. Rudy’s with all his puppies. She has to know that Gus will want to take one home.

“Here, Justy, I finished my drawling for the fridge. And I made one for daddy to take to work to help him get used to the idea of the puppy.”

“Oh, um… I mean, I’m sure he’ll love it.”

“I knowed he will.”

“Gus if you’re through coloring please put the crayons back in the box, and pick up all your cars and trucks and put them in your toy box.”

Brian comes in the back door to see Justin stirring something on the stove. He wraps his arms around Justin’s waist, pulling him into a big kiss.

“Umm, this smells great. I’m starving.”

Just then Gus comes rambling around the corner on his big wheel and races down the hallway. Brian cringes thinking about the hardwood floors and all the marks he’s leaving on the floor.
“Slow down there, Sonny boy. You might run into the wall and hurt yourself.”

“Daddy, you’re home! I got a present for you.”

“Oh?”

Gus comes over and sits at the table next to Brian. Justin hands Brian a glass of wine, and Gus a glass of chocolate milk.

“So Gus, how was school today?”

“Great.”

“Oh? I understand you had a little trouble?”

“Nope, no trouble.”

“Gus, I spoke with your principal this afternoon.”

“So you knewed it wasn’t my fault.”

“Gus, it’s never okay to hit, push or shove anybody.”

“But Daddy she ‘served it.”

“Deserved, and she could have gotten hurt”

“That’s what I said, and she’s just fine.”

“Gus, you do understand what you did was wrong?”

“Daddy, she was trying to kiss me. So I had to do it.”

“Well, she shouldn’t have done that, and you shouldn't have pushed her. Did you apologize?”

“’Polgize? No way.”

“It’s apologize, and were going to have to work on your pronunciation.”

“But I not sorry.”

“It’s I’m not sorry.”

“’Zactly. You’re not sorry either.”

Justin’s trying his best not to snicker at Brian’s first interaction with Gus at being a good parent. Brian takes a sip of his wine, and Gus takes that as an opportunity to give Brian the picture he drew for him.

“I made this for you, Daddy. So you can hang it on the ‘fridgerator at work.”

Brian opens his mouth to correct Gus when his eyes land on the puppy in the picture.

“I see.”

“It’s a picture of all of us.”
“All of us?”

“Yep, there’s you and Justy and me and Zeek.”

“Zeek?”

“Yeah, Daddy, he’s our new puppy.”

“No. No, no, no. Justin?” No, No, NO, NO, NO! JUSTIN?”

“It’s okay, Daddy. Justy splained that you need time to just. So I drawed you a picture so you could just.”

“Just? Justin!”

“It’s okay, Daddy. We don’t have to bring him home till ‘morrow. You think you’ll be justed by then.”

“JUSTIN!”

“Gus. I told you this probably wasn’t a good time to get a puppy. Remember?”

“I knowed. But it’s my present for Daddy.”

“No, no, no…”

“Yes Daddy… I just knowed you’re gonna love him. He can bring you the paper and get your sippers.”

Brian’s mind flashes to his precious Wall Street Journal all wet with slobber, and his designer Prada slippers chewed to bits. A look of bewilderment comes over his face, as Gus stares at him with big puppy-dog eyes, almost ready to cry.

“But Daddy I just knowed you’re gonna love him.”

“Gus, I’m going to have to think about this…”

With that Gus takes off on his big wheel again and Brian glares at Justin.

“A puppy? Justin where did this idea come from?”

“Don’t blame me, blame Debbie. She let him go next door to Mr. Rudy’s and play with his puppies. She had to know Gus was going to want one. He’s already named it.”

“I… I’m not ready for a puppy. Hell, I’m just getting used to being a fulltime parent.”

“Well, I think it’s going to take a few more talks with Gus, before he’s going to understand.”

“Justin, you heard him. It’s like he didn’t even hear me. I’m not sure I’m ready to be the parent.”

“Yeah, parenthood’s a bitch.”

“I need more wine. How am I ever going to say no to that face?”

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With Michael showing improvement in his mental health, Dr. Edwards thinks he’s ready to be
released from the sanitarium, and continue on an outpatient basis. He’s writing up his notes for his progress report and decides that he’ll talk with Michael about it after breakfast in the morning. The hospitals objective is to work with patients needing the most help, then get them back into circulation, making room for the more serious cases. He was worried about Michael’s denial and fixation with Brian. But now that he’s able to see that he was obsessed and admits that Brian never felt the same way about him, he’s ready to start accepting reality. It’s only a matter of time before he’ll be ready to start an internship towards learning a new skill in the prison system.

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Mel spends the evening reading legal briefs and preparing for court in the morning. She’s missing Leda while waiting for her to get home from work. The time difference between Pittsburgh and Los Angeles makes it hard to talk on the phone much during the weekdays, so she can’t wait for the weekend. Leda’s been sending out her resume, but she hasn’t had much response. Mel can’t help thinking that she should just pack everything up and ship it to the Pitts and worry about getting a job once she’s here. After all she can always sell the house without her being in LA.

Jen is working on finding a new house for them to live in. Mel really needs a change from living in the house her and Lindsay shared as it’s like living with a ghost. She can’t help but get depressed with all the memories everywhere she looks. And she’s just ready to start her new life and really give this thing with Leda a chance. She just hopes that all the changes aren’t too much for Leda. After all it’s a really big change from being single and independent. Not to mention becoming a step parent to Jenny Rebecca, and even Gus, when he stays with them on the weekends.

She’s looking through the new set of properties that Jen emailed her, taking the virtual tours on her laptop and flagging the ones she wants to go see. She’s still flabbergasted that Brian insisted on helping her out. He wants to make sure that they have a nice place to live in a safe neighborhood. His generously is more than she ever expected, and at first she resented him trying to control her choices. But then she soon realized he just wants what’s best for them, well, mostly for Gus. No, that’s not fair, he really does care about all of them. She hates to admit that maybe she misjudged him all these years; she really never gave him much of a chance. And that mostly stemmed from Lindsay’s obsession with him, thinking he could do no wrong.

She’s jolted out of her thoughts when she hears the phone ring and she knows it’s Leda; she already feels better hearing her voice. Leda mentions that she’ll be coming into town a little sooner than expected. Mel’s excited and plans to makes arrangements for Brian to pick up Jenny on the way home from work and keep her for the weekend. This will give her and Leda some much-needed time together. She can’t help smiling, thinking that this co-parenting thing with Brian and Justin just might work out after all.

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Brian and Gus snuggle down and start reading a bedtime story. Gus is actually pretty good as Brian helps him with the hard words. Of course it’s a Doctor Seuss Book, and Gus knows it by heart. He’s getting sleepy, having a hard time keeping his eyes open. Brian pulls the blankets up and tucks him in. Just as he makes it to the door Gus asks in his sleepy voice, “Daddy, can we please get the puppy? I just knewed you’re gonna love him?”

“Gus, we discussed this earlier.”

“I knewed that, but were not done ‘cusing yet.”

“Oh?”
“Yeah, Daddy. We have to ‘cuss it till you say yes. Okay? Please, Daddy?”

Brian takes a deep breath and says, “I’ll think about it overnight.”

“He can be your puppy and I’ll just play with him for you.”

Brian walks down the hall to his and Justin’s bedroom as he remembers how much he wanted a dog as a little boy, and what a bastard his father was about it, and his heart softens a little. Justin’s fallen asleep, reading his art history book. Brian takes the book out of his hands and sets it on the nightstand. He crawls up his body and straddles Justin’s thighs as he leans in and starts peppering his face with soft kisses, slowly waking Justin up.

Justin blinks a couple of times, then looks up into Brian’s eyes and starts returning his kisses. Soon the two of them become more passionate, sending signals to their groins as they start rutting against one another. Justin is panting, still slightly sleepy as he lies back on the bed, wrapping his legs around Brian’s waist, pulling him down on top of him. Their pre-cum mixes together, creating a silky puddle on Justin’s belly that they both enjoy as their cocks slip and slide between them.

Justin is totally turned on as Brian slips his legs up onto his shoulders. His dick leaves a slick path as it runs down between his legs and cheeks. They continue to make out. Justin loves the feel of Brian’s plump head nudging at his opening. The look in both their eyes shows the longing they both share, wanting to be together raw. But they both know that even though they tested negative, they need to wait the full six months just to be safe.

“It will be here before you know it…”

“I know. I just want you so much. I’m not sure I can wait.”

“Justin… I want you safe. I want you around for a long time. For an eternity.”

“I love you too, Brian.”

With that Brian reaches into the nightstand and grabs a condom and the tube of lube. Justin arches his back as he feels the cool gel coat his rosebud. Brian’s finger penetrates him, circling around and stretching him open. He relaxes to the intrusion as Brian continues fingering him. Then he aligns himself and pushes gently into him, filling him up while stroking his prostate. Justin tosses his head back and Brian takes advantage by running kisses from one ear to the other, licking him behind his left ear, driving him crazy.

Justin is totally lit, loving the sensations that are coursing through him. He subconsciously starts chanting Brian’s name, over and over as Brian sets a steady pace, caressing his prostate on each downward stroke. Their bodies fit together perfectly unlike anyone else’s, both knowing they were made for one another. Brian’s forever grateful that he finally came to his senses, finally telling Justin just how much he needs and loves him. Having almost lost him so many times in the past he’s determined to never make Justin feel unloved again. Yes, it’s true. Leopards can change their spots.

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The next morning Teddy wanders into Brian’s office telling him that Trojan Inc. just called and they want to meet to create a campaign for their new line of lubricants. Chuckling, Ted says that Trojan couldn’t imagine anyone else more appropriate to do their new ad campaign.

“You should be receiving a box of samples so you can try them out before designing the new ads.”
“I’m sure Justin and I will enjoy that.”

Cynthia interrupts them saying that Melanie is on the line for Brian. She explains that Leda is coming into town this weekend and asks if he can take Jenny Rebecca for the weekend.

Later that afternoon he loads all her toys, playpen, highchair and overnight bag into the Mercedes and straps her into her car seat. He makes a brief stop before heading home, so by the time he pulls into the garage he’s happy that Justin will be there to help him with Jenny Rebecca. It’s not that she’s too much trouble, it’s more about his self-confidence in taking care of such a small child.

Brian comes into the kitchen, surprising Justin as he leans over and kisses him on the side of his neck, driving him a little crazy. Brian calls out to Gus, who comes running in from outside. He sees Brian kneeling on the floor next to Jenny Rebecca and the cutest puppy you ever saw. Gus isn’t sure what excites him more - having his baby sister there for the weekend, or seeing the new puppy Brian has brought home for him.

“Oh, Daddy, I love you so much! Thank you, thank you, thank you! You’re the world’s bestest Daddy!”

Now Gus is lying on the floor with Jenny Rebecca, rolling around playing with the new puppy so overcome with joy. He can’t believe that Brian brought him a new puppy. Justin on the other hand, looks over at Brian and wonders if he has a chance to explain.

“I’m glad you’re so happy, Gus. Now take Zeek and Jenny Rebecca out back and play with them.”

“Oh, Daddy, but his name isn’t Zeek. It’s Thor!”

“Thor?”

“Yeah, Zeek’s already out back.”

With that Gus and Jenny Rebecca run out back, as Gus starts rambling on about all the fun they’ll have together.

“JUSTIN, JUSTIN!”

Justin looks a little helpless wondering what he can say.

“Justin, you know I said I wanted to take him to get Zeek.”

“But Brian, you called and said you were working late. So I took him to get Zeek.”

“But my meeting got out early… So I thought I’d surprise him.”

Justin smirks and says, “Surprise!”

“Oh God. What are we going to do?”

“I guess we’ll have to learn to tell them apart.”

“This is not funny…”

“Well he’s right, you really are the bestest Daddy ever.”

“You think this is funny? You’re going to have to pay for this, little boy.”
Justin grins back at Brian. “I guess you’ll just have to spank me.”

“Don’t think I won’t.”

“Promises, promises.”

~~~

Saturday morning Mel and Leda sleep late, waking up to a leisurely morning. They both forgot just how much they love waking up with the person they love. It’s just so great to finally be able to start planning their future. After much discussion Leda agrees to move to Pittsburgh even without a job, as they both want their new life together to start as soon as possible. They decide to go to the diner for breakfast, and then meet up with Jen to look at houses.

Much to Mel’s surprise several of the houses are near Brian and Justin’s house. She’s concerned that she can’t afford a home in such an affluent neighborhood. But Jen reassures her that Brian specifically requested that they try and find something close by so that it would be easier for all of them while taking care of the children. Mel tries to be angry with him, but she also sees the advantages in being near one another.

When she starts to question Jen about the cost of the houses, Jen simply says not to worry about it. Brian has agreed to pay the difference from what Mel had budgeted. Mel can’t help but be a little shocked because these houses, even though they’re smaller than Brian and Justin’s, are still about twice as much as she planned to spend.

As they walk through the first one, Mel’s impressed with how large the rooms are, and there’s even extra rooms for her to have an office, and Leda to have an art studio. The house is in an older neighborhood that at the time it was built was very grand. The landscaping is beautiful, and there’s even a pool out back. She can’t help but be overwhelmed; she never even dreamed of living in such an impressive home.

They spend the day looking at all the homes Jennifer has selected, and then they spend the evening weighing the pros and cons of each of them, finally settling on one just a few blocks away from Britin. They call Jen and have her make an offer, keeping their fingers crossed that it will be accepted.

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Justin leans over and kisses Brian good bye, reminding him that Gus and Jenny Rebecca will be up soon. He has a field trip for his ceramic class at Abernathy Pottery today. After the class lecture the students will have a chance to work in the studio with the artist, getting first-hand instruction and advice. Justin’s excited as he hasn’t worked much in clay or porcelain and can’t wait to try his hand at creating something special.

Meanwhile back at the house, Brian, Gus and Jenny Rebecca are having a fun day watching movies and eating popcorn. By the time Justin gets home it’s late afternoon and he’s starving. Walking into the house he smells the wonderful aroma of something baking in the oven, and if he’s right it smells like Deb’s lasagna. As he rounds the corner to the hallway he notices what looks like hundreds of white paw prints going off in all directions on the hardwood floors.

Poking his head into the living room he notices Jenny Rebecca and the puppies, all curled up on a blanket in front of the TV. He calls out to Brian as he walks into the kitchen. Gus comes running over to him looking like a miniature Pillsbury doughboy, covered in flour from head to toe.
“Justy, Justy… Daddy and I made you zunya.”

His eyes scan the kitchen as he thinks to himself that it looks like a nuclear meltdown has occurred. He smiles at Brian as he turns to greet him. Brian doesn’t look much better as he’s also dusted with flour, wearing an apron and oven mitts.

“You’re home.”

“Yeah… What’s going on in here?”

“We decided to surprise you and make you dinner. I know you love Deb’s lasagna so I called and got the recipe. Surprise!”

“Wow, you shouldn’t have…”

Looking around he thinks to himself, ‘you really shouldn’t have… God, what a mess’.

“Well, I’m definitely surprised. It smells great.”

“Thanks, but I can’t believe it’s still not done. It’s been baking for the last hour and a half, or so.”

I grin at him as I take one of the homemade bread sticks and try it. Biting down on it, it’s hard as cement; he must have overworked the yeast. I take the one Gus grabbed away from him so he won’t break his teeth.

“Here, let me check the lasagna and see how it’s doing.”

I open the oven and it smells great but looks really crispy. I take it out and try cutting it with a spatula; it’s also hard as a rock.

“Brian, did you cook the pasta sheets?”

“Yeah, like I said it’s been in the oven for almost two hours now.”

“But… Did you boil the pasta sheets first?”

“Why would I boil them when I’m just going to bake it?”

I can’t help the huge grin I get on my face as I hug him and tell him how much I love that he tried to cook for me. I spot the bottle of merlot he’s set out on the table for dinner and pour him a big glass.

“Here, now take this into the living room and watch the news on CNN. I know how much you love that. I’ll clean up in here and order us a pizza.”

“What? Why?”

“I truly appreciate that you made me dinner. That’s just incredible. But the lasagna is never going to cook with the noodles still hard, and the bread sticks didn’t rise quite right, so they’re also really hard. But the salad looks great and we’ll have it with the pizza when it gets here.”

“I guess I totally fucked up… and I tried so hard.”

“I know, and I think it’s really amazing that you made me dinner. I love that you really tried.”

“Deb never said anything about boiling the pasta. Why wouldn’t she tell me?”
I reach out and hug him as I hear something crunching under my feet. I’m afraid to look down and see what I’m stepping on.

But Gus pipes in with, “Oh that’s popcorn. Daddy made me and Jenny Rebecca popcorn for lunch.”

“Popcorn? Popcorn and what else?”

“Popcorn, and M & Ms… Oh and milk and Oreos.”

“Brian?”

“And we watched Snow White, and Booty and the Beast. We all had a great day together.”

I just stare at him and he looks a little sheepish, and shrugs his shoulders.

“He wasn’t really hungry for lunch after all that.”

I just shake my head as I reach for the broom.

“Why don’t you get Gus in the tub for a bath and I’ll be there in just a few minutes. Then by the time he’s done, the pizza should be here.”

“No, no… I don’t want to go to bed.”

“You don’t have to go to bed, but let’s just get the bath out of the way and then you can have pizza. How’s that sound?”

“But I don’t have to go to sleep right away? Right?”

I really do think it’s totally sweet and romantic that he wanted to make me dinner. I look around at my beautiful new kitchen that looks like a bomb went off, and realize that I’m lucky to have a husband who really loves me. Husband. Wow. I still get that giddy feeling every time I say that.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Everyone’s making plans, and moving forward with their lives…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 5763
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Everyone’s making plans, and moving forward with their lives…

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Chapter 20 ~ Nobody Does It Better

“Umm… Ah… Wow… Oh God…”

Looking down at my husband as he purrs out of control, I have to assume that the new line of Trojan lubricants meet with his approval. He’s practically drooling as he squirms with pleasure. Of course it could just be my incredible talent that makes him cum uncontrollably. God, he looks so beautiful when he cums. His eyes dilate, becoming the most intense deep blue. It’s like looking into the ocean as the waves of pleasure wash over him again and again.

“Oh God, Brian, Brian…”

His eyes practically roll back into his head as he shakes with pleasure, panting and gasping for air. His head thrashes back and forth on the pillow as he cries out my name, riding the last waves of pleasure with his lips slightly quivering.

“Oh God, Brian, you’re incredible… Simply fantastic…”

I love to watch him wake up like this, a perfect start to a perfect day. He smiles his big sunshine smile up at me, telling me how much he loves me. I lean down to rest my forehead on his, whispering how beautiful he is. Then I kiss his rosy red lips leaving them swollen and aching for more. I start to get up and he pouts…

“No… Don’t go…”

He asks if I really have to get up. Unfortunately I do, as I have an early staff meeting that I can’t miss. I tell him that there’s no place I’d rather be, but work calls and I have to go so I can keep him in oil paints and sable brushes. He looks disappointed, but I remind him that we’re going away this weekend, then we can stay in bed all day if he wants. I’m pretty sure he’ll want to explore all the
museums and shop with me until we drop.

Okay, maybe I’m the one excited about shopping until I drop. But just think Prada, Dolce and Gabbana, Barney’s, Armani and let’s not forget Gucci, to name a few. We’re going to New York, leaving on Friday morning and returning late Monday night. It will be fun getting away for a long weekend. We have reservations at Fives for dinner on Saturday which is supposed to be absolutely fantastic, elegant, modern and French. Then we have tickets for Twelfth Night, Shakespeare’s outrageous comedy of mistaken identity and unrequited love. It has an all-male cast featuring Mark Rylance. Yes, it’s going to be a fun and expensive weekend, but he’s worth it. There’s nothing I like better than to pamper him and make him feel like a prince.

Then on Monday I have a meeting with Trojan Inc., to pitch my new ad campaign. And if Justin’s any indication of how much the public is going to love their new line of lubricants: Arouses & Intensifies, Continuous Silkiness and Tingly Warmth, both Kinnetik and Trojan should make a fortune. I’m not sure which one Justin likes the best. I’m pretty sure he mixed them together, recreating an unforgettable experience.

I’m standing in the shower letting the hot water wash over me, when I get hit with a blast of cool air. Then his arms wrap around my waist as he yawns, resting his head on my shoulder. He leans back and the water spills over his blond head; he takes the soap from me and starts washing my chest. He doesn’t fool me. It’s only a matter of seconds before he turns around and leans against the wall, arching his back, offering his perfectly pump ass as my morning prize.

I love when he’s like this, so sweet and insatiable, never being able to get enough. My hands naturally slide down his back and cup his cheeks. I lean into him, rubbing my now condom-covered cock down the crack of his ass. He’s still slick with the Trojan lubricants he was enjoying just minutes ago. I slip my cock between his legs, thrusting back and forth. He bends over more, begging me to take him again. He’s such a brat, so demanding while playing innocent, egging me on. How can I refuse him when he’s so fucking sexy? He pushes his ass in the air as he bends completely over, grasping his ankles with his hands.

I welcome the invitation as I align myself with his rosebud and push in full tilt. He moans loudly as I caress his prostate. I continue plunging in and out of him at a steady pace, now slamming his prostate on each downward thrust. It only takes a few minutes before he loses control. I work his dick frantically until he sprays our imported Italian tiles, panting, trying to catch his breath. I follow close behind, moaning in his ear as I hold him against my chest, while our breathing returns to normal.

Now I’m running late so I rush him out of the shower so he can start the coffee and get Gus ready for school. We still have to learn to factor in the extra time needed to get Gus up, dressed, and fed, before I have to leave for the office. Luckily Gus is nothing like Justin and he is always pretty much wide awake and ready to go. Of course it helps that we set out his clothes the night before, and he loves Cheerios for breakfast.

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Michael’s just come back from his morning session with Dr. Edwards and is rather shocked and depressed. He never saw it coming. Dr. Edwards thinks he’s improved to the point that he can see a therapist on an outpatient basis but unfortunately Dr. Edwards will no longer be his doctor. He’ll be assigned a new therapist once he’s back in the prison system. He was so excited when he heard that he was being released from the sanatorium; he just had hoped that meant that he could go home.

But that, of course, is ridiculous, and he should have known that. After all he was convicted of
breaking and entering and destruction of property. Because of the amount of the damage and the seriousness of the crime, he was charged with a felony and hate crime. He had hoped that Brian and Justin would withdraw the charges considering his long-term friendship with Brian. Now he is going to have to face the facts and serve out his remaining time in a minimum security prison. But it could have been worse. He could have been sent back to prison into the general population with much more hardened criminals.

After lunch he waits his turn to make his phone calls. First he calls his mother, but she isn’t home. Then he tries Brian at the office and is told he’s in meetings all day. He tries Brian’s cell just on the off chance that he might still be at lunch. His last resort is to call Brian’s home phone number. Of course he’s not thinking and just assumes that he’s calling the loft, forgetting that he destroyed it in his delusional rampage, and they’ve bought a big fat house. He’s surprised when Justin answers the phone. Justin starts to refuse to accept the call but he hears Michael begging in the background and decides to hear what he has to say.

“Justin, Justin, thanks for taking my call. I guess you know that I’m still locked up, but they’ve decided to release me from the sanatorium. I have to go into a minimum security prison. I was hoping you and Brian could talk with the judge to try and have my charges reduced?”

“Really? Why would you think we would consider that?”

“Because I’ve already been in custody for months now, and I’m doing so much better. I’ve been seeing a psychiatrist.”

“But you still must realize that what you did was truly criminal. It was vicious and hateful.”

“I wasn’t in my right mind.”

“And now?”

“Like I said, I’m doing much better.”

“You still have to pay your debt to society. Not to mention Brian, for all the damage you caused.”

“I can’t believe that you’re not dropping that part of the complaint. It’s not like Brian needs the money. You really are a spiteful little bastard. If it wasn’t for you this never would have happened. Brian has never asked me to repay any money he’s loaned me.”

“That was hardly a loan, Michael!”

“Yeah, but if it wasn’t for you, he’d just let it slide.”

“It sounds like you still need to keep up your sessions with your therapist, and learn to stop blaming others for all your shortcomings.”

“I really hate you! You manipulative, greedy, self-centered troll.”

“The first step in getting better is owning, and admitting your failures.”

“Fuck you, Justin!”

“Michael, don’t call here again, and please get some help. You’re seriously deranged.”

With that Justin hangs up the phone, flabbergasted that Michael had the nerve to ask them to drop the charges. He’s furious that he still can’t admit his failures and accept responsibility. Michael’s
so angry he punches the wall, cursing Justin, blaming him for all his troubles. He can’t help thinking his life would have turned out so much differently if Brian had never picked up Justin under that streetlight.

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Brian’s enjoying having Zeek and Thor around, even though he’ll never admit it. They’ve really made an impression on him. He’s even hired a trainer to work with him and the puppies, knowing that the sooner they learn obedience, the smoother things will go at home. He’s already compromised, letting them sleep in the house instead of the garage. They haven’t yet chewed up his favorite shoes, or ruined the carpet and he’d like to keep it that way.

When Gus said they could be Brian’s dogs, and he’d just play with them for him, nothing could be truer. Brian already has soft place in his heart for them. He always looks forward to taking them for long walks when he gets home from the office. It helps him unwind, and creates a bond between them. He likes to think that they’ll grow into watchdogs, protecting his precious boys from unwanted intruders to keep everyone safe and sound.

Mel’s agreed to take them for the weekend while he and Justin are in New York. She’ll never admit it but she’s also warmed up to the idea of having the dogs around. She thinks it’s good for the kids to have them, filling the void that Lindsay’s left behind. She can’t believe how much Brian has changed since he and Justin have gotten back together this last time. It’s like he finally grew up, accepting all the changes that came his way, allowing himself to be loved.

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Leda just finished up her interview at Kinnetik; she applied for a position in the art department, hoping that Brian would give her a chance, even though she has no experience in advertising. The art director thought that she had potential, but she’ll have a big learning curve in the beginning. He knew that she was the partner of Brian’s son’s mother, and was pretty sure Brian would give her a chance even without experience.

Leda didn’t expect any special treatment; she just hoped that they’d see her creativity and dedication, always having been a hard worker. When Brian calls her later that afternoon to tell her that he doesn’t think she is the right person for that position, she tries not to let her disappointment show in her voice. But as she listens to Brian, he offers her a position as a graphic artist, and junior ad executive.

He explained that he has clients who sometimes need a more hands-on approach. After accepting the initial campaigns, they need someone on site to work through all the details. They need to be handled with kid gloves, holding their hands as all the decisions are made, as well as conducting focus groups for new products.

Kind of like having someone who could be an adman, as well as an artist. Granted she’ll have to travel to meet with the clients, being away from home for several days at a time. He thought that this might be more to her liking since she hasn’t worked a nine-to-five job before. She’s so happy just to be given the opportunity to prove herself. She calls Mel, excited about her good news, and they make plans to celebrate that night at dinner.

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Teddy and Jerry had a great time wine tasting, and strolling through the quaint little villages, looking for antiques, and sipping cappuccinos at the sidewalk cafés. They found an old trunk that Jerry through would look great in his living room as a coffee table. When they got back to the bed
and breakfast they realized that it was still full of treasures.

Inside were several wool suits from the turn of the century, complete with vests and long frock coats. In the pocket of one of the frocks was an antique gold pocket watch, with fancy scrollwork and diamonds inset on the front. Much to Teddy’s surprise Jerry insisted that he take it. He wants to give Teddy something special to let him know just how much he’s come to mean to him.

Teddy’s overwhelmed by Jerry’s generosity, and he’s also flattered to know how close he and Jerry have grown over such a short time. They spend the rest of the weekend going for long drives in the country, visiting museums, and having dinner at out-of-the-way restaurants and drinking at the local pubs. They get back late on Sunday night. Ted dropped Jerry off at the airport bright and early on Monday morning to catch a flight back to Ohio.

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It was late afternoon, when all of Michael’s personal possessions were packed up, ready to be shipped to Deb’s house. He had completed his in-house therapy sessions with Dr. Edwards and will be required to continue therapy on an outpatient basis once he’s been returned to the Allegheny prison, to serve out his prison sentence. He was in shock when he was told he would be returning to jail. He really thought that he would be released to go home, that Brian would have come to his rescue.

He’s delivered back to prison in shackles, wearing the same bright-orange jumpsuit, just like the rest of the other prisoners. In his mind he isn’t really a criminal; it’s not like he robbed a bank, or killed anyone. He just can’t see that what he did was so horrible. He has no idea how much his actions have haunted Justin, and even Brian. He knows he caused a lot of damage, but in his mind it wasn’t that bad because Brian could afford to replace all those things, and rebuild the loft.

He’s resentful, thinking Justin is the cause of all his problems. If he could just talk with Brian he’s sure he could get him to drop the charges. He doesn’t realize that it isn’t up to Brian, it’s up to the district attorney. Besides, he’s already been convicted, so it’s really up to the warden and the Hearing Board if they think he’s rehabilitated. As far as they’re concerned, he hasn’t even begun to serve out his prison sentence.

After being processed, he’s given a new set of clothes, prison greys. His head is shaven, and he’s put on laundry duty and assigned to a prison cell. He has two other cell mates, and they both look like they’re mean sons-of-bitches. Michael keeps his head down, not making eye contact. He’s frightened, and he knows it shows. He knows the only way to survive is to keep silent, and do as he’s told. Not to question anything, or make waves with the prison guards, who are almost as brutal as the other prisoners.

He settles in for the night ahead, hoping that his cell mates stay away from him. He knows that stirring up trouble will make him more likely to become someone’s bitch, possibly their personal property, being passed around for other’s pleasure. He’s scared to death, and it’s all he can do not to whimper and cry once the lights have been turned out. He has a long night ahead of him, as his teeth chatter, and he silently prays for his safety.

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Emmett’s happily planning his and Ben’s getaway to Puerto Rico. He’s so proud of Ben for winning the ‘Absolute Abs’ contest, allowing them the chance to get away in style on spring break. Ben entered the contest at the last minute, with encouragement from Em. He truly is a total beefcake, and as soon as he pranced across the stage, flexing his muscles, there really wasn’t any competition.
Neither one of them has ever traveled much, so it will be great to get away on vacation. They can enjoy the splendors of relaxing on the beach, sipping drinks with little umbrellas and snacking on the local seafood. Em’s indulged in purchasing several new outfits for him and Ben at ‘Torso’. He still gets his employee discount even if he hasn’t worked there in over a year as he’s still good friends with the owner.

They’ve made arrangements for Hunter to stay with Deb while they’re gone who, of course, balked at first. But he settled down once Ben agreed to allow him to spend a couple of nights with Terry. He knows that Deb can be overbearing at times, but he wanted to make sure that someone was keeping an eye on him, making sure he stays out of trouble. They’re only going to be gone a week, so it really shouldn’t be too much trouble for Deb to be able to handle him for a few days.

Emmett’s lost in his daydreams about everything they’re going to do, from dining out at fancy restaurants, and partying at the local gay nightclubs. He’s checking everything off his list from sunscreen to his speedo, make that speedos. He’s bought a tangerine one, and a red one and while he was at it he bought a royal blue one for Ben to match his eyes.

Debbie comes and sits on the edge of his bed, helping him fold his clothes as he packs his suitcase. He can tell she’s sad, he’s just not sure about what. She finally tells him that she received several boxes from the sanatorium that Michael had been getting treatment from. She tells him that Michael’s mental health has improved, which is a good thing. But he’s been sent to a minimum security prison to start serving his sentence.

She can’t help being worried for him as she’s still his mother, and still feels the need to protect him in some ways. Carl’s agreed to drive her to see him tomorrow. She’s a little nervous, having not seen him for the last six weeks. But the idea was to give him time to try and make him accept responsibility for his actions, and finally let go of his fantasy of Brian and him becoming lovers.

Dr. Edwards has told her that his mood has improved, that he’s taking better care of himself, and he’s stabilized on his medication. He felt it was best for Michael to start serving his prison sentence, while getting therapy sessions with the prison psychiatrist. He even thinks it’s time for Michael to start a vocational training program so he’ll have a usable skill when/if he’s ready to be returned to society. He acknowledges that probably won’t happen soon, more than likely a year and a half to two years from now.

Emmett understands her pain, but he also knows she needs to accept Michael’s situation. She needs to stop blaming herself for pampering him to the point of crippling him emotionally, allowing him to never taking responsibility for his actions. You can’t change the past, you can only move forward, and Michael is going to need her support as he struggles to make these changes. It’s too bad he’s burnt so many bridges, he could really use the support of his friends. But Brian is the last person who’s going to visit him; he’s still so angry with him for everything he’s done and all the pain he’s caused him and Justin.

Emmett gives her a hug, telling her everything will be okay, it’s just going to take time. Then he reminds her that she needs to start living her life, and to continue planning her wedding to Carl. He reminds her that he’s agreed to help her redecorate her house when he returns from Puerto Rico. Debbie and Carl are going to purchase new furniture for the house as everything she has now is hand-me-downs from friends and second-hand stores. Brian’s even agreed to pay to have her whole house painted inside and out. Now that Carl’s moved in they want to make it feel like their house, and quite frankly some of Debbie’s knick knacks scare the hell out of him.

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Justin picked Gus up from school, grateful there hasn’t been any more incidents with Sally Meyer,
and her unwelcome advances towards Gus. They stop by the art supplies store on the way home as 
Justin needs more canvases and paints to complete his homework assignments. While they’re there, 
he gets Gus his own set of washable paints, colored pencils and sketch pads. Once they’re back at 
the house in Justin’s new studio, he gets Gus set up at his child-sized easel. Then he spends some 
time showing Gus how to mix paints to make all kinds of colors.

Justin’s working on his project for school, while keeping an eye on Gus to make sure he’s having 
fun, and not making too big of a mess of his clothes and the floor. The radio is playing in the 
background, and the two of them seem lost in their paintings as they start to take shape before their 
eyes. Neither one of them hear Brian come in who is now standing in the doorway, watching both 
his boys creating their masterpieces.

He can’t help getting a smile on his face as he watches them. Gus is mimicking Justin’s 
movements as he brushes the colors across the canvas. He stands looking at his painting with one 
hand on his hip, deep in thought as he contemplates his next move. Gus is so cute looking just like 
Justin, both covered in paint spatters from head to toe.

Brian backs out of the studio and makes his way to the kitchen where he sees that Justin has 
defrosted a chicken for dinner. So he rinses it, coats it with olive oil, sprinkles it with spices and 
puts it in the oven to roast. He then works in his office for the next hour or so, reading through the 
contracts, talking to Ted about the changes, and reviewing the storyboards he brought home with 
him.

He could have stayed late at the office and finished up, but he wanted to get home to his boys and 
spend the evening watching the Shrek video he promised Gus he’d bring home tonight. Now he’s 
the one contemplating the design elements on the storyboards, not hearing Gus come in. He’s 
surprised when Gus starts to climb up into his lap, telling him Justin is finishing up dinner. He 
kisses the top of his head, and then they wash their hands to get ready for dinner.

Brian comes up behind Justin, wrapping his arms around his waist as he pours the wine. He thanks 
Brian for starting the chicken, he smelled it baking as he finished up his painting. He’s added 
carrots, onions and potatoes to the chicken, letting them roast so they take on all the flavors, 
caramelizing to perfection. Who would have ever thought that married life would come so easy to 
Brian? He’s happier than he’s ever been before.

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Emmett, Ben and Ted are having a drink at Woody’s. Em’s trying to cheer Ted up; he’s already 
missing Jerry, even though he just left this morning. It’s obvious to Ben and Emmett that Teddy’s 
fallen hard for him. They try to be supportive, knowing how hard long-distance relationships can 
be. They’ve made plans to see each other in a couple of weeks when Jerry comes back to see the 
final campaign for Greek Goddess yogurt. But even that makes Teddy sad, because once the 
advertisements are completed there won’t be any reason for Jerry to keep traveling to Pittsburgh.

Teddy has been working for Brian practically from the start, yet he’s never taken more than a few 
days of vacation. After hearing all the plans Emmett and Ben have for when they’ll be in Puerto 
Rico, he can’t help thinking that maybe he needs to take a long vacation with Jerry. Jerry should be 
able to get away once the current advertising campaign is complete. Teddy sips the new cocktail 
that Ben just set in front of him, daydreaming about laying on a beach somewhere with Jerry.

He’s happy, he never thought he’d be in love. It’s such a new feeling for him, and he just hopes 
things aren’t moving too fast. It’s hard for him to trust everything he’s feeling for Jerry, but he has 
no reason to think it’s anything but real. He can’t help asking Emmett.
“How do you know when you’re in love?”

“What, baby? Love?”

“Oh, forget it. It’s stupid to think Jerry feels the same way I do. It’s probably too soon.”

“Oh, nonsense. It’s so apparent to everyone that the two of you are madly in love with one another.”

“Really? You think so?”

“Absolutely. You two are perfect for each other.”

Teddy just grins, finally believing in himself. He finishes up his drink, and says goodbye to Ben and Emmett. He pushes the speed dial button on his phone for Jerry, and soon the two of them are planning a tropical getaway. Teddy’s finally feeling positive about his self-esteem.

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The rest of the week passed quickly for everyone. Leda and Mel’s offer on the house was accepted, and they were approved for a home loan. Brian, of course, paid the down payment once Jennifer told him they had found a new house just a few blocks from him and Justin. Mel objected to Brian paying for fifty percent of the house, but he insisted and she finally agreed to accept his generous offer.

Jennifer arranged for the closing the next week because the owners had already moved out of state, and the house was vacant. Mel was relieved, she hated living with all of Lindsay’s ghosts everywhere she looked. This would give her and Leda a fresh start, and she could finally feel like she was moving on with her life. Leda’s things were scheduled to arrive from California that weekend.

Debbie had agreed to have Gus and Jenny Rebecca stay with her while they unpacked. Brian had also insisted on paying for a moving company to do all the heavy lifting, especially because Ben and Emmett would be in Puerto Rico, and he and Justin planned to be in New York. Hunter and Terry offered to help Deb and Carl take care of the kids, knowing that they were a handful, and they both had busy schedules.

Both Brian and Justin were dropping Gus off at school on Friday morning. He was acting up a little, not understanding why he couldn’t go with them to New York. But once Justin explained that he and Jenny Rebecca were having their own adventure this weekend he settled down, finally giving both of them lots of hugs and kisses, enough to last the long weekend.

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By the time their flight landed at La Guardia airport, it was almost noon. They checked into the Four Seasons and freshened up before they went to lunch. It was a beautiful spring day in Manhattan, and they decided to walk around the neighborhood.

They stopped at Barney’s to buy Gus all kinds of school and play clothes, and shoes. And of course lots of toys; they were both like a couple of little kids themselves, exploring all the toys, knowing that Gus would have a blast enjoying them. Brian found himself in the pet section and ended up buying lots of dog toys, and a set of designer pet dishes that he had engraved with their names. Justin rolled his eyes, knowing how much Brian truly loves those little fur balls, and that he actually missed them. They arranged to have everything shipped directly home to save them the hassle of taking them back on the plane.
They continued walking around, visiting several boutiques before they stopped for lunch. Justin had Brian loaded down with bags full of everything from massage oil to fresh baked goods. But Brian wasn’t complaining because he loved to indulge Justin. Just the thought of using a variety of those massage oils later that night put a smile on his face.

They decided to eat at a local brewery, which made their own beer. Justin wanted a pale ale, with his burger and fries, while Brian favored a dark stout. He also decided that since he was on vacation he surprised Justin and ordered a Reuben, knowing that Justin would probably eat half of it anyways.

They were both exhausted from their afternoon of shopping, so they laid down for a little interlude, and a nap. Brian lay naked on the bed, watching Justin as he checked his email. Out of the corner of his eyes he could see that Justin was a little tipsy from drinking in the afternoon. He was doing a little dance, giving Brian a show as he swayed his hips, letting his pants slide down over his bubble butt.

He looked over his shoulder with sultry eyes, wiggling his ass while unbuttoning his shirt that soon was slipping off his shoulders, and onto the floor. He moved a little closer as he grabbed that tall bedpost, dancing, arching his back like back in the days of his King of Babylon contest. Then, lowering himself as he rubbed his cock up against the bedpost in a most suggestive way, Brian couldn’t help flashing back to that night.

Brian was instantly hard, practically drooling as he watched his sexy husband arch his back so far that his hair scuffed the floor. Brian was actually worried that he was going to hurt himself, as he gyrated and contorted his body to a song only Justin heard playing in his head.

Their eyes locked onto one another, and that was enough that they both started moving towards one another until Justin was firmly held in Brian’s arms. Brian held him from behind, as he licked up his spine to his neck, sending shivers throughout him. Brian’s hands ran down Justin’s sides, hooking his thumbs into the waistband of his black underwear. He pulled them off in one smooth move, as Justin stepped out of them and Brian motioned for him to get up on the bed.

Brian reached into his suitcase and removed a couple of his designer ties, as Justin watched him with lust-filled eyes. Brian tied each of his wrists to the bedposts, and then asked him if he wanted a blindfold. Justin shook his head no. He wanted to watch as Brian took his time, teasing him, tasting him, filling all his senses with need and desire. He was already starting to pant, as a line of moisture appeared above his lip and across his forehead. Brian started at his left ankle and licked all the way up to his groin, making sure he didn’t touch his weeping cock.

He tongue fucked his bellybutton while he twisted his nipple ring, sending waves of pleasure and pain to his brain. Justin moaned loudly, as Brian caressed his chest, running his fingertips across his chest and down his abdomen. He nuzzled his face into his bush, then gently licked, and nibbled on the insides of his thighs, driving him wild. He brushed his day’s growth of beard against his hard penis, sending prickly sparks down his shaft. Then he flicked his tongue across his slit, licking the pre-cum bubbling forth.

Justin can’t help whispering, “Brian…”

It’s the only word his brain can form as he struggles to hold on, and not shoot across Brian’s face.

He squirms and writhes, wishing he could fist Brian’s hair, but his wrists are bound and it’s making him feel overwhelmed with need. He’s moaning again louder, struggling, and panting. His cock is so full, standing at attention as his brain wills Brian’s mouth to take him down his throat. His mushroom-shaped head is throbbing like a volcano ready to blow.
“Brian…”

“Yes, Sunshine? Tell me what you need, what you want.”

His mind is gone, he can’t seem to form any words. He simply grunts and groans as he head thrashes back and forth across his pillow. He pushes his pelvis up, hoping to make contact. His need is overwhelming, and his cock glistens with precum as it drips onto his stomach.

“Brian, Brian, I need… Oh Brian…”

“You have to tell me, Sunshine. Say it…”

“Lick! Suck! Oh God, just take me!”

Brian sits up and slides his cock between Justin’s legs, coating his cock with Justin’s juices, spreading the sticky mess against both of them. He runs the tip of his cock across Justin’s perineum, sending waves of pleasure crashing through Justin’s senses. He trembles in Brian’s arms, begging for release. Brian circles his hand around Justin’s dick, sliding it up and down his shaft, pumping him, running his thumb across his slit. Then he leans down and wraps his lips around his penis, as he starts sucking his plump head and whispers, “Cum for me, Sunshine. I want to feel you explode in my mouth, taste you, feel you, own you.”

That’s all it took. Brian’s lips slipping up and down his shaft released his sweet nectar down his throat. Brian laps him up, loving the feel of him pulsating in his mouth as he tastes him on his lips. Justin’s whispering Brian’s name over and over again.

After untying his wrists Brian holds him close from behind as Justin turns into his embrace, leaning up to kiss him. Brian whispers to him how beautiful he is. Justin’s floating some place between heaven and earth on a cloud that’s Brian’s embrace. He slips into a deep sleep, feeling loved and cherished.

TBC…
I wake to Brian watching me sleep. I guess I dozed off after his exceptional blowjob and a few too many beers at lunch. This man of mine has a way of making me feel so alive, so loved. Every day he surprises me, showing me just how much he loves me. Looking up into his eyes, I’m overwhelmed by the passion and desire I feel for him. He shows me every day, in every way, even if it’s still hard for him to find the words.

“Wake up, Sunshine… Or you’re going to sleep right through until tomorrow morning.”

I reach up and run my hand down the side of his face, the face of God… He grins at me, looking very sexy and seductive. It’s then that I can tell he’s stoned. I now smell the pungent aroma of his joint in the air. Suddenly he’s overdressed, while I’m lying naked, all tucked in under the duvet. He leans down, hovering his lips close to mine. I feel his breath on my face and neck, a mixture of mint toothpaste and grass. I’m actually surprised that there isn’t a hint of Beam mixed in as well.

I shift my arms outside of the blankets, and start pulling on his red cashmere sweater. Finally I get my thumbs hooked under the edge and swiftly pull it up and over his head. He starts working on unzipping his jeans, until they’re in a puddle of denim at his feet, and he steps out of them. My eyes naturally go to his hard cock that’s glistening with need, bubbling pre-cum.

He pulls the covers off me and I’m momentarily chilled, but I know he’ll be warming me up soon. He climbs up and covers my body with his, rubbing our groins together, making us both ache with desire. I feel his lips on my neck as he runs kisses from one ear around to the other. He knows how sensitive I am and that it drives me crazy. Soon I’m moaning as his touch sends chills down my spine. I’m more than ready for him to take me, as I feel his fingers coating my rosebud with Trojan lubricant.

Slowly he pulls and stretches me, leaving me open and ready for his long cock. He rips the
condom open with his teeth, motioning me to slip it on his dick. I can’t help thinking, just a few more months… Then we’ll finally be able to complete each other the way it should be, naturally, without any barriers. We’re going to Ibiza on our official honeymoon. Yes, we were married in Vermont in February, but we decided to wait six months. It’s been one of the hardest things to do, but it will be worth it. Fulfilling our ultimate fantasy, making that final commitment to each other.

He slides my legs up onto his shoulders and aligns himself, slowly pushing into me until I’m full. He takes my lips in his, kissing me passionately, as my body adjusts and I’m ready for more. He moves his hips back and forth, now caressing my prostate on each downward thrust. He knows just how I like it. Just the right rythym that’s soon to start a spiral of sensation working its way out from my center into my limbs. It’s like a smouldering fire that soon erupts into a blaze, engulfing us both in a frenzied haze as we fall over the edge. He holds me close as our bodies quake, consumed by our orgasms.

We lie on the bed holding each other tight. Then my stomach growls, making us both aware that the beast within needs to be fed. He grins down at me questioningly, wondering if I want to go out, or if I’d rather just order room service. I suggest a compromise, going to one of the restaurants here at the hotel. After all we’ll be dining in style tomorrow night at Five’s. We grab a quick shower, and as we’re getting dressed Brian’s cell phone rings. I can tell from his side of the conversation that something’s wrong.

“What? When? She can’t do that! Well at least the school followed procedure. How’s Gus?”

“Ah ha, Ah ha… No way!”

“I don’t give a fuck what her, or her parents said. She can’t see him! I won’t allow it!”

“Okay, okay… You do that. Do you think I should come home?”

“Okay, fine… If you think you can handle this alone. I know you’re an attorney!”

“I’m not yelling… Okay, set up a court date for Tuesday morning.”

“Mel… I don’t want her sneaking around and seeing Gus behind our backs. Make sure Deb knows what’s going on, and make sure she doesn’t allow her near him.”

“Okay. Fine, fine… Call me if anything happens. All right. I’ll see you Monday night.”

“And Mel… Thanks for calling, and keeping me in the loop.”

“If anything changes, I’ll get the next flight back to Pittsburgh. Okay, and good luck with the move. See you Monday… Okay, bye.”

Brian’s still damp from our shower with a towel wrapped around his waist, pacing back and forth. He stops and reaches down, picking up the half joint from the ashtray, inhaling deeply, then slowly releasing the smoke. I can take a wild guess from listening to his side of the conversation that Lindsay’s in town, and trying to see Gus.

I know he needs time to calm down, to decompress before he can talk about it. I pull on my jeans, and my pale blue sweater. The one I know brings out the color in my eyes, and always puts a smile on his face. I call room service and order dinner, then I pour him a tumbler full of Beam, knowing he’ll need something more to take the edge off. Brian takes Mel’s suggestion and calls Everett Clarkston. He’s one of the best attorneys who specialize in gay custody cases. Brian’s not going down without a fight.
Deb’s already heard from Mel, so she knows what Lindsay is up to. The diner’s busy, so Deb leaves her sitting at the counter, reading the menu for half an hour.

“Deb? When you get a chance?”

“Hold on! I only have two hands, and lots of hungry boys, waiting for their dinner.”

She shuffles around for the next ten minutes, filling coffee cups, and water glasses, taking her time, avoiding Lindsay.

“So do you know what you want?”

“Deb. What I really want is to talk with you.”

“Well this isn’t a good time, Lindsay. Can’t you see I’m busy? After all these boys need to eat, they can’t go out cruising on an empty stomach.”

“If I didn’t know better, I’d think you were avoiding me.”

“Nonsense, I’m tired. I’m working a double shift today, and my feet are aching. So what can I get you?”

“I’ve been trying to get a hold of Brian, but he doesn’t seem to be at the loft, and Cynthia wouldn’t tell me where he is.”

“Have you left him a message on his cell? I’m sure he’ll call you back once he gets his dick out of Sunshine’s ass.”

“Deb! Must you always be so vulgar?”

That is so typical of Lindsay. Always the perfect wasp, so prim and proper.

“What do you really want, Lindsay? Why are you here?”

“I was in town, and I wanted to see my son so I stopped by his school. But the new assistant in the principal’s office wouldn’t allow me to see him. She had the gall to say I wasn’t on the approved list, to see or pick Gus up from school. Can you believe the nerve of that woman?”

“Well she was just doing her job, and a good job at that. Now you wouldn’t want them to release Gus to some stranger.”

“But I’m his mother! She had no right denying me.”

“You may have given birth to him but you’re no longer his mother.”

“The Hell I’m not!”

“Don’t yell at me. I’m not the one who abandoned her son.”

“Abandoned? Is that what Mel told you?”

“Well you did leave town without telling anybody where you were going. Without saying good-bye to Gus, or Melanie, or anyone else for that matter.”
“It… It wasn’t like that.”

“You hurt a lot of people, Lindsay. You left a trail of bodies in your wake. Tell me, how can a mother treat their children like that? And her wife of ten years?”

“I don’t need to hear a lecture from you. Just tell me where Brian is, tell me where he’s hiding my son.”

“I haven’t seen him for a few days. Like I said, why not call him on his cell?”

“Well, could you call Michael and see if he knows where Brian is?”

“He doesn’t.”

“Would you at least call and ask him?”

“You really don’t know anything, do you?”

She’s fuming as she stomps out of the diner, and decides to see if Mel is home yet from work. She’s so frustrated that she can’t track Brian down, she needs answers. So she takes a taxi to the house, and is surprised that no one’s home. Peeking in the windows she sees that everything is packed up in boxes. She tries her key but it no longer works.

Earlier she talked with Mel for a few minutes, but she was headed into court and couldn’t talk very long. They had a huge fight and Mel basically told her to drop dead. Lindsay threatened to have her father’s attorney take her to court if she didn’t produce Gus immediately. And that’s when Mel reminded her that she relinquished her parental rights, and that Brian and Justin were now Gus’s legal parents.

She was sure that by now Brian would be sick of playing father, and would actually welcome things going back to the way they were before. She now realizes that she’ll probably have to go to court to get her parental rights restored. But that shouldn’t really be a problem. After all, what judge in his right mind would give Brian custody over her? Besides, everyone knows that a child needs to be raised by two parents. One man, and one woman.

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It’s a bright and sunny day in San Juan as Ben and Emmett exit the plane. They welcome the warm sunny weather, leaving Pittsburgh behind. They take a taxi to Coqui del Mar Guest House in the Ocean Park district. It caters to gays, lesbians, bisexuals, and transgender guests. Its owners are gay and it comes highly recommended. Ted worked with the manager of Babylon to set up the travel arrangements for the contest. Brian is scheduled to meet with the owners about redesigning their advertising campaign this summer. It’s a surprise Ted has arranged for Brian and Justin, kind of like a pre/post honeymoon trip, depending on their schedules with a touch of work on the side.

Ben and Emmett are staying in one of the deluxe apartments close to the Caribbean coastline. There’s also a large shared hot tub for all the guests to enjoy, and it’s close to old downtown San Juan, within walking distance of the local museums, and lots of small boutiques. Their prize package also includes scuba diving lessons, deep sea fishing, and an early morning whale watching trip. Plus passes to several nearby nightclubs and restaurants. It seems that the boys will be living in luxury for their week-long vacation.

Emmett’s totally in awe; he can hardly believe how beautiful everything is, including Ben in his swim trunks. He’s never been any place tropical, and every little thing makes him feel so pampered. They decide to visit one of the local pubs for lunch, and then make their way to the
beach to enjoy a lazy day, basking in the sun. From all the looks and turned heads they’re getting, it’s obvious they’re in the gay district of Ocean Park.

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Michael survived his first night back in jail, eventually falling asleep with his back to the wall, trying to keep one eye open, afraid of every noise he heard during the night. He was up early the next morning to eat breakfast with his cell mates. They really weren’t so bad once he got used to them, and he stopped acting as if he expected them to pull out a knife and stab him at any moment. He was sent off to start his first day’s shift on laundry duty soon after returning from breakfast.

It was hot and muggy in the laundry room. Michael was assigned to run the large steam press machine that made it even hotter. He was bored out of his mind, so to pass the time he daydreamed about when he would be released. How he was going to make it up to Brian, renewing their friendship. Who knows? Maybe by then Brian would see just how much he missed him, even loved him because he’s sure by that time Justin will have left Brian again, to look for greener pastures.

A few hours into his shift one of his fellow inmates tells him it’s break time. He motions for Michael to follow him into the back room where there’s more industrial equipment. At first Michael’s frightened, wondering what’s up. But then Gordy pulls him behind a row of huge dryers, whips out a joint and lights it. Michael’s surprised and relieved at the same time; it seems he’s made a friend. Getting high is the last thing he expected, but he welcomes it. The rest of his day went by a lot smoother. Gordy even asked him to sit at his table during dinner, introducing Michael to his friends.

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To be on the safe side Mel picked up Hunter and Terry after school. She took them to Ben’s townhouse to babysit and left them with Gus and Jenny Rebecca, along with their little suitcases, and lots of toys. She and Leda decided they would all camp out at Ben’s for the weekend. The moving company was due to arrive at seven am on Saturday morning, and they should be moved in before noon. Hunter and Terry would be okay during the day while they unpacked, and Deb and Carl would be bringing over dinner Saturday night.

They were all pretty sure they had a failsafe plan to keep Lindsay away from Gus. She didn’t know that Ben had moved, and she didn’t know that Mel was moving in with Leda the next day. And from the sounds of it she didn’t remember that Brian bought Justin a huge house, or where it was. So yes, they were all feeling safe that she wouldn’t be showing up on their doorstep. When Justin told Gus he was going to have his own adventure this weekend, he had no idea just how right he was.

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Deb stops by Ben’s house on her way home from the diner, bringing lots of food to stock up the fridge for everyone. Hunter and Terry are both happy about the amount of food, being growing boys with bottomless pits for stomachs. They love meatloaf, mac and cheese, turkey with mashed potatoes and gravy, chili, and of course, lots of lemon squares.

The truth was she just wanted to check on the boys, and make sure they were handling the kids okay, not that she really expected there to be any problems. It’s more a case of needing to be needed. She stays long enough to help give the kids a bath, and gets them settled down for the night, reading them several stories until they’re fast asleep. Then just about the time she’s ready to leave, Mel and Leda get back. Everything’s all packed up and ready for the big move tomorrow.
“Ssssh relax… That’s it. Just let your muscles relax.”

Brian takes a deep breath as he feels Justin’s fingertips work their magic. The feel of the massage oil being worked into his aching back feels wonderful. He didn’t think he was this stressed out until he finally feels his muscles letting go. Justin kneads and strokes his fingers across his back. After several glasses of Beam and another joint, Brian’s not feeling any pain.

He knows there isn’t anything he can do until they’re standing before a judge. His new lawyer, Everett Clarkston assures him that he’ll have Lindsay and Sam investigated. He’ll be looking for anything they can use against them, although he already thinks they have an airtight case. Lindsay had no problem giving up her rights to Gus in February, she didn’t even want visitation rights. So her wanting them now was setting off all kinds of alarms. She was the one who said Sam didn’t want any children, especially any that weren’t his biologically. So something was up, they just needed to figure out what it was before Tuesday.

Brian moans, expressing his relief as Justin’s fingers dig deep into his tissues. He massages Brian’s back, going farther down his spine until he’s working the small of Brian’s back, helping him release all his stress. It isn’t long before Brian is basically putty in his hands as his fingertips find their way to the base of his spine, bordering on his pucker. Brian moans loudly again as Justin’s fingers circle his rosebud. Brian’s natural reaction is to spread his legs open a little wider, welcoming his husband’s intrusion.

“Yes. Yes, that’s it… Oh God… That feels so good.”

Justin continues working his fingers into his pucker, helping him relax, stretching him open. Brian’s body naturally responds. It’s not often that he feels the need to be taken, but when he does he’s totally consumed with desire. Justin knows just what he needs when he gets this way. He coats his fingers with gel and gently slips one, then two fingers in, circling him, increasing his pressure and depth on each rotation.

It’s only a few minutes until Justin’s fingertips caress his prostate, sending waves of pleasure pulsating throughout him. He moans Justin’s name as he relaxes into his touch, loving all the sensations. Justin increases the pressure, rubbing his sensitive nub, making Brian rut into the sheets. Justin leans down to place feather-light kisses across Brian’s shoulders which only makes his desire even more intense.

Brian whispers Justin’s name, willing him to get on with it. He’s totally lit, and his need to be penetrated is overwhelming. Brian looks over his shoulder at him as he slides the condom down his stout shaft. Brian rises to his knees, anticipating Justin’s next move, as he aligns himself and slowly enters his ravine. Once Justin feels Brian has adjusted to his girth, he starts thrusting back and forth, loving the sensations he feels as he glides against Brian’s tight slick walls.

Justin’s hands naturally hold Brian’s hips as he pumps his pelvis in a steady rhythm. Both are lost in waves of pleasure, as the tension is soon replaced with ecstasy. Brian’s moaning has returned as his prostate is caressed, setting off tremors that soon trigger an eruption into Justin’s palm. Justin follows close behind, filling the condom to capacity as they both reach fruition. This is just what Brian needed; Justin holds him close, stroking his hair as he comes down from his euphoric high.

Soon Justin hears Brian whisper, “Aaa-mazing” letting him know just how much he needed his tender touch. Justin gently kisses his lips, as they slip off to sleep, finally letting go of all the stress.
Mel and Leda are up at the crack of dawn, drinking strong coffee, waiting on the moving company. They finally arrive an hour late, but there are six of them and they move fast, packing the semi-trailer. Leda follows behind, to instruct them where to put all the boxes, once they arrive at the new house. Mel stays behind, sweeping floors, and vacuuming the carpet, making sure everything is spotless for Jennifer’s clients when they come to see the house. The moving truck just finished packing up their last load, when Lindsay shows up at the door.

Mel had expected her, after listening to all the messages she left on her cell last night. She’s never heard Lindsay so angry and frustrated at not getting her own way. Mel tells her she packed all her things and stored them in the basement. She has one hour to move them, otherwise she’ll put them on the curb for the garbage men.

Lindsay’s huffing and puffing, carrying all the boxes up from the basement to her parent’s station wagon. She can’t believe Mel refused to help her; she’s exhausted and out of breath. She casually asks where Mel’s moving to. Mel just glares at her, there’s no way she’ll tell her their new address. She can’t help asking again where Brian is, she can’t find him and Justin. If she was hoping for Mel’s support she’s sadly mistaken. Mel locks up the house and as her last act she hands Lindsay an envelope.

“What’s this?”

“You wanted to go to court. So it’s a summons to appear on Tuesday morning at ten o’clock.”

“What? I can’t believe you’re summoning me to appear in court.”

“It’s a hearing asking for a restraining order against you, barring you from coming within three hundred feet of Gus, Brian, Justin and myself.”

“You’ve got to be kidding?”

“No, I’ve never been more serious. I’ll also be asking the judge to rule against you concerning custody of Gus. You have no right coming here demanding to see him after abandoning him, and giving up your parental rights.”

Lindsay’s shocked. She stammers, “You wouldn’t!” She thought that threatening to sue for custody would be more than enough to stop both Mel and Brian from pursuing it any further. Now it appears that she’s the one being taken to court. She should have known better. After all Mel is an attorney, and there’s no way she’d just give up without a fight. She’s upset as her strategy isn’t working out at all like she planned. It seems she really will have to get her father’s attorney involved. Unfortunately for her he’s not proficient in family law or gay rights.

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After leaving her and Mel’s old house, Lindsay decides to try Ben’s house and she’s shocked to find that he no longer lives there. She goes to Deb’s hoping she’s home, or at least Emmett might know where Brian is. Carl answers, telling her Emmett’s on vacation, Deb’s at the diner, and Michael’s not reachable. She can’t believe that everybody’s out of town, not home, or has moved. Have things really changed that much since she’s been away? Finally she finds herself knocking on Ted’s door.

Ted isn’t surprised to see her, but he can’t help wondering what she expects him to do or say. They’ve never been close, even when she and Mel were still together; he was always closer to Mel than Lindsay. She always seemed so judgmental of him, never being very sympathetic to his situation, always criticizing him whenever possible.
“Lindz? What are you doing here?”

“Where is everybody? I’ve been by the loft, to Deb’s, then Ben’s house. Only to find he’s moved. Michael’s nowhere to be found, and it’s like Brian and Justin have vanished.”

“Well, Ben and Emmett are in Puerto Rico. Brian and Justin are in Manhattan. Michael’s ahhh… He’s away right now. I think Deb’s working, and Mel’s moving today.”

“Manhattan? I didn’t know Brian was in New York. Is Gus with him?”

“I really can’t say.”

“Well, aren’t you going to ask me in?”

“No. I don’t think I am. I was just about to take a shower, then I’m going into work for a few hours. So take care, Lindsay.”

With that Ted closes the door, leaving a shocked Lindsay standing in the hallway of his building, alone and frustrated. It seems it’s true; she’s burnt all of her bridges and no one’s willing to forgive her.

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Brian slept well last night after Justin’s superb back massage, and intense pummeling he gave his ass. Yes, his boy is very talented indeed. The first thing he notices is that he’s in bed alone, but he hears Justin talking in the distance. Then his senses are assaulted by the aroma of very strong coffee, and he notices that Justin has left him a large mug next to the bed.

Listening closely he can tell that Justin is talking to Mel, getting the lowdown on Lindsay’s actions, how she’s pumping everyone for information. Apparently she showed up at the house when Mel was there, so she now knows that Mel is moving, but not where to.

Mel updates Justin on the court date for Tuesday morning, letting them know that she’s talked with Everett, their attorney, and has made arrangements to meet with him before the hearing. She’s feeling good about their chances of winning, and says she’ll keep them updated after she talks with the private investigator, doing the background check on Lindsay and Sam. There’s just something off about Lindsay showing up out of the blue, wanting custody of Gus. Yet she’s hasn’t even asked about Jenny Rebecca. It’s like she isn’t even interested in her wellbeing. Yes, something is definitely wrong with this situation.

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Lindsay is furious about the way everyone’s treating her, but she takes Deb’s advice and calls Brian’s cell, expecting to leave a message. She’s surprised when he answers.

“Brian. I didn’t think you’d answer. I just assumed that you’d still be asleep, after tricking on Friday night.”

“Cut the bullshit, Lindsay! What do you want?”

“Well, I’m in town and I thought it would be nice to visit with Gus. I’m sure he’s missed me. Ted told me you’re out of town this weekend, but I’d like to take Gus for a few days when you return.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea. He’s finally gotten used to you not being around and I don’t want him to have to go through another broken heart when you leave.”
“Brian… I’m his mother. I have a right to see my son.”

“No…”

“No? Is that all you’re going to say to me?”

“You gave up your right to see him when you walked out of his life. Without even taking the time to say good-bye.”

“Surely you can’t still be angry about that.”

“I’m doing what is best for Gus. This has nothing to do with me.”

“Brian! I want to see my son! Do I have to take you to court to make that happen?”

“Yes…”

“Yes? You really want to go to court about this? You must know that a judge will agree that he belongs with his mother.”

“This sounds like you’re visiting for more than a few days? What are you up to?”

“I’ve… I’ve decided that I want custody of Gus.”

“No… You gave up your rights of your own free will back in February. I won’t have you playing tug of war with Gus’s feelings. I won’t have you putting him in the middle of whatever this is you’re doing.”

“Brian! Be reasonable! You know you’re not cut out for parenthood. For once do what’s best for Gus.”

“I’ll see you in court, Lindsay. Where are you staying? With your parents, no doubt?”

“Yes… And just know that my father’s attorney will tear you to shreds if you make me go to court over this. Do you want all your dirty laundry aired in the public eye?”

“Bye, Lindsay… This is war if you think I’ll just give you custody of Gus.”

She’s angry because she thought Brian would be reasonable and relinquish his rights, doing what’s best for Gus.

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Brian and Justin try not to let everything that’s happening in Pittsburgh ruin their weekend. After checking in with Mel again, they call Hunter to see how Gus is doing. Gus talks with Brian for almost twenty minutes about how much fun he’s having on his adventure. He loves that the puppies are staying at Ben’s house with them, and there’s a community play area at the townhouse, with swings, monkey bars, and a huge slide.

He really likes Hunter. He thinks he’s fun and he’s agreed to let him stay up late tonight to watch ‘Finding Nemo’ and ‘The Little Mermaid’. He tells Brian how much he’s missing him, and Justin too. He promises to be a good boy while they’re away. Brian reminds him to do as he’s told, promising he’ll call him again tomorrow.

Now that Brian’s reassured that everything is fine with Gus, and they have a court date set for Tuesday, he’s finally able to relax and enjoy their mini vacation. They start out the afternoon
visiting Metropolitan Museum of the Arts to see The Passions of Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux, a collection of sculptures, paintings and drawings. Then tomorrow they plan to visit the Guggenheim Museum to see the Italian Futurism, 1909-1944: Reconstructing the Universe.

Justin’s POV

Of course I’m extremely excited to see the exhibit; I drooled over all the artwork, and daydreamed that one day maybe I’d have an exhibit of my own at such a renowned museum. Brian is a good sport; he never complains about how long I want to stay and stare at a particular sculpture, or painting. He always acts interested in what I have to say, even though I knew he must be bored.

He’s so good to me, letting me lead him around, totally in awe of the great masters, as I rambled on and on about the littlest details that I’m sure he couldn’t decipher. I guess he realizes he better get used to it; after all I plan to drag him around to all the famous galleries and museums around the world for the rest of our lives.

Today is rather a jam-packed day for us. Later we go out for dinner at Five’s. The restaurant is beautiful, very modern with clean lines and an art deco feel. Dinner is fantastic. I have the pan-roasted halibut and Brian has the tenderloin; both were perfectly prepared. For dessert I even got Brian to share the chocolate malted baked Alaska so I was in heaven. The staff made me feel like a prince, they were so attentive and professional.

Then we’re off to see the Broadway play ‘The Twelfth Night’ at the Belasco theatre. We have great seats right in the middle front, just seven rows from the stage. It feels like we could practically reach out and touch the actors. We arrive early to experience the actors participating in the Shakespearean pre-show rituals of dressing and preparing their makeup on stage in front of the audience, accompanied by live music on traditional instruments.

It’s an outrageous comedy of unrequited love, featuring an all-male cast. While the lovelorn Duke Orsino plots to win the heart of the mourning Olivia, an alliance of servants and hangers-on scheme against the high-handedness of Olivia’s steward, the pompous Malvolio. When Orsino engages the cross-dressed Viola, who has disguised herself as a young man under the name Cesario to plead with Olivia on his behalf, a bittersweet and hilarious chain of events follows.

We have a wonderful evening like we’ve never experienced before. After all, Pittsburgh isn’t known for its love of the arts, and Brian really outdid himself, taking me out on the town in style. Who would have ever thought that Brian could be so romantically inclined? This mini vacation we’re on is making me feel so special, like a whole new chapter of our life is opening and this is just the beginning.

When we arrive back at our hotel suite I just pray there isn’t any menacing phone messages needing to be dealt with, to put a damper on our perfect evening. I notice him checking his cell, but then he turns it off. We slip out of our designer suits, lounging in the buff on our king-size bed. Brian suggests we have a nightcap, and proceeds to pour us each a cognac; then he pulls out his cigarette case, and lights a joint.

I relax in his arms, lying against his chest, while he plays with my hair and whispers words of love and commitment. I knew we both have been thinking a lot about our upcoming plans for Ibiza. Our honeymoon and finally making love raw along with our desire to be with one another is almost intoxicating.

He suggests that we get tested again as soon as we get back home, even though we have plans to wait until August. Neither one of us wants to wait until the end of summer, nor have we been with anyone else since last fall. Even though we had split up for a couple weeks, I hadn’t been with
anyone, and Brian only had oral sex.

Now I feel like we really have something to celebrate. I’ve made a few vague plans for our reception dinner with the family. I was trying not to compete with Deb’s plans for her big day. Yes, everyone was mad at us for running off and getting married in Vermont and not inviting them, but it was what felt right to us at the time. So I promised my mom and Deb that we would celebrate with the family before we went to Ibiza. Now it seemed that we’ll be going on our honeymoon as soon as May or June.

I’m so happy and a little stoned. I lean my head back and look up into his eyes. I can tell he’s feeling the same way. I turn in his arms and we start kissing. Soon the passion starts building and he’s flipped us over so I’m on my back and his body is covering mine. I can’t help that intense feeling I get just knowing that he loves me. I feel like that naive little boy whose virginity he took so many years ago. I knew I loved him that first night, but everyone told me that I was just infatuated with him. That it wasn’t really love, but it was love to me, and I now know that it was love to him as well. It just scared the hell out of him. Thank God he finally allowed himself to be loved in return, even if it took five years.

“Hey? Where’d you go?”

“Back to the beginning. I was just thinking about our first night together.”

“Oh God! You were so beautiful! Beautifully naïve!”

“Brian! I love you so much!”

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Tyler Martin was a pro at hacking computers, and he had no problem downloading Lindsay’s email. There had been a flurry of emails from her father, and her sister Lynette. Both had been inquiring about Gus, his wellbeing and voicing their concern about him living in a homosexual household, questioning how it would influence his sexuality. At first Lindsay was outraged with their blatant attitude about gays, and reassured them that Gus was safe, and loved.

But the emails and phone calls Tyler had uncovered bordered on obsessive. It seemed like Lynette and Ron Peterson were calling and emailing her eight or nine times a day. At one point she stopped taking their calls, and there were dozens of unopened emails that went unread. After several months of pestering her, they finally got her to agree to come home for a visit.

He also investigated Sam Auerbach; the man was a total womanizer who for some reason liked being married, Lindsay being his fifth wife. He’s always had a way with women, and Tyler supposed that he was a real charmer, a ladies’ man. It seems that he already had a long-term girlfriend when he married Lindsay. After they returned to Paris, he made no effort to even hide his affair. He claimed that it was the norm in Paris, and that she would have to get used to it, or leave.

It was rumored that he even encouraged Lindsay to have a ménage à trois. Apparently he liked to watch, and Lindsay soon realized that if she wanted to stay married to Sam, she’d need to acquiesce to his desires. One of the ultimatums that Lindsay tried to demand was that Sam and she have a family. He rejected that idea, absolutely refused, stating that children would interfere with his lifestyle.

The longer Lindsay was married to him, the more she realized she didn’t know her husband at all. Yet she wasn’t willing to give up her jet-setting lifestyle, being married to a famed artist, with all the glamor and perks that came with it. She refused to acknowledge that she had made a big
mistake, especially now that her family seemed to accept her. She needed their approval more than 
she needed self-esteem; she was desperate to be loved by them. Once they heard that she had 
moved on, all was forgiven and they welcomed her back into the fold with open arms.

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Sunday was another day of leisure for Brian and Justin, after talking with Gus and hearing all about 
his evening, staying up late, making him feel like a big boy now. He was so proud you could hear 
it in his voice, although he fell asleep halfway through the first movie. Brian reminded him that 
he’d probably need a nap after last night, telling him to behave, and he would bring him back a 
present. Gus promises he’ll do everything he’s told, telling Brian how much he misses him and 
Justin, and he can’t wait until they get home.

After a big breakfast they head out to the Guggenheim Museum to see the exhibit of ‘Italian 
Futurism, 1909-1944: Reconstructing the Universe.’ A chronological exhibition encompasses not 
only painting and sculpture, but also architecture, design, ceramics, fashion, film, photography, 
advertising, free-form poetry, publications, music, theater, and performance.

Again Justin is taken aback by all the different artists work, loving the variety and influence they 
seem to have had on one another over the years. He spends time looking at each and every 
medium, letting the artist speak to him, inspire him, leaving him with renewed respect of their 
creativity and ingenuity. Brian slips away for a few minutes and returns with a big picture book of 
the exhibit, so Justin can take a little bit home with him for inspiration.

It’s late afternoon when Brian gets a call from Everett Clarkston; they make plans to meet for a 
drink so he can go over what his detective has found out about Lindsay and her sudden visit. He’ll 
be flying out with Brian and Justin on Monday night, and meeting with Mel and the detective again 
before court the next morning, reviewing any new information that’s uncovered.

Brian knew that Lindsay’s father was somehow involved, besides just paying for her legal counsel. 
He just wishes he could figure out what they think they have, that would make a judge agree to 
revoke his parental rights. Brian was very forthcoming about his past, his homosexuality, and his 
lifestyle. He’s not ashamed of who he is or how he’s lived his life. He’s always been honest and 
upfront, except with his parents, but that’s all in the past now. It’s all out in the open.

He has provided a good home for Gus, and given him the stability he needed after Lindsay left, 
reassuring him that it had nothing to do with him. Young children are often confused, and tend to 
blame themselves, not understanding their parents motives. He just can’t image a judge would 
consider giving Lindsay custody, especially now that they found out about Sam’s feelings about 
parenthood. Yes, Lindsay was up to something; they just had to figure out what, before court on 
Tuesday morning.

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Brian’s on his third shot of Beam, and hasn’t said a word after Everett left about a half an hour ago. 
I wave the waiter over and ask for menus, knowing that we both need to eat and it will take Brian’s 
mind off the problems with Lindsay. I actually thought what Everett had to say was positive, but I 
can see that Brian’s deeply troubled.

“We should have flown back on Friday night. I would have at least had the weekend with Gus, to 
explain to him what was happening, preparing him for the inevitable.”

“Brian, nothing’s going to change. We’re Gus’s parents, and you’re a good father. If anything, 
you’ve become a better father since he’s come to live with us.”
“Lindsay’s right. They always give the mother custody. Besides, once she brings up my past, all my indiscretions, and my blatant behavior, my disregard for other’s feelings, it will be all over. She’ll win.”

“No! I don’t believe that! You heard what Everett said; her own husband doesn’t want children. And I can’t see her giving up her new lifestyle to be a single mother. Something’s up. She has an ulterior motive here, we just have to figure out what.”

“I already miss him. I miss listening to him chatter on about school, and us reading together before bed and all the time we spent playing with Thor and Zeek. God, it’s going to kill him to have to give up Thor and Zeek, they’ve grown so close this last month.”

“Brian, stop! Stop all this negative thinking! You’re a good father, you’ve always been a good father. You love Gus, it’s so obvious how much the two of you love and need each other. So please stop all this negative talk.”

The waiter returns, and Brian starts to order another shot of Beam, but Justin overrides him, asking for a couple of dos equis instead. Then he orders a plate of nachos, soft-shell chicken tacos for Brian, and a salsa Verde burrito for himself. Maybe dinner will get his mind off all this doom and gloom.

They had planned to hit the clubs tonight and go out dancing, but Justin can see that Brian’s not in the mood to party. After dinner they go for a long walk, window shopping, and talking about the shopping spree they have planned for tomorrow after Brian’s presentation at Trojan Inc. This seem to brighten his spirits, there’s nothing he loves more than a huge shopping spree of designer fashion in Manhattan. Okay, that’s not exactly true… We all know he loves sex… And that’s exactly what Justin has in mind when they return to their suite.

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Brian’s mood has improved greatly as he fists Justin’s hair. He feels Justin’s lips move up and down his firm shaft. All the stress is dissipating as his mind is flooded with endorphins. He quakes with pleasure, finally erupting as Justin sucks and swallows his sweet cream. Justin smiles up at him as he releases his flaccid penis from his lips, licking the remaining juices from the edges. A little while later Brian reaches down to stroke Justin’s hair while he lies with his head on Brian’s chest.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Lindsay’s testimony in court shocks everyone, and in the end she’s left without any friends, or family. Then much to her surprise she rebuilds a friendship…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 6486
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: big52

Summary: Lindsay’s testimony in court shocks everyone, and in the end she’s left without any friends, or family. Then much to her surprise she rebuilds a friendship…

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Chapter 22 ~ Please Don’t Judge Me…

Debbie waited for Michael in the visitor’s center; it had been over six week since she’d last seen him. She was worried that he wasn’t adjusting well to so many changes. But when she saw him enter the room he looked well, even happy; she was relieved all her worrying had been for nothing. He hugged her, thanking her for coming. He was grateful to have company so he couldn’t help asking if any of the gang might be willing to come visit him.

She handed him a bag of lemon squares from the diner, and told him that Ben and Emmett were vacationing in Puerto Rico. She knew he might not handle that well, but she wasn’t going to sugarcoat it. He needed to know the truth, and learn to accept that everyone was moving on with their lives. She saw the flash of anger in his eyes, and then he looked down at the floor.

“I guess I don’t really have a right to be mad, but it still hurts a little. I’m not in love with Ben anymore, so I guess I should be happy that Ben and Emmett have found one another.”

Deb’s actually shocked that Michael is taking it so well, maybe all those sessions with Dr. Edwards really did some good.

“Good for you, Michael. I think it’s healthy that you’re able to accept that they’re a couple.”

“I don’t really have much choice, if I still want Emmett to remain my friend. His friendship means more to me than holding a grudge against him. Especially since I ended it with Ben long before him and Emmett started seeing each other.”

“I’m so proud of you, Michael. It takes a strong man to be happy for his friends under the circumstances.”
“Do you think you could ask Em to come visit me when he gets back from vacation? I’m so lonely here, and it would be good to see a friendly face.”

“So have you made any friends since you’ve returned from the hospital?”

“Yeah. I have a friend Gordy, he’s on laundry duty with me. He’s introduced me to several of his friends. It’s different here than I thought it would be. Almost everyone in here is in for white-collar crimes; all the really hardened criminals are housed at another prison.”

“I’m so glad to hear that, baby. I worry about you and how you’re getting along.”

“We actually have a lot of freedom to move around the facilities. We just have to check in with the guards and get permission to go to the gym, or outside in the courtyard. There’s a library, and a lounge where we can watch TV and DVDs.”

“That’s good, Michael. If you’re happy and making friends, your time will pass quickly. I’m so glad you’re no longer resentful and angry.”

“Well I still can’t believe that Brian had me arrested; I’m sure Justin put him up to it.”

“Now, Michael! None of this is Sunshine’s fault! You know that, you’re the one responsible for being in this situation.”

“I know that, Ma! I’m just saying, if Justin and Brian weren’t together Brian wouldn’t have ever had me arrested. I’m his best friend. He loves me and even though you don’t believe it we’re going to be together in the future. There’s no way Justin will stick around and put up with all of Brian’s indiscretions.”

Deb just shakes her head, just when she thought things were finally getting better. One step forward, two steps back.

“Michael! Hear me, for Christ sakes! Brian loves Justin! He loves him, he’s changed, they’re married, and they’re monogamous. He’s not interested in you, he never was! You’re never going to be his partner, lover, or husband!”

“Ma! You don’t know that! A lot could change by the time I’m released.”

“Oh, Michael… Son, can you hear yourself? Get some help, you’re acting delusional again.”

“Go! Just go, Ma! And don’t come back until you can accept that Brian and I are meant for each other!”

Debbie stands, looking at Michael like he’s truly lost his mind. She knows she needs to contact the prison and speak to his new therapist, so he can get the help he needs so desperately.

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Brian’s POV

Today flew by in a New York minute, my presentation went great. Trojan loved all of my ideas for their new ad campaigns, marketing to multiple generations such as teens, college students, newlyweds, gays, empty-nesters, and even the elderly. After all there was just a new study released this month finding that a women’s sex drive increases in her eighties. Okay, that’s not an image I want on my mind but they’re no different than any other age group wanting a pleasurable experience. Trojan lubricants could be just what they need to intensify their experience. Enough
said… Otherwise I’ll never be able to get it up again.

Justin and I had lunch at an out-of-the-way Chinese restaurant, we had dim sum and Justin loved it. The waiters circulated with trays of tiny plates with one-bite samples of everything they featured on their menu. It really was a great way to try lots of different tasting dishes without ordering a huge entrée. I have to admit that I have a weakness for Asian food. I absolutely love Thai, and Chinese but I’ve even been known to indulge in Korean, Japanese, and Vietnamese as well. New York is the perfect place to treat your taste buds to all those flavors, but they’ll have to wait until next time.

We spent our last few hours trying on designer fashions. Of course I order several new suits while Justin shops for casual clothing - jeans, sweaters, and shirts. Again we have everything shipped, there’s no way we will be able to carry all of our packages back on the plane.

We land back in Pittsburgh around seven, and head straight to Deb’s to pick up Gus. She, of course, had the usual Sunday night family dinner waiting for us, even if it was Monday night. So we drank lots of wine and ate huge amounts of Italian food. Mel updated everyone on her conversations with Tyler and his investigation of Lindsay’s married life. Apparently she’s not very happy. Sam isn’t very discreet about his affairs, and she’s started drinking, to drown her sorrows.

We get back to the house late. I carry Gus up to his bedroom, making sure he’s sound asleep. After setting our suitcases down in the bedroom, Justin finds me standing in Gus’s doorway watching him sleep. He knows I’m worried, unsure how things will play out tomorrow in court. I’ve become used to having Gus with us, having become such an integral part of our lives. I think we depend on him almost as much as he depends on us. We’re truly a family these days, and I can’t imagine life without him at the center.

Justin wraps his arms around my waist and leans his head on my shoulder. After a few minutes we make our way into our bedroom and strip off our clothes. We climb into the bed and he motions for me to roll over, then he squirts some massage oil across my back. Soon I’m moaning as he works my sore stiff back, I carry so much stress in my shoulders. He starts at my shoulder blades with a deep tissue massage, working his way out towards the edge using long deep strokes, over and over until I relax into his touch.

I whisper, “That feels incredible. You always know just what I need.”

He continues working my spine, kneading each vertebrae until the tension eases. I’m snoring lightly, my deviated septum making my breathing slightly wheezy. Finally I’m relaxed and able to sleep. Last night I was pretty worked up, and sleep didn’t come easy, leaving me exhausted and unrested most of today. He finishes massaging my back until he’s worked all the way down to the bottom of my backbone.

He gently snuggles down next to me, and I naturally turn on my side, pulling him into my chest, with him resting his head on my shoulder. These days neither one of us can sleep unless we’re holding each other, able to feel each other breathing, setting a rhythm that lulls us off to sleep.

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It’s Tuesday morning, everyone’s waiting in the courtroom for Mel and Everett to arrive. Justin and I were supposed to meet with them before the hearing began but they’ve been delayed. I’m not sure if this is a good thing or not. I keep running his hand down the front of my suit, smoothing out nonexistent wrinkles, looking like I just stepped off the cover of GQ magazine. The longer we wait the more nervous he and I become. I reach out and hold Justin’s hand to stop him from fidgeting in his seat.
“Your Honor, how much longer do we have to wait for opposing council? Obviously they’re not ready to proceed at this time. I ask that this suit be dismissed with prejudice.”

“Denied, Mr. Stanfield. I think the court can allow council a few more minutes.”

Lindsay just glares at me, like she still can’t believe that I’m taking her to court. Her parents and sister sit next to her, showing their support. I’m half tempted to get up and start looking for Mel and Everett. I just know something’s wrong and I’m scared to death that Gus will be removed from our custody once the hearing is over. After another fifteen minutes passes, finally the courtroom doors open and in walks Mel and Everett.

“Your Honor. Please forgive us for our tardiness, it couldn’t be helped.”

“If you’re ready to proceed Mr. Clarkston, please call your first witness.”

“I’d like to call Ms. Melanie Marcus to the stand.”

“Ms. Marcus, you’ve been sworn in. Do you understand that everything you say, can and will be used against you in a court of law.”

“Yes, Your Honor.”

“Ms. Marcus how long were you and Ms. Peterson a couple?”

“Objection, it’s Mrs. Auerbach…”

“Let me rephrase. How long were you and Mrs. Auerbach a couple?”

“Ten years. We had a commitment ceremony after the first five years.”

“When the two of you split up, was it amicable?”

“Hardly. I was under the impression that she was traveling for business. I read in the newspaper that she had married Sam Auerbach the next day.”

“So this came as a complete surprise?”

“Yes. I thought that we were a committed couple, even though she had an affair with Mr. Auerbach the previous year.”

“So, Lindsay continued to see Mr. Auerbach during your marriage, even while you were pregnant, and after your daughter was born?”

“Objection, Your Honor. I dispute the term ‘marriage.’ Ms. Marcus and Mrs. Auerbach had a commitment ceremony which has no legal standing.”

“To your knowledge, did Mrs. Auerbach continue her affair while you were pregnant, and after your daughter was born?”

“I believe so. She wasn’t forthcoming about her affair.”

“How did her departure affect your children?”

“Our daughter was just an infant at the time, but our son Gus was devastated. He didn’t understand why she left, and it took him months to accept that she wasn’t coming back.”
“During this time did Mr. Taylor-Kinney play more of an active role in parenting Gus?”

“Yes. Lindsay had asked that I sign back my rights to Mr. Taylor-Kinney before she left. Then after she wed Sam Auerbach, she signed her parental rights over to Brian and Justin Taylor-Kinney.”

“So you no longer have parental rights for Gus?”

“Brian insisted that we file third-party adoption papers, so that we would all legally be Gus’s parents. Gus lives fulltime with his fathers, and he spends several weekends a month with myself.”

“How is this arrangement working out?”

“Much better than I ever thought it would. We’re all very involved in each other’s lives, and we spend one or two nights a week having dinner together.”

“So from your perspective as Gus’s mother, do you think that both Brian and Justin Taylor-Kinney are good parents to Gus? Do they provide a stable home life, and are they involved in his education and after-school activities?”

“Yes, they’re very responsible parents. The teachers at school know both of them, and they always attend Gus’s sporting events and school activities.”

This line of testimony continued over the next hour, questioning Brian and Justin, and finishing up with Dr. Millburn, a child psychologist.

“Dr. Millburn, did you treat Gus Taylor-Kinney after his mother abandoned him?”

“Objection! I dispute the term ‘abandoned.’”

“Overruled. Continue, Dr. Millburn.”

“Yes. Gus is a patient of mine. He was shocked, and saddened when his mother left without even saying good bye, or explaining that she was leaving. He was very distraught, and depressed, thinking that she left because he did something wrong.”

“And how is he emotionally now?”

“He’s very well adjusted. I’ve worked with him and both his fathers, as well as his mother, Melanie Marcus to help him overcome his insecurities concerning Mrs. Auerbach’s departure.”

“Do you think it would be healthy for him to be removed from his father’s care, and returned to Mrs. Auerbach?”

“No, absolutely not. He has overcome a lot of pain and confusion around her disappearance. Returning him to an unstable home life would only add to his issues of abandonment and trust.”

Things aren’t looking good for Lindsay. She never really thought about how everything would affect Gus, and his emotional stability. Her attorney has called her to the stand, asking her to explain why she thinks Mr. Kinney will be a bad parent. She testifies about his past, his lifestyle, and multiple sex partners. She even has the gall to say she thought that it would be better to have Gus raised in a ‘normal’ household, meaning two parents, one man and one woman.

Now it was Brian’s attorney’s turn to cross-examine her.

“Mrs. Auerbach, you’ve stated that you returned Mr. Kinney’s parental rights back to him because you thought it was the right thing to do at the time. Now you’re testifying that you think it’s wrong
for Gus to be raised in a same-sex household. Which is it?’”

“I was wrong before. I now believe it would be best for Gus to be raised by a mother and a father.”

“Was it wrong for him when he was being raised by you and Ms. Marcus?”

“No. That’s different.”

“I see…”

“So you’re no longer a lesbian? You haven’t had sex with a woman since you’ve been married?”

“Yes. That’s correct.”

“I remind you that you’re under oath, Mrs. Auerbach. Would you like to rethink your answer?”

All the color in Lindsay’s face disappears.

“Let me rephrase my question. Who is Leslie Anderson?”

“She’s… She’s a friend of my husband’s.”

“A very close friend? Is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“And what about you? Is she a very close friend of yours?”

Lindsay looks down at her feet, embarrassed by this question.

The judge reminds her. “You have to answer the question, Mrs. Auerbach. You’re under oath.”

She whispers so low you can barely make it out. “Yes…”

“Would this friendship be of a sexual nature?”

Her mother glares at her with disgust and hatred as she whispers again. “Yes…”

“So you don’t think it’s inappropriate to be involved in a same-sex affair if you happen to be the one who’s having it?”

“My husband… My husband wants it this way…”

Nancy Peterson is so embarrassed and repulsed by Lindsay’s answer she leaves the court room. She’s furious that she believed Lindsay’s lies about going straight.

“Tell me, Mrs. Auerbach. Do you plan on having children with your husband?”

“No. He doesn’t want children.”

“I see… Is this why you want custody of Gus now?”

Silence…

“Where is your husband today, Mrs. Auerbach?”

“He’s at home.”
“Home being Paris, France?”

“Yes.”

“So when you stated that you wouldn’t be taking Gus out of the country, was that a lie?”

“No… No, I mean… You’re confusing me…”

She looks to her father for answers, wishing Brian’s attorney would stop with all these personal questions. He has no right to ask her these things.

“Your Honor. Considering the hour and how distraught my client is, can we please break until she’s composed herself, continuing this after lunch?”

“Your Honor, I object. Mr. Taylor-Kinney’s a very busy man, running a multi-million dollar company. I only have a few more questions, so with the court’s permission. I’d like to continue. It shouldn’t be more than another half an hour.”

“Alright, Mr. Clarkston. Continue…”

Lindsay takes a long drink of water, wishing this was all over, wondering how she got herself involved in all this. She knows she’s now made enemies out of everyone she once thought of as family. Meanwhile her mother returns to the court room, and sits next to her husband and sister.

“Mrs. Auerbach, what’s the real reason you’re here today, petitioning for sole custody of Gus Taylor-Kinney?”

“Real reason?”

“Yes? Maybe five hundred thousand reasons?

“I don’t know what you mean?”

“I think you do…”

She looks to her father again, unsure of what to say.

“Mrs. Auerbach, would it surprise you if I entered into evidence a bank statement showing that you recently opened a new account, with a money transfer of a half million dollars from your father’s bank account.”

“Daddy?” She looks like she’s going to cry.

“Mrs. Auerbach, please tell the court who Dennis O’Malley is?”

“I have no idea.”

“Would it surprise you to find out he’s an attorney who specializes in adoption? An attorney who’s been hired by your father to represent your sister?”

Lindsay just stares into space, she really doesn’t know what’s happening. Obviously her father hasn’t told her everything.

“How about Dr. Lawson? Would you please tell the court who he is?”

“I don’t know…”
“I think you do, Mrs. Auerbach. Do I need to remind you about perjury again?”

“He’s… He’s my sister’s doctor.”

“Yes, he is… Tell the court what Dr. Lawson’s specialty is?”

She looks white as a ghost, she never thought that anyone would find out about all this.

“He’s a fertility specialist.”

“Is it safe to say your sister is reproductively challenged?”

Now Nancy Peterson is just about to faint. She’s never been one to be comfortable having her laundry aired in public, and especially not a court house.

“Just one more question, Mrs. Auerbach. Do you think selling your son for a half a million dollars is the act of a loving mother?”

Lindsay stands up, shouting, “You’ve got it all wrong! It’s not like that! My mother will never accept a grandchild that’s not hers biologically. I was only doing this for my sister! I was only trying to do the right thing, doing what Daddy wanted!”

She’s crying, tears running down her face. The bailiff helps her down from the stand.

“Your Honor, at this time I’d like to ask that a restraining order be put in place, barring Mrs. Auerbach, and her family members from coming within three hundred feet of Gus Taylor-Kinney. As well as permanently revoking Mrs. Auerbach’s parental rights until Gus is twenty-one years of age, and can make his own decisions.”

“It is so ordered.”

With that the judge bangs his gavel, and dismisses the court. Lindsay’s still crying, pleading with Brian, begging him to forgive her. He can’t even look at her, he just keeps wondering where his Wendy went, and who this crazy woman is. Leaving the court house Brian thanks Everett for his exceptional job defending him in court and the thorough investigative work. Tyler did a fantastic job of digging into Lynette’s medical issues and finding out about Ron Peterson’s motives and manipulations.

Brian almost feels sorry for Lindsay, she was played almost as much as he was. But she didn’t have to go along with their twisted plot for Lynette to adopt Gus. He still can’t believe that she would basically sell Gus, just to gain her parents’ approval. She really has some self-esteem issues. It’s obvious that she made a huge mistake when she left Mel at the drop of a hat, and married Sam Auerbach.

The thing is even after everything she’s done, deep down inside he still loves her. He can’t help wondering if he should try and help her, help her end her bad marriage and get a divorce. He’d be willing to help get her back on her feet, as long as she agreed to get help emotionally. She desperately needs therapy and friends right now. He looks over at Justin and Mel chatting as they walk through the parking lot, and he wonders if they’d understand how he’s feeling, or if they’d think he needed therapy too.

They get to the Mercedes and Brian unlocks the door for Mel and Justin, then he turns and says he forgot to ask Everett something, and goes back into the court house. He stops after rounding the corner, when he sees Nancy Peterson berating Lindsay. She’s yelling at her for embarrassing her, flaunting her lesbian girlfriend and perverted husband. She tells her she’s a disgrace to their family,
and that as far as she’s concerned she only has one daughter now - Lynette.

Ron Peterson has always been a spineless, weak little man, who’s never had the balls to stand up to his wife. He simply shrugs his shoulders and they leave Lindsay standing all alone in the hallway, without a friend in the world. She’s in shock, barely able to wipe the tears away that are falling down her cheeks. She’s surprised when she feels Brian’s arms pull her into an embrace and he whispers, “Let go home, Wendy, and figure out how to fix all of this.”

She can’t help crying even harder, soaking the collar of his suit.

“I can’t believe you still want to be my friend. After everything I’ve done, you must hate me.”

“Yeah, well, I’m not happy… But as Deb once said to me, you don’t kick a person when they’re down. And as angry as I’m with you, I love you even more.”

“Oh, Brian. I’ve made such a mess of my life. How can I ever look our friends in the eye?”

“They’re our family, and they still love you. Even when you’re being an asshole… Trust me, I know…”

Mel and Justin look up in shock as Brian opens the door. “Look who I found? Don’t you think it’s time we helped Wendy find her way home?”

“Mel, I was thinking maybe Lindsay should keep the house. She’s going to need a place to live, and there’s no place like home.”

Mel can’t really object as Brian’s paid for the majority of her new house. And even she can see that Lindsay’s feeling pretty broken, lost and in need of her family. No one’s saying anything, but they’re all wondering about Gus and the restraining order. I guess time will tell. Everything has a way of working itself out. Maybe what they say is true, time heals all wounds.

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Deb answers the door, surprised to see all of them standing there. She looks to Brian for an explanation, knowing that they’re all coming from court. You can still feel the stress, and discomfort between them.

“Deb, we’re going to try and put everything behind us. Lindsay is just as much a victim in all of this as the rest of us. She’s basically been used and manipulated by her family, and I think it’s time we welcomed her back into the fold. Granted, she’s made some mistakes.”

Lindsay speaks up. “Some huge mistakes, and I’m so sorry for hurting so many people. I just hope you can forgive me over time.”

Deb reaches out and smothers her with a hug.

“My door is always open, and there’s always a bed to sleep in for all of my lost children.”

“Thanks, Deb, thank you so much. I’ve never needed my family more than I do now.”

“A lot’s changed since you left in February. I think you’ll be surprised by how much, and I know that it will be painful. I also know that you’re a strong woman, and you’ll be back to your old self in no time.”

“Lindsay’s going to keep her and Mel’s old house. Of course it’s empty now, so over the next week
I’m hoping that we can all pitch in and help her find some furniture to get set back up again.”

“I’d really appreciate that.”

“I’ll help you out financially, but you’ll have to make do with a combination of new and used items. And I expect you to get a job, or at least start looking for one. I assume that you’ll want to file for divorce, and I’m more than willing to hire an attorney for you. I can only imagine what a nightmare you’ve been through these last months.”

“Brian, thanks. That’s so generous. More than generous. How can I ever repay you?”

“You can start by getting some therapy, you have a lot of issues to work through. And I meant what I said in court this morning. I don’t want Gus to feel like he’s being put between us, confused about what’s going on or where he stands in our lives.”

“I understand. I want what’s best for him too.”

“Good. I want you to stay away from him until you’ve worked through most of your problems. Then we’ll see about you having supervised visitation with him. I don’t want him worried or confused. He always needs to know he’s safe, and has a permanent home with me and Justin. I won’t relinquish my parental rights again, and Justin and I will remain his primary caregivers with permanent custody. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Brian, I understand. I’ll never challenge your parental rights again.”

“Good, now I’m starving… What do you have to eat around here, Deb?”

“Oh, I just took a pan of lasagna out of the oven. I was going to drop it off at the Vic Grassi House, but I can make them something else later. Who else is hungry?”

They all sit down at the table with Deb and Sunshine setting places and slicing fresh-baked bread. Brian looks around at his family, pleased that everyone seemed to be accepting all the changes taking place.

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Justin’s POV

I’m thoroughly amazed by this man of mine. Who would have thought he’d forgive Lindsay for all the emotional pain and suffering she’s caused all of us? His heart is so big, and so full of love. I know this firsthand so I don’t know what I would have done if he hadn’t found it in his heart to forgive me after leaving him for Ian, I mean, Ethan. God, he has me saying that…

I’d be devastated and lost. I’m not sure I would have survived. I’ve hurt him so much, so many times. I’m so grateful he still loves me. Sometimes I can still hear our words echo through my head and through my heart… Our lives have changed so much since that last time I walked out of his life. I was so sure that was finally the end of our torrid love affair. It broke my heart leaving him standing there, letting my last question to him hanging in the air.

‘To be a couple both people have to want the same things, to move in the same direction. If they can’t or won’t, they really have no place to go.’

‘Probably not…’

‘Then why are we still doing this, if we both know it’s never going to work?’
‘Damned if I know.’

I knew that it was killing him as much as it was killing me. He was too proud, too set in his ways, and I’m guessing, too frightened of not living up to my expectations. So no one was more surprised than me when I found him standing underneath my bedroom window, tossing pebbles, hitting the glass. Beckoning me to let him in, back into my heart…

I guess it took all the pain and suffering for us both to finally realize that our lives would be forever bound together as one. I’m so grateful that he finally allowed himself to feel, and acknowledge his true feelings for me, accepting me into his life again with open arms.

Everyone thinks that Brian’s cold, cruel and unemotional… But if you know him, really know him, you know that that’s a facade. His mask of indifference is a way of hiding his emotions, something learned early in his childhood, to hide the pain inflicted on him by his parents.

Sometimes I want to kill them for treating him so poorly. No child deserves to feel unloved, and unwanted. It’s a miracle that he’s survived, but I’m guessing that’s because he found those in his life who love him unconditionally. Myself, Lindsay, Deb and yes, even Michael… As much as I hate to admit it, he was there for Brian when he needed a friend, a safe place to hide, and needed to be loved.

Thinking about it, I’m guessing that he’s struggling with his anger at Michael. He hurt us both very much. His actions shocked, and unnerved us, frightened us, and made us turn our backs on him. We now know that Michael suffers from manic depression, and schizophrenia - a disease that develops in your late twenties and early thirties. Thankfully, he’s been diagnosed and is receiving treatment. But that doesn’t mean that Brian doesn’t feel sorry and remorseful for their friendship ending.

I wonder if he feels the need to forgive Michael, the same way he felt today, seeing Lindsay, hurt and abused by her own family. Yes, she made some horrendous mistakes, hurt a lot of people, least of all Gus. But in the big picture she was just looking for love and approval. It’s no surprise that she and Mel fell apart again. Even though they love each other, they really aren’t good for one another. I think Mel’s much happier now that she’s back with Leda, and I just hope that Lindsay finds someone who completes her the same way.

I realize my mind is working overtime, as I look at the clock and see that it’s getting late. I need to start dinner. I hear the dogs barking out back, and Gus and Brian laughing, running around and chasing after them. It’s good to see them both so happy, Brian really is a great father. I’m so glad everything worked out the way it did this morning. Now we can all start getting back to normal.

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After lunch at Deb’s, Brian and Justin left to pick Gus up from school. Mel asked Lindsay to go for a walk. It was warm outside and spring was in the air. As hard as this conversation was going to be, she had to talk with Lindsay about the changes in her life. She wants to make her understand that she has moved on, even though she still wishes Lindsay luck in finding her way towards her own future.

“I think Brian’s right, you should keep the house. You know all the neighbors, and it’s within walking distance of the gay and lesbian center. You always liked volunteering there, helping out the teenagers looking for guidance and understanding.”

“Thanks, Mel, I appreciate that. But tell me, where are you moving to? Will I see you? Is there any way we can remain friends?”
I’d like that, Linds. I understand now that you were very unhappy in our marriage. I know things didn’t work out with you and Sam, but I know you’ll meet someone who brings out the best in you.”

“I do too… I just feel so lost right now. I’ve made so many mistakes and I feel like a fool. What must everyone think of me?”

“I think Brian’s right, you should go into therapy. You need to work through your emotions, and forgive yourself for your mistakes.”

“Who would have ever thought that Brian Kinney would be recommending therapy? It’s so unlike him.”

“Not really, Linds. He changed and I mean in a good way. I meant it today in court when I said that Brian is a good father. He’s very responsible, very patient and loving towards Gus and Jenny Rebecca.”

“God, Mel, I can’t believe I haven’t even asked how JR is doing.”

“We now call her Jenny, or Jenny Rebecca. JR’s a thing of the past. She’s good. She’s growing in leaps and bounds. Her and Leda have really bonded.”

“Leda?”

“Yeah. I wanted to let you know that Leda and I are back together now. She was a godsend after you left. I was a mess, and Leda helped me put my life back together. I hope that doesn’t upset you. I don’t want you to be hurt.”

“No, no, I’m fine. I’m just a little shocked, that’s all.”

“I can imagine. The thing is that when we split up, she was still very independent. She needed to be able to grow and mature, to find herself. She wasn’t ready to settle down. But after she visited us a few years back, she saw how gratifying life could be with having a family and making a commitment to just one woman.”

“I always knew she wanted you back!”

“Yes, she did. But she never approached me. She let me go, thinking we’d be together forever. She told me it broke her heart to see you living what she then wanted to be her life. But she respected you, us, and she bowed out gracefully. But when she heard rumors that we were over, she jumped right on a plane and made her true feelings known.”

“I’m… I’m happy for the two of you… I’m also sad that things happened the way they did. I’m sorry I hurt you, you didn’t deserve that.”

They come to a stop, realizing that they’d made it back to Deb’s garden gate. They reach out and hug one another, knowing that they’re both finally free to live their lives independently from one another with no hard feelings.

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Brian’s POV

We talked after we put Gus to bed. Justin told me he understood if I needed to see Michael, if I needed to forgive him for all the pain he has caused. I was shocked by Justin’s generosity and
willingness to accept that Michael may have his issues, but he’ll always be part of our family. I wasn’t sure if I was ready to totally forgive Michael, but I realized that for Michael to start healing, maybe we needed to talk about what happened.

Maybe talking would help Michael see that I’m truly happy. That I love Justin, and I plan on spending the rest of my life with him. Finally Michael could put all his pining and yearning for me behind him. To accept reality, and start moving on with his life. I look over at my husband, and I’m overwhelmed by his understanding, and his ability to forgive. I’ve never been more in love with him.

“What? Why are you looking at me like that?”

“You’re beautiful. I mean, truly beautiful, inside and out. You never fail to surprise me. You have such a good heart, always trying to see the best in everyone.”

“Yeah, it’s a good thing I kept coming back to you and never gave up. I knew that eventually you’d let your guard down and let me into your heart.”

“Well, it was either that, or you’d just keep stalking me for the rest of my life.”

Justin dives towards Brian, loving when he’s playful like this. Brian grabs him and pulls him closer to himself, kissing him passionately. Soon the two of them are getting light-headed. They break for air, and then they start again. Brian licks the side of Justin’s neck, sending chills down his spine. Justin squirms in Brian’s arms, trying to block Brian from tickling him. It’s not fair. Brian isn’t nearly as ticklish as Justin, and he’s stronger so Justin usually ends up being the one pinned down and struggling to break loose.

“Stop! Stop! Brian!”

“Okay, Sunshine, I’ll let you catch your breath.”

Justin climbs up onto Brian, holding his wrists down on the bed, preventing another assault on his senses. They’re both laughing as Brian squirms a little. They both know that if he wanted he could just flip Justin over on his back without much effort, and begin his assault again. As they catch their breath, their eyes lock and soon they’re both overwhelmed with need. Justin releases his hold on Brian, and soon he’s in heaven as Brian gently strokes his penis, sending waves of desire to his core as pre-cum bubbles from his slit. Not breaking eye contact Brian smirks, “Don’t cum.”

“I’ll try not to…”

Brian pulls his lips into his mouth, grinning, thinking about their first night together. Just how naive Justin was, so innocent with so much longing. He knew he was special that first night, he just had no idea just how special or how he’d become the single most important person in his life.

Brian reaches over into the drawer, then hands him a condom.

“Go ahead, put it on my dick.”

Now Justin’s the one grinning, smiling his signature sunshine smile. Next he takes the tube of lube from Brian and generously covers Brian’s cock. He climbs up closer, until he’s positioned himself above Brian, and slowly lowers himself. He loves the sensation of Brian’s hard cock gliding deep into his warm ravine. He leans his head back, with his mouth slightly open, and slowly starts raising and lowering himself onto Brian’s rigid shaft.

Brian’s loves watching Justin take himself, loves the emotions that flash across his face and
shudder through his limbs. Justin’s so lost in pleasuring himself Brian doubts that he’s even conscious of the little moans and sighs that are escaping his throat. Soon he’s enthusiastically thrusting himself down harder, fucking himself passionately as he squeals in delight.

He holds his cock in his hand, almost more for balance than stimulation. He’s close, very close, teetering on the edge of falling into the abyss. Moments later he’s consumed by his orgasm as he rides the waves of ecstasy. He coats his chest with sweet cream, as his lip quivers uncontrollably, and he cries out Brian’s name over, and over…

“Brian… Brian… Brian…”

Brian reaches out guiding him down until he lies across his chest, catching his breath, drooling…

That’s my boy… Like I said he’s beautiful… So fucking beautiful, and all mine…

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Some promises are just made to be broken…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 7316
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52

Summary: Some promises are just made to be broken…

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Chapter 23 ~ Broken Promises…

Justin’s POV

I’m still a little shocked that Brian forgave Lindsay so easily as it’s so out of character for him. Now I’m just keeping my fingers crossed that Lindsay follows through on all her promises. I’m not sure how I feel about her being back in town, she really burnt a lot of bridges leaving the way she did. She’d better keep her distance from Gus and not pull another stunt trying to manipulate the teachers at his school. I really don’t want Gus to get hurt by her again because she has so many problems right now. I guess I just don’t trust her. Part of me wants to keep him home from school today, but I know I’m just over-reacting. Brian plans to talk with Gus’s principal when he drops him off this morning, so I guess they’ll keep an eye out for Lindsay, just in case.

I can’t seem to focus on my reading, so I leave the house a little early and stop by the art supply store on the way. I need to stock up on canvases and paints. I have several paintings due in the next couple of weeks and I need to get started on them. I sit and sketch a few ideas in the student lounge as I wait for class to start. I look up and see Matthew headed straight for me, we both have art history together. He’s nice enough but I’m afraid he has a crush on me. He always seems to seek me out, bringing me cookies and brownies from the cafeteria to share while we review the reading assignment for class.

“Hey, Justin. I knew I’d find you here. Did you finish reading all the chapters for our lecture today?”

The truth is I was just scanning them. Art history is one of those classes I dropped after the Stockwell fiasco. So most of the class so far has been a rehash of what I’ve already learned.

“Yeah, I’m just reviewing them now before class. I have a feeling that Professor Stabler is going to call on me. He always does when he thinks I haven’t done the homework.”
“But you always do the homework. You’re like the smartest one in the class.”

“Hardly, but thanks for the compliment.”

He’s restless and keeps shuffling his feet, and glancing at me. God, I just know he’s leading up to something. All of a sudden there’s students walking to and from all the buildings, cutting through the student lounge. Classes have just been let out and we need to get going towards the auditorium.

“Oh here, I almost forgot. I got you a glazed doughnut when I was in the cafeteria.”

Of course he did. “Thanks Matt, you know that’s not necessary.”

“I know, but I wanted to. Listen, I was hoping that maybe you’d want to go see the new exhibit at the Bloom Gallery sometime?”

“Oh… Ah… Maybe…”

I know I should have just told him no, that I’m married. But you’d think he’d figure it out. After all I am wearing a wedding band.

~~~

Lindsay slept in late this morning, and she’s hoping that both Deb and Carl have already left for work as she makes her way downstairs. She’s waiting for the coffee to finish brewing, contemplating what she wants to do with her life. Sitting at the kitchen table looking around at Deb’s house, she thinks to herself that this place really is a dump. She’s startled when she hears someone come through the front door.

“Deb, I’m back! Debbie, are you here?”

Emmett comes into the kitchen and is totally surprised to see Lindsay sitting there.

“Oh my God, Lindsay! What a surprise!”

“Em, hi. How was your trip? I heard that you went to Puerto Rico.”

“It was fabulous! Ben and I had a great time, the only problem is that it went by too fast.”

They both look at each other, not really knowing what else to say to each other.

“So you’re here for a visit?”

“Yeah, something like that.”

“Well… That’s just wonderful, it’s so good to see you.”

The last thing she wants to do is to have to explain things to Emmett. She stands up.

“I was just about to take a shower, we’ll talk later.”

Emmett hugs her, agreeing to catch up on everything later. She takes her cup of coffee and heads upstairs. Em, of course, wonders what’s going on, so as soon as she’s out of ear shot he calls Teddy to get the low down. He sits there nodding, amazed at the interesting situation unfolding. It’s almost noon so they decide the meet up at the diner and continue this conversation. After all, Em is the gossip queen and he hates being in the dark on such a juicy story.
After Brian’s staff meeting he left the office telling Cynthia that he didn’t know when he’d be back. To only call him if it was an emergency. If something comes up he’s sure that her and Ted can handle it. It was a long drive out to the Allegheny State prison, which gave Brian time to think. Time to contemplate what it was he wanted and needed to say to Michael. He wasn’t sure he was ready to be as forgiving as he was with Lindsay, not even sure he should have done that. But he needed answers. He needed to understand why Michael did the things he did. Hopefully Michael had had enough time to consider his actions, and come to grips with what he had done.

It’s a sunny spring day, with just a little crispness in the air. Brian sits at a small cement table and bench, thinking to himself that they must make them out of concrete so the inmates can’t use them as weapons against each other or the guards. He lights a cigarette, taking a nice long draw, letting the smoke fill his lungs He hopes that it will calm him while he waits for Michael. Finally he looks up as Michael calls his name.

“Brian! Oh my God, I’ve missed you so much!”

He rushes over to Brian, ready to throw his arms around him, but Brian steps back and the prison guard hollers at Michael to step away from his visitor. Michael’s dressed in grey cotton pants and shirt, looking like a doctor wearing scrubs before surgery.

“Brian. I’m so glad you’re here. I’ve missed you so much.”

“Tell you the truth, Michael, I was skeptical about coming to visit you. I wasn’t sure how you were doing.”

“I’m great now that you’re here. But Brian, promise me that you’ll talk to the judge and withdraw this stupid lawsuit against me.”

“I can’t do that, Michael.”

“Why not? I know you never meant for me to go to prison.”

“Michael, please stop! I’m here more for me than I am for you. I need to understand why you did what you did. I just can’t understand why you would be so vindictive.”

“I didn’t really do anything all that bad. I just busted up a few things.”

“What? Is that what you really think?”

“Well… Yeah…”

“No, No, Michael! You destroyed my loft. Mine and Justin’s home. Do you need me to remind you?”

“It wasn’t that bad. Besides, it’s not like you couldn’t afford to replace everything.”

Brian just shakes his head.

“Can you hear yourself, Michael?”

“Let’s not talk about all that. Let’s talk about us, our future.”

“Let’s not… I need you to understand that what you did hurt me. You hurt our friendship. I thought that maybe I’d be able to forgive you, if you could just explain to me why you did it.”
“I was angry. That’s all.”

“That’s all you’re going to say? You were angry?”

“What more is there?”

“Michael, you’re not a petulant child throwing a temper tantrum. You destroyed practically everything I own. My clothes, dishes, computer, stereo, furniture, Justin’s paintings and so much, much more. Not to mention that now Justin fears for his life, he’s had nightmares for months. He still gets freaked out if he thinks something’s out of place, or not where he left it.”

“Justin! Justin! Justin! Fuck Justin!”

“Michael! Justin is my husband!”

“Your husband? How long do you think that will last? You know he’ll just end up leaving you again. Do you really think he’ll put up with your tricking forever? Besides, what about us?”

“Us???”

“Yes! What about us? You know when I’m released, I was thinking that maybe we could get married in Hawaii. I hear it’s beautiful there.”

Brian feels like he’s in the twilight zone. Michael is completely in denial, completely insane. He now knows that whatever answers he thought Michael could give him, was just wishful thinking.

“Michael. Listen. Are you listening to me?”

“Yes. Yes, of course.”

Michael grins back at him all dreamy eyed. Like he thinks Brian’s going to profess his love for him.

“Justin and I are married. He’s the only man I’ll ever marry. We love each other. That’s never going to change.”

“No, Brian. You love me, remember… Always have, always will…”

Brian stands, shaking his head. “You really do have emotional issues. Michael, please let the doctors here help you. Get the treatment you so desperately need, so you can finally accept reality.”

“Brian. I’m not sick. That’s why you have to get me released. So we can be together. I love you so much.”

“I’m leaving now, Michael. Please continue your therapy sessions and medication. Please try to see reality.”

“Brian! Brian, will you come back tomorrow? I need to see you again.”

“No, Michael. I won’t be back.”

As Brian walks away he can still hear Michael calling after him. Asking him when he’ll see him again. Brian can’t help thinking. Never. You’ll never see me again. I don’t even know who you are anymore.
Lindsay feels much better after a long hot shower. It gave her time to think and now that her head is clearer she knows she can’t stay here. She really is grateful that Brian took pity on her, forgiving her for all the trouble she caused. But she’s feeling antsy hanging out at Deb’s, so she decides to go over to the house. When she gets there she is inundated with all kinds of memories, some wonderful and others not so much. She’s humiliated now, having come back here to Pittsburgh, trying to live her old life again. Now she knows she’s not interested in returning to the past. She pulls out her fifth of vodka from her tote bag as she slides down the wall, ready to cry at what a mess her life has become.

She remembers when they bought the house, they weren’t even sure they could afford it. They both had just graduated, and at that time she actually thought that she might be able to become an artist. Looking at it now she realizes what a pipe dream that was. She never had the talent or patience to commit to such an arduous career. It took time and persistence. You really have to have a strong ego to put up with all the rejection and naysayers. Unless you have a strong support system, and someone to foot the bill, it really is the life of a starving artist.

Yes, she was envious and jealous of Justin. He really had talent, and then there is the fact that Brian loves and supports him. She can’t help wondering if things had worked out differently, would she actually have had a chance at being famous. As much as she hates to admit it she knows she never did. Her painting and drawing were mediocre at best.

Even the artwork she does in her studio in Paris isn’t worthy of hanging in any art gallery, let alone a museum. She wants to blame it on Mel. If she had just stuck with it, even gone to New York like she always dreamed of, maybe she could have apprenticed with a local artist and had hands-on instruction, and her talent would have blossomed. But she committed herself to a relationship, thinking that Mel would someday be a renowned attorney, being able to support her in the lifestyle in which she was raised.

And now here she sits in an empty house, face-to-face with her failed relationship. She’s resentful and frustrated. She never thought that Mel would have hooked back up with Leda. Leda, really! She’s just so, so crass, so biker-chick like, and uncouth. In the back of her mind she always thought that she could come back to Mel and all would be forgiven. Now she’s angry about that too. Not to mention the idea of having to live in this shoebox of a house, and then there’s the fact that everyone knows about their breakup.

After walking through the house, realizing that this isn’t her life anymore, she has a few more swallows from her bottle and goes back to her rental car. At first she was just going to drive by Gus’s school. Maybe he’ll be out on the playground. She just wants to see him, even if it’s only from a distance. She sits in her car watching and waiting, but there’s no sign of him. It’s almost lunchtime and she’s sure she’ll see him then. Surely he must come out to play during that time.

The vodka is starting to take effect as she’s feeling mellow and thoughts are forming in her head. Maybe she could take Gus for the afternoon. No one would notice and she’d be able to explain to him why she had to leave, maybe he’d even want to come live with her. She leans out the window, trying to see if she recognizes him, but it’s hard for her to distinguish him from the other students.

She now moves up to the chain-link fence that surrounds the playground. She still can’t see him and she’s becoming even more frustrated. She’s half in the bushes, trying to climb up a little into the tree next to her when she feels a hand on her thigh.

“Excuse me, Ma’am. May I ask what you’re doing?”
Lindsay looks down at the security guard, glaring at him like he’s a piece of garbage, or an ant that needs to be crushed.

“I’m just looking for my son.”

“May I ask why you didn’t just come inside the school and have him brought down to the principal’s office?”

Lindsay’s mind is working a mile a minute. But she can’t think of anything to say.

The security guard asks her to please come down out of the tree. That’s when she realizes that she looks ridiculous hanging onto the branches and the fence. He helps her down and asks her name.

“I’m Mrs. Brian Kinney. Would you please get my son for me?”

“Mrs. Kinney. Are you drunk?”

Lindsay blushes, she didn’t know her breath was so strong. Now she realizes that she’s been caught. She pushes the security guard away and takes off towards her car. In her rush to get away she runs a stop sign. Her brakes squeal and then she hits the children in the crosswalk. She never even slowed down but just sped off towards Debbie’s house.

Once back at Deb’s house she’s grateful she had another bottle of vodka in her room. She’s rattled and needs something to calm her nerves. Now sitting on the bed she takes several long swallows of the burning liquor. She’s feeling trapped, this is the last place she wants to be. Her mind drifts back to yesterday when Brian was holding her in his arms, she felt so safe and loved. Now if she could have Brian in her life the way she wants him, life would be perfect. She’s always carried a torch for him, but she knows he never loved her that way.

She really is a snob these days. She’s become accustomed to living a very glamorous lifestyle, and moving back to the Pitts just isn’t her style. She doesn’t want to come back here to her mundane life, and now she’s in trouble after leaving the scene of an accident. She can’t believe that those children just jumped out in front of her car. Didn’t they know better?

The truth is she likes her life in Paris. She likes being the wife of a famous artist. So their marriage isn’t perfect. Her and Sam fought and argued, but didn’t all married couples? Everyone in Paris was just so much more cosmopolitan. No one seemed to judge you. She was free to pursue her own artwork, or travel, and of course to have sexual encounters at will. She realizes that she’s not willing to give up her glamorous lifestyle, attending parties, and hobnobbing with the elite.

She told Brian yesterday that she didn’t want her father’s money, that she might put it in a trust for Gus for when he’s older. But in the light of day, she has no intention of giving up half a million dollars. That kind of money will allow her to continue living the lifestyle that she’s become accustomed to. Of course she’ll keep it in the bank account under her name only. No need to tell Sam about what she now considers her inheritance.

She checks her cell phone for messages, and there’s several from Leslie. She’s in New York and has invited Lindsay to the opening of an art exhibit at a little gallery in Soho. This is the perfect escape, because soon the police will probably track her down. Leslie’s message goes on explaining that there’s a party afterwards, then her and their friend Fran want her to fly with them to Monte Carlo for a week of sunbathing and cocktail parties. Leslie mentions that Sam will be meeting up with them there, and then he wants to spend a week in Barcelona before returning home.

Yes, this is the lifestyle she wants to live, and why shouldn’t she? She was raised to be privileged,
to live a prestigious life free of everyday worries. Yes, she deserves a better life, and she has every intention of living her life to the fullest. What did she care what other people thought of her? Maybe she was self-centered and spoiled, but wasn’t that the life everybody wanted?

She’s relieved that Emmett isn’t back yet. So she leaves the rental car parked several blocks away and calls a taxi. After packing all her belongings into the trunk, her first stop is to FedEx to ship her boxes to Paris. Then she’s off to the airport, and then New York to make a clean break.

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Brian sits in his car with his head against the steering wheel, wishing things had gone differently. He can’t believe that Michael has totally lost touch with reality. He wonders if this is somehow all his fault. He misses Michael, he misses his best friend. But this Michael he doesn’t even recognize. It scares him what could have possibly happened, if Justin had been at the loft when Michael exploded, destroying everything in his path.

He puts the Mercedes in gear and starts to head home. His conversation with Michael plays over and over again in his head. Even though Michael and Pierre are both in prison, he makes a mental note to upgrade the security at home and at Kinnetik. He doesn’t want any possibility of another intruder. He’s brought out of his mulling as he answers his cell phone.

He checks the caller ID and sees that it’s Deb. “Hey, Deb, how’s everything on the home front? Is Lindsay settling in?”

“No, Brian. Lindsay went out. She left me a note saying she’s meeting a friend. She said she didn’t know when she’d be back.”

“She’s a grown woman, Deb. I wouldn’t worry about her.”

“But that’s just it, Brian. I am worried about her. Everything’s missing from her room. Her suitcase and all those boxes from Mel’s basement.”

“Well, maybe she moved everything back to the house. Maybe she’s out buying furniture?”

“I don’t think so, Brian. I have a bad feeling about all this.”

“That’s what mothers do, Deb, they worry. I’ll tell you what, I’ll stop by her house on the way home and see if she’s there. Okay? Will that satisfy your curiosity?”

“Alright. I’ll be waiting for your call.”

Brian grits his teeth, the last thing he needs right now is to have to fix another problem. He notices he has several messages on his phone so he listens to them. There’s one from Cynthia, asking when he’ll be back in the office. One from Ted, wondering where he is and if he wants to meet up at Woody’s for a drink. Apparently Emmett’s back and excited about his vacation, having lots of stories to tell. The next one is from Gus’s principal, asking him to call as soon as possible. That it’s an emergency.

The next one’s from the police department, saying that his wife was in an accident and to call them immediately. There’s another message from Ted. He’s really concerned now. The police were at Kinnetik, looking for him, but wouldn’t say why.

Brian calls the school, worried that something has happened to Gus. As he waits to be connected to her, he wonders what the police meant by ‘his wife.’ He has no idea what’s going on, and hopes that everything’s alright with Justin.
“Mr. Taylor-Kinney. Thank you for getting back to me.”

“Is Gus alright? Has something happened to him? Is Justin there with him?”

“Mr. Taylor-Kinney. Gus is just fine, and yes, Justin Taylor-Kinney has picked him up already.”

“Thank goodness. I was worried he might have been hurt. The police left a message about an accident. What’s happened?”

“Someone was lurking around the playground. When the security guard questioned her, she said she was your wife.”

“You know that’s not possible. I’m married to Justin, my husband.

“I understand, Mr. Kinney. I mean Mr. Taylor-Kinney. The security guard described a woman that sounds like Lindsay Peterson. He said she appeared drunk.”

“Oh God! That just what I need right now, and please call me Brian.”

“It seems in her haste to leave quickly, Lindsay wasn’t paying attention. She ran a stop sign, and unfortunately hit several children in the crosswalk.”

“Oh my God! Please tell me they’re alright.”

“I wish I could. But that’s not the case. They’ve been taken to the hospital, and we can’t give out any other information until their parents have been notified.”

Brian’s heart sank. Just what has Lindsay done? Why didn’t she stop and help them? He can’t understand her behavior. He can hear a beep in the background, letting him know he has another call. But he lets it roll to voice mail as he continues his call with the principal.

“Brian, do you know what car Lindsay is driving? The security guard only got the first couple of numbers on the license plate. And all he remembers is that it was a white SUV. But he can’t remember what make and model it was.”

“No, I don’t. She must have rented a car today. She didn’t have one yesterday.”

“The police are still here. They hoped you could come by and talk with them about what’s happened? Maybe help them locate her?”

“Yes. Yes, of course. Do you know how long ago Justin left with Gus?”

“Just about fifteen minutes ago. He thought that it was best that Gus not know what was going on. He didn’t want to upset or worry him.”

“Okay. I’m on my way now. I’ll call Justin and makes sure Gus is alright.”

Of course it was Justin leaving a message letting him know that he’s taken Gus to Deb’s. He talked with Deb a few minutes ago and knows that Lindsay has already cleared out of Deb’s house. There was one more message that came in and it was from Lindsay, or should he say Wendy.

“Peter. I’m so sorry. Please forgive me. I do appreciate everything you did yesterday. But it just doesn’t feel right being here in Pittsburgh. I know you won’t understand, but I just can’t stay. This isn’t my home anymore. Please tell Gus that I love him. I doubt that I’ll ever be back in Pittsburgh again. Please don’t hate me. I’m just not the person I used to be.”
Brian’s stunned. Sure he knew it was going to be hard for her rebuilding her life here, but he never expected her to just up and leave again. Especially after causing an accident involving children. He’s truly shocked. He thought she was stronger than this. It seems he really doesn’t know who she is anymore either. He tries her cell phone, but gets a message that this number is no longer in service.

He calls Justin who’s playing with Gus at Deb’s house. Gus seems clueless to what’s going on with the adults around him. Both Justin and Deb are shocked by Lindsay’s behavior. Deb’s in the other room calling Carl, hoping that he can find her before things get worse.

Brian and Carl show up at the school at the same time. They talk with the police officers on the scene and Gus’s principal to get a better picture of what’s happened this afternoon. Carl has the officers start checking with the local car rental agencies to find out what make and model car she rented and get the full license plate number. Hopefully the car is equipped with GPS and they’ll be able to track its whereabouts.

Brian feels better now that Carl is on the case. They both go back to Deb’s to see if Lindsay left any clues as to where she’s gone. Of course Deb feeds everyone, and then offers to watch Gus while Brian and Justin go to Woody’s to have a drink and unwind with the boys. On the way there Brian comments on what a stressful day it’s been and how the people you think you know the best, turn out to be someone completely different. There’s something about the way he said it, that made Justin think he meant more than just Lindsay.

Justin accepts the beer that Brian sets down in front of him. He doesn’t want to push, he knows that Brian will talk about it when he’s ready. Meanwhile Emmett comes over and gives Justin a big hug, kissing him on the cheek. Telling him how much he missed him, even if it’s only been a week.

“Em!”

“Brian, it’s just a little hug. Nothing to be so grouchy about.”

“Go find Professor Beecakes if you need a hug.”

“Oh God, I’ve got so much to tell all of you about our vacation. But first let’s hear all the gossip about Lindsay.”

“Oh God. Where do I start?”

“Well, Ted gave me the lowdown at lunch about the scene at the courthouse, and you forgiving her. I can hardly believe that you did that.”

“Yeah, well, I shouldn’t have. She doesn’t deserve it. I’d like to say I got played, and who knows, maybe I was. It’s just that when I saw her in tears, and her bitch of a mother reaming her out, I thought she needed her family, her real family.”

“Brian. Don’t let her upset you. Just because you treated her like a good friend, like family, it isn’t your fault that she’s made such bad decisions today.”

Brian looks at Justin, still amazed that he is always so full of love. He wraps his arm around his waist and pulls him closer, kissing the top of his head.

Emmett continues. “When I talked to Deb a few minutes ago she was in a tizzy. But she couldn’t talk about it because she was watching Gus for the evening.”

Brian catches Emmett up on the events of the day, and Lindsay’s disappearing act. Emmett shakes
his head, thinking back to this morning, wondering if he missed any clues in her behavior. But he doesn’t come up with anything, except that he was shocked to find her at Deb’s to begin with. They’re on their second beer when Brian gets a call from Carl. They’ve found Lindsay’s rental car a few blocks from Deb’s and it appears to have been there all afternoon. She parked in a no parking zone, and it has received several tickets throughout the afternoon.

Justin gets up to use the bathroom. As he makes his way to the back of the bar he sees Matthew playing pool. Justin smiles and continues towards the restroom. Matthew reaches out and grabs his hand. Several of the regulars at Woody’s watch the exchange, but they’re not the only ones eyeing the exchange.

“Justin. It’s great to see you here. Come here often?”

Justin groans inwardly at the clichéd pick-up line. He almost feels sorry for Matt and he knows he has to nip this in the bud before it gets out of hand. He just hates having these conversations, and he remembers how horrible he was to the guy he met at Daph’s party.

“Actually I do. My friends like to play pool and have a few drinks while we’re catching up with one another.”

“Have you thought anymore about going to the gallery together?”

Justin cringes as Matt struggles trying to ask him out.

“I was hoping after seeing the exhibit, maybe we could get something to eat. What do you think?”

“Oh, thanks for asking. But I already have plans.”

Justin hoped that he would have just let it drop, but no such luck.

“How about another night? I’ll take you to dinner anywhere you like.”

“Matt, that’s really sweet. But I can’t.”

“Why? Is it because of that older guy who was kissing you at the bar?”

“Yes. My husband frowns on me going out with other men.”

He looks crushed. He can see the anger in his eyes as he checks out his left hand. There’s an edge to his voice, and the sarcasm isn’t hard to miss.

“I never noticed that you wore a wedding band before. It looks expensive. Is that platinum?”

“Yeah. Nothing but the best for my husband,” escapes his lips before he has a chance to stop himself. He didn’t want to come off as being arrogant.

“I guess I should get back to my pool game.”

He smiles, trying to break the tension. “I’ll see you in class.”

He feels horrible. He thinks he should have found a way to let him know he was married, without being so blatant. When he gets back to the bar he notices that Matt isn’t the only one being curt with him.

“Who was that? Another one of your secret admirers?”
“Just some kid from art history class.”

He gets on his tip toes and wraps his arms around Brian’s neck, giving him butterfly kisses until he kisses him back. He’s now showing more passion as his lips become more dominant.

Ted mumbles, “Oh God. They’re going to do it right here on the bar.”

“Theodore. Just because your steady Eddie is out of town, that’s no reason to be so grumpy.”

Emmett gushes, “I think it’s romantic. It’s obvious just how much you two love each other.”

Justin’s all smiles, then he remembers. “Oh, Emmett. We’ve decided to move our reception dinner to June instead of August.”

Now Emmett’s happy, bouncing and clapping. “It’s about time. You got married on Valentine’s Day!”

“Well, I thought that I wanted to wait. You know, not compete with Deb and her big day.”

“Deb hasn’t even set a date yet. I think she’s been waiting, hoping that maybe Michael might be able to get a day pass so he can attend.”

Brian snarks, “That’s not going to happen!”

Everyone looks at him, wondering why he’s seems so upset at the mention of Michael. Usually about this time Brian would suggest that they play a few games of pool. But it’s obvious that it’s the last place he wants to be. He drains his beer bottle and then takes Justin’s hand.

“Well, it’s been fun boys, but some of us have to be at work early tomorrow morning.”

On the ride home Brian is unusually quiet. Justin reaches over and puts his hand on Brian’s thigh. He knows that it helps calm his husband.

“Please don’t worry, there’s nothing we can do but wait. I’m sure they’ll find her. I just hopes she has a valid reason for everything that’s happened.”

“Yeah. Sure. Like she’s too chicken shit to take responsibility for her actions.”

“Brian. Please try not to let her upset you.”

“It’s not just her. It’s Michael too.”

Justin takes a deep breath, he knew there was more going on inside that Kinney brain of his.

Brian sighs. “I know now that I shouldn’t have gone to see Michael today. I just really hoped that he was somehow getting better. That he’d have some kind of answers for me. Like why he destroyed the loft.”

“That must have been hard for you to see him in jail, after all this time.”

“At first, maybe. But as the conversation progressed it became obvious that it’s exactly where he belongs. Not only does he not feel bad about it, he doesn’t think he did anything wrong.”

“I’m sorry, Brian. I know how disappointed you must be.”

“It’s not just that. It’s that he doesn’t acknowledge reality. He started talking about being released.
Like I somehow could get his sentence reduced. Which is ridiculous. I mean, what power do I have?"

“Please try not to let him upset you.”

“It’s more than just that, so much more… He wanted to talk about later. When he gets out, how we were going to be a couple. He actually said he thought that it would be romantic if we got married in Hawaii!”

I squeeze his thigh to show my support, and again to help calm him.

“I told him that I loved you. That we were married. That I would always love you. I tried to make him see that what he was pining for, would never happen.”

Brian shakes his head in frustration and then continues.

“lt was like he just ignored anything that didn’t fit into his little fairy tale. He acted like I never even said it. Then he just kept looking at me with his puppy dog eyes. It really gave me the creeps. It was like he was totally detached from reality. Nothing I said could break through his daydream of our future together. I told him he needed help. That I hoped that his doctors could help him see reality.”

“I can only imagine how hard it must have been for you to see him like that.”

“Finally I just had to get up and leave. The worst part was that he was still talking, actually yelling at me. Asking me if I’d come back tomorrow. He was so much worse off than I ever imagined. I went there seeking answers, hoping that I’d be able to forgive him. And I left so disillusioned. It was like he was a completely different person. The only thing I could think of was trying to protect you. He truly frightened me, even though I know he can’t hurt you from jail.”

“I’m so, so sorry, Brian. I know how close you two were. It must be horrible to see someone you thought you knew, acting so irrationally.”

“It was… I never want to see him again. I feel so responsible somehow. Did I do this to him?”

“No. No, Brian. You’re not responsible for his mental illness. You have to believe me. Michael would be suffering from these delusions, even if you never met him. Schizophrenia is an illness that is inherited. It’s passed down through your genes. You can no more cause Michael’s schizophrenia than you could cause him to be gay. It’s hard-wired into his DNA. So please don’t blame yourself. There’s nothing you could have done to prevent this.”

That seems to make Brian feel a little better, as he jokes. “Just another one of your public service announcements.”

“Yeah. But you love them. You don’t fool me.”

“I do feel bad. I feel like I lost two of my best friends on the same day. It’s like both of them have morphed into someone I don’t even recognize. I miss my old friends, but I hate who they’ve become.”

“I know it must be hard coming to grips with what’s happened. But like I said, please don’t beat yourself up over this. There’s nothing you could have done. It’s not your fault.”

Brian reaches over and takes Justin’s hand, squeezing it, needing the contact and reassurance. Needing to know that he’s there for him. He feels so much better having vented his frustration and
anger that’s built up throughout the day.

Justin’s POV

When we get home Brian carries Gus up to his room, and puts him to bed. We’re both thankful that he has extra clothes at Deb’s. This way we don’t have to wake him up to change him into his pajamas. Once he’s all settled Brian comes in and sits on the bed. I run my hands across his shoulders, feeling how much tension he’s carrying.

“Why don’t you slip out of your clothes and lie down? I’ll massage your back, help relieve some of this stress you’re carrying around.”

He just sighs. So I start unbuttoning his shirt, slipping it off his shoulders. He leans back, looking up at me and our lips meet. The kiss is slow but heartfelt. Then I motion for him to take off his pants. Soon he’s lying on the bed as I sit on his butt and start working his shoulder blades.

“That feels great. You always know just what I need.”

I continue working his shoulders, pushing my thumbs in deeply to ply his tissues. I try to get his muscles to ease up; he carries so much stress in his shoulders. Slowly but surely he starts to relax, letting out a sigh as I make my way down his back. I work all his tired aching muscles, until he finally relaxes to my touch.

When I’m done he rolls over, letting me know there’s another muscle that could use my expertise. I take him into my mouth, my lips gliding up and down his cock as I suck him. Moans escape as I lick around his crown, and then encircle his shaft with my hand. I pump my lips and fist in sync as my tongue flicks across his slit on the upward thrusts, licking up his juices.

His breathing increases as he arches his back, moaning loudly now. I slip my other hand down and cup his sac, fondling his balls while one finger gently caresses his perineum. It’s just a matter of moments before he falls over the edge, fisting my hair as he shoots down my throat. He’s unconsciously chanting my name over and over.

“Justin, Justin, Justin.”

I continue lapping up his juices, licking off the remains while inspecting him for any abnormalities. He doesn’t have to know what I’m doing. I’ve made it a habit to check him out every time I blow him. I don’t want any surprises, and I want to catch anything before it has a chance to develop. I know he enjoys how attentive I am, and he loves the feel of my warm tongue running across his sensitive cock.

As I lift my head he releases the hold he has on my hair. I crawl up his torso until I’m lying on top of him. Once our lips touch we kiss each other. Soon the passion between us builds and the kisses become deeper as we express our love. I feel his arms encircle me as I relax, resting my head on his shoulder. Soon sleep takes us and we remain like this until morning.

The alarm goes off way too early, and all I want to do is crawl deeper under the covers. But he gently slaps my ass telling me to get moving. He jumps up and gets into the shower while I get Gus up and ready for school. The coffee’s brewing as I make scrambled eggs and toast for breakfast. Gus is just pushing the eggs around on his plate, and I wonder if something’s wrong.

“Hey. What’s up, Buddy?”

“I don’t want to go to school today.”
“Why? Is something wrong?”

“I just don’t.”

“Did something happen?”

I’ll just freak if he knows about Lindsay being at the school yesterday. We tried so hard not to let him know about her fiasco, and the injured children.

“Gus. Talk to me. What’s wrong?”

He bites his lip, looking at the floor.

“I don’t want you to think I’m a baby. But I’m scared of going to the dentist.”

I had completely forgotten about today being Gus’s first dental appointment. We put it on the calendar in his room. I drew a picture of a toothbrush to get him used to the idea of going to get his teeth cleaned. I can understand his fear. I always hated the dentist when I was young.

“It will be okay. I’ll be there with you. So there’s no reason to be afraid. Besides, you do such a great job brushing your teeth. And I bet if you’re a really good boy you might even get a toy. His eyes light up at the prospect of a new toy.

“Can I get a new GI Joe?”

I had meant one of the toys that the dentist gives away. But I can rarely say no to him, especially when he is such a good boy.

“I’ll tell you what, if you’re a very, very good boy, and don’t cry, we’ll go to the toy store and you can pick out a new toy.”

Now he’s all happy, but his eggs are cold. So I nuke them in the microwave and put strawberry jam on his toast, it’s his favorite. Brian comes down and grabs his coffee and toast.

Gus is excited. “Hurry up, daddy, were going to be late for school.”

Brian looks at me questioningly. Sure Gus likes school, but he’s not usually excited about it. Just then Brian’s cell phone rings, and I can tell it’s Carl calling to give Brian an update on Lindsay.

He calls me after dropping Gus off at school and lets me know what’s happening. It seems that they’ve traced her movements to New York. Having checked with the airlines, they found out she took a flight out early yesterday afternoon. Even though they don’t know where she is in New York right now, they’ve caught a break. She’s registered to leave on a flight to Monte Carlo later today. The New York City police will be arresting her at the airport as she tries to escape out of the country.

I’m relieved and worried all at the same time. I’m glad they found her, but I’m also worried about just how much trouble she’s in. Brian called again after lunch and it seems that the children she hit yesterday, a brother and a sister didn’t make it through the night. So she’s now looking at a manslaughter charge, and leaving the scene of an accident, as well as a DUI. Things don’t look good for her, and it somehow seems ironic that both she and Michael will be serving time in jail.

TBC…
Well you’ve stuck with it so far… Thanks that means a lot to me… I’m writing as you read this and hopefully I’ll have the next chapter off to my beta this week… Thanks so much for reading… ~ Kathleen
Hell to Pay…

Chapter Summary

Some mistakes are just too big to fix… Brian and Justin comfort each other after a very stressful day…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 6817
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52
Banner: yvonneried

Summary: Some mistakes are just too big to fix… Brian and Justin comfort each other after a very stressful day…

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The Offer Still Stands…

Chapter 24 ~ Hell to Pay…

Lindsay is waiting in a long line at the international terminal. She’s on her way to Monte Carlo with Fran and Leslie. They had a great time at the gallery opening last night, but they had to get up early to catch their plane. Two policemen walk right up to Lindsay, asking her to step out of line. She, of course, thinks it has something to do with being an international flight, knowing that they check some passengers more thoroughly.

What she didn’t expect was to be handcuffed and read her rights. Then informed that she was being arrested on charges of manslaughter and leaving the scene of an accident. She looks shocked, like a deer in the headlights as they take her away. Leslie and Fran get out of line and start questioning the police. They’re told that she’s being transported by the Pittsburgh police back to Pennsylvania where they have jurisdiction.

They’ll have to go to Pittsburgh to be able to talk with Lindsay, and get her a lawyer. It’s unlikely that she’ll be allowed out on bond, since she is being arrested trying to leave the country. Leslie may have been her friend but she doesn’t want to be dragged into whatever mess Lindsay has gotten herself into. So she says good-bye, and wishes her luck, but then gets back in line to go to Monte Carlo.

Lindsay’s embarrassed and humiliated by being arrested, crying as she’s put into the back of the police car. She’s told to settle down, that it’s a long ride back to Pittsburgh. She’s shocked. She
really thought that her plan was so smart. She thought she’d be able to leave the country without the authorities finding out.

She contemplates who she should call once she’s back and allowed her phone call. Mel would be the smartest choice. After all, she is an attorney. Mel could possibly get her released until her hearing, or court case or whatever it is she’ll be going to. Manslaughter - that sounds so bad. She can’t believe that she’s being charged with that. It’s practically murder. Did she really kill those children? Tears start to well up in her eyes again, as she leans back into the seat, feeling sorry for herself.

Maybe Brian would be a better choice. After all he’s more understanding, and he loves her. He’d be able to afford to pay for an expensive lawyer, one that would be able to get her off without having to do jail time. She just hopes that he’s not too upset with her after breaking her promise and leaving town the way she did. Besides, her Peter could never stay mad at his Wendy for very long. No, she’s sure all will be forgiven.

She’d like to think that Carl could somehow get the charges reduced or dropped. But she knows he’s a straight arrow, and it’s unlikely that he’d go out of his way to help clear her name. The last person she wants to call is her father, even though he could easily afford to hire her an attorney. He’s a spineless, weak, little man who’s never once stood up to his rude and overbearing bitch of a wife.

No, she didn’t have many choices. It seems that everyone she knows she’s burnt in one way or another. The only other person left is her husband Sam. Sure, he still loves her, but he won’t be happy hearing about her run-in with the law. He’ll hate having his name trashed in the newspapers over her blatant and senseless behavior. She doesn’t really have anyone at this point; she’s feeling lonely and abandoned. It seems her life is spinning out of control, and she has no idea how she got here.

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Justin is holding Gus’s hand while they walk from the parking lot into the toy store. He’s skipping and singing, he’s so happy he didn’t have any cavities. Though he didn’t like the loud spinning instrument that polished his teeth, he was a good boy and didn’t cry. Not like the other children when they came out from the dentist’s office with the high-pitched drill, or even the ones who were just waiting for their appointments.

Once they enter the store Justin could tell this might take hours, he should have known better and just picked out something for Gus himself. Needless to say, Gus is completely overwhelmed with all the toys, wanting to play with all of them. It’s obvious that Mel and Lindsay have never brought him into a toy store before. He can’t get over the fact that they only sell toys.

While searching for the perfect toy Justin decides that maybe it would be a good idea to also get some Disney DVDs. Of course Gus reviews all the DVDs, wanting Cinderella, The Princess and the Frog, Pocahontas, Tinkerbell, Alice in Wonderland and, of course, Tangled. Justin can’t help noticing that there is a princess theme in all his selections.

Obviously Gus is going through a phase, and he can’t help wondering how Brian will react. He just hopes that he won’t make a big deal out of it. Gus shows him the toy he selected, and Justin knows that Brian would have something to say. Gus is so happy, skipping and twirling around, holding his new Rapunzel doll and her ‘Book of Secrets.’ Gus looks so happy Justin can’t possibly try and talk him out of it. So he just hopes for the best when Brian gets home.

Later that evening Gus is laying on the floor with Thor and Zeek, watching Tangled and playing
with his new Rapunzel doll. He keeps changing her outfits from one ball gown to another, loving the way they look. Justin, of course, conceded to his begging, after hearing him say he needs more clothes for her to wear. Brian comes in and sets his briefcase on the table in the hallway. He sees Gus and bends down, kissing the top of his head. Gus is excited as he shows him Rapunzel and her ‘Book of Secrets’.

“I though you wanted a new GI Joe?”

“Oh daddy, Justy took me to a store and all they sold was toys, a whole store full of toys. It was great! I just love Rapunzel! Isn’t she beautiful? And look how long her hair is.”

“I see…”

“Yeah, daddy, and I have lots of new dresses that she can change into. Do you want me to change her into the wedding gown? It’s so pretty!”

Brian doesn’t know what to say, but he smiles, seeing how happy Gus is.

“Sure thing!”

Brian comes up behind Justin as he’s stirring the Bolognese sauce. It smells great and he knows it will taste even better, although he knows he’ll have to run a few extra miles to burn off the calories. He’s stopped complaining about Justin’s high-carb dinners. Justin’s always trying out new recipes and Brian really does love his cooking.

“Want a taste?”

Justin holds his spoon up for Brian as he tastes the sauce, savoring all the flavors as his taste buds dance and his stomach growls.

“I’m going to gain twenty pounds if you keep cooking like this.”

Even though Brian teases him he knows that Brian loves it. Long gone are the days of only pizza and Thai food, they eat much healthier now. Besides, Gus needs to eat a more balanced diet and while takeout may be convenient it’s loaded with fat and preservatives.

“So, Rapunzel?”

“Yeah, he found the princess aisle and there was no turning back.”

“Geez, Justin, why not just buy him a Barbie?”

He didn’t know that Gus was already behind him, waiting to show him the sparkling bridal gown.

“Oh daddy! Can I really get a Barbie too?”

Justin can’t help the smirk that spreads across his face as Brian looks dumbfounded.

“We’ll see. Now why don’t you pick up your toys before dinner?”

“You knew he was standing behind me, yet you didn’t say anything.”

“How was I to know you were going to say that?”

“Justin!”
“Don’t worry. I’m sure it’s just a phase.”

“Yeah… But…”

“But what?”

“How long will it last? I mean, look at Em. He’s still in that phase.”

Justin can’t help laughing, and laughing. Brian looks mystified by this whole situation.

“I’m sure if you don’t act like it’s a big deal he’ll grow out of it.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yep. He’ll be a total label queen in no time, just like his daddy.”

Brian pulls Justin into his chest and kisses the top of his head.

“I’m so glad you know how to handle these situations. I have to idea how to react.”

“You’re a great dad, Brian. Gus loves you.”

“Thanks. I’m going to change and go for a run before dinner.”

Justin’s POV

Brian started running after work recently. Zeek and Thor trot alongside him into the wooded acres behind the house. They’re still young but manage to keep up with him so by the time Brian reaches the forest he’s sprinting. God, he looks beautiful. His muscles are so taut and he now has a soft sheen of perspiration, making his skin glow.

He used to run track back in high school, then there was the treadmill at the loft he used. But mostly he would meet the guys and work out at the gym. I thought that he might miss hanging out with them once we moved into the house. But he tells me that he’s more focused working out here; there’s no distraction while he’s trying to stay in shape.

I know he used to hook up at the gym practically every time he went, so I guess it’s a good thing. But I also know that Ted and Emmett miss spending time with him. I think he used to push them to actually break a sweat, while working out. Then there was their ritual of having breakfast at the diner afterwards.

I know he now stops by several mornings a week to meet up with them and to see Deb. Some traditions are just meant to be. It’s good for him to keep a routine, otherwise he might not ever see Emmett or Deb except on the occasional Sunday dinner, or drinks at Woody’s.

I was worried that he might regret moving into the suburbs, miss the city life and all the conveniences. But much to my surprise, Brian seems to like living here, actually likes getting away from all the drama. He loves our huge yard. He runs in the evenings, and likes to get up early and walk the wooded path as the sun comes up. I sometimes wake up early to see him and the dogs trotting off into the woods. It’s almost like they’re patrolling the grounds.

I hear Brian come back into the house, peeling off his sweat-drenched clothes, tossing them in the washer then he gets into the shower. When we remodeled the house we added a mud room/bathroom and shower, complete with a washer and dryer. Brian moved a dresser in there so
he’d have workout clothes, as well as jeans and t-shirts to put on without traipsing his dirty smelly clothes through the house. It’s one of those conveniences of having a huge house, and a huge bank account.

After setting the table, I drain the penne in the colander, letting it stand for a few minutes. I start grating fresh parmesan cheese that Brian loves on his pasta, even though he’ll never admit it.

“You made garlic bread, right?”

“Yes, just for you… So you can complain about all the carbs, while enjoying each and every bite.”

He grins at me. “How thoughtful of you.”

Then he does that thing with his tongue in his cheek. God, this man makes me weak in the knees sometimes. He grabs the salad from the counter, placing it on the table, and I motion for him to bring the small plate of sliced mini cucumbers, grape tomatoes and baby carrots. He looks at me questioningly and I tell him Gus won’t eat salad, but he loves raw veggies.

Gus runs back into the kitchen after finishing playing with his new toys, and cleaning up for dinner. He’s excited as he starts telling Brian what a good boy he was at the dentist. He’s so proud because he didn’t even cry, and the dental assistant gave him a new toothbrush with Spiderman on it. I smile, knowing that he’s already brushed his teeth three times since we got home a few hours ago.

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Carl finally gets home to find Deb slightly annoyed that he didn’t even call to let her know he’d be late; it’s a casualty of being a policeman. He’s usually good about checking in with her so he bends down to kiss her. She can’t help showing her frustration by snarking that dinner is probably all dried out and tasteless by now, although she knows it’s not his fault.

“I’m sorry, Deb. It couldn’t be helped. The officers had just gotten back from New York. I wanted to interrogate Lindsay while she was still stressed out and agitated from her long ride back home. Suspects are much more likely to slip up when they’re in that state of mind, before they have time to relax and make up a story that they think will shine a better light on their perspective of the events.”

“Well? What did she say? Why did she do it? Did she really think she’d get away with it?”

“Deb, honey. You know I can’t tell you that. But I can tell you that once she’s given her statement, she’ll be held overnight at the station. Then she’ll be booked on formal charges, printed and photographed then sent for arraignment. They’ll most likely hold her without bond, considering that she tried to leave the country already.”

“I don’t know if I should be mad or worried. I just can’t understand why she did this. Especially after Brian went out of his way to help her after her ordeal in court.”

“It’s hard to say what makes people do the things they do.”

“She’s obviously not thinking straight.”

“That’s for sure.”

“But why? This just isn’t the Lindsay I know.”
“I think it’s safe to say she has a drinking problem. People often do things that seem out of character when they’re suffering from substance abuse.”

“I wouldn’t go that far.”

“Deb, you really don’t know what she’s been through since she left Pittsburgh and married that artist. She’s been acting out for a long time now.”

“But Lindsay? She’s such a good person. She’s a good mother and she comes from a good home.”

“Do you know how cliché that sounds?”

Carl hugs her and tells her not to worry, that the important thing is she’s back. Deb smiles at him, and then she serves him her baked ziti, that’s more than just baked at this point.

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Ted and Emmett are at Woody’s, having drinks when the rumor mill makes its way around Liberty Avenue. It seems that Lindsay is now back and safely locked away in her holding cell. They won’t know anymore until her hearing tomorrow, both Ted and Emmett think that’s exactly where she belongs. They’re still in shock that she hit those children, killing them and then fleeing the scene of an accident. They don’t have much sympathy as they don’t really know who she’s become these days. They order another round of drinks while they wait for Ben. He’s teaching an evening class, then they’re all headed off to Babylon.

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Mel just put JR down for the night as she comes and sits with Leda, sharing a glass of wine. They look around at all the boxes surrounding them. It almost feels like they’re tucked into a cocoon, but they’re also excited as they love their new house. They can hardly believe that they’ve moved into this upscale neighborhood. Of course, it wouldn’t have been possible if not for Brian. Mel’s still shocked by Brian’s generosity and how much he’s changed.

She cringes every time the phone rings, praying that it’s not Lindsay. She just doesn’t know what to say to her and there’s no way she’ll ever consider representing her. Leda tells her not to worry, she’s sure Mel is the last person she will call, knowing how protective she is of Gus. Just the mention of Gus makes her smile, he’s so happy living with Brian and Justin. She was worried when he first went to live with them, but he’s adjusted to the change and now tells everyone that he has two daddy’s who love him.

Leda eyes the stacks of boxes, but then decides that they aren’t going anywhere. She suggests that what they need to do is try out that old claw-foot bathtub. That brings a smile to Mel’s face, remembering the old days when they lived together, and the long baths they enjoyed. She is amazed at how easy everything is with Leda, it always was. With Lindsay everything was always strained, always a power struggle. They never really learned to just relax and enjoy each other.

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Justin is reading Gus ‘The Book of Secrets’ before he tucks him in for the night. Brian is reviewing his presentation for ‘Eye on the Ball,’ Leo Brown’s new sports line for teens. He’s just about to shut down his laptop when his cell rings; he answers it without checking the caller ID.

“Brian? I’m so glad you answered. I really need your help.”

“Lindsay! I can’t believe you’re looking to me to get you out of this mess.”
“Oh Peter. I know you’ll always come to my rescue.”

“Not this time, you’ve gone too far. Call someone who cares.”

“Brian. You don’t mean that. You’re the only one I have.”

“You still have a husband, don’t you?”

“Brian. It’s you that I need. I know you still care about me.”

“I care about Gus whom you seem to have shut out of your life. I don’t want him finding out I supported you, after everything you’ve done. Because I don’t, Lindsay! I don’t understand you, and I won’t be part of all your schemes.”

“Brian. I was drunk. I didn’t even know anyone was injured.”

“Drunk? That’s your excuse? Maybe a little jail time will do you some good. Help you gain some perspective on your behavior.”

“I… I can’t go to jail like a common criminal. So I made a mistake. Everybody makes mistakes.”

“You’ve been making mistakes since you started back up with Sam Auerbach. I’m still furious at the way you walked out of Gus’s life. I won’t be a part of your manipulations and deceit. I don’t even know you anymore!”

“Brian! Please! Don’t shut me out. I really need you right now.”

“I was willing to give you a second chance, Lindsay, and you threw it away… But that was my mistake, I won’t make another one.”

“Brian! Brian! Please don’t hang up!”

“Why not? I have nothing to say to you anymore…”

“Brian, please. I only get one phone call. If you hang up no one will be coming to help me.”

“That’s not my problem, Lindsay. I won’t be made a chump twice in a row.”

“Brian, please, please. At least call Sam for me, he doesn’t know what’s happened. I don’t want him finding out in the tabloids.”

Brian hesitates, thinking about it; he finally agrees to call Sam even though he doesn’t want to. He’s angry and resentful, hating that she’s once again pulled him into the middle of her spider web. He just knows he’s about to be used once again, and he can’t help wondering why he has such a hard time saying no to her.

He’s now in a sour mood and feels like drinking, but he knows that Justin is waiting for him. Besides it’s best not to let his bad mood fester, getting the best of him. So he foregoes the whisky and rolls a joint. It will help him unwind, and Justin always loves to smoke pot before they make love.

When he finally makes it upstairs he finds a very lustful Justin, sprawled across the duvet, grinning at him with hooded eyes. He’s lying naked with one knee bent, his legs spread wide and his arms over his head. Brian wasn’t feeling very romantic after Lindsay’s phone call, but just seeing his husband lying there, ready and waiting, is enough to rectify his grumpy disposition.
Justin leans forward, beckoning Brian to him, determined to vanish Brian’s somber expression. Brian naturally welcomes Justin’s arms as he feels them encompass him, pulling him down on top of Justin. Justin has a way of lifting his mood with just a look, or a gesture; he’s always been able to read him so well. Justin knows not to ask, Brian will tell him when he’s ready. He just hopes that whatever it is, isn’t too serious and can wait until morning. Tonight he wants his undivided attention.

Brian moans as Justin’s fingers knead his tense shoulder muscles. “That feels great!”

Justin continues working his way across his shoulders and neck as Brian seems to carry so much stress in his upper back. Brian relaxes to his touch, as he sinks into the mattress, loving the deep muscle massage. Once he unwinds a little, he suddenly feels overdressed and he can’t wait to feel his husband’s warm pale skin against his. Brian rolls over so he's now on top of Justin; his lips come crashing down on his as they start to devour each other.

When they finally break for air, Justin’s hands are already pulling on the fabric of Brian’s wife-beater until he has pulled it off. Brian makes quick work of his blue jeans, kicking them off and onto the floor. Justin’s eyes have now turned an intense deep blue, showing his longing. Brian covers Justin’s body with his as he continues kissing him. A shiver runs through Justin, making him arch his back, rubbing their groins together.

Feeling their bodies caress one another sends them both into overdrive. Justin’s legs naturally circle Brian’s waist, as Brian licks and nips across his neck. Brian pulls his legs up onto his shoulders, then coats his rosebud with his lubed fingers. Moments later he penetrates him in one long smooth motion. Justin pushes down, taking more of Brian into him. They both moan as the familiar rhythm takes hold, gently increasing until they’re both panting.

They know each other’s bodies so well, knowing just what they need and want. Brian loses himself in their sexual dance as they both sway and dip, loving each and every vibration that hums throughout them. Soon they’re both being pulled closer and closer to their climax as waves of pleasure pulsate from within. Justin feels himself falling over the edge, as his prostate spasms and he chants, “Brian, Brian, Brian.”

Brian loves watching his husband as he cums, loves knowing that he has the power to make him quiver and shake. It isn’t long before Justin’s slick walls clench and release him, triggering his own orgasm as he shoots deep within him. Brian collapses down onto Justin’s chest, as Justin runs his hands through his damp hair while he catches his breath.

“Aaa-mazing!”

Shortly after, Brian has rolled onto his back and Justin is fast asleep with his head on Brian’s stomach. Now it’s Brian who’s running his hands through Justin’s hair as he listens to his faint snore, although Justin will deny it. He’s so sure he doesn’t snore. But Brian doesn’t mind, he loves listening to the little squeals, sighs and sounds that his husbands makes. Soon Brian himself has drifted off to sleep, releasing all his tension and anxiety, at least for now.

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Justin’s POV

The next morning I get Gus ready for school and Brian drops him off on the way to Kinnetik. He has a busy day ahead of him, with Leo coming into town for the new teen line of sportswear. I find
myself roaming the yard, sipping my coffee. It’s a warm spring morning and I decide to paint out in
the rose garden. They’re beautiful and smell so fragrant. I want to capture the subtle hues of the
Peace roses while they’re in full bloom. After changing into my painting clothes and gathering my
art supplies, I sit on the ornate bench, smoking the joint Brian left on the dresser last night.

I love being stoned, along with drinking strong coffee in the morning. I love the combination
of both highs, it sparks my creativity. Soon I’m mixing paints, trying to capture just the right shades
of creamy pink and peach to reflect the soft petals. My paint brush flows across the canvas, leaving
a spiral of colors that flow from a sunny rose into a very soft pink. When you first look at the
canvas you only see a whirling pattern, but once you stare at it a few minutes you’re able to see the
gentle folds of the delicate petals, looking like a nautilus as it scrolls to form the rosebuds.

I continue to paint them over and over again across different size canvases - some larger and some
smaller, varying shades and depth of colors. I’m loving the different intensities of each of the
swirls as they form and flow across the canvas. As they dry they seem to take on even more color
variation, making them almost jump off the page. As I set the canvases aside, my stomach is
growling, begging to be fed. I know that I need to eat something before I leave for class. Looking
down at my work, I think I have several masterpieces. I love the way they look. I can just imagine
them hanging as a group on a wall.

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After lunch I rush and take a shower then I’m off to the city. I’m running a little late as I grab a
large latte from the Starbucks’ kiosk then head to class. Matthew runs to catch up with me, telling
me he waited in the student lounge but I never showed up. I like the kid and everything, but I
thought I made it clear that I’m not interested, that I’m married. He hands me three white chocolate
macadamia nut cookies, grinning as he says, “I hope you enjoy them. By the way, I asked around
about you and Mr. Kinney.”

“Oh?”

“You two have quite the reputation down on Liberty Avenue. I understand that you have an open
relationship. I find that absolutely fascinating.”

I just glare at him. I don’t like where this conversation is going, and I don’t much care for our
relationship being the talk of the town. But he just ignores my irritated look and continues.

“I know you’re not interested in dating, but how about hooking up? I just know it would be great,
and I’m really attracted to you.”

“Whatever you’ve heard isn’t quite accurate. You really shouldn’t believe all the rumors and
innuendos around Liberty Avenue. The gossip mill isn’t always true.”

Thank God we’ve made it to class. I quickly take a seat in the back of the room where there aren’t
any other seats. But good old Matthew actually asks the girl next to me to move, so we can sit
together. Again I glare at him as he’s still oblivious to my displeasure. He’s doing that grinning
thing again, and my stomach is now doing somersaults. Please God, don’t let him continue this
conversation. The last thing I want is to have the back of the class hearing his lewd comments and
propositions.

I hand him back his cookies, it’s really not a good idea to accept his sweet treats. I feel like I’m
somehow leading him on, and I want this behavior to stop. Even if I love all the confections he
seems to lavish on me, I can afford to buy my own baked goods. Smiling, I tell him I’m trying to
cut back on my carbs; God, I’m sounding more like Brian every day. He frowns and refuses to take
them, so to prove my point I offer them to the girls in front of us. They eagerly accept, turning and
smiling a little too broadly. I hope like hell I don’t now have more admirers.

During class I stare at the professor, and take lots of notes even though I already know today’s
class lecture. Matthew keeps making comments, and asking questions about the class materials
being presented. Finally I snap and tell him if he paid more attention to the professor, he would
already know the answers. It almost seems like time is ticking backwards, and class will never end.
Finally I stand, ready to make a beeline to the door, but Matthew grabs my arm, smiling, and says,
“So how about it?”

“I have to pick up my son from school.”

There. That should but the nail in the coffin and end all this pining, but no such luck. He hands me
a scrap of paper with his phone number. “Call me. I’ll be waiting.” I can only imagine this is how
Brian feels when guys just won’t take a hint. But he’d probably toss the phone number in the trash
right in front of them. I just don’t have the audacity to do that.

I find myself walking towards the administration building, and soon I’m sitting in front of a student
counselor, trying to explain why I need to switch my class to another time. I know the professor
teaches this class a couple different times a week. After much hemming and hawing I find myself
lying, saying that my son’s schedule has a conflict and he must be my top priority. I’m now signed
up for a different day, and now I truly do have a conflict with Gus’s schedule. I just hope my mom
can help out and pick him up on Thursdays. I’m so stressed out now, I do need some gooey
confection to drown my feelings of guilt.

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Brian’s presentation with Leo took forever, but they worked together and came up with exactly
what Leo is looking for. After a long lunch, and several drinks to celebrate their new venture,
Brian’s phone rings. It’s Sam Auerbach, of all people. Last night Brian had to leave a message,
because with the time difference and their busy schedules, they didn’t get a chance to discuss
Lindsay’s incarceration.

Brian’s actually never met Sam, but he already doesn’t like him, doesn’t like the way he’s
influenced Lindsay. But he has to admit that it’s the best thing that’s happened to Mel. She and
Leda are a much better fit, and they seem to get along much better. Maybe the new munchers will
turn out to be friends. Of course it helps that Leda is now employed at Kinnetik, and Brian likes
her work ethic.

“Sam! Sam, she’s not my problem. She’s your wife, and I really don’t want to get involved in all
her problems.”

They argue for several minutes and then Sam hangs up on Brian. Brian’s shocked. Sam refuses to
come and help her. Now Brian’s in the position of having to deal with her once again. He can’t
help thinking it would do her some good to actually have to sit in jail until her trial. But he’s not
that cruel, and he seems to have a soft spot for her, even if he doesn’t want to.

Finally he calls Mel and listens to her rant and rave about how Lindsay made her own bed… Blah,
blah, blah…
“I know, I know, Mel… But the least I can do is call her an attorney, then she’s on her own. I know… I’m not getting involved. I can’t just leave her in jail. Okay, thanks. I’ll expect his call, and thanks, Mel. I know how hard this is for you. Later.”

I’m stressed. I need a drink, but when I get home I head straight out back for a long run. This seems to clear my head and improve my mood. By the time I’m out of my shower and in my trusted old blue jeans, I’m feeling better. Justin hands me a beer and we sit out back, watching Gus run around the yard, chasing the dogs. Or are Thor and Zeek chasing him? It isn’t really clear. We wait for the pizza delivery guy and Justin assures me he’s ordered me a large Greek salad. I’ve yet to understand how a salad with pepperoni and Greek olives is low fat, but I don’t complain.

Halfway through our second beer and with Gus way across the yard I tell Justin about my phone calls with Lindsay, Sam and Mel. I can tell he wishes that I wasn’t getting involved in this tragic mess. He’s really protective of Gus and the implications it might have on him. I feel proud of how much he loves and shelters Gus from all the harsh truths of life. I know he’s still a young boy and he doesn’t know about the cold realities of our cruel world.

To break the tension he tells me all about Matthew and his insistent prying and pushing. I can’t help laughing, remembering another young lad who pushed himself into my life. He hits me across my chest, saying that was different but I’m glad he can laugh about it. This Matthew situation could be a problem, but I hope not. He seems to have found a solution, although I’ll have to leave early on Thursdays to pick Gus up. Jennifer has a standing realtors’ meeting on Thursday afternoons. But I don’t mind, it will give Gus and me a little bonding time, just the two of us.

As if the day couldn’t get any worse, my cell starts ringing halfway through dinner. It’s Claire. It seems my mother has been in a car accident, and she’s now in the emergency room. The police are there asking lots of questions, and she’s refusing to take a breathalyzer test. Why is it I seem to be the only one who can fix everyone’s problems? We finish dinner and I head out to the hospital, wishing I was the one to give Gus his bath and read him bedtime stories.

When I get there my mother is in full Kinney mode, snarky and bitching, being totally belligerent with the police, nurses and even her precious priest. Now I know where I get this from. I’m surprised that it isn’t Father Thom, but it’s someone new - Father Benedict. He’s holding her hand and talking quietly with her. This seems to calm her down and the police finally agree to give her a ticket and a summons to appear in court. I’m beginning to think I need to have a lawyer on call. I’m spending a lot of time these days dealing with the justice system.

God, I feel a headache coming on and I want a cigarette, but of course you can’t smoke in the hospital. Besides, I promised Justin I would try and quit. The little twat has it in his pretty blond head that I’m going to get lung cancer and die. Clare’s in full drama queen mode and I’m just letting her squawk, letting her get it out of her system. I kind of space out, until I catch her ranting about how dear old mom should live with me and Justin.

“NO FUCKING WAY! You can’t be serious! We’d kill each other in the first twenty-four hours! Besides she hates me, and my queer husband.”

“She’s not coming to live with me! I’m under enough stress, taking care of the boys and working two jobs.”

We’re in a staring contest, both determined to get our own way. Stubbornness is another Kinney trait, and we’re now both in drama queen mode.

“Brian, maybe it’s time to put her in a home?”
“I thought that’s what we were talking about, just not my home.”

“Brian! You know what I mean!”

“Claire. She’s only sixty-five, not eighty. Besides they’d probably kick her out. She can be such a bitch.”

“Well then, what? What are we going to do? She can’t continue to live by herself… Well?”

“I’m thinking! Okay, maybe we can get someone to come and live with her, take care of her?”

“That’s not a bad idea.”

“I don’t really have bad ideas!”

“God! You are such an asshole!”

Just then the doctor comes over to talk with us. They’ve calmed her down and admitted her to the hospital for observation. It’s his opinion that she shouldn’t be driving anymore. Or at least until her alcoholism is addressed, and hopefully she can go into a treatment center. I’m thinking that’s a great idea, but he’ll have to be the one to prescribe it. There’s no way she’ll go if me or Claire suggest it, she’d be totally in denial.

He tells us because this is her first offence that the police might not charge her, if she agrees to treatment. She’ll have to be admitted to a program that’s anywhere from thirty to ninety days. Of course, Claire’s looking to me to pay for this, and of course, I will. Besides, it will give us time to resolve the living situation, and maybe find someone to be a caregiver. He leaves and Claire insists that I come with her to visit mom in her hospital room.

As soon as we’re through the door she starts right in on me, and here I thought he said she was drugged. No such luck.

“I want to go home!”

“That’s not going to happen.”

Claire glares at me, and then she turns on her sickeningly sweet voice. “Oh mom. How are you? I’m so worried about you.”

Oh brother, now I’m going to be sick. She is such a phony. She’s never had the backbone to stand up to her. I’m about to walk out, disgusted by the whole situation, but my mother’s voice pulls me back in.

“I’m surprised to see you here, Brian.”

I grin, trying not to snap at her. She’s so curt and condescending.

“Why mother, where else would I be?”

Two can play this game.

“Did you hear me? I want to go home! Now!”

“Did you hear me? That’s not going to happen! You’ve been in an accident. You’re drunk and you need medical attention.”
“I am not drunk. That’s absurd. It was just a little fender bender, hardly a scratch.”

Thank God the nurse is here, and she’s not one of those pansy nurses like the one in the ER. She’s a killer. She gives my mother the death glare. I like her already. She starts to take her blood pressure, and then starts an IV. Mom starts to balk, but Nurse Ratched twists her arm, and jabs her with the needle. I’m liking her better by the minute. Maybe we can get her to babysit dear old mom.

“Mrs. Kinney, if you don’t hold still and do as you’re told, it’s only going to hurt more.”

Claire looks on in awe as she’s never seen anyone be able to put my mother in her place. Nurse Ratched informs us that visiting hours are over and we’ll have to come back tomorrow. Thank God, she doesn’t have to ask me twice. I’m out of here.

“Brian! Brian! Wait up… What are we going to do about mom?”

“Send her off to boot camp. You heard the doctor.”

“But what if she won’t go?”

“Maybe a few nights in jail might change her mind.”

Maybe she can share a cell with Lindsay… Hee, hee, hee… I’m evil…

“Brian!”

“Claire, I have to go. I’m sure we’ll talk tomorrow.”

By the time I get back to the house it’s dark, and I find both my boys sound asleep in Gus’s bed, surrounded by several books, Rapunzel and multiple evening gowns. God, I really hope this is just a phase. I pour myself a few fingers of Jim Beam and sit at my desk, looking at treatment centers on the internet. A couple hours later, and several glasses of Beam and I’m ready for bed.

I gently lift Justin off the bed without waking him or Gus. He sinks down into our big mattress as he snuggles up to his pillow. Once I’m in bed he instinctually rolls over and snuggles up to me. I wish he’d wake up and help me relieve some of my stress, but he’s already snoring sweetly so I’ll have to wait until morning.

TBC…

*It’s National Breast Cancer Awareness Month...*
Chapter Summary

Everyone seems to be getting into deep shit trouble…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 4698
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52
Banner: yvonnered

Summary: Everyone seems to be getting into deep shit trouble…

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Chapter 25 ~ Lock Me Up and Throw Away the Key…

Brian sat in the diner drinking his coffee, contemplating how Lindsay’s arraignment will go. He hates being pulled back in the undertow of her tsunami. He wonders how he allows himself to be manipulated into resolving yet another one of her crises. She’s due in court in an hour, and he still hasn’t found her an attorney. He’s resentful that she’s put him in this position, and he’s not even sure how he feels about her anymore. He also knows that he doesn’t want to have to explain to Gus when he’s old enough to understand what she’s done, or why he didn’t help her out.

After talking with Carl, he’s pretty sure she’ll be held in jail until her hearing and possibly her court date. One of Mel’s colleagues has agreed to represent her during the arraignment, but she’ll need to find an attorney who specializes in vehicular manslaughter. This is her first drunk driving offense, but fleeing the scene of an accident and trying to leave the country is a big problem. If she had actually stayed and called the police, she wouldn’t be in nearly as much trouble.

The problem is that she’s still in denial of her actions; she really thinks she’s not responsible because the children ran into the street in front of her car. In Pennsylvania, under the law, she can be charged with second-degree murder and receive a jail term up to ten years in prison and a $25,000 fine.
Brian’s POV

It’s not even nine o’clock and I’m getting a migraine. I instinctually squeeze the bridge of my nose, showing my frustration. She’s being brought into the courthouse, and at least they’re allowing her to wear her street clothes, instead of that horrible orange jumpsuit.

Looking at me she smiles, acting like everything’s going to be alright. She really is delusional and I can’t help wondering if she’ll plead insanity. The judge enters the courtroom and everyone stands, her face falls when she notices that it’s the same judge who presided over her custody hearing just last week. Although his face is expressionless, you can see it in his eyes he’s not pleased that she’s back before him in court today.

His gavel comes down and her case is the first one on the docket today. She’s called to the stand and sworn in. The court clerk reads the charges: public intoxication, speeding in a school zone, driving under the influence of alcohol, failure to control her vehicle, leaving the scene of an accident, fleeing the jurisdiction and attempting to leave the country and finally, vehicular manslaughter, including second-degree murder.

“Mrs. Auerbach, do you understand the charges that are being brought against you today?”

The attorney from Mel’s office, Jeffery Littleton, stands as Lindsay’s asked to enter a plea. Tears fill her eyes as she speaks, barely loud enough to hear.

“Not guilty, your honor.”

Again he’s expressionless, ordering her to be held without bail until her court date he sets for eight weeks from now. You can see by the shocked look on her face, that she assumed she’d be free on bond and able to go home. But it’s just as well because she really doesn’t have any home to go to, and I doubt that Deb’s willing to offer accommodation after what’s happened. I had hoped she’d be back in court while Justin and I were in Ibiza, but no such luck. So I guess I’ll have to be here in court again for her trial.

I stand and I’m shocked to see Claire standing in the back of the courtroom. She’s been leaving me messages but I’ve ignored them for the past several days. She comes towards me, smiling.

“Brian, I’m so glad you decided to be here for Mom’s arraignment.”
Shit! I can’t believe that both Lindsay and my mom are in court at the same time. I was just joking when I told Justin they could share the same cell, but it’s not such a remote possibility anymore.

“Brian, have you been able to find an attorney to represent Mom?”

I’m back to squeezing the bridge of my nose, as I wave Jeffery over and ask him to represent my mom. He almost smirks at me and asks if I have any more clients for him being held on drunk driving charges this morning. I like this guy, he has a good sense of humor.

I grin and say, “I sure hope not.”

The same procedure takes place. My mom is called to the stand, except, as she’s sworn in she glares at the judge, the court clerk, then Jeffery, myself and Claire. She’s being charged with public intoxication, failure to control her vehicle and driving under the influence. The judge is much more lenient with her. Being her first arrest, he orders her to be admitted to an alcohol rehabilitation center for evaluation and treatment. She’s required to stay a minimum of ninety days, and then she’ll have to serve three hundred hours community service.

Claire hugs me, thanking me for being here with her, and arranging for an attorney. Then she asks if I’ve thought about placing her in a residential facility for when she’s released. Again I squeeze the bridge of my nose, and I hear myself saying that I’ll research the possibility. I think an in-home caregiver is a better option, although I’m not sure we will be able to keep anyone employed with mom’s personality and disposition. I turn and thank Jeffery for his services, and ask him for a referral for a defense attorney for Lindsay.

It’s lunch-time, so I head back to the diner just in time to sit with Ted, Emmett and Ben. I bring them up to speed on Lindsay’s arraignment, and subsequent trial. Emmett’s chattering away about Debbie’s upcoming nuptials and all the special details she’s requested. I had offered to help pay for the wedding, while trying not to offend Carl in the process. So I tell Emmett to follow me back to the office for a check. I’m just getting ready to pay my bill when I’m approached by some young boy, making advances to me.

He grins, and asks me if we can get together some evening. I have to admit the kid’s got spunk. But he’s really a bit young for me, besides the fact that Justin and I are married now, and I really have forsaken the casual tricks in favor of my extremely talented husband. He’s persistent, and there’s something about him that’s familiar but I can’t place it. There’s no way I’ve already had him. I’m not a chicken hawk and like I said, he’s truly a twink and I have my own twink at home.

I can’t help grinning as I think about Justin, and that’s when I hear him say that he’d love to have a three-way with Justin. I stare at him for a moment and then realize that this is that guy Matthew from Justin’s art class. I actually laugh out loud.
“You’ve got to be kidding me, right?”

He looks shocked and a little sad, and I need to set him straight about a few things.

“Listen, I know you’re attracted to my husband. You’ve been more than blatant about it with him, but the truth is he’s just not that into you. Besides I don’t like to share. I’m spoiled that way these days.”

Now he’s the one just staring at me.

“Listen, kid, Justin is way too polite, but I’m not. So back off, it’s not going to happen with him, or me, or him and me together. Now run along and find someone who is interested, someone your own age.”

I can’t help thinking that sounds so familiar and then I think of my twink, and again I’m so grateful I came to my senses and married that little twat. I do that eyebrow thing, and the four of us leave the diner. After giving Emmett a check, I make sure he knows to send all the rest of the bills for the wedding to me.

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Justin’s POV

When Brian gets home I suggest we take Gus over to see Mel and Leda’s new house. They’re still unpacking and Gus has missed spending time with Jenny Rebecca. I figure we could drop in with a bottle of wine, they might need a break. Then maybe we can order pizza and offer to watch Jenny for them tonight. It will be fun for Gus and Jenny to have a sleep-over and I don’t have any classes tomorrow.

It’s a warm spring evening, and just as I thought, they could use a diversion. We sit on the patio, drinking wine, as Gus pulls Jenny around in the back of the wagon, with Zeek and Thor trailing behind them. They stop every so often and inspect the rock garden, the gazebo or the old swing that’s hanging from the tree. It’s all so new for them, and there’s so much more space than they had at the old house. Mel and Leda look happy together, and it’s about time. Mel’s had a rough year with everything that’s happened and it’s good to see her getting her life in order.
Seeing Mel and Leda together makes you wonder why they split up. It’s so obvious that they’re in love with each other. It also makes me realize how close Brian and I came to throwing it all away. I’d be lost without him, and he’d… Well he’d never have grown up. He’d probably still be drinking and drugging his nights away with nameless tricks, and waking up alone and lonely. He’ll never admit it but he was so lonely living that lifestyle, feeling like he had that image to uphold and never really letting anyone in. In a way we saved each other lives; it’s a good thing I was a determined and persistent little twink.

But he didn’t fool me. I knew right from the beginning that he was falling in love with me. The only one he was fooling was himself. He just needed to believe that he deserved to be loved, not worshipped the way Michael did. Michael built up this God-like image of Brian that made it impossible for Brian to ever be what was expected of him. No, what he needed the most was to feel accepted for who he was, not worshipped for who they thought he should be. It’s no wonder he built up so many walls. Imagine the disappointment he felt would happen if someone actually found out that he was human, with feelings and flaws.

We call the kids over once the pizza arrives. Mel starts making a fuss, worrying about Gus and Jenny getting grease all over their clothes. I tell her not to worry, that I’ll throw everything in the wash as soon as we get home. They’re already dirty from playing in the garden and running around the yard with Zeek and Thor. It’s obvious that Mel’s totally stressed, this thing with Lindsay is upsetting everyone. I know she somehow feels responsible, even though she shouldn’t, and then there’s the move which is a huge ordeal all its own. Hopefully with Jenny Rebecca staying with us they’ll be able to get unpacked and settled. I ask them if they want to come over for dinner tomorrow when they come to pick up Jenny.

It’s amazing how Mel and Brian have developed a friendship now Lindsay is out of the picture. It seems obvious now that it was Lindsay that was always putting Brian between the two of them, making both Mel and Brian uncomfortable, feeling like they were somehow in competition with one another. I suggest that Gus help Jenny get her things together for a sleep-over, telling them they can have ice cream once we get home, so they both run off towards the house excited.

I’m such a pushover. They both plead with me for chocolate sauce and whipped cream on their sundaes. They should be bouncing off the walls soon, but then again, once they’ve crashed they’ll be sound asleep in no time. Then Mr. Kinney and I will have the house to ourselves. Well at least our bedroom, and we won’t have to worry about being interrupted. I peel off the dirty sticky clothes, and get them into a bubble bath complete with toys. They’re still young enough to take baths together, but probably not much longer as they’re growing up so fast.

Once they’re bathed and towed off and in their pajamas we all snuggle down and I start to read them a bedtime story. Of course it’s Gus’s book, Rapunzel and her Book of Secrets, he’s still fascinated with it. I’m not sure if it’s the sugar, or all the running around the backyard, but they’re both sound asleep before I even get halfway through. Brian sticks his head in the door, chuckling at
the two siblings all cuddled up next to me. Thor and Zeek are asleep at the end of the bed, snoring. Who knew that dogs snore? Well, at least ours do, anyways.

Brian offers to carry Jenny into her bedroom and tuck her in. It’s so obvious that he loves her and considers her his daughter. It’s important to him that Gus and Jenny stay close growing up, he now understand how important family is these days. Besides, I’m sure it’s just as hard on Jenny as it is on Gus that Lindsay is no longer part of their lives.

“She really is a little princess. I’m glad Mel and Leda found a house so close by. It’s nice that they can spend time with all of us on a regular basis.”

“Me too… It’s great having them both in our lives.”

Once the kids are all tucked into bed and sound asleep, Justin leads Brian to their bed and proceeds to act out his favorite bedtime story.

“Once upon a time there was a gorgeous man, who was the hottest stud on Liberty Avenue…”

Justin’s story telling is cut short as Brian lips crash down on his. It has been a long day and Brian is too impatient to listen to Justin’s ramblings. He is ready for the main event, so he pushes Justin down onto the mattress and crawls up his body, leaving a trail of kisses in his wake. He nibbles and licks the left side of his neck, moving towards his ear. Just feeling Brian’s tongue swipe across the shell of his ear makes his back arch, as he’s overcome with need.

Brian always knows just how to please him. How to get him horny as hell, just from the feel of his breath on his skin and the touch of his tongue. The passion is strong between the two of them tonight as their hands run across each other’s flesh. Soon Justin has Brian on his back as he sits on his stomach, running his hands up his chest. He reaches into the drawer and gets out the bottle of lube as he’s feeling frisky tonight, wanting to give Brian a little show.

He turns around to look over his shoulder, meeting Brian’s eyes. They both hear the sound of the lube snap open, as Justin bends forward, lifting his ass up and pulling his cheeks apart. His lubecovered fingers circle and then disappear as he glides them in and out of his hole. Lust and desire fill Brian’s head and heart as he grows impossibly hard. He patiently waits, knowing what comes next. After several minutes of watching Justin fuck himself on his fingers, opening himself up, he aligns himself with Brian’s cock and slowly lowers himself.
Brian feels himself being swallowed by Justin’s beautiful bubble butt. He loves the warm wet velvety sensations of Justin sliding up and down his shaft. It’s the most beautiful sight, the arch of his back, the curve of his spine and the roundness of his ass moving in fluid motion. Justin slowly increases his speed and depth with each and every thrust. Soon he’s plunging up and down in a rhythmic dance, elated by Brian’s plump head prodding his prostate.

Both Brian and Justin are moaning loudly, loving the intense vibrations starting to spark, sending waves of pleasure trembling through them. Justin throws his head back, closing his eyes as he takes his own dick in his hand, working it frantically, with his other arm raised in the air. He looks like a cowboy riding a bronco at the rodeo. The sight of him is more than enough to trigger Brian’s own orgasm, making them both explode at the same time.

Both their hearts are racing, and their skin is glowing, as they come down from their euphoric midnight ride. Justin collapses, lying down on Brian’s legs. Brian catches his breath, still watching his beautiful husband, as his ass leaks cum around his still-hard cock, embedded within.

“Fuck, that was hot!”

Justin mumbles something unintelligible. He’s still incoherent, floating off somewhere in his own sexual haze.

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In the early morning hours breakfast is being served at Allegheny County Prison, if you could call it that. They call it oatmeal, but it is more like thick grey slop than a hearty hot oat cereal. Michael is huddled over the table with Gordy and his friends, finalizing their strategy for their big escape. Michael is excited that he is actually being included in the plan, and just the thought of him being free leaves him with daydreams of seeing Brian again.

Of course they need Michael, because he is the new kid on the cell block, and not the brightest one either. No one will suspect him of being involved when the food and laundry supplies are delivered. It is part of their job to unload the crates into the storage room, while the guards and the delivery man drink coffee and receive their weekly supplies of contraband. The guards have a good business going on the side, supplementing their incomes by selling drugs to the inmates.

Everything is going as planned and they are about to make their big escape when Michael realizes he has forgotten his Captain Astro t-shirt in his cell. Gordy insists that he leave it behind. But Michael being the sentimental fool that he is, can’t. He’s had it since he was a teenager and these days it’s more like a security blanket than an article of clothing. Michael goes back for it, even
though there isn’t time, so when he returns he is left standing on the loading dock, watching the truck pass through the prison gates.

Moments later he feels himself being pushed to the ground, then handcuffed by the guards. Michael’s job was the lookout, as well as being the last one to hide in the back of the truck as they made their getaway. Gordy had also assigned Michael the honor of holding all the drugs. This made Michael feel special, never suspecting that he would probably take the fall if they were caught.

He still doesn’t realize all the trouble he is in, as he sits before the warden, claiming his innocence. The warden isn’t a fool, but he has been turning a blind eye to the drug activity going on for a long time, as long as he got his cut. But a prison break, this is something else, something he’ll have to answer for and Michael is the perfect scapegoat. Of course he knows Michael is no mastermind, and is no doubt unaware of his part in their plan all along, but he’ll do. As long as someone pays the price in the long run is all that matters to him.

Carl is still drinking coffee, going over the day’s duty roaster when his phone rings, giving him the news that his makeshift stepson is being held by the warden on drug charges and being involved in the early morning prison break. He already has a headache, and the thought of having to tell Deb is only making it worse. Michael will be going in front of the disciplinary committee later this afternoon. Then he’ll probably be on his way to the state prison by the next morning. Things move fast in the prison system, and Michael will now be in the general population.

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Emmett got home early that morning from Ben’s and already knew the reason for Deb’s tears. He felt sorry for her and Michael, but he had to draw the line when it compromised his sex life. Brian had been Michael’s first choice but when he tried his cell, house and business phone number he found that they were all blocked. So, of course, Ben was next on Michael’s list. The phone ran at eight thirty, disturbing his and Ben’s morning ritual of mutual blowjobs and a nice long shower fuck.

Today Emmett was sent on his way with a strong cup of coffee, leaving a distraught Ben behind. Yes, he cared about Michael, and he understood Ben’s guilt about Michael’s imprisonment. But Michael’s problems were really of his own making and had nothing to do with Ben. Every time Michael called Ben from prison, it left him feeling guilty and unsettled, like he owed Michael something. It inevitably put Ben in a lousy mood, distancing himself from Emmett in the process.

He wanted to be compassionate and supportive of Deb but he’s had enough, and he wonders how Michael hadn’t ended up a juvenile delinquent as a teenager. Of course the answer was Brian. Brian always took the fall for all of Michael’s mistakes. Emmett was beginning to understand
Justin’s resentment for Michael’s manipulation when he and Brian first got together. Michael was very good at deflecting his actions onto others.

Deb is looking for a shoulder to cry on, but what she gets is a cranky and unsympathetic Emmett. She’s somewhat taken back by his lack of compassion, but it wasn’t all that unlike Carl’s reaction to Michael’s yet another fuck-up. He was her son, and a mother is supposed to be there for her children. But even if she wanted to visit him, Michael is being held in solitary confinement for the next week as a punishment for his attempted prison break.

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Brian isn’t even at his desk for more than five minutes, when Cynthia tells him he has a call from the rehab center his mother has been admitted into. Brian takes a deep breath, as he listens to the director of the clinic explaining that Joan needs to settle down and stop disrupting all the other patients. That she’s hypocritical and overly judgmental, pushing her religious beliefs onto others, and if her behavior doesn’t stop she’ll be asked to leave.

Brian asks if he has any other recommendations for facilities that might better suit her needs, besides jail. Although he thinks maybe jail just might be the only place that she might actually be kept in line. He can’t help smirking at the thought, but his head is starting to ache at this point. Thankfully Cynthia arrives with a new latte from Starbucks. He makes a note to give her a raise. Just then Ted comes in and sits down, giving him the news of Michael’s most recent fuck-up.

“Well, I guess that explains Deb’s hysterical message on my cell this morning.”

“Yeah, Emmett wasn’t very sympathetic himself. He hates how even from prison Michael can drive a wedge between him and Ben.”

“I just don’t understand how he can be so stupid! He knows he was given leniency when he was sent to a minimum security prison. He’s now sure to be put in with the general population, with true criminals and murderers. He’ll also have to serve his full sentence. The deal Mel worked out for him was only if he stayed out of trouble.”

“Christ! Michael is totally fucked.”

“I really can’t let myself become involved in all his drama. I’m done being his patsy. Once he victimized Justin I stopped being his savior. He’ll have to reap what he sows.”
“I feel sorry for Deb, she really doesn’t deserve this.”

“Maybe if Deb hadn’t turned a blind eye to Michael’s behavior growing up, he might have learned to take responsibility. I’m so sick of being the one who got blamed. I’m with Em, I just don’t have any more sympathy for him.”

“I understand. So, are you ready to go over last month’s figures?”

“Yes. Now tell me what a financial genius you are, Ted. I need some good news.”

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Justin’s sitting in the student lounge when Matthew comes over and starts telling him what an asshole his husband is. How he humiliated him in front of everyone in the diner. He tells Justin he doesn’t know how he could be married to such a bastard.

Justin can’t help but smirk as he’s already heard Brian’s take on the ‘incident.’

“Yeah, Brian can be that way sometimes, but then again you brought it on yourself. What did you think was going to happen? I already told you I’m not interested, and I’m very happily married.”

“But… But, I really like you. I just thought that, well you know. Everyone says that you two sometimes pick up guys together.”

“I told you, you shouldn’t believe everything you’ve heard. That’s not who we are anymore, we’re very committed to each other.”

Matthew pouts and turns and walks away. Justin can’t help thinking about how things used to be, always wondering if Brian was going to take someone else to the backroom, leaving him standing at the bar. He’s so glad those days are over. He’ll have to show Brian just how pleased he is with him when he gets home from work tonight.
After a very stressful day of dealing with Deb, his mother and the art department, Brian is more than happy to be home.

“What’s all this?”

“Leda and Mel agreed to take Gus for the night… So…”

Brian’s POV

Gazing over at my husband, my clothes just seem to disappear. There he is, laid out naked on the chaise lounge, wanton and needy. His head is slung over the edge, leaving his neck wide open, ready for me to attack him like a vampire in heat. I love running kisses all the way up along his jawline. The moans escaping his throat practically drive me over the edge. I straddle him as my cock brushes against his. He moans again as I feel a slick puddle of pre-cum forming. It’s almost enough to make me cum. I gently thrust my hips, letting my juices mix with his, as we both slip and slide between our bellies.

His moans change to those little sighs that drive me crazy. I lift his legs up onto my shoulders and reach down to run my finger around his rosebud. That’s when I feel his lips turn up into a big grin, the little twat is already slick with lube. So I forget all about the foreplay and penetrate him, gliding all the way in until I’m balls deep. I shift my hips and I’m now aligned perfectly with his prostate. I begin my assault and within moments I know I’ve got him teetering on the edge.

He’s such a nasty little boy, pouting as I tell him not to cum. Yes, I know I’m requesting the impossible, but I love to feel him squirm and pant, knowing he won’t be able to stop himself as I continue thrusting, nudging him right over the edge.

I hear him cry out. “Brian! Brian! Oh God, Brian!”

Feeling his body tremble beneath me is enough to pull me right along with him. I grasp his hips, holding him still as I explode deep within him. I kiss him passionately, still feeling him riding out the waves of pleasure quaking within him.

It’s a perfect evening. Still warm enough outside to be comfortable lounging around naked as the
sun sets, casting an orangey-red glow across the sky.

TBC…
Chapter Summary

No one seems to be happy with their situation at the moment…

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 4353
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52
Banner: yvonnereid

Summary: No one seems to be happy with their situation at the moment…

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Chapter 26 ~ Reality Sucks…

Michael whimpers as he stands in line to be strip searched, before being escorted to his new cell at Pennsylvania State Prison. The facility is much older than he expected, and the cells are small and decrepit, filling him with a sense of dread and despair. It’s finally starting to sink in that he’s really fucked up this time, and no one is going to be coming to his rescue. He can feel the eyes of all the other inmates checking him out, sizing him up. He’ll be easy pickings tonight.

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Brian, Ted and Emmett are having breakfast at the diner, wishing there was something they could say that would lift Deb’s spirits. She’s feeling despondent over Michael’s situation. Now that he’s upstate in the penitentiary, she won’t be able to visit him as often as she would like. Carl’s already informed her that it’s probably best if she holds off on sending him so many care packages. That he’ll probably be assaulted for the baked goods, or worse, beaten up for the childish comics she sends.

She still doesn’t understand how he could be so stupid, getting involved in such a harebrained scheme. It just breaks her heart to think that he’ll now be incarcerated for the next decade, if not
more. All because he couldn’t let go of his childish dream of being Mrs. Brian Kinney. She wants to somehow make this all Brian’s fault, but she knows Michael is responsible for his own failures.

She comes over with the coffee pot to fill their cups. “Brian, isn’t there anything you can do to help Michael out of this situation?”

“What do you want me to do, Deb?”

“I don’t know. Something! You owe my kid something!”

“No, I don’t! My debt to you and Michael has been paid ten-fold. Stop holding me responsible for all his problems.”

“But he needs you, Brian.”

“He needs to grow up.”

“Brian, you know he’s not going to last a day in the penitentiary with all those criminals and thugs.”

“He is one of those criminals and thugs. Remember!”

“Brian, don’t say things like that. You know he was just jealous of Sunshine.”

Brian just glares at her.

“Now, what are we going to do?”

Again, he asks, “What do you want me to do? I don’t have any influence with the Department of Corrections. Why don’t you ask Carl to pull some strings?”
“Carl’s not very sympathetic to Michael’s problems.”

“And you think I am? Remember, he ransacked and destroyed my home. Who knows what he might have done if Justin had been home at the time? I’m sorry, Deb, but my friendship with Michael has run its course. He’s on his own now.”

Brian hates being so direct and blunt with her, but he won’t let her continue to make him feel guilty for Michael’s bad behavior and poor judgement. He thinks she might be right. Michael’s bound to get hurt if he doesn’t wise up and keep his head down.

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They have to delay their honeymoon to Ibiza until the fall, with Lindsay’s court date scheduled sometime this summer. Justin’s been on the phone all morning with Cynthia, rearranging Brian’s schedule. He wants to surprise Brian with a week’s getaway to Fire Island. Just the two of them relaxing some place on the ocean, away from the hectic day-to-day grind. It will be the perfect time, as Mel wants to take Leda and the kids to Florida to visit her parents.

Once they’ve worked out all the details, Justin locks himself away in his studio to brainstorm ideas for his final project. The assignment is to create a character study that evokes deep emotions, any image as long as it provokes a reaction. Once he’s prepped his canvases for painting, he stands staring at them, contemplating what to paint. Hearing Brian’s ringtone on his cell phone he’s glad to take a break.

“Hey, what’s up?”

He can tell Brian’s in a grumpy mood, but of course he won’t just come right out and tell Justin what the problem is.

“Are you coming into town today?”

“Do you want me to come into town today?”

“I don’t want to disturb your day.”
“How about I meet you for lunch someplace? My canvases need to dry before I can start painting.”

“Okay, but just come by the office. I really need to see you.”

Justin can’t help smirking, realizing that Brian already misses him and his very talented mouth. An hour later Justin strolls into the office and Cynthia couldn’t be happier.

“He’s in a bear of a mood today. I don’t know what happened at breakfast but he’s been a total bitch since he got here.”

“I’ll see what I can do to lift his spirits.”

Justin opens the door and walks in, swaying his hips with a sultry grin on his face.

“I hear someone’s in need of a little stress relief.”

He slides his arms around Brian’s neck and sits on his lap, rubbing his firm bubble butt against Brian’s growing erection.

“I already feel better knowing that you’re here. What took you so long?”

Justin bites his tongue, deciding not to mention that he’s the one who bought them a mansion in the country. Instead he starts running soft butterfly kisses across his neck, slowly unbuttoning his dress shirt and slipping it and his suit jacket off his shoulders. He carefully places it on the back of the guest chair, so it won’t wrinkle and then he returns to his job. He runs his fingers down the center of his chest, followed by his tongue, leaving a wet path in his wake.

He slips his fingers into his waistband and then starts unzipping his fly. Mister Big and Bouncy is all ready to spring free, awaiting Justin’s delicate touch. Brian moans as he feels his husband’s lips encompass his dick. Resting his head on the back of his leather chair, he grasps Justin’s golden locks as he slides down his warm throat.

“Oh God, yes! That’s it!”
He’s just starting to really get into it when they hear a commotion outside his office door. Then Cynthia announces to the staff that her and Ted will be running the meeting in the conference room, that Brian won’t be able to attend, ‘Something’s come up.’

He can’t help smirking, loving that she is now using his standard lines to excuse him. Justin continues working him, bobbing his head up and down, taking more of him down his throat each time. Brian’s fingers tighten as he inches closer and closer to his climax.

Brian finally starts thrusting his hips, loving the sensations of his mushroom head against Justin’s tight wet throat. Justin runs his tongue across his slit and triggers his orgasm, making Brian erupt like a volcano. He swallows every drop making sure that Brian’s trousers stay nice and clean.

“Amazing.”

“Nothing but the best for my angry bear of a husband.”

“Sorry about that. I was just…” Brian shakes his head, trying to let go of his frustration.

“So what’s got you stressed out this early in the day?”

“It’s just Deb, she still wants to blame me for all of Michael’s problems. When is she ever going to see that I’m not the one to blame?”

“She’s just angry that Michael has yet to learn some street smarts.”

“I know, but she can’t stop trying to make me feel guilty.”

“It’s only because she feels guilty herself. She knows she should have held him responsible for his actions growing up.”

“No shit!”

“Try not to let her get to you. She’s just lashing out. She knows that you’re not responsible, she just
hasn’t learned to see Michael as anything but her little angel.”

“He’s no angel!”

“Of course not, but she’s always been blind where he’s concerned.”

“That excuse is getting old.”

“I know, but give her some time to get used to the idea of Michael’s long-term incarceration. She hasn’t really come to grips with it all.”

“I know, none of us of have. Christ, how could he be so stupid?”

“There’s nothing you can do about it, so don’t beat yourself up about it.”

Justin takes his hand and leads him over to the leather sofa, motioning for him to step out of his pants, then pushing him down. He carefully lays his dress pants across the back of the other guest chair. He pulls his t-shirt over his head, exposing his milky white stomach, and then he wiggles out of his blue jeans. His sultry eyes are back, as he straddles his husband, letting his leaking member run down Brian’s chest and belly. Brian’s eyes glaze over, loving his pushy and determined husband, as he starts to ride him.

Loud moans can be heard all the way to Cynthia’s desk, as the meeting concludes and the employees scatter back to their offices. They all know by now not to mention the obvious activity taking place in the boss’s office. Ted rolls his eyes, as Cynthia turns up the volume on the sound system for background noise. They’re both grateful that Brian’s grouchy disposition will be lifted, making the afternoon more tolerable for everyone.

Brian’s stress starts to melt away as waves of pleasure pulsate through him. Justin increases his rhythm and soon they’re both at the brink, soon to fall over the edge. This was just what Brian needed, something to take the edge off so he can focus on his work. Right on time Cynthia knocks on Brian’s door, letting him know that the sushi Justin ordered has been delivered. They enjoy a quiet lunch together and then they’re both ready to get back to work.

On the way back to Britin, Justin stops by the diner to have a little talk with Deb. He wants to get a few things straight, to relieve the tension between her and Brian. Debbie’s emotions are all over the
place, she’s lost her bravado, feeling hopeless and disillusioned. Justin listens, knowing that sometimes you just need someone to vent, even if there isn’t any solution to your problem. It’s hard for her to accept that Michael has to fend for himself, on his own for the first time. After agreeing that he and Brian will be at Sunday dinner, he heads off to the art supply store. Since they moved to West Virginia they’ve eased off attending her dinners, savoring their own private Sunday afternoon and evenings.

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Lindsay is acting like a prima donna, separating herself from the other female prisoners. She’s not like the rest of them, after all she’s from the country club set. She still thinks of herself as needing to be pampered, that she’s better than the rest. If she’s not careful she just might make a few enemies. Her new attorney, Nelson McFarlane has visited her in jail, insisting that she start attending the AA meetings in the prison. He’s tried to explain to her that it will go a long way to impressing the judge when she goes to trial, and show that she’s trying to clean up her act. But of course she refuses to acknowledge that she even has a drinking problem, claiming that it’s all been a mistake.

He shakes his head, wondering why he agreed to take this case. As far as he’s concerned she is in total denial, completely unaware of just how serious all the charges are against her. He’s tried to contact her husband, Sam Auerbach several times, but he never returns any of his messages. His only other contact is Brian Kinney, or basically his CFO Ted Schmidt, who is more than willing to pay for his services, but has no real interest in the details of her case. Frustrating doesn’t come close to how he’s feeling, and he wonders if she has any friends left who support her.

The following morning, news of Lindsay’s arrest has finally hit the newspapers. When Sam Auerbach is confronted by a reporter in Puerto Rico for a comment, he actually tells the newspaper that he has filed for divorce, saying that marrying Lindsay Peterson was the biggest mistake of his life. In the same newspaper article it’s announced that Sam is engaged to marry his longtime mistress Leslie Anderson, once his divorce is final. The couple plan on moving to New York and are expecting their first child in January. This is not only the talk at the Liberty Diner, but is also circulating in the Woman’s Correctional Facility where Lindsay is being held.

“Oh my God, did you see the Arts and Leisure section of the paper today?”

Brian glares at Emmett. “Do you really think I care about all that celebrity shit?”

“Well, Lindsay made the front page.”
“Fuck! Things just keep getting worse for her these days.”

“What are you going to do about it, Brian?”

“Why the fuck are you looking to me to do something about it?”

“Well… You’ve always been there for her, and you’re paying for her attorney.”

“Exactly! Haven’t I done enough already?”

Deb comes over to take their order. “Did you see the newspaper this morning?”

Emmett replies, “Yes, poor Lindsay.”

“I know, this is so bad. I wish we I could do something for her.”

“What are your plans, Brian?”

“I’ll have whole wheat toast, plain and black coffee.”

“Brian! I’m talking about Lindsay.”

“Yes, but I’m not. Now, please hurry up. I have a client meeting at 8:30.”

“What about Lindsay? She’s one of your best friends.”

“Correction. She was one of my best friends, until she abandoned Gus and ran off with Sam Auerbach. And let’s not forget, she then tried to take Gus away from Justin and me. There’s also the fact that she ran down the children outside of Gus’s school. Need I go on?”
“But… But she’s going to need someone right now. Can you imagine what she’s going through?”

“I could, but I’d rather not.”

“Geez, Brian, you really are a cold-hearted bastard.”

“Yep, that’s me. I’m never there for my friends when they need me.”

Emmett just looks at Deb, knowing that Brian’s right. Everyone needs to stop looking to him to fix all their problems. Brian gets up from the table and leaves before Deb has even put his order in.

“What crawled up his ass? This is just like Brian to turn his back on his friends, just like with Michael.”

“Deb, Brian’s right. It’s not his place to always make everything right. Besides, I’m not sure anyone can help Lindsay right now but herself. And you know that Michael created all his own problems, and just like with Lindsay, there’s nothing Brian can do.”

“You’re taking his side?”

“This isn’t about sides, Deb, and if you’d just open your eyes you’d see that Brian has done so much already for both Lindsay and Michael. It’s time everyone started to appreciate Brian and stopped blaming him for their problems.”

Deb’s not happy. She doesn’t like being called out, or put in her place, even if she knows it’s true.

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After Brian’s meeting with Stihl Chainsaws, he’s agreed to fly to their corporate headquarters in Virginia Beach to tour the plant and get a better feel for the company. He hopes the marketing director realizes he no longer provides the personal touch to his accounts. Needless to say, Justin’s none too happy to learn that Brian’s leaving that afternoon and will be gone until Friday night.
It’s only a couple of days but he still hates being home all alone in the big house, as he usually has a heads-up and time to adjust to the idea. He suppresses his displeasure, not wanting to sound like a nagging housewife, so he helps Brian pack his suitcase and sends him off with an afternoon quickie. He’s not the only one irritated at Brian’s sudden change of plans. Cynthia finds herself shifting Brian’s schedule once again, for the second time this week.

Justin’s in the drama department at PIFA, looking for a model for his character study. He had planned on using Brian, but now he’s gone out of town on business, Justin’s left choosing from whoever’s still available. He’s annoyed with himself for not starting on his project sooner, disappointed at the slim pickings as he sizes up the few students who have time in their schedules to sit and pose for him. He decides to grab a cup of coffee from the Starbucks’ kiosk to contemplate his choice of models.

Caught up in his thoughts he’s surprised when someone approaches him. It seems that Mr. Beefcakes was late to the auditions so the acting coach sent him off to Starbucks in search of Justin. Justin’s eyes scan him up and down, not bad. Damn, this guy is hot! He figures it was meant to be, as he explains that he usually works from his home studio so he can be around for his son.

Sebastian agrees to come to the house, and they make plans for the next afternoon. Justin’s relieved how easy it was to arrange his schedule as Melanie has agreed to watch Gus for the evening. He plans to do basic sketches of Sebastian that afternoon, and then he’ll be able to finish sketching in his studio that evening without interruption. Next week, he’ll only need Sebastian for a few hours each afternoon, once he starts the paintings.

Melanie stops by after lunch. Her court hearing was canceled and it’s one of those rare occasions when she’s available to spend time with both Jenny and Gus. They sit out by the pool as Justin waits for Sebastian; it’s nice to spend some time together. They’re both a little lonely, Leda went with Brian to Virginia Beach. Leda’s just starting to get settled into her new position at Kinnetik and so far it’s working out really well.

Justin keeps checking his watch, irritated that Sebastian is so late and hopes he didn’t get lost. Finally at four thirty Justin hears a car pull up out front. Mel gathers the kids and they head home. Melanie can’t help noticing what a hunk Sebastian is. Justin mentioned how good looking he is, but seeing him sends up red flags. She wonders just how Mr. I don’t do jealousy is going to react to the stud posing nude for Justin.

Sebastian apologises profusely for being late; his car wouldn’t start and he had to borrow a friend’s car. Justin’s more than understanding, remembering his own transportation problems as a starving student. Being late in the afternoon, Justin suggests that they have an early supper and then get started. Sebastian marvels at Justin’s cooking as he takes in the grandeur of the house. It’s then that he remembers that Justin’s husband is out of town. His mind can’t help envisioning just what might develop between him and the artist.
They finally make it to Justin’s studio as the early evening sun starts casting shadows. Justin’s
discouraged because he had planned on having the perfect lighting. Now that’s no longer the case,
but he’s resigned himself to the fact, and decides that he’ll sketch as best he can, and take photos.
Sebastian’s new to modeling and he needs to get comfortable with the idea of posing naked for
Justin, which is making Justin frustrated.

He expected a professional model, and Sebastian can’t seem to sit still, let alone hold a pose
without his manhood growing. Against his better judgement he decides that maybe Sebastian just
needs to loosen up, so he goes and rolls a joint to help take the edge off. While he’s out of the room
Sebastian picks up Justin’s cell phone when it rings. Hearing Brian’s voice, he can’t help
insinuating that he’s there for more than just an artist rendering. Aggravated, Brian asks him to
have Justin call his husband, which of course, completely slips his mind, and he never tells Justin
about the call.

He snaps several rolls of film of Sebastian in different positions. Some standing, some sitting, some
looking directly at the camera, and some looking away, or over his shoulder. Justin again regrets
that he didn’t start sooner; this would have been so much easier if he was working with Brian.
After all, he wouldn’t have to concentrate so hard at looking at his model. Brian’s features are
in grilled into his consciousness and flow easily onto the canvas. Sebastian is still a little stiff,
thankfully not that way so much anymore. Justin made it quite clear that this wasn’t going to work,
if he couldn’t control his issue.

But to get him to feel more relaxed they open a bottle of wine, and that seems to do the trick.
Neither of them pay much attention to the time as the hours go by. Justin only has one glass of
wine, focusing on his work, but Sebastian finished the rest of the bottle. When he looks up from his
sketch pad, Justin realizes that it is almost midnight. He’s infuriated with himself that he didn’t end
this session sooner.

Sebastian’s hints and innuendoes have hung in the air, making Justin uncomfortable. So he makes
it clear that he is a married man and a professional artist, and he’s not looking to hook up. Justin
tries to wind up their session, but it becomes obvious that Sebastian is in no condition to drive back
to the city on unfamiliar country roads. Unhappy by this turn of events, he has no choice but to
allow Sebastian to spend the night. He wishes Brian wasn’t away on business, he’s not comfortable
with Sebastian sleeping here and hopes that he doesn’t have to evade any more of his advances.

Justin had a restless night, missing Brian and just the idea of someone else in the house has him on
edge. He wakes in a bad mood with a headache as he climbs into the shower.

Sebastian is feeling at home in the kitchen, making coffee, so he doesn’t hear Brian come in. Brian
does his best to control his anger, but his jealousy is raging just beneath the surface. He’s staring at
this tall, dark and handsome stranger standing in his kitchen, wearing only a towel around his waist. He acts like he belongs there, looking way too comfortable with his surroundings. Brian tries to reel in his emotions as he watches this unwanted guest poking around his cabinets, starting to make breakfast for himself and Justin.

The silence is broken when Brian asks, “Who the fuck are you?”

Sebastian is surprised, but he schools his expression when he sees Brian in the doorway.

“Shouldn’t I be asking you that question? After all, you walked into the house without even knocking first.”

“I used my key. I don’t usually knock on my own front door.”

“Oh. You must be ‘the husband’,” he says in such a condescending tone, like Brian’s the ex, and he’s intruding on Justin’s space. As Brian stands there watching this asshole, he takes in the whole situation before him.

“If you’re looking for Justin, he’s still in the shower. I decided to start the coffee while he finishes up. Would you like a cup?”

Brian thinks, unfuckingbelievable…

“You know, he really is totally adorable when he sleeps.”

“I’m going to kill this motherfucker…”

He dropped Leda off on his way home this morning and picked up Gus. Brian had promised him waffles on the way home from Mel’s.

Gus comes running into the kitchen. “Daddy, what’s going on? Why is that man in our kitchen?”

“I was just wondering that myself.”
“Where are his pants?”

“I was wondering that, too.”

The kid throws Sebastian a little off his game, as he stands there gawking at Gus and Brian. Justin smells the coffee and makes his way downstairs, instantly awake as he sees the scene before him in the kitchen.

Yawning, he says, “Brian! You’re home!”

“Yes, and not a moment too soon.”

“This isn’t what it looks like.”

“Oh? I think it’s exactly what it looks like, Sunshine.”

Gus stomps toward Sebastian. “You go home! You’re not supposed to be here!”

Brian can’t help smirking, Gus always has a way of cutting right to the chase. Justin looks at Brian and realizes that he’s not really angry. As a matter of fact he looks amused by the situation.

Justin’s not about to let this go, he’s so mad that Sebastian’s even tried to pull this bullshit.

“Sebastian, I won’t be needing your modeling services any longer. You’re fired.”

He looks shocked. He had really hoped that after causing some tension between him and Brian that Justin would need someone to console him, someone he could lean on for support. Brian again smirks, as Sebastian turns, leaving to get dressed. But instead of going upstairs to get his clothes, he heads to the pool house. While Brian stood watching him strut around his kitchen, he realized that the towel around his waist was one of their old towels they keep in the pool house bathroom. Not one of his deluxe designer towels from the master bedroom.
“Justy, why was that man in our kitchen?”

“Yes, Justy? Why was that man in our kitchen?”

Justin turns to smack Brian on the arm, but Brian pulls him into an embrace, kissing him passionately. Sebastian watches them as he passes the kitchen window on his way out. He wishes he had a chance with the blond beauty, or even his dark alluring husband.

“Miss me?”

“You have no idea…”

“You know when you mentioned that you had a surprise for me when I got home, I didn’t expect Mr. Coffee when I entered the kitchen.”

This time Justin pulls Brian down bringing their lips together, pushing his tongue deep inside. They’re both moaning, showing their need for one another.

“Okay, enough kisses! I need waffles with brown sugar and whipped crème.”

“How about you? You need some brown sugar and whipped crème too?”

“Later, stud…”

TBC…
Chapter Summary

Gorgeous Men and Sandy Beaches…

Brian and Justin finally escape Pittsburgh, next stop Fire Island.

Title: The Offer Still Stands…
Story Type: AU
Word Count: 2786
Rating: R, Porn…
Warnings: Anti-Michael, Passion and Lust…
Beta Queen: bigj52
Banner: yvonnered

Summary: Brian and Justin finally escape Pittsburgh, next stop Fire Island.

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The Offer Still Stands

Chapter 27 ~ Gorgeous Men and Sandy Beaches…

“Cheer up, Sunshine, we’re going away next weekend.”

“Only if I can finish my final project, and I still haven’t found a model to sit for me. I don’t understand why you can’t do it?”

“Because my husband decided to surprised me with a week’s vacation at Fire Island.”

“But we already had next week scheduled to go to Ibiza. So what’s the problem?”

“The problem is we canceled that trip and then my assistant arranged appointments for me, filling up my schedule.”

“Yes, but… I had her reschedule everything so you’d be free.”

“I know, dear, but that is next week… So now I have to work overtime this week, so we can go on vacation next week.”

“This conversation seems to be going around in circles. Why don’t you take me to lunch and I’ll brainstorm ideas for my project?”

They head off to the diner. Food always seems to help Justin when he’s stressed out.

“Hey, boys, how’s it going?”

Brian gives them a don’t ask look as they slide into the booth. Justin’s cell phone rings, and they
can all hear the yelling on the other end of the line.

“What the fuck did you expect?”

Justin’s fuming as he hangs up on Sebastian, mid-sentence.

“What was that all about?”

It seems Sebastian isn’t happy with the performance review I gave him.”

“I thought you said it never got that far?”

“And I thought you didn’t do jealousy?”

“I’m not jealous. I’m just protective.”

“It’s good to know you’re protecting my virtue.”

Brian continues glaring at him…

“What? I have to turn in a performance review to the drama department when I use their models. I gave them a very accurate and descriptive review of his performance.”

Now Brian’s grinning. “Good!”

Ted pipes in with, “Speaking of models, have you seen the guy who’s going to model for Brown Athletics’ new jock-straps this afternoon?”

“Hmmm… I can’t wait.”

Justin smacks him in the chest. “Behave.”

“You know he’s local. Maybe he could model for your art project? I know he needs the work.”

Brian nods at Justin who suggests that he come back and watch the photo shoot, that way he can talk with Angelo. Brian knows Angelo’s a professional, who also lives with his boyfriend, so he isn’t worried about any hanky panky going on.

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One week later at the PIFA Summer Art Exhibit…

Jennifer gushes, “Justin, you didn’t tell me one of your paintings was awarded the Blue Ribbon.”

“They didn’t notify us in advance. They decided just prior to the start of the show.”

“Oh, honey. I’m so proud of you.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Oh my God, that is one gorgeous man you painted.”

“Thanks, Em.”

“So that’s the guy who’s going to be in the new Brown Athletics’ ad campaign?”

“Yes. That’s Angelo.”
“He is so hot! So Brian didn’t have a problem with him? I mean, you painting him?”

“No, he was fine.”

“So no more ugly naked guy painting. I assume he’s been replaced?”

“Well yes… But with one of Brian, of course. Not Angelo.”

“Of course.”

Brian comes up behind Justin, wrapping his arms around his waist, leaning his chin on his shoulder.

“So, you got the top honor. I knew you would. You’re so fucking talented!”

Brian runs kisses around his neck. “I’m so proud of you. You know that, don’t you?”

Justin turns in his arms, whispering, “I love you so much, Brian.”

“So how much longer do we have to stay?”

“Brian! Behave yourself!”

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Fire Island…

They arrive at sunset…

“Wow! This is beautiful, Brian. I can’t wait to start painting.”

Brian pulls Justin into a deep passionate kiss. It’s good to see him happy and finally relaxing. This last month has been so stressful for both of them, and Brian know he’s not happy about canceling their vacation to Ibiza.

“Come on, let’s get checked in. Then we can find some place to have dinner, I’m starving.”

“Of course you are! It’s good to know some things never change.”

“Christ, Justin! How much stuff did you pack?”

“I wanted to make sure we had just the right outfits.”

“Why? Do you actually plan on wearing clothes?”

“Brian…”

“Look around, Sunshine. See all the beautiful men barely clad in speedos and tight shorts.”

Just then they walk past a group of men, looking more than interested in welcoming them to the island. Brian puts his arm around Justin, slightly possessive, making it clear Justin’s off the market.

“Nice view.”

Justin punches him in the arm, as Brian grins at the boys. Smiling, Justin pulls him away towards the rental office. They’ve rented a small cabin right on the ocean for the week.
“What? I’m just looking…”

Because it’s okay for him to look, while at the same time discouraging others looking at Justin. He’s always had a double standard when it comes to Justin. He really can’t help himself, but of course, he’s not jealous…

Justin wonders if this was actually a good idea now that they’re here with hundreds, probably thousands of gorgeous men. Maybe they should have gone on this type of vacation before they got married and stopped using condoms.

Sensing Justin’s internal thoughts, Brian tells him, “Sunshine, you picked the destination. Besides, it will be fun flaunting ourselves, and then having sex in front of all these beach bunnies.”

Brian leans over and kisses his cheek. Justin turns his head, and Brian kisses him again with a little more passion.

“Maybe we should just have room service tonight?”

“Brian, the only room service available is me. We rented a cabin with a kitchen, not a hotel room.”

“Mmm, that sounds good… Sunnyside up, with a side of lube.”

“Later. I need real food. Then I’ll feed you all night long.”

“I’m pretty sure I’ll be the one feeding you.”

Once they’re settled in their cabin, they walk along the beach back to the strip to find a restaurant and maybe a club for afterwards.

“Damn, there are hot guys everywhere.”

“Yes, you did pick the Gay Mecca of the US for our vacation. No breeders allowed.”

“Brian?”

“Yes.”

“Do you… I mean, if you wanted… I’d totally understand.”

“What?”

“You know… If you wanted to…”

“No! No, I’m not interested.”

“Really? I’d understand. You know it would be okay.”

“Really? Do you also understand that I wouldn’t? It wouldn’t be okay, if you were to…”

“Really?”

“Justin! If I wanted to fuck other guys, I wouldn’t have married you.”

“Really?”

“I think we both agree that I’ve had more than my share of men. Besides, no one could ever come close to what I have with you.”
“Really?”

“Enough! Stop with the really already!”

Justin jumps into his arms, kissing him madly. He’s overcome with passion as they start to make out right there in public, more than make out. I guess Brian really is ready to flaunt themselves in front of the others, leaving them all longing for more.

He couldn’t help but notice the stud checking out Justin, and his possessive nature kicks in again. I guess they’re both alert to the glances and blatant stares they’re receiving.

They see the Tiki Shack on the beach up ahead, with picnic tables and large open barbeque pits. The smell of grilled chicken, ribs and seafood is intoxicating. The waiters are bare chested, wearing only cut offs and sunglasses as the sun is starting to fall towards the horizon. Justin orders all you-can-eat ribs, while Brian favors the seafood kebabs. They garner more than a few looks, as Brian licks the barbeque sauce from around Justin’s lips.

Once they’ve finished dinner and polished off the pitcher of beer, they’re ready to walk along the beach. They’ve been receiving nods, glances and little waves from the handsome men all around them. So when they stand to leave, all eyes are on them, as everyone wants to see who they’ll walk towards. Brian leaves them all disappointed when he puts his arm around Justin’s shoulders, as they walk near the shoreline.

There’s an alcove where the rocky cliffs meet the beach. Brian pulls Justin into the semi-secluded area, kissing him zealously. They both become aroused and it isn’t long before their shorts are around their ankles. Justin’s hands are flattened against a huge old weathered tree root as Brian slams into him. Their cries of passion can be heard echoing around the water’s edge, making their presence in the alcove not so private after all.

The next morning they wake to the sounds of seagulls flocking the beaches, looking for breakfast. Justin starts the coffee maker, and pours Brian a glass of guava juice. He’s happy to see that the kitchen is stocked with all their favorite foods, and the Wall Street Journal has been delivered, as requested.

Soon a sleepy Brian joins him in search of a cup of French roast. Justin runs his fingers through Brian’s hair, trying to tame his unruly bedhead hair. They sit at the café table outside, feeling the sand beneath their feet. The late morning sun heats up the beach, so do the patrons, providing a little eye candy for the boys.

Justin soon has his sketch pad in hand, capturing the gorgeous men a short distance away. Brian every so often gazes over the top of his newspaper to enjoy the view, catching one or more of the sunbathers looking his way. After a lazy morning, they head down towards the marina to rent a couple of windsurfers. It took a few tries, but soon they master standing on the boards and finagling the sails to catch the wind just right.

Several hours later their arms and leg muscles are aching. Justin is starting to turn a bright shade of pink, while Brian’s olive skin is taking on a sunny glow. Brian still works out regularly, but windsurfing requires different muscles, and he hates to admit that he feels sore and tired. So he’s more than happy about them being lazy, laying in the sun or shade in Justin’s case. After all they’re on vacation.

The next morning they laze around on the beach, drinking coffee. Brian’s floating in the water, while Justin makes breakfast. They end up spending most of the day swimming and reading on the beach. That night they head to a nightclub where Brian scores some weed and E. They dance to the
beat of the thumpa thumpa into the wee hours of the morning, just like when they used to spend all their evenings at Babylon.

The next afternoon Justin has his easel set up on the beach, painting the lighthouse off in the distance. Brian lays in the lounge chair reading an old Anne Rice novel. He secretly has a thing for Lestat, although he thinks they could have done better than Tom Cruise when casting the role. As the day proceeds, the beach bunnies are sprawled out before them like an endless sea of very fit beached whales.

As the week progresses, they spend every afternoon relaxing on the beach, basking in the sun. Having survived mild sunburn the first day, Justin’s skin is now turning a nice golden brown. His hair is starting to bleach out, giving him light blond highlights. Brian nudges Justin to take a walk along the shoreline, but he doesn’t fool Justin. He knows Brian wants to get a closer look at the guys playing naked volleyball. Of course, that turns into the guys splashing and throwing one another into the ocean. Brian grins, watching them frolicking in the sand. Their laughter can be heard in the distance, turning heads and granting them smiles as they pass by.

They decided to take a cruise around the island one afternoon. It feels good to just relax, enjoying the sun on their skin, and the feel of the wind in their hair. Talking to a few of the other guys on the cruise, they learn of a floor show tonight and decide they’ll check it out.

It starts out with a chorus line of hot naked men, dancing and singing, providing them with some enjoyable entertainment. Then there’s a Kelly Rowland concert, who is amazing and the crowd is wildly enthusiastic, dancing and singing along. It’s a great way to slowly start to wind down their vacation. Tomorrow is their last day here, then they’re headed back to Pittsburgh. But they’re not complaining. It’s been great to get away, and it’s just what they both needed. Although Ibiza would have been nice, it’s now something to look forward to in the future.

When Justin’s making coffee the next morning, he looks out the window. He sees one of the guys who kept coming on to them at the concert last night. He’s lying naked in the sand by the shore, not very subtle at trying to get their attention. Justin can’t help thinking it’s humorous. He’s grateful things have changed in their relationship. Otherwise Brian would be out there indulging in his fantasy, while Justin makes breakfast.

Justin shakes his head, letting that thought dissipate, as he makes pancakes. Eating breakfast out on the patio, Brian spots the blond sprawled on the rocks in front of them. He chuckles, mentioning how pathetic he is with his lame attempt at seducing them into a threesome. Brian decides to give him a little show of his own. Pulling Justin onto his lap, he runs kisses around Justin’s neck, making him squirm. Pulling his tank top over his head, he lets it fall onto the sand, then he licks his way down Justin’s chest as Justin starts arching his back.

Justin lifts himself up in the air, as Brian pulls his cut-offs down over his ass, then down his legs. He flings them in the air to join his discarded top. Brian’s already hard, and Justin’s already wet from their earlier tryst that morning. So Justin leans forward, straddling Brian’s legs as he aligns himself. Brian places his hands on Justin’s hips, as Justin lowers himself until he’s impaled by Brian’s firm cock.

Brian holds him as he rises up and down, taking Brian all the way in. Justin’s head is thrown back, and his moans are growing louder with each downward thrust. He’s leaning so far back, giving Mr. Platinum Blond the show of a lifetime. Justin doesn’t even realize that his dick is bobbing so close to Brian’s lips, until Brian captures him in his mouth. Justin explodes, crying out Brian’s name, thankful that Brian has his arm around his back, holding him tightly in place. Otherwise Justin might have flung myself off Brian, and into the sand in his exuberance.
Later that afternoon Brian and Justin stroll down to the strip, looking for a few little gifts for everyone back home. First of all there really isn’t much in the way of tourist memorabilia, it isn’t exactly a family vacation destination. Brian, who absolutely loves to shop, is getting cranky. Justin finally finds a pair of fiftyish style salt and pepper shakers. The kind that fit together are usually cats or cows, but these are two naked men embracing. Carl might not appreciate them, but he knows Deb will love them.

For Emmett they get a light pink tank top with Fire Island across the chest in bright pink letters, and for Cynthia, Molly and Jennifer they find seashell necklaces. They stumble upon a photography studio, and Justin ends up falling in love with a series of old photos from the thirties of gay men on the beach. For Mel and Leda, he also finds an antique photo of the beach and lighthouse, minus the naked men. Ted, of course, is harder to buy for, he’s so… so Ted… Finally Brian settles on a calendar of bronzed beach bunnies, that Ted can fantasize about in his dreams.

Then there was Gus and Jenny. They didn’t think they’d find anything children friendly, until they turned a corner and found a candy store. Justin finds them children-size baseball caps with Fire Island stitched on the front, light blue for Gus, and pale yellow for Jenny. They also sell teddy bears wearing Fire Island t-shirts, so he gets them coordinating colored bears. No vacation would be complete without old fashioned salt-water taffy, so they end up getting a 5 lb. bag, because Justin would need to break into it before they got home.

That night, after they take their last sunset walk, they barbeque on the beach. Later they sit by the fire pit sipping wine, listening to the waves breaking on the shore. It’s a totally romantic way to end the perfect vacation.

TBC…

End Notes

This is a WIP... I plan to update monthly...

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!