Fiery Nights
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Fiery Nights
by Saje, Tagsit

Summary

Summary: Brian Kinney has rented a summer house on Fire Island for his first vacation in years. His plan is to spend the summer experiencing all the various delights - and men - this Gay Mecca has to offer. His first night there, though, he's confronted by a hot little blond townie with an agenda who refuses to accept Brian's rule that he doesn't do repeats. The two men make a bet - If Justin can keep Brian amused and entertained all summer, then Brian will give him a job come fall. Little did Brian know just how determined and inventive Justin really was.

*****Story is now COMPLETE! Enjoy!*****

Notes

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended. AKA - they're not mine. I wish they were mine. I'd promise to play with them nicely and feel - I mean, feed - and water them, but Showtime and Cowlip won't let me have them. Boo Hoo!

Welcome to Summer! How hot will it get? Only you know - come in and see! Enjoy! TAG

(Think 1001 Arabian Nights only with nightly B/J sexcapades instead of boring old stories! Interactive story with readers and other writers proposing what entertainments Justin will show Brian to keep him entertained all summer long.)
Chapter 1 - Summertime.

Brian finished walking through the beautiful rough pine-finished front room of the beach house he’d be living in for the next three months and nodded his head with satisfaction.
The house was perfect for him. It was modernistic with a clean, open design, vaulted ceilings, huge floor-to-ceiling windows all along one wall, and all the most up to date furnishings and fixtures. There was a huge deck that faced the gorgeous sandy white lengths of Fire Island’s Seabay Beach. Inside there was more than enough room for whatever he desired to do, including two guest bedrooms if he chose to have company up for the occasional weekend, an office for him to work in - although he hoped that work would be a rare occurrence for the next couple of months - and plenty of space for entertaining, be it in the spacious living room or in the well equipped master bedroom. Yes, Brian was sure he would be comfortable here for the summer.

All he had to do now was unpack and then figure out where he was going to find his first conquest of the summer. Looking out the living room window at the expanse of pristine beach dotted here and there with scantily clad men lying in the sun, he didn’t think he’d have to go very far. Fire Island really was a gay man’s Mecca. And it had the added advantage of being just far enough from his home in Pittsburgh that he wouldn’t be constantly harassed by friends, family and business concerns, while still being close enough that if he did need to be available for work or family emergencies, he could still be reached in a timely manner. Yep, he planned to have the best of all worlds this summer. A vacation full of sun, men and comfort, all only a couple hours by air from home if he was needed.

Well, there was no time like the present, Brian thought to himself, turning back towards the bedroom so that he could get into his brand new Cockcon swim trunks that he knew were the hottest thing anyone here would see all summer. Shit, it felt so good to finally go on a vacation. He just couldn’t wait to get out there and enjoy himself for a change. After the past five years, struggling to get Kinnetik - his very own advertising agency - up and running, he needed this time to rest and relax more than anyone knew. And he definitely meant to make the most of this summer. Hence, the supremely hot beach wear, the months of work in the gym with his new trainer to make his body the best it could be, and the party-central beach house location.
Men of Fire Island, look out! Brian Kinney was here, he was queer, and he was taking no prisoners this summer!

By four-thirty in the afternoon, Brian had acquainted himself with five or six of the hottest men he could find within five hundred feet of his beach house. They had all been very accommodating. Not to mention extremely horny. Which was exactly as it should be, if you asked Brian Kinney. Seriously, you really HAD to love a place that was dedicated to the proposition that ‘All Men Are Created Equally Fuckable . . . At least on Fire Island!’ Brian knew that was the local motto since it had said so on the t-shirt that the second guy he’d fucked that day had been wearing.

Unfortunately, even a supreme fuck machine like Brian had to stop occasionally for food and other sustenance. So as soon as the big beefy blond surf bunny had shot his load for the second time while bent over the railing of the deck, Brian had decided it was time for an early dinner. He slapped the guy’s ass by way of a dismissal, walked inside, locked the door, and headed to the shower.

It didn’t take long for Brian to get cleaned up and dressed in fashionably-casual clothing. It took a lot longer to actually get to someplace where there was food. By the time he got there he was all hot and sweaty again, despite the shower, since he’d had to bike from his house to the main part of Ocean Beach Village because of the stupid rule that no cars were allowed on Fire Island. So much for showing up at dinner looking hot enough to eat. By the time he arrived at the restaurant he’d been looking forward to visiting, all Brian looked like was just plain overheated.

Brian’s first stop, therefore, was the men’s room so that he could splash some water on his face and cool off a bit before he sat down to eat. He wasn’t thinking of much as he made his way down the slightly grubby hallway of The Albatross Pub except for the the fact that his stomach was growling. He hadn’t eaten all day and was looking forward to the fried clams that this particular pub was apparently famous for. Even though he normally wouldn’t be caught dead eating something that greasy and fattening, he’d been craving this delicacy ever since he’d started researching the island, and was going to let himself indulge just this once.
So it was probably understandable that he didn’t at first notice what was going on in the john. He was halfway through washing his hands before he started to become aware of the moaning, groaning and thudding going on inside the farthest toilet stall. Not that he was at all surprised or offended by this - it was Fire Island, so of course this was exactly what Brian did expect. Although, he would have expected himself to be the one involved in the thumping and bumping, not the one listening.

Brian was still chuckling to himself over this thought, when he heard a rather loud, “Yes. Yes! YES!” Then, just as Brian was reaching for a paper towel, the metal door creaked open and a twenty-something brunet came trotting out of the small space, pulling up his pants and stumbling a bit, still panting from all the activity. Brian leaned back against the edge of the counter and gave the kid an amused look. The young man smiled and shrugged as he walked past and out the door without saying anything.

Ten seconds later, the door to the stall opened again. This time the figure that emerged was a perky little blond who looked like he was still in his teens. The kid was definitely a looker though. He was only about five foot eight and slimly built without much muscle definition - clearly not Brian’s usual type - but there was something about the sparkle in his eyes and the brash, daring personality that drew Brian in anyway. It didn't hurt that, despite his youth, the kid radiated sexuality. That nicely rounded ass didn't hurt much either. Yeah, Brian decided that this one was definitely fuckable.

The miniature blond whirlwind strutted his way from the toilet stall to the bank of sinks along the wall, a lascivious smirk adorning his otherwise innocent looking face as he passed by the man standing there already. The boy’s grin grew, evidencing the fact that he apparently liked whatever he saw in the handsome older man watching him. There was a decidedly wanton air about the little blond boy even as he accomplished the mundane task of washing his hands. Brian couldn’t help the approving look he found himself wearing as he continued to just stand there, mesmerized by the cocky twink.

“Hey there, handsome. You waiting for me? You can be next if you want,” the spunky little blonde purred, with a lusty gleam in his eye as he finished his task and then turned to survey Brian’s tall, lean frame. “I've still got,” he flicked his bright blue gaze at his watch then back up at Brian, “eight minutes left on my break.”

“Yeah . . . I don't think so, kid. You're definitely not my type,” Brian scoffed, snorting derisively before he returned to the sink and went back to splashing cooling water on his face.

“What are you talking about? I'm everybody's type. I’m young, blond and hung. I'm also a great fuck. Trust me, if you're gay, then I'm your type.” The insouciant smirk on the young man's smiling face, not to mention the bold, self-assured assertion, elicited a chuckle from Brian against his will.
“I don't think so, kid,” Brian reached for another paper towel and began patting at his face and neck. “See, I'm a top . . .”

“You sure?” The youth beamed at Brian with this huge-assed, toothy smile that practically glowed it was so bright. “Cause this thing ain't just for show, ya know.” The little hellion hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his half-buttoned pants and quickly thrust the material down the six inches it took to completely expose his entire package to Brian’s direct gaze. “I DO know what to do with it. And I do it rather well, even if I do say so myself. If you don't trust me, you're welcome to ask around.”

Right then another of The Albatross’ employees just happened to walk through the bathroom door. From the cursory glance he gave Justin, who was still standing there with his voluptuous, half-hard dick hanging out, Brian surmised that this state of affairs was hardly an uncommon experience. The guy merely nodded briefly at his co-worker and kept on walking towards the row of wall-mounted urinals.

“Ask Reggie here if you’re unsure,” Justin used the propitious entrance of his buddy to continue his sales pitch. “Hey, Reg. You can vouch for me, right? Wouldn't you agree that I know my way around a fuck and pretty regularly satisfy?”

“Ain't never heard any complaints,” Reggie replied as his stream tapered off and he shook. “In fact, that cock should probably have its own built in counter and a neon marquee, just like MickeyD’s - over One Million Served!” Reg stood behind the blond, grinning as he teased his friend and flashing his hands as if to imitate blinking lights.

“Fuck off, Reg,” the blond boy laughed, easily negating the harshness of the command. “I'm not quite there yet. Maybe someday though,” he bragged.

“Whatever. Still not interested,” Brian laughed along with the two boys but was already turning to leave when the low tenor voice spoke up again and a hand on his arm halted his escape.

“Well, it's your loss,” the blond reached out with a hand to halt Brian's departure. “Lucky for you, though, I'm completely versatile. See? The B-side's just as nice as the A-side single!” The indefatigable imp promptly turned around, leaned against the tiled bathroom wall and thrust out a perfectly perky bubble butt for Brian’s inspection. “Care to give it a try? I've still got . . . six minutes left . . . and I haven’t even come close to my orgasm quota for the day. Help a guy out, will ya?”

The kid’s sheer moxie and in-your-face sexuality was enough to make Brian break out into an uninhibited belly laugh. He hadn’t laughed like that in ages. It felt good. And that ass looked pretty
“What the fuck!” Brian tossed the paper towel he’d just finished with over his shoulder into the trash can and took the two steps required to come up behind the bounteous behind. “Let’s fuck!”

The bodacious blond didn’t even get a chance to unbend from where he’d been leaning over the bathroom counter before Brian was pulling down his pants. The kid accommodated him a bit by doing this sensuous wiggle that caused the loose jeans to slither all the way down to his ankles. Brian thoroughly approved of that particular maneuver. He also approved of the sight of the pert and perky ass that was revealed, complete with creamy white butt cheeks that were simply begging to be fondled and a glimpse of the tiny pink pucker that was his ultimate goal.

The boy hadn’t been lying when he’d said the B-side was just as nice.

Unable to resist, Brian immediately gave the right cheek a nice firm little swat, enjoying the audible *smack* almost as much as the feel of the taut skin under his palm. The way the flesh tensed momentarily and then blossomed a pretty pink was all the foreplay Brian needed to get instantly hard. The fact that the kid moaned deliciously at the same time was just an added bonus.

As always, Brian came prepared with condoms and lube in his pocket so it took no time at all to pull the supplies out and get himself situated. While he was suiting up with one hand, the other was busy of its own accord shamelessly caressing the silky-soft alabaster skin all the way along the boy’s thighs, hips and back. Brian found those acres of flawless skin so tantalizing and erotic that for a minute or two, he almost forgot what he was supposed to be doing. Luckily, an insistent wiggle and thrust of the luscious ass brought his mind back to the task at hand.

Squeezing out a dollop of lube onto his fingers, Brian applied himself to the pretty pink pucker that didn’t look like it saw much action on a regular basis. The boy was beyond tight. Getting even on finger inside was a challenge, causing the kid to gasp loudly and making Brian cringe a little since, for some unimaginable reason, he found himself concerned about hurting the guy. He immediately froze, only to find the boy forcing himself down on the probing digit with a frenzy that surprised Brian more than anything.

“More!” the little tenor demanded with a grunt.

“I don’t want to hurt you. You’re fucking tight, you know!” Brian cautioned.
“I told you you’d like it!” the kid took the compliment for it was worth and seemed rather pleased. “We don’t have time to fuck around though. I’m ready enough. Fuck me already.”

Brian hesitated, but the writhing, wanton, wild wonder wiggling around in front of him caused him to throw caution to the wind. If the guy wanted it now, Brian would happily oblige. It was the kid’s ass that would be aching for the rest of the day, not Brian’s, so it was his call. Trying not to think about it, Brian quickly added a second finger, scissored a couple times and called it good. Then, without any fanfare, Brian lined himself up and drove in fast and hard and all the way to his balls.

The kid inhaled sharply, held his breath for about thirty seconds and then blew it out with a whoosh. The panting that followed was accompanied by a series of little ‘oh’ and ‘ah’ noises that caused Brian’s dick to twitch even though he was trying to keep still and let the kid adjust. It didn’t take long though for the mewling noises to morph into a more erotic range and the ‘oh’s turned into ‘oh, yeah’s.

“Oh, yeah! That feels soooo good,” the kid confirmed as he began to push himself back further onto Brian’s straining cock. “You know, sometimes you just really NEED a good stiff prick up your ass. Just to reaffirm that you really are gay. Not to mention it feels exquisite. Shit! I love to fuck. And get fucked . . . So, what are you waiting for, Stud. Get a fucking move on it already. You’ve only got about four minutes left and I’m ready to blow already!”

“Should have known you’d be the world’s bossiest bottom,” Brian complained even as he followed directions and began to thrust hard and deep into the perfectly plump ass that seemed to be trying to suck him in with every movement.

“Hell, yes! If you can’t top, top from the bottom!” The words were accompanied by a lewd, twisting, wriggling move that Brian, even with all his years of expertise, had never had the pleasure of experiencing before. “Now, fuck me hard, big guy. I love your cock but it’s not going to do any good unless you start moving it around a bit more!”

“Fuck you, you little twat!” Brian found himself laughing at the guy’s over-the-top demands but he complied nonetheless, pounding into the pleasantly plump and oh-so-tight ass so hard that the kid’s body was almost slamming against the edge of the bathroom counter with every motion.

“Fuck, yes! Fuck, yes! Fuck, yes!” the kid’s chanting at full volume as he met every thrust with a reciprocal push of his own, was driving Brian wild.

“Shit, you’re so fucking tight and hot . . . oh, fuck!” Brian heard the words of praise tumbling out of his mouth and felt an instant of surprise seeing as he wasn’t normally the vocal type when he was fucking. Something about this uninhibited and primal fuck however was driving him outside his
normal comfort zone. The way the kid was writhing in sheer ecstasy under him and the dirty things he was saying as he egged Brian on to greater and greater heights was the epitome of erotic. Brian hadn’t been so turned on during a fuck in a long, long time.

“Ok, you’ve got thirty seconds, stud. Show me what you can do. Fuck me so hard that I can’t sit down for a week! I know you can! Just. Fuck. Me!” the kid demanded with such authority that Brian actually felt his dick taking notice. When the kid spoke next, Brian found himself obeying without even thinking about it. “It’s time! I’m going to cum. You’re going to cum too. Wait for it . . . Five, four, three, two . . .”

At the word ‘one’ Brian felt like his balls exploded. There wasn’t any gradual build up to this orgasm. It wasn’t something drawn out or manageable. It was a fucking firestorm that started somewhere at the base of his spine and engulfed his entire body with a fiery electrical frenzy until the entire essence of his being shot out of his pulsing dick, filling the condom buried deep in that boy’s luscious ass with wave after wave of pleasure.

“FUCK YEAH!” the kid’s orgasmic wail echoed his own thoughts as the kid bucked backwards so that they could both watch in awe as ribbons of thick, sticky cum decorated the mirror behind the wash basins.

They both sagged a bit afterwards, Brian only able to hold them both up because of the assist he got from leaning against the counter. The blond boy in his arms seemed almost boneless with the aftermath of so much pleasure. Brian let himself enjoy the feeling of the kid’s weight leaning up against him, and even let a kiss or two land on the conveniently close cheek while they both gulped air and tried to get their strength back. He was uncharacteristically enjoying this post-coital moment, for some reason he didn’t care to think about too closely.

It didn’t last for long though. Shaking his head as if to clear out the orgasmic cobwebs, the kid finally shifted so he was once again standing on his own. Brian reluctantly removed his arms from around the slim waist, strangely at a loss as to what to do with them next. The kid smiled at him with a glowing grin that stretched from one cute shell-like ear to the other, eliciting a similar smile from Brian.

Luckily for Brian’s faltering machismo, the kid abruptly turned back to look in the mirror, rinsed his hands under the tap, dried his hands, pulled up his pants and then efficiently zipped himself back inside. It was all done very matter-of-factly. Almost brusquely. While Brian was still standing there watching and feeling very unsettled.

“Thanks, Stud. I feel much better now. See ya around!” the brash blond announced, raised up on his tiptoes to leave a brief peck on Brian’s unresisting lips and then he was gone.
“Fuck!” Brian announced to nobody, not even sure himself why he felt so out of sorts all of a sudden.

If he didn’t know better, he might think that he’d been ‘out studded’ by a bossy little blond boy!

Once Brian had got himself back to a semblance of presentability, he made his way back out into the main part of the restaurant. It was not exactly Brian’s typical pick for cuisine. But it had received some excellent reviews and he was dying to try the fried clams. He ambled up to the order counter and waited in line behind an overweight hetero couple and their two noisy kids who couldn’t decide what they wanted. If he wasn’t craving those damn clams, he would have already left. But by this point he was fucking starving and wasn’t leaving until he’d got what he’d come for.

When it was his turn at the counter, the same twenty-something brunet guy who’d previously been getting his jollies off in the toilet stall was the person who greeted Brian. Brian and Loverboy exchanged knowing smiles before the guy asked him if he was ready to order.

“As long as you’re not the one touching the food, Loverboy,” Brian commented, remembering that the guy hadn’t bothered to wash his hands before leaving the john.

“I . . . I . . .” the stammering kid made Brian chuckle, but he didn’t press the issue.

“I want a double order of the fried clams. And please wash your hands before you serve it,” Brian ordered as the kid blushed.

“Um . . . I think the cook is making a fresh batch right now. Let me just check,” the counter clerk replied, obviously glad to have a topic to fall back on that wasn’t about his personal hygiene or lack thereof. “Hey, Justin! How long before you’ve got another batch of clams ready?”

Brian looked up at the large, open window to the kitchen behind Mr. Unclean and was surprised when the head that popped up belonged to his bathroom blond boy. “I just started some Bellies. They should be ready in ten!” the freshly fucked chef announced with a cheeky smile aimed directly at Brian. “You’re gonna love my Bellies, Stud. They’ll melt in your luscious mouth! And they’re almost as tasty as some of the other things I’d like to put in your mouth.”

Brian found that his mouth was already watering even without the food. He couldn’t get the thought
of Justin’s prodigious cock in his own mouth out of his head. Or even better, his cock inside the kid’s cotton-candy pink lips. He could already tell exactly how those plump lips would feel surrounding him as Justin moved his head up and down while on his knees in front of him. When Brian finally pulled himself out of the fantasy, he discovered that he was still standing at the counter, his mouth hanging open with a little trickle of drool at the corner. He quickly wiped away the wetness and ignored the fact that both the blond chef and his Loverboy were surreptitiously laughing at him.

Brian moved off and found himself a seat under an umbrella on the patio. He could tell from the size of the crowd at this rather schizzy little pub that the food must be good since the ambiance was questionable. But that’s why he was here - the food - so he didn’t get too chuffed over the decor. The whole point of this summer was to relax and enjoy himself and not to have to keep up pretenses. Here on the island, nobody knew him or expected anything of him, which meant he could be anything he wanted and act in whatever manner he chose. He could be mellow and low-key if he wanted. He figured he just needed a few days to get into the spirit of the laid back locals.

He’d barely had time to make a dent in the locally brewed Red Wagon IPA he’d been sipping when the patio door opened and the cocky chef himself appeared with an overflowing basket full of golden fried clams.
“There you go, Stud. My best Bellies for your belly!” the bold blond boy declared as he set the tray full of goodies in front of Brian.

Brian took a whiff of the freshly fried delicacy and smiled up at the proud chef. He couldn’t wait to try them while they were still piping hot. It wasn’t often he let himself indulge in such sinfully fattening fare so he meant to make the most of this one time splurge.

“Mmmm. They look fucking delicious. Thanks,” Brian opened up the little plastic cup of tartar sauce and immediately dipped one of the still crackling clams into the creamy goodness. “Shit! That’s good,” he moaned with pleasure as the greasy, salty, slightly chewy clam disappeared down his throat.

The echoing moan from the chef waiting to hear what his customer thought was a little more on the erotic side than would be expected from just watching someone eat some clams. Brian looked up and saw a gleam of lust in the bright blue eyes and was momentarily distracted from his plate of food. The way that the cocky chef licked his own lips instantly made something besides Brian’s appetite rise.

“Fuck, Stud! You’re a tastier treat than anything I could cook up. What do you say you come back here around ten, when we close, and I’ll see if your sweet cream fills my belly up as well as my cooking does it for you!”

“Sorry, Cookie, but I don’t plan to do repeats this summer. I’ve got a whole island of fuckable men, and I’m going to do my best to give every single one of them a turn. So, thanks for the offer, but since I’ve already had your ass, all I need now is your clams and then I’m off,” Brian punctuated his sentence by popping another tasty fried morsel into his mouth with an insouciant smile.

“Seriously? I’m offering to blow you and you blow me off? That’s just so wrong on so many levels, Stud,” the now irked chef complained, and precipitately reached down to yank the tray full of golden goodies off the table, turning and walking away towards the restaurant without another word.

“What the fuck? That’s my dinner!” Brian stood up and reached out to grab the shoulder of the man taking away his food. “I paid for that shit! Bring it back here!”

“No. If you’re too good for me, then my food is too good for you. Fuck off!” the pretentious man with the perky ass flounced away with Brian’s food and nary a look backwards.
“But . . . but . . . FUCK!” Brian collapsed into the deck chair with a pout that would put a five year old to shame. “I really wanted those fucking clams . . .” he complained to no one in particular as his stomach again growled in protest.

Hmmm. Maybe this summer wasn’t starting off as perfect as Brian had thought at first.

Fiery Nights - Working Doc

Chapter End Notes

6/5/16 - Summertime by Billy Stewart (This chapter’s theme music!)

Welcome to the Summer of Fiery Nights! It’s going to be a really hot summer, folks. And I’m going to need your help to make it even hotter. Just like last year, I’m going to be writing this story online, live, and I want everyone to come help me write it! We need to come up with 90 days worth of Kinney-worthy entertainments so that Justin will be able to keep his man happy. Got any ideas for how the boys will keep busy? What erotic, sweet, sexy interludes would you like to see? I’d love to hear your ideas! Just click the link at the bottom of the chapter to come over to the working doc and join us! You can help write, leave comments, help find my typos or chat while we write. It’s interactive and fun. And just the entertainment you need this summer! TAG

PS. Since I have no idea what you guys will help me come up with during the course of this story I only put on the very basic tags. I’ll have to update that as I go. Be prepared if you start to read this that it could go pretty much anywhere. I'll try to give warnings as I post but I just can't give comprehensive up front warnings.
Brian and Justin resolve their conflict - sorta - with a rather inventive bet . . . and a quick blow job race! Hope you enjoy!

*****Chapter dedicated to Saje because of her creative and very dirty mind!*****

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 2 - Talking Body.

Brian was still fuming mad even five hours later.

He’d gone to another restaurant and ordered their fried clams, but they didn’t taste nearly as good as those first couple he’d tasted before the pissy little blond chef had stolen his dinner away. He ended up throwing most of his meal away and drinking the rest of the night’s calories instead. And he was still pissed off about it.

Rather than eating, Brian had hopped from one bar to the next, drinking and sampling the men at each night spot. The bars around here were mostly small little dives. The music selection was pathetic and there wasn’t much room on any of the dance floors, but the men in the clubs didn’t seem to care much. Since it was Memorial Day Weekend - the opening gambit for all things summer on the Island - every single bar was packed. They all appeared to be having the time of their lives. And, just like in any gay club anywhere in the world, the atmosphere consisted of a fugue of hot sweaty men, alcohol, smoke and sex - which was just the way that Brian Kinney liked things. Fucking his way through the various bars and clubs had therefore gone at least a little ways towards helping him get over the pique caused by the annoying little Cookie.

Eventually Brian found himself at some total dive called CJ’s. This place was apparently famous for a drink called ‘Rocket Fuel’. He’d had two and definitely felt lit up. This particular bar was even tinier than most but it was still rocking out. The music here was loud and the partygoers seemed to be more serious about their fun than the hordes of tourists he’d come across at most of the other venues he’d visited so far. Before Brian knew it, he was in the center of the small dance floor, grinding away
on some anonymous hottie wearing only a skimpy pair of shorts that barely covered the impressive hard on that was bulging out the front side.

Right about the time that a new song came on - some great upbeat number that most of the crowd seemed to love if the cheer that arose at the onset of the song was any indication - the trick turned around and began grinding his ass harder and harder against Brian’s groin while he sang along with the lyrics of the song. “We fuck for life . . . On and on and on!” the trick seemed totally into the song. Brian was at the perfect level of drunk and horny that he could almost taste the sex in the air. He was thirty seconds away from pulling the hot hunk of trick out to the alley behind the bar for a nice fast fuck.

That’s when HE came along.

One minute Brian and the trick were happily grinding away and then the next minute the bane of Brian’s day was right there in his face once again. That aggravating little Cookie boy had just appeared out of nowhere, dancing right in front of Brian and his trick, shaking that perky blond ass and smiling and singing along with the trick and then . . . The next thing Brian knew his trick with the perfect package and the skimpy shorts was dancing away from him in the wake of the Contemptible Cookie!

Fucking A!

It wasn’t bad enough that Cookie had denied him his dinner, but now he was stealing Brian’s after dinner treats too! This was totally unacceptable! This had never happened before and was not going to happen now either. Brian was incensed! He was NOT going to let this happen.

Following in the wake of the blond Cookie and the Runaway Trick, Brian found himself threading slowly through the press of bodies packed into the small bar. He almost lost sight of the pair a couple of times, but his anger made him more persistent than he would be otherwise. Finally, he saw the bobbing blond head ducking through a doorway that appeared to lead outside behind the bar.

It took Brian another couple minutes, even then, to make his way through the crowd by the door so that, by the time he made it out into the fresh air of the alleyway, it was already too late to recoup the Runaway Trick. Despite the shadowy light of the alleyway, Brian easily sighted the couple he was looking for - the two of them occupying a stretch of wall under the rickety metal fire escape that trailed down from the building above. Cookie had the boy leaned up against the brick wall, his short shorts pulled down to mid-thigh, that perfect package now fully exposed and the charmless chef’s dick already shoved halfway up the guy’s nicely shaped ass. Damn it! That was supposed to have been Brian’s tasty trick! He’d wanted to peel those skin-tight shorts off and plow that pretty ass. Fucking Twinkie Thief!
Brian stomped over to the section of the alley where the pair were rutting away with wild abandon, stopping when he was less than a foot from the Cookie Crook. Neither man paid Brian any attention. The Cookie simply kept up his steady, unrelenting pummelling of the tempting trick, pounding him into the brick wall with obvious precision, if the trick’s loud and enthusiastic moaning was any indication. Brian could only stand by and silently sulk.

And, no, he wasn’t getting hard because of the expert way the Cocky Cookie was handling the taller, more muscley guy. It didn’t have anything at all to do with that! It wasn’t because the little Cookie’s dick looked so fucking huge as it plunged in and out of the trick’s tight little asshole either. It certainly wasn’t because of the erotic moaning the blond bombshell was pumping out of the trick either. Or the wanton, lustfilled look in the boy’s eyes. No. It wasn’t any of that, Brian kept telling himself. It couldn’t be. He was NOT turned on by the stupid little twat. It must be something else. Maybe the Rocket Fuel. Yeah, that’s what it was. It was just the drinking and the drugs making him hard, it had NOTHING whatsoever to do with the show being put on for him by the traitorous twosome.

After several more minutes of just standing there, getting more and more upset, and more and more turned on for whatever reason, Brian found himself tapping his foot and making impatient little growling noises, totally against his will. Even then, though, the pair he was glaring at continued to ignore him. Finally, thoroughly exasperated and fed up with being intentionally scorned like that, Brian broke down and loudly cleared his throat. *Ahem!*

“Oh, hey! If it isn’t Mr. No Clams! How’s tricks?” the Blond Burglar teased him when he finally looked up and acknowledged Brian’s presence. “Oh, wait! You haven’t got a trick, have you? I’m the one with the trick, aren’t I? Poor No Clams! Don’t worry, though. I’ll be done here soon and Gerry is almost always good for a second go, if you’re still interested by then,” the kid offered, never relenting for even a moment in his ongoing attentions to the tricky trick as he poked fun at the blustering Brian.

“What the fuck is your problem?” Brian demanded, standing there with arms crossed and a glowering glare on his otherwise handsome face.

“All? I haven’t got any problem. No problems here at all! I’m. Doing. Great!” And the boy emphasized his point with a particularly powerful push that ended up knocking the trick pretty forcefully against the bricks and forcing an especially juicy grunt of pleasure out of the guy. “If you ask me, YOU’RE the one with the problem, Buddy. You’re the big shot from the city with the chip on his shoulder who thinks he’s too good for the likes of some Townie. But, then again, since I’m the one with the trick and you’re standing there with the raging boner, I’d say you’d better start rethinking who the better man here really is.”
“You are seriously warped, kid. This is all just because I said I didn’t do repeats?” Brian shot back, his voice betraying exactly how much the kid’s last comment had got to him. “What are you gonna do? Follow me around all summer and try and steal all my tricks? Good luck with that! You might be hot, kid, but I’m not only hotter, I’ve got all the goods you don’t, including a full bank account and a nine and a half inch cock. Plus, I’m not busy slaving away as a short order cook in some local dive all day. Now, this is a big fucking island, and I’m pretty sure there’s enough men on it for both of us. So, why don’t you just back the fuck off and we can both go our merry ways, okay?”

“Fuck you, No Clams!” Cookie yelled, slamming with one final thrust into the trick, who chose that moment to finally shoot his substantial load all over the brick wall with a reverberating moan of ‘YESSSSSS!’. The kid pulled out abruptly, his exposed dick still hard, apparently unashamed of the fact as he turned to confront Brian with his pants still bagging around his hips. “Fuck you AND the high fucking horse you rode in on! I might just be a poor working stiff, but . . .”

“But at least you’re always stiff when it counts, Justin,” the trick interrupted with a pointed glance at the blond’s crotch and a kiss to the blond’s cheek. “You see, Mister, you might be a good fuck, or you might not. But, you see, you’re an unknown quantity. Whereas Justin here is pretty much a sure thing. And when it comes to getting fucked, I’m all for a sure thing. All your money and your status off the island don’t mean squat around here. Around here, this ‘kid’ is our King.” Then the trick pulled up his shorts, gave the beaming blond an impish grin and walked away from the still seething duo with a cursory wink as he passed Brian.

Brian watched the trick skipping away, already semi-dancing to the blaring music coming from inside the club. The flaxen haired Cookie Boy likewise watched the retreating trick for a moment or two, a supercilious smile gracing his popsicle-pink lips, before he turned his attention to removing the condom and tucking himself back into his jeans. As soon as he was put back together, the kid leaned his shoulder against the wall and stared back at Brian, apparently waiting for some kind of reaction. And all that time, Brian just stood there, his brows lowered and a skeptical, scoffing scowl screwing up his face. He simply couldn’t believe what he’d just heard. How dare that presumptuous little prick question his fucking capabilities? He was Brian FUCKING Kinney for fuck’s sake. Back in the Pitts, HE was the fucking King of Liberty Avenue and he had been for so long that his prowess went unquestioned. What the hell did some snot-nosed little pissant like Loverboy know about anything? Let alone some pre-pubescent wannabe like that fucker Cookie?

The kid seemed to sense that Brian was about to blow a gasket and, for some reason, he felt sorry for the big guy. Brian really hadn’t been a bad fuck. And he was gorgeous, even though he was on the older side. Yeah, his stupid rules about no repeats and the arrogant way he’d blown Justin off had pissed the younger man off, but now that he’d cooled down a bit - and got a tiny bit of revenge by stealing the tourist guy’s trick right out from under his dick - he could maybe empathize a little with the guy. So, even though he was still on the angry side, Justin tried to soften the blow a little for this newbie.
“Look, Buddy, no offense, but around here your kind is a dime a dozen. I’ve seen thousands of summer renters come through here just like you. They’ve got money and generally think that alone makes them something special. They show up every Memorial Day weekend, strut around and talk big, flash a lot of cash and then throw a few house parties in their ultra-cool beach rentals. But just because you’ve got money and arrogance, doesn’t mean that anyone’s going to remember you past Labor Day. You’re not going to impress anybody that way except for a bunch of other mindless tourists. So, forgive those of us who live here for not kowtowing to your temporary magnificence. If you don’t want anything more to do with us, then you can hardly complain when we don’t want anything to do with you.”

As soon as he’d said his piece, Justin gave the still brooding brunet a half-apologetic smile, pushed himself away from the alley wall and started to turn back towards the door heading back into the club. Brian, however, wasn’t about to let the kid go just like that. No way was some townie going to talk to him like that and then just walk away so dismissively. Brian reached out and grabbed hold of the bossy youth’s wrist before he got more than two steps away.

“Hold on there, Cookie,” Brian demanded, pulling the svelte body back towards him. “Where do you get off talking to me like that? Hmm? You don’t know shit about me or where I come from. I’m not just some fucking trust fund flunky spending my daddy’s money here for the summer. I fucking earned whatever money I have - just like I earned my reputation for being the best fuck around back home. I worked damn hard for both and I don’t need some smart-assed teenie-bopper like you telling me my business or giving me shit about who I fuck or how I go about it. You don’t know me, so don’t fucking judge me.”

“Whatever, Dude,” Justin shrugged and peeled Brian’s fingers away from his wrist. “Didn’t mean to jump to conclusions. I’m sure you’ll have a lovely time here on the island for the summer. Even with all your ridiculous rules and that huge chip on your shoulder. More power to you, guy! Happy hunting and good luck!”

“You know what, fuck you, Cookie!” Brian yelled at the kid’s retreating form, even more irate at the kid’s offhand dismissal of him than he had been when confronted with Loverboy’s overt rudeness. “I WILL have a lovely fucking summer. It’s already guaranteed, provided that I stay the fuck away from you and your egotistical ass for the next three months.”

“Trust me, my egotistical ass wants NOTHING more to do with you, Dude,” Cookie hollered back cavalierly as he continued to back away from Brian’s irate stand in the alleyway. “But, like I said before, that’s your loss, because you’re not going to find a hotter ass or a better fuck anywhere on Fire Island. So, if you ever decide to waive your no-repeats rule, come find me. I guarantee you’ll have a better time with me than you would with any other schlep you hook up with this summer. But then, you’ll never know that, will you? You’ve got that stupid ass RULE . . .”
“Has anyone ever told you that you’re the most infuriating, exasperating, tiring, conceited, talkative twinkie to ever walk the fucking Earth?” Brian was practically screaming at this point, completely overcome by an almost irrational anger at the uppity little snot who just would not shut up about the damn no-repeat thing.

“Actually, yes!” Justin laughed at the red-faced tower of rage that was now so steamed up he looked like he was about to erupt. “I know I’m infuriating. But, as we’ve already established, I’m also the best fuck on this rinky little island, so I generally get away with it.”

*Ergh!* “I have never in my whole fucking life met anyone even half as arrogant as you, damn it!” Brian bristled still further, stomping closer to the bratty little blond so that he could stare down at him disdainfully. “I seriously doubt you’re even half as good as you claim. It’s just that your ego is so fucking huge you can’t see around it to find the truth - you’re just another fucking dime-a-dozen twinkie with delusions of grandeur.”

“If that’s what you have to think to make yourself feel better about that stupid ‘No Repeats’ thing, big guy, then you just keep telling yourself that,” Justin responded, unable to stop himself from egging the newcomer on even though he knew it was petty. “Seriously though, guy, ask around. You’re not gonna find anybody around here who knows better than me how to have a good time. In fact, I’ll bet you anything you want that I could show you a better time this summer than you’ve ever had in all your sad, long life. You’d be so fucking entertained - not to mentioned entertained by fucking me - that by the end of the summer you’d be begging me to follow you home.”

“Yeah, well, you’d fucking lose that bet, Cookie. I’ve never yet met the man I wanted to spend more than one night with. That’s not how I work. I’m more of the in and out, no repeats, get the maximum amount of pleasure with the minimum amount of bullshit, kind of guy.” Brian insisted with his usual air of superiority. “The main reason I don’t do repeats is because fucking the same guy twice is just plain boring. Once I’ve had someone, I’ve had him. Why bother with a second go round? Leftovers just aren’t my style.”

“And you say I’m arrogant? I’m pretty sure there’s a picture of you next to the definition of the word in the dictionary!” the furious little fireball retorted with a flare of his own anger. “Tell you what, Stud, since I happen to know for a fact that you’re so full of shit that your gorgeous hazel eyes are in danger of turning brown, I’m going to teach you a lesson. For your own good, of course. How about this . . . I’ll bet you that I can, indeed, keep you fully entertained for the entire summer and in the process show you the best fucking time you’ve ever had in your entire life.” The kid paused, looking the man standing in front of him up and down, noting once again the expensive, designer clothing, the Eyeconics sunglasses in the shirt pocket and even the latest version of Burberry sandals on the well-manicured feet and, with a calculating gleam in his avaricious blue eyes, decided to make his play. “If I fail, and for some unimaginable reason you actually manage to find time to get bored with my brand of summertime fun, then I will personally admit to everyone on the entire island - in whatever format you desire - that you are the best fuck ever in the history of gay men and that I totally bow down at your feet. You can even take a fucking ad out in the Fire Island Tides
“Like I fucking need the help,” Brian scoffed haughtily. “And, if you win . . . what then?”

“If I win, then you take me with you at the end of the summer,” Justin stated plainly, with a self-assured sneer.

“What? And do what with you after I leave?” Brian was completely taken off guard by this demand, coming out of the blue like it was.

“I want off this fucking island. Permanently,” the kid announced without any hesitation. “I’ve lived here since my parents divorced when I was twelve and I am bored to tears with the place. Summers are okay, I guess, but in the off season it’s so fucking dead, half the time I wanna kill myself just so I’ll have something to do. So, if I win, you’ll take me with you to wherever it is you make all the money you use to pay for your fancy clothing and summer beach house. You’ve got to be loaded - dressed like that and all - which means you’ve got connections. Maybe get me a job or something? Whatever it takes so I can finally get the hell away from here for good.”

“You’re serious?” Brian scoffed at the ludicrous idea that, not only would he be content to play with this one guy for a full three months, but that he’d somehow agree to take the kid with him at the end of the summer. “That’s insane. Nobody would take you up on that kind of crazy bet. I’m not in the market for a permanent fucking houseboy, Cookie. You can keep your title of King.”

“Not so fast, Stud. You haven’t even given the idea a chance!” the kid insisted, his eyes sweeping around the remaining denizens of the alleyway until he spotted what he was looking for. “Tell you what, how about I give you a free sample of what I’m offering? Just a taste to prove to you that I can come through on my promises. How does that sound, huh?”

“This whole idea is totally fucking nuts, you know,” Brian maintained, even though he was becoming rather intrigued, against his will, by the idea of trying out a ‘sample’ of whatever it was this yammering youth thought he could procure.

“Hey, Brayden! Brock! Got a second guys?” the Cookie Boy hollered over his shoulder, causing two white-blond heads to detach themselves from amongst a group of men loitering near the entrance of the alley. As soon as the two almost pigmentless men got close enough, Cookie wrapped an arm around each of their shoulders and nudged them closer to where Brian was waiting. “These are my buddies, Brayden and Brock. In case you couldn’t tell, they’re twins. And they also give the best blow jobs on the island. Guys, say hello to Mr. No Clams and his great, big, juicy, nine-inch cock.”
The next few minutes were a bit confusing when Brian tried to think back about it later. He didn’t remember actually agreeing to anything and yet, somehow, he found himself following along behind the two intriguing young men with their erotically pale skin and snow white hair, as they trotted down the street, heading out towards the dunes on the edge of the beach. The entire time, the bold Cookie Boy was guiding him along with one hand nestled in the small of Brian’s back, urging him forward physically as well as verbally with a continued stream of naughty innuendos about the sexual prowess of their intended tricks. Brian’s head was too full of fleshly fantasies to actually think straight. Not that he wanted to stop long enough to think, straight or otherwise.

When they reached the expanse of sand, the towheaded twins ran ahead, reaching a large trunk of driftwood on the beach long before Brian and Justin did. The next thing he knew, the two were stripping naked and high-fiving each other over their impending good fortune. Right as they reached the driftwood pile, Brian could see the pair of tricks playing a quick game of rock, paper, scissors, presumably to see who got to blow whom.

Some kind of decision was apparently made by the time he and his Cookie guide caught up to the pair since, as soon as the new arrivals dropped trou and sat on the trunk, the twins switched places in front of them. Brian’s teasing trunk mate laughed outright at the boys’ antics, but Brian himself wasn’t quite ready for laughter yet. The traitorous trick from earlier had questioned his virility and now he needed to prove to himself that his age didn’t mean shit. Besides, sex was a serious business to the man better known as the Stud of Liberty Avenue - it wasn’t a laughing matter.

Brian was already hard, just from watching the playfully swinging, pale white dicks in his vicinity. A glance at his neighbor showed Cookie was enjoying the show as well. Apparently he hadn’t been the only one enjoying a stream of raunchy fantasies playing though his mind on the walk over.

Brian turned sideways and dropped one leg on either side of the ancient, water-smoothed log, leaning back on his hands and making a display of his legendary cock. No way was he going to lay or sit on the sand. He had learned that lesson on Spring Break his first year of college. No sand in the crack for him, no sirree! But there was nothing at all wrong with this nice wide piece of driftwood.

The feisty flaxon-haired flirt that had started all this faced him from the other end of the trunk and mimicked his pose, a gamine grin splitting his mock-innocent face and a know-it-all twinkle in his eye. The twins settled themselves between them, buttcheek to buttcheek and got right down to business. Their positions left an open line of sight for Brian and Cookie to watch each other and still see the bare, bobbing backs of the bobsie twins.

Brian had to admit, only to himself of course, that the cock on the Cookie Boy - now seen at full mast for the first time - was nothing short of impressive. Given the lad’s twinkie physique, he would have expected something smaller. After fucking Loverboy back in the alley, the kid had seemed well
above average, but now, with no distractions and no reason to hurry, the kid’s cock was assuredly praiseworthy. Easily nine gloriously pale pink inches and evidencing an astounding girth of at least four and a half inches, if Brian was any kind of judge. Which he was. An expert, really.

He closed his eyes, tipping his head back to better enjoy the wonderful slide of his cock between willing lips. The tricky twin had definite skills. He applied pressure well, kept the suction at a peak, and was already inviting Brian’s cock deeper into the recesses of his throat. All in all, not too bad, if not terribly inventive.

Brian cracked his eyelids to take a peek at his Cookie companion. The kid was something else altogether. The young stud had his hand fisted in the hair of his own twin, thrusting hard into the straining mouth, his face twisted into lines of pleasurable pain, completely engrossed in the moment. Brian was utterly transfixed by the licentious scene. It was one of the hottest things he had ever seen and that was saying alot considering Brian’s wealth of experience. He would not, however, admit to the fact that the noises the bad little blond boy was making were hotter than the blow job he was recieving. Obviously the kid didn’t care who heard what as his pleasure increased and Brian instinctively started thrusting in time with his compatriot’s moans.

Brian was only just getting into his own pleasure when the kid gasped out his orgasm and his twin sat up with a triumphant smile. It was like he had won some kind of prize or something. Brian wasn’t aware they were in a race, so he just leaned back a little further and let himself revel in the ongoing pleasure.

The next thing Brian knew, Cookie had risen from his seat on the log and shooed off the now idle twin. When the kid proceeded to straddle the log and then fished out something small and foil-wrapped from his pants pocket, Brian suddenly realized what was going on. He sneaked a peek at the bodacious blond’s crotch and came to the conclusion that he was not the only one on the island with the ability to come and stay hard. The boy’s cock had barely flagged and by the time he rolled on a condom, shoved some lube in the towheaded trick’s trembling tunnel, and forced his way inside, it was clear that he was again as hard as a steel rod. Brian let a grin slip. He couldn’t help it if he’d always been a bit of a size queen. And that massive meat truncheon was definitely worthy of a little queening.

Brian did what he could to dissociate himself from his bobbing trick while still keeping an eye on the Tireless Twink. He did a pretty good job of it too, since he almost forgot all about the tasty trick tucked between his thighs as the Twinkie Chef behind stared him down - all the while thrusting that huge dick into the panting mass of man pinned between them. Brian didn’t really even take notice of the spare trick, who was now standing off the side and slowly masturbating as he watched the rest of the proceedings, providing a symphonic accompaniment of moans and grunts as he watched his brother being happily skewered from both ends.

Brian closed his eyes again since the blow job was even better now with the additional rocking of the
twin’s body as the creative little Cookie thrust his way ever faster and harder. Meanwhile, Blue and Hazel collided, danced and challenged each other until the shish kebabled twin could take no more. The bedeviled boy blew his load, moaning around Brian’s cock throughout his lengthy climax, and then collapsed, draped over the log like a deflated fuck doll, unable to even speak coherently afterwards. The superfluous trick followed on his brother’s heels, shooting his own load strongly enough to splatter his twin’s creamy white back, and then collapsed next to his sibling on the log.

Brian, who had been rather enjoying himself, but who was determined to prove something nonetheless, had a moment of doubt that he could hold back as the heady aroma of sex and salt air wafted around him. At the last minute, he managed to clamp down the rising waves of his own release, but just barely. A quick glance up at the blond who’d just done in his second towheaded trick, showed him that Cookie was having an equally difficult time right that moment.

Justin had to admit, this troublesome tourist had staying power. The big guy’s earlier bragging didn’t seem quite so exaggerated anymore. The young local had a moment of hesitation, wondering if he had maybe bitten off more than he could chew, when a superior gleam lit the face of his competition.

That was all it took, though, to renew Justin’s sense of competition. No way was he gonna let some tourist come in and show him up. It may not be a big island, but it was HIS island.

Justin pushed the sweating, trembling tricks off the log and took two steps closer to the visitor, stroking his leaking cock the whole way and licking his lips suggestively.

“Looks like it’s just you and me now, Stud. I’ll admit, you certainly seem dedicated to winning. But I’m not willing to concede just yet.”

Brian fisted his cock, ignoring the words coming out of those perfect lips and instead imagined them around his dick. The way they pursed, not to mention the way that perfect little pink tongue would peek out every now and then, was doing more to edge him towards the end than all the prior trick’s ministrations had managed. He was so into it, he almost missed what the kid said next.

“. . . tiebreaker. Are you as good as you think you are, Stud? If so, what do you say? Shall we?”

Brian must have nodded, although he didn’t really remember that part and didn’t know at the time what exactly he was agreeing to. The next thing he knew, his Cookie Boy had him lying back, all the way reclined along the length of the driftwood log and was straddling his head with that big, thick cock dangling in his face. When he finally felt those luscious lips locking onto his leaking lengths, Brian couldn’t quite hold back the moan of ecstasy that escaped him. Of course, when he
did open his mouth to voice his approval more eloquently, the big roll of Cookie dough was immediately shoved down his throat, and from there on in he was too busy to bother with words.

Their subsequent sixty-nine competition was rough and tumble in more ways than one. To start with they were rather precariously perched on the log and only really held in place by Cookie’s legs since Brian’s ended up crooked over an awkwardly placed branch. And the more insistent the blowing got, with each man grappling at the other’s legs as they tried to maintain a handhold, the less stable their perch became. Things became really serious, though, when Justin moved so that he was kneeling atop the rounded surface of the log in order to get more leverage with his slightly shorter body. As the passion mounted, the sand supporting the big log was partially dislodged and their mount started rocking. Before either one knew what was what, the log was rolling from side to side, aiding and abetting the rocking caused by two bobbing heads.

It didn’t take all that long before Justin realized he was perilously close to the end of his fortitude. He was gonna blow like Mount Vesuvius any second. And it didn’t look like his tourist trick was quite that ready. He wasn’t about to let the guy win though. Way too much was riding on this little race. Justin, however, wasn’t the kind of guy to go out without a fight.

And he wasn’t above fighting dirty.

Using one hand to quickly spread the tourist’s thighs a tad bit further apart, Justin resolutely poked the long index finger of his other hand deep inside the big guy’s tight little pucker, crooking the tip just right so that he jabbed that sweet stud’s sweet spot dead on.

Bingo! The big brunet blew right on command! Justin shot his wad ten seconds later. And, in the process, they both toppled off the shaky log into the sand below, with Brian on the bottom of the pile, ass downward atop the biggest pile of sand ever shoved up a tender, recently-violated asshole in the history of gay sex.

Today’s theme music: Talking Body

Chapter End Notes

6/6/16 - Credit and thanks go out to Samcdee, Cookiebun & most especially to Saje for their assistance on the first two chapters. Thanks for helping me get this story launched! Now that it seems that the bet is on, it’s time to move on to the real competition! Please come help us think up some ideas for how, exactly, Justin’s going to keep our Brian busy all summer!
Chapter Notes

After much sandy introspection, Brian finally agrees to Justin’s summertime proposal. And they seal with deal the way you’d expect for Brian and Justin . . . Enjoy! TAG

*****Extreme Humor warning - make sure nothing spillable is near the computer before you start reading, just in case*****

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 3 - Song of Sand.

Brian finally came to his senses just enough to realize he was ass down in the sand with a sweaty pair of perfect buttcheeks hovering too close to his chin. He didn’t give it much thought, though, since he was still trying to wrap his head around the fact that he had just nearly passed out after receiving the best blow job of his life. However, the weight of the bodacious blond on top of him was making it hard to draw a full breath so he raised a limp arm and half heartedly smacked the aforementioned perfect appendage with a good *whap* to get the fucker to move.

There followed a grunt, a tired groan, and a gradual slide to the side, releasing Brian from captivity. It seemed his Cookie Companion had been just about as done in as he’d been. Brian eventually managed to sit up, swiping the back of his hand across his own perspiring brow, and felt the sand shift under his posterior.

“Fuck!” Brian swore with enough venom to have the Beautiful Bobsie Twins running off for parts unknown, grabbing their shorts on the way and trying to dress on the run.

Brian rolled onto his knees, trying not to get any additional sand where it shouldn’t be. He ended up on all fours while he struggled to gather the rest of his wits about him. He could already feel the gritty little grains insinuating themselves where they had no right to be. He stood on shaky legs, doing his best to wipe away the offending intruders from his crack, but only succeeded in introducing more, since his hands were also covered with the fine white sand.
His growl of abject frustration brought the little Cookie’s head around to check out the commotion.

For his part, Justin had all he could do not to laugh out loud at the hysterical spinning, swearing, and swiping of the tourist as he tried to simultaneously see and clean his own ass. The more he spun, the more he swore, and Justin couldn’t hold back the laughter any more.

His giggling peals of hilarity broke Brian out of his ministrations long enough to glower at him. Finally giving up on the sand extrication, Brian sat back down on the log and began gathering up his clothes.

“This is why I don’t have sex on the beach, you little twat! Do you have any idea what kinds of nasty things live in sand? Not to mention that I’ll be digging it out of my ass for days!”

Justin laughed so hard at that he actually fell off the back side of the log again, hitting the ground with even more giggling, if that were possible.

Of course none of this did anything to make Brian any calmer. To illustrate his point, he stalked over to the silly twat and squatted over his face so the younger man could see exactly what he was talking about.

“See!?! It’s fucking everywhere!” Brian shouted, giving his ass a wiggle to emphasize his point.

The annoying Cookie laughed even harder at the big ole drama queen and squeaked out a reply. “Sorry, Big Guy, but it’s a little dark out for a full proctology exam. I don’t know what it is you expect me to see.”

Brian stood up in a huff, “This is all your fault! If it weren’t for you, my ass would still be sand free.”

“How is this MY fault? If I seem to recall correctly, you played a big part in the experience too. I didn’t give myself a blow job - although I have tried it before, but I’m just not quite that limber yet.”

Brian only paused to contemplate the final part of that sentence for a moment before he remember he was still supposed to be angry. “Yeah, well, if you hadn’t climbed up on the log, we wouldn’t have ended up in the sand!” Brian was sure of his superior logic. In fact, he was so sure, he had an epiphany. “In fact, as penance, I think you should be the one responsible for getting each and every grain of sand out of my ass, since you are the reason they’re there in the first place.”
Justin eyed him curiously. Did that mean the Big Guy wanted more of his company? Did it mean he was going to break his RULES, and let him be the summer’s entertainment? Technically, he HAD won the blow job showdown, which meant that the tourist would have to accept the bet he’d proposed earlier. Justin wasn’t going to force himself on the man, though. Not if the guy really and truly wasn’t interested. There was only one way to find out if the guy really was serious . . . go home with him, help him clean the sand from his crack and, in the process, give the guy the best fingering of his life. If the guy could send him away after that, then there really was no hope for him.

Brian worried for a moment when The Cocky Cookie spent a long moment thinking. But, next thing he knew, the kid’s contemplative expression turned back into that sparkle of mischief and the kid jumped up to quickly finish putting on his clothes. Brian was still standing there, mute, when the beautiful blond looked over his shoulder and said, “Well? Let’s get a move on, big guy. That sand’s not going to get less itchy while we stand around here all night. Did you walk or bike?”

Brian drew on his shorts, once again not sure what he had just agreed to, and mumbled “bike”.

Justin nodded sagely. “Well, I hope your place isn’t far since we will be walking.” Brian raised a brow in question and the sneaky twink threw him an unapologetic grin. “You certainly won’t be riding with all that sand in your crack.”

Brian quickly donned his clothing and trotted after the retreating Cookie. They made it back to the bar, a trip that seemed to take less time than coming out had, and Brian motioned towards the bike rack lining the sidewalk. Laughter rang out again, as he unlocked the security chain and pulled his bike from the lineup.

“What the fuck is so funny now?”

“Not only do you have the most expensive bike on the island, but you are the only person that bothers with a security chain.”

“So? I paid good money for this thing, I’m not gonna let some drunken twat steal it.”

Brian started walking down the lane, steering the bicycle, while Cookie walked on the other side, doing his best to try and figure out the tourist.

“So, are you gonna take it with you when you leave?”
“I hadn’t planned on it. What use do I have for a bike in the Pitts?”

“You spent 1500 dollars on a bike you are only going to use for three months? Man, you really are high maintenance aren’t you?” The blond was shaking his head, as if there really was no hope for Brian at all.

“I like having the best of the best, and I’m willing to pay for it. What the hell is so wrong with that?”

“Nothing, I suppose.” The little blond was eying him with a speculative look that seemed to bore into Brian’s soul a little too deeply.

“You suppose?” Brian added some extra snarkiness to his tone out of a need for some semblance of personal defense.

“It just makes me wonder, I guess.” The kid looked at his companion once again, tilting his head a bit to the side as if examining a particularly interesting and hitherto unknown insect species - a look that made Brian even more itchy than the sand up his ass.

“About what?” Brian couldn’t help but ask even though he wasn’t sure he wanted to know what the kid was thinking.

“Why you’re so dead set against hiring me for the summer. I am, after all, the hottest thing on this island. It has already been established that I am also the best Top AND Bottom. Plus, I give spectacular head . . .”

Brian snorted.

“. . . And you said you are willing to pay for the best of the best, so . . . why not me?”

“What are you - a fucking hustler?”

“No, but paying me with a job at the end of the summer - if I do a good job entertaining you - seems
like a fair trade, and if you feel like I deserve a tip, you could even throw in that bike too.”

Brian eyed the boy, coming to the easy conclusion that the kid was smarter than he seemed. He was pretty easy on the eyes too, especially out here under the starlight which seemed to spark little gleams off that mop of bright blond hair. Brian kept stealing surreptitious little glances at the boy as they continued walking side by side with only the bike in between them. He remembered thinking earlier in the day that even though the kid wasn’t his usual type, there was still something striking about him. If anything, that impression had only grown stronger as the night wore on. And now, here he was, having invited this crazy-assed, infuriating, hot little fucker home with him. Brian wondered what the hell he’d been thinking. It had seemed like a good idea at the time, but what was he going to do with the kid after the sand extraction job was over? Was he really going to take the kid up on that insane bet of his?

The entire evening had felt surreal and this moonlit walk even more so. He’d barely had a chance to catch his breath, let alone take the time to think through the kid’s wild proposal. But now that he did have the chance . . . well, it didn’t seem all that nuts.

The way Brian saw it, the whole proposition was a win for him no matter what the outcome. The kid did seem to know his way around the nightlife on the island pretty damn well. He also seemed to possess an ass that knew its way around a cock. Brian even had to admit that so far he liked all the friends the little Cookie had introduced him to - case in point, those hot-bodied, pale-skinned twins and their phenomenal blow job skills that he really wouldn’t have minded spending more time with. If Cookie had a bunch more friends like that, Brian imagined that the kid might be able to keep him entertained for a least a few weeks.

So was there really any downside to that kind of bet? Brian didn’t think there was any way in hell the kid could win outright. No way was any one man going to keep him occupied for an entire summer. Most of the time Brian was bored with a trick before he’d even finished fucking the guy. Even this crazy kid and all his townie buddies weren’t likely to be able to amuse Brian for more than a night or two. A couple weeks, maybe, tops. Nobody had THAT many friends, right? But for as long as it lasted, Brian was willing to play along.

At the very least he’d probably get a few nights of good fucking out of it, maybe learn the lay of the land as far as which clubs and bars were the best and maybe even finally get those fucking fried clams he’d been craving. And when he did get bored, he’d declare the game over and kick the kid to the curb.

If, by some miracle, the kid somehow really did manage to win this thing - a virtual impossibility in Brian's mind, but he always planned for every contingency nonetheless - the worst case scenario was he took the kid back to Pittsburgh with him at the end of the summer and gave him a job at Kinnetik. They could always use another minimum wage flunky to run errands and make copies, right? No hardship to Brian, really. And if he got an entire summer of fun out of the deal, like the kid said, it
would be worth the price of giving him a job.

There was really no way Brian could lose.

Basically, the only difficulty would be having to endure being around Cookie pretty much constantly for however long he chose to tolerate the deal. Yeah, the kid was a total brat, but Brian figured he could tolerate even that as long as he was getting plenty of action to distract him. Other than that, the kid wasn’t really so bad. He seemed intelligent enough and, except when he was being annoying, he was even kinda funny. Another sideways glance reassured Brian that the boy was also truly easy on the eyes - having to look at him wouldn’t be any hardship at all. Between those bluer-than-blue eyes, that honkin’ huge, almost infectious smile and that hot, tight little bod, there really was very little to complain about. Throw in the fact that he’d been a really enthusiastic fuck and gave just about the best head Brian had ever experienced and . . . well, the kid did sort of grow on you.

Actually, now that he thought about it, that fuck in the bathroom earlier HAD been pretty hot. Brian could just imagine how much better it would have been back at the house - with a bed - where he could take his time. He certainly wouldn’t mind exploring that tempting, lithe, well hung body a little further. If anyone could tempt Brian to rethink his no repeats thing, it would definitely be this Cookie Boy. And so what if he did? It wasn’t like anyone around here knew him or his reputation as the Stud of Liberty Avenue. Here on Fire Island, Brian was, in essence, completely anonymous. He could be whoever he wanted to be. Act however he chose. Make up new rules or completely throw every rule out the window if he wanted. There was nobody here that would know he was acting out of character or who’d give him shit about it, so why not? What harm could there be in taking the boy for a second ride on Brian’s bologna pony? As long as the kid was game, Brian figured he’d be willing to go another round . . . or two. What the hell!

At this point in his ruminations, Brian finally looked up and realized they were only about a block from the house. It was time to decide what, exactly, he planned to do with Cookie and this ridiculous bet of his. The bottom line seemed to be that having the kid around and letting him try to win the silly bet he’d proposed wouldn’t be so bad. He could at least give the kid a try. If the kid won the bet, he’d happily give him some kind of job and help him get out of the small town where he grew up. Even if the kid won, Brian would be the ultimate winner, and there really was no downside that he could see.

With a sigh of relief and the certitude that he’d thought things through to their logical conclusion, Brian decided then and there to give the kid a trial period. And a second fuck. He stopped walking and stuck out his right hand.

“By the way, my name isn’t ‘Dude’ or ‘Mr. No Clams’. It’s Brian Kinney.”

The Cookie, who’d been walking along silently and patiently letting his new acquaintance think,
instantly blasted him with a megawatt smile, grasped the offered hand and shook vigorously. “Justin Taylor, at your service.”

“We’ll see about that.” Brian grinned and resumed walking, his ass chafing more with every step they took.

About a hundred yards from the beach house, Brian shoved the bike into Cookie’s hands, gave the kid a pained half-smile and sped up his pace. His gait was awkward and stilted, but he was determined. By the time he reached the door he was naked, his clothes dropped somewhere behind him. He headed straight for the shower and that miracle of modern inventions, the hand held shower head.

Justin picked up the discarded clothing as he followed at a more sedate pace, taking in the luxury of the building and the oceanside atmosphere. He had seen his share of vacation homes on the island but this one took luxury to a whole new level. It was crisp and modern with every convenience known to man. He left the bike leaning against the inside of the deck railing and let himself in through the still wide-open door, continuing his approving perusal throughout the interior.

At the sound of footsteps, Brian’s head poked from the bathroom door and he caught Justin gawking. “Get that perky ass in here, you’ve got a job to do, Cookie.”

With a big grin on his cherubic face, Justin dropped the clothes he was carrying and shed his own. He made it to the bathroom in time to see Brian bent over, leaning on the shower tiles with the hand held shower head aimed directly at his ass crack. Smirking to himself, Justin wordlessly entered the huge shower stall and elbowed Brian out from under the jets so he could get himself wet. He peeked and saw Brian admiring him so he made a show of it, exaggerating his movements and sliding his hand slowly over his nipples, keeping the other one busy on his cock.

Brian watched the teasing twink for a few minutes, more than enjoying the show, until his dick was harder than a quantum physics proof. He had every intention of doing what needed to be done to remedy that problem, but when he moved to turn the boy around, the feeling of grit in his ass reminded him of what he was supposed to be doing.

“Knock it off already with the sex kitten act, Cookie. You’re supposed to be cleaning my ass, not fondling yourself. Here. Do something useful.” Brian ordered and shoved the hand unit at the kid.

“Yes, Sir! Right away, Sir!” Justin teased, taking the shower nozzle in hand as Brian presented him with his svelte and shapely backside. The taller man braced an arm on the wall and bent a little at the waist, head leaning on his arm.
A devilish gleam lit the blond’s eyes and as soon as his companion settled comfortably, he knelt and spread the smooth, tanned, leanly-muscled buttocks, and exposed the gritty pink pucker. Shit, Justin thought, the poor guy really did have a lot of sand in there. Brian handed back a bottle of expensive shower gel and Justin wasted no time in squirting a healthy dose directly into the opening, making Brian wince.

“Not exactly what I meant for you to do with it, Cookie . . .” Brian commented dryly.

Justin suddenly realized that the soap probably burned the sore and abraded skin. “Uh, sorry. I’ll rinse it out . . .” he stammered lamely, quickly redirecting the aim of the shower spray.

“It’s a little late for that, kid,” Brian groused, peering over his shoulder to where the kid was kneeling behind him. “Just get rid of the sand and call it a day. My high is fading fast and this is not at all what I'd call ‘entertaining’. You definitely aren't going to win your way to gainful employment with my company if this is the best you got.”

“So, you're saying the bet is officially on? Starting now?” Justin asked just to clarify things.

“Sure. I figure, what the hell! Give it your best shot, Cookie. You keep me amused till Labor Day and I'll gladly pay your way outta here. But you better get started ‘cause you're already on the clock and I'm not even close to being amused yet.” Brian noted the flare of hope that lit up the younger man's face at this admittedly high-handed pronouncement and found himself grinning back.

“I guarantee you won't regret this,” Justin assured him with yet another of those big beautiful beaming smiles that Brian would probably call adorable . . . if he was a total lesbian.

“I know I won't, Cookie - that's another one of my rules: ‘No excuses, no apologies and no regrets’. And not even that perky, plump ass of yours is gonna talk me into abandoning that one.” Brian resettled himself into position with his head resting on his arms against the tiles. “Now, let's get this shit over with so we can get on with the part where you start showing me endless amounts of heretofore unknown pleasure.”

“Why wait till later, Boss,” Justin answered, practically purring over the word ‘boss’ till it sounded ridiculously decadent for a title that Brian had been called a thousand times.

The enthusiastic Cookie didn't wait for Brian to respond to his rhetorical question before he went
happily to work. He quickly filled the palm of his right hand with another generous dollop of the shower gel - which worked quite nicely in lieu of lube as the hand got busy caressing and stroking Brian's cock and balls - while he carefully aimed the high-powered shower head at the still sandy crevices of the affected posterior using the other hand. He took his time making sure that as much of the external sand was gone as possible. Any ongoing discomfort Brian might have been feeling from the abraded areas in the back was completely overlooked as he lost himself in the sensuous stroking of the long, nimble fingers fondling him in front.

When Justin was sure that his new employer was far enough gone from the helpful handjob, he momentarily aimed the hand unit at his own face for long enough to get a mouthful of the warm water, then let the shower head drop and turned his head back towards the freshly rinsed folds. Without faltering in his rhythmic attentions to Brian's cock, he rose up on his knees behind the slightly parted legs, pressed his lips directly against the tight little star and gently blew a stream of water deeper inside. He immediately followed that with his long, strong tongue, laving at the tender flesh inside with the utmost care, making sure that he'd got rid of every single irritating grain of sand. Just to be certain that he hadn't missed anything, the diligent young man spent several minutes at this task. He poked his tongue in deeply and prodded at the sensitive tissues inside, over and over again. He wanted to be thorough. It was important that he not fail to give attention to a single millimeter of Brian's tender flesh. And, whenever he thought it necessary, he tried to add in a little nibble or a tiny suck, just in case there were any remaining, stubborn morsels of sand left behind. In a last ditch effort to ensure that he hadn't missed even one microscopic fleck of sand that might still be hiding in some deep recess, Justin even went so far as to add a long, questing finger and, using the extra length of the digit employed to reach every last hard-to-reach spot, attentively applied a few generous swipes to Brian's prostate.

Judging by the increasingly loud and erotic moans issuing from the object of these attentions, it seemed that Brian approved of his attendant's painstaking care. If anything, the patient seemed to be demanding even more attention, grunting out requests for, “more. Deeper. Yes. Fuck, yes! Right there, Cookie! Right fucking there! Oh, fuck, YES!” until it seemed that Brian was fully satisfied by the thoroughness of the cleaning services, as evidenced by the fact he screamed out one last, drawn-out “YESSSSS!” shot his load against the tile wall of the shower and then dropped bonelessly to his knees next to Justin on the floor.

The dedicated young caregiver was so gratified when his new employer seemed happy with his services that, in his own moment of rapture, Justin reached a similar level of satisfaction right about the same time Brian joined him on the tiled floor. The jubilant streamers of jizz that decorated Brian's face and chest as a result were proof positive that doing your job well was its own reward. From the copious quantities of cum dripping down Brian's torso, it was obvious that Cookie had felt extremely rewarded. So much so that he fell immediately into Brian's arms, sagging a little himself with sheer joy.

A good five minutes or more later, the now exhausted pair finally levered themselves up out of the bottom of the shower and staggered over to the big master bed. Brian was seemingly too tired to
notice the way he solicitously held up the blankets for his guest. Or the way he wrapped his long limbs around the smaller body. Or even the way he snuggled closer, burying his head into the crook of the boy’s neck so he could enjoy more of the scent of fresh, clean, young male. But, then again, a good, thorough, cleaning can do that to a guy sometimes, you know?

“Night, Cookie,” Brian mumbled right before sleep completely claimed him. “Not bad for your first night, by the way. But don’t get too comfortable. I’ll most likely get bored of you tomorrow.”

Song of Sand - Tonight’s theme music.

Chapter End Notes

6/7/16 - Credit for much of this chapter goes to Saje - not sure when exactly she sleeps or eats or takes any breaks at all from her writing, but I’m thankful for the heaps of creativity I garnered from her attentions. Credit for the final line of the chapter goes to Hubs - who it turns out is too adorable for words AND is a closet Princess Bride fan. Thanks, Hubs. Samdee, as usual, served as an excellent research tool and thesaurus. I mean, who knew there were so many synonyms for ass? I’ll be trying to use every single one of them before I’m done with this story. BTW - I believe this is the world’s first attempt to write a humorous yet still erotic rimming scene and I’m dying to hear if you liked it or not. Please review and let me know if I hit the mark or totally fell flat.

This is the point, however, we we need your help, readers. The storyline is set up and from here on out, we just need to come up with ways for Justin to keep Brian entertained. But how? What do you want to see? All ideas will be appreciated and any we use will get you credit. Please come and join us as we write or leave your ideas with your comments on the story. I need you! Justin needs you. Brian really needs you. Please help me and together we’ll write the best summer fun story ever! TAG
The aroma of freshly brewed, dark, Columbian Roast coffee wafting under his nose was what woke Brian up the following morning.

That heavenly experience was followed about thirty seconds later by the heavy plop of a rather weighty body landing on top of him. “Time to rise and shine, Boss!” the voice that was attached to the heavy body announced in a voice that was far too cheerful for that time of the morning. “Oooo! I see at least one part of you has already risen for the day.” This statement was followed by quite a bit of wiggling, whereby the body straddling him managed to rub his morning woody into an even greater state of arousal. “If you’re a good boy, we’ll take care of that next. But first, you need your breakfast!”

Brian had managed to pry open one eyelid by this point and glared with it at the overly-enthusiastic boy bouncing around on his middle. “Fuck off,” was all he managed to grunt out by way of a morning greeting.

“Nope. I told you, fucking comes later. Right now we need to feed you,” Justin reassured merrily. “If you’re going to keep up with me for the summer, you’re going to need all your strength. So, first we get you fed, then I fuck you and then you’ll be all set. Now, open up or you’ll miss out on the best beignet on the island.”

“Listen up, Cookie Boy,” Brian cut him off before the overly-convivial wake up service could go any further. “First of all, I’m on vacation. That means, that for the first time in about five years, I DON’T have a compelling need to be up at the crack of dawn. Therefore, if you value your life, I’d advise that you never again wake me up before I’m ready.” The slightly deflated Cookie looked like he was about to reply, but Brian held up a hand to halt him and continued. “Secondly, I rarely eat breakfast and never - I repeat, NEVER - eat crap like beignets. Do you know the fucking calories in shit like that? Thirdly, you don’t have to worry about me keeping up with you. I’ve never had any
complaints in that regard, little boy. The man who can out fuck me hasn’t been born yet. And last, but certainly NOT least, if there is any fucking going on around here it will be me fucking you and not the other way around. Ever. Get that through your thick little blond head right now so that we don’t have to keep having this tedious conversation all fucking summer long.” Brian ended his lecture by pushing the pushy boy off him, rolling over onto his side so that he could better ignore the morning menace and firmly closing his eyes again.

“Okay . . . note to self: The Boss is NOT a morning person. Good to know,” Justin chuckled, apparently not at all put off by Brian’s dire warnings. “Seriously, though, you really do need to sit up and eat these yummy beignets. They’re much better when they’re hot. It makes the whipped cream all melty and the cool, fresh-picked, local strawberries I topped them with that much better in contrast. Come on, open wide, Big Guy.”

The Cookie had, by this time, crawled over the hump of Brian’s blanket covered form so that he was lying on the bed next to his host’s face and waving a forkful of something in front of Brian. Brian was still trying his best to pretend he’d gone back to sleep. However, it wasn’t easy to ignore the mouth-wateringly delicious scents that were emanating from the plate the kid was holding an inch away from his nose. And it certainly didn’t help matters that his stomach, which had been denied dinner the previous evening, was protesting loudly that it wanted whatever was on that plate to be immediately ingested.

“Yummy, yummy, beignet . . .” the annoying brat was chanting, making things even worse. “Come on, Boss. You know you want it. I promise you’ll love every delicious bite.”

“I can’t eat that shit, Cookie,” Brian protested one more time, albeit weakly. “I’ll blow up like a fucking whale.”

“No you won’t. My beignets are baked, not deep fried, so they’re a lot more healthy but still yummy. And besides, I’m sure we can find some way to work off the calories after breakfast,” the adamant chef insisted, tapping at Brian’s lips with the tip of the pastry-bearing fork and in the process smearing a trace of whipped cream over them.

Brian’s tongue - completely against his will - snuck out and swiped at the drops of freshly whipped, sweet cream. He moaned at the delectable taste. Then, without opening his eyes so that at least he didn’t have to look at the fattening food being forced on him, Brian opened his mouth and accepted the Cookie’s offering.

The kid was right - it was absolutely the most ambrosial thing Brian had ever eaten. The pastry was light and flaky but not greasy like he’d expected when he heard the word ‘beignet’. And the combination of the still hot beignet with the melting cream and the tart, cool, sweetness of the
strawberries was divine. Before he knew it, he’d swallowed the first bite and had shifted around so that he was propped up on the pillows, his mouth open and waiting for the next forkful. Justin grinned his approval and obliged with a second bite. And a third. And a fourth.

It wasn’t long before Brian found that the yummy little chef was once again sitting astride him, sharing a bite of breakfast every so often as they chatted companionably. Brian occasionally tried to refuse to eat more, but the indefatigable Cookie teased and cajoled him incessantly until he found himself relenting over and over again. Brian couldn’t believe he was eating so much, regardless of how excruciatingly good the meal tasted. In no time the beignets were gone and all that was left on the plate were dollops of melting cream and several stray slices of strawberry.

“Now see? That wasn’t so bad, was it?” Justin asked, beaming at Brian with a pleased grin.

“Do you always cook like that?” Brian asked almost fearfully.

“Yep. ‘Fraid so, Boss Man. I love to cook and I do it every chance I get. And with a kitchen like the one you’ve got here, I plan on doing a lot more of it, so you better get used to it.” Brian groaned at the mere thought of all that cooking going on in his vicinity. “In fact, the only things I like doing more than cooking are drawing and fucking. Since I don’t have my art stuff with me, though, and I’ve already cooked for you this morning, I guess that only leaves fucking . . .”

With the naughtiest twinkle in his deep blue eyes that Brian had ever seen, the boy straddling his hips picked up the fork, twirled it around in the mess of berries and cream, and then proceeded to dribble the concoction all over Brian’s chest, throat and lips. Brian gasped at the cold sensation and would have bolted upright if the kid hadn’t been ready and held him in place with a firm yet gentle grip. Brian was on the verge of complaining, but then got distracted by the eruption of totally unselfconscious giggling that signaled the appearance of a devilishly determined tongue licking and lapping at the trickles of tasty cream. Whenever the kid came upon a rogue berry, he’d pick it up with his straight, white teeth, bring it to Brian’s mouth to share and then carefully lick up any of the berry juice that might have dripped in the process. Between the cream, the berries, the licking and the kissing, the boy managed to make Brian into a very happy dessert item.

The morning repast continued on in that vein for quite a while. Brian was actually enjoying the knowledge that for once he didn’t have anywhere he needed to be and could take his time over the pleasurable wake up call. He hadn’t had this much fun before ten in the morning in a long, long time. The tasty chef seemed to be enjoying himself as well but eventually grew a tad bit impatient with the slow rate of progress.

The kissing gradually moved on to more licking, with a bit of nibbling and sucking added in, as Justin found and applied himself to some of Brian’s more sensitive spots - the pulse point behind Brian’s right ear, the ticklish spot where his neck met his shoulder, the swell of his adam’s apple, the
hollow of his throat, the nub of one aroused, dusky nipple and more. Brian was more than content to laze around and let himself be taken care of by the expert ministrations of the boy. Now THIS is what a vacation should be like! He could just lie there and let someone else do the heavy lifting for a change. So he really didn’t put up too much of a fight when it seemed like the kid was taking control of things a little.

Brian continued to let the younger man direct things as a condom was located in the nightstand drawer and the new bottle of lube was cracked open. Brian only deigned to protest when the kid impishly smiled at him and mimicked rolling the condom on his own hard-as-nails dick. Brian laughed at the kid’s antics, but firmly moved the kid’s hands and the condom to where it should be applied - Brian’s own, highly aroused and decidedly dripping dick. Justin, with good grace, rolled the latex disc down Brian’s pulsing pole, slathering on a goodly portion of lubricant before moving around to mount up.

Brian was amazed at the fact that his rider didn’t take more than a minute or two to prep himself. Judging by how tight the kid’s ass had felt when he fucked him the day before, he didn’t think the kid bottomed all that often. And yet, with only a cursory minute or two of prep, the boy just slid right down Brian’s big old love muscle without even blinking an eye. Either the boy was a glutton for punishment or he had some mad, versatile skills. Either way, though, Brian wasn’t about to complain when he felt that tight heat envelop him all the way down to the root in one fell swoop.

After that, things moved along briskly. His Cocksure Cookie was quite the take charge kind of guy. Very energetic too, as evidenced by his enthusiasm as he pumped his straining thighs, raising his body up and dropping down with gusto, riding Brian’s cock like a rodeo champ. At one point, when Brian thought it was time for him to move things along, he tried to take over the lead, but that controlling sex-crazed Cowboy Cookie wouldn’t have it. With deceptive strength, the boy on top pinned Brian’s arms to the mattress and held him hostage while he continued with his wild ride. Brian didn’t struggle for long. To be completely honest, it was rather nice lying there and letting someone else run things - just this once. He WAS on vacation, after all, which meant it was okay for him to take it easy. Right? At least that was the way he justified it to himself as he relaxed back against the mattress and allowed the boy to ride him hard and long and well, all the way to the big explosive ending.

“Yee Haw!” Cookie screamed as he impaled himself one last time on Brian’s joystick, setting off a cascade of sinfully delicious shivers down the cowboy’s spine as rivulets of spunk pulsed out of his straining dick and his ass clenched even tighter along Brian’s length.

The exquisite spasms were enough to set off Brian’s own personal conflagration of carnality. The heat that wrapped around his cock seemed to spread upwards like a firestorm, burning through his nerve endings all the way to his brain. When that organ promptly overheated, short circuiting all wiring except the direct line from his spine to his cock, the ride was all over. Brian felt his own release erupting into the waiting well of the condom just seconds after the wild rider’s jizz decorated his chest and stomach. Only then did he manage to completely throw off the conquering cowboy, who tumbled to the waiting pile of pillows with a happy little smile of contentment.
Brian was still gasping for breath when the teasing little cowpoke rolled over so that he was practically plastered against Brian’s side. “See, Boss? I warned you that you’d need to keep your strength up to keep up with me. Now, aren’t you glad you fueled up with a good breakfast first?” Brian just looked at the kid, his disdainful glare hopefully hiding the fact that he still hadn’t fully recovered. Cookie simply giggled again and disregarded his new boss’ scowl. “Well, at least you can’t say that was boring.”

Brian didn’t say anything at all and didn’t even look at the boy.

“You do know that you’re fucking hilarious, Boss, don’t you?” Justin added, leaning in to give the stubbly cheek one more quick kiss. “Oh, well. I’d love to stay and work on wearing you out even more, but I’m afraid I’ve got to jet. I’m working a double shift today. Fucking Memorial Day weekend - the restaurant’s going to be totally slammed. But don’t worry. I’ll make sure I’m home in time to guarantee that your evening will be just as boring as your morning was! In the meantime, I suggest you work on your tan a bit. You city boys are always so pale!” he added with more of the adorable giggling - more of Brian ignoring it, too - before the kid took his own pale-skinned ass off to the shower.

Brian didn't bother getting up. Even after he fully caught his breath and the sounds of the Cookie’s shower and subsequent retreat out the front door died away. He just continued to lounge in his big, sex-rumpled bed, with a satisfied little smile on his usually saturnine lips as he mulled over the surprising events of the first day of his vacation. This wasn't precisely how he'd envisioned his summer unfolding, but so far he really had nothing at all to complain about.

Brian eventually got his under-tanned ass out of bed, took a leisurely shower and wandered outside. Once again he got a bit of a thrill when he stood on the deck of his beautiful vacation house and surveyed the huge expanse of beach right beyond his door. Nothing but sun, sand, surf and surfer boys as far as the eye could see. And it was all his for the next three months. This was the fucking life!

Brian put on his designer sunglasses, picked up his beach towel and the bottle of sunscreen and stepped down onto the beach.

... Four hours later, a much less exuberant Brian Kinney limped back up the pathway towards the house. His day on the beach had not transpired as he’d planned. In fact, the day had pretty much
sucked, and not in a sexy, life-affirming kind of way, either.

First of all, not even twenty minutes after he hit the beach, he’d joined in with a beach volleyball game and twisted his ankle. The apologetic little blond twinkie that had pushed him over in his eagerness to get to the fucking ball was at least nice enough to help Brian back to his towel, run up to the house and bring back an ice pack from the freezer and then give him a consolatory blow job. Regardless, Brian wasn’t really impressed with the blow job or in a mood to forgive him.

Because his ankle was still throbbing, Brian decided to stay parked, take Cookie’s advice and work on his tan for a bit. The shaggy-haired surfer dude that the injured brunet waved down was very nice about rubbing Brian all over with sunscreen. However, in the Surfer Dude’s enthusiasm to rub one particular part, he was a little lax about applying an even layer of protection to the rest of Brian’s skin. As a result, Brian got a very nice handjob but a very poor sunscreen job. Unfortunately, he didn’t discover this fact until about an hour later when he started to feel the discomfort from the strips of skin that hadn’t received enough lotion. Of course, by the time he realized what was wrong, it was already too late and he had several noticeably red patches of burned skin across his otherwise perfect back.

A trip back up to the house - on his still painful ankle - didn’t put Brian in a better mood, but he WAS able to retrieve the big beach umbrella that would hopefully shade him enough so that he didn’t get even more burned. He was understandably a bit slow hobbling back down to where he’d left his towel and clothing, hampered by the heavy umbrella and his wonky ankle.

When he’d left, Brian hadn’t noticed that the tide was coming in. By the time he returned, though, it was pretty obvious. Mostly because the water had risen so high that it was lapping at the edge of his beach towel. Oh, and also because the pile where he’d left his shirt, shoes and the bottle of sunscreen was completely under water, with the sunscreen and one of the sandals already drifting out to sea about five yards down the beach.

After a good five minutes of cursing, Brian gathered his remaining belongings and relocated back up to the safety of his deck. At least there he could still get sun and see the hordes of wandering men on the beach but still feel a little more secure. He was too disgusted with the day so far to want to brave more of the dangerous beach.

After that, Brian was able to safely while away the rest of the afternoon without further injury or loss of possessions. He managed to entice a couple of tricks to join him for a short time, but neither fuck was all that noteworthy. In between times, he listened to some music, read a couple of chapters of a pulp fiction novel he’d found in the study and then finally resorted to drinking away the remaining daylight hours.
Basically, Brian discovered that he really wasn't very good at this vacation relaxation thing. For years he’d been a total workaholic - living for his job and spending ten plus hours a day either working or thinking about work. He’d never really taken the time to take a vacation before. At least not a vacation like this where he had no plans whatsoever and no agenda to follow. He was completely at a loss as to what to do with himself and it was only his second day there. It was not a good sign.

About the time the sun started to sink, Brian roused himself from his lassitude enough to summon another trick up to join him on the deck. This guy was certainly something to look at. He’d caught Brian’s eye from at least a hundred yards down the beach. He was massive. Muscles on his muscles. And a tiny waist that looked like Brian could encircle it with his fingers. And a tan that looked like he’d been bronzed in a factory. He was just what Brian had thought he would be getting this summer - which was why he was so quick to jump on the opportunity, not to mention, jump on the guy.

To Brian’s horror, the muscle queen turned out to be a bit of a screamer. Brian already regretted his decision to bend the guy over the railing of the deck and fuck him right out in the open, since his very vocal appreciation was attracting quite a bit of attention. Not that Brian, generally speaking, minded an audience, but this guy definitely wasn’t one of his better fucks. Despite looking like a big bad pig-master top, the guy was probably a bigger bottom than Brian’s friend Emmett from back home. His ass wasn’t all that tight either - evidence that he was well-used. And, really, Brian couldn’t be bothered to give this fuck more than his minimum effort, which wasn’t the appearance he wanted to be giving off in front of a crowd.

Halfway through the fuck Brian was about ready to give it all up in disgust. Right as he was on the verge of pulling out and kicking the guy off his deck, Brian was surprised to feel a pair of hands wrapping themselves around his stomach from behind and a pair of lips leaving a kiss on his shoulder. He turned his head far enough to the side to make out a mop of short blond hair and a big smile. He sighed, feeling a huge sense of relief, even though he couldn’t say why.

“Hey, Boss! Good to see you’ve kept yourself busy while I was gone,” Justin whispered huskily and added a few more kisses to the back of Brian’s neck and cheek. Then, turning his attention to the trick, he added, “Hey, Gary! Good to see you back again this summer!”

“Hey . . . Jus . . .” the guy gasped out between Brian’s thrusts.

“Friend of your’s Cookie?” Brian asked, not even out of breath yet.

“It’s a small island, Boss,” Justin shrugged. He then let go of Brian’s waist and moved around until he was standing next to the grunting trick. “Now, the thing you need to know about Gary, here, is that he likes it a bit rough. Don’t you, Gary?” To emphasize his point, Justin smacked the well muscled ass with a sharp, hard, open-handed slap. Gary groaned erotically. “See? So, what I suggest,
Brian, is that you ramp up your game a bit. Give it to him good and he’ll be good for you. Not to mention that your audience will be more appreciative.”

Brian shrugged and gave the experienced youth a world weary, ‘Well, okay - If you say so’, look that caused his Cookie to chuckle. Brian took the advice to heart though and immediately rammed into the muscle man with a renewed vigor. Muscle Man apparently concurred, since he groaned appreciatively and bent over just a little bit more giving Brian an even straighter shot with his next series of thrusts. Justin winked and nodded his permission for them to continue on, adding in a few more swats to the trick’s well-toned glutes for good measure. With the extra effort, Gary began to move into realms of true ecstasy, voicing his very loud approval in ever increasing wails. The crowd gathered around the edge of the deck gave a rousing cheer for the now more exciting show.

“That’s the way, Boss,” Justin cooed his own brand of approval and gave Brian an encouraging wink.

Brian just shook his head and kept on slamming into the muscle queen as hard as he possibly could. Justin decided to help out and jumped over the railing so that he was standing slightly below the couple and could reach under the bent over trick to grab hold of the man’s mid-sized meat stick. While Brian concentrated on his job of slamming into that well-padded posterior with all he had, Justin jerked the guy’s cock with hard, twisting motions that were exactly what did the trick for this particular trick. Not even a minute later, the guy was shrieking through his release to the loud applause of the entire beachfront.

After shooting several streamers of jizz into the crowd, the big butch bottom boy collapsed over the railing with a huge, theatrical groan, his entire body drooping and, as a consequence, immediately pulling himself off Brian’s still hard dick. Brian’s groan at the abrupt disengagement almost matched that of the Nellie Noisemaker. Only, Brian was left teetering on the brink without having gotten off.

“Ouch!” Justin was the only one who seemed to notice poor Brian’s predicament. The rest of the assembled multitudes were either congratulating the trick, planning their own hookups to get some relief from the boners the show had given them, or just wandering off in search of other entertainment. The observant blond was on the problem right away, though. He quickly climbed back up onto the deck, dropped to his knees in front of Brian and pulled off the now useless condom.

“ Fucking Gary - I’m afraid that he’s always been a Drama Queen with a huge capital ‘D’,” Justin smiled up at Brian with a sympathetic grin. “If I’d been here earlier, I’d probably have warned you off him. He’s really not your type, Boss. Way too schmaltzy for you. But, no worries. I’ve got you covered.”

Before Brian even had a chance to respond to the kid’s proprietary words and know-it-all attitude, his giggle stick had been swallowed whole and the talented kid was well on his way to remedying
the ‘problem’. Brian was too happy to finally be getting his needs met to object. He tangled his fingers in the thick mop of blond hair, closed his eyes and sighed, unaware of the expression of rapture on his face. ‘The boy really is pretty fucking good at this’, was his last thought before he was lost to the pleasure of sucking and licking and fondling and . . . Ahhhhh!

It took the highly adept, cocksucking genius only about ten minutes to get Brian back to the edge of orgasm - he would have been able to do it faster if the trick’s rude withdrawal hadn’t sapped a little of the big brunet’s hard on. Justin was determined as well as proficient, though. With a little bit of diligence, he had Brian back to the brink and was rather enjoying the stream of uninhibited noises issuing from the big boss man. As soon as he deemed the man was fully primed, he took a deep breath, sucked in hard and swallowed several times to allow the rippling of his throat muscles to caress the climax out of his customer.

“Oh, fuck, yessssss!” Brian didn’t even realize that he’d voiced his delight aloud at first - mostly because he was too blissed out for any of his senses other than that of touch to work right at that moment - the renewed yells of approbation from the crowd surrounding the deck heard it though and they definitely approved.

“There you go, Big Guy! Feel better?” Justin simpered as he clambered back to his feet with a self-satisfied smile on his mug.

Brian merely nodded while still struggling to catch his breath. When he finally recovered enough to realize what was going on, he noted that Justin had shooed away the lollygagging lookie-loos and then had led Brian over to a lounge chair. The protective little twat was hovering over him, arranging the height of the headrest and plumping up the cushion to make Brian more comfortable and just, generally, being overly solicitous. Brian wasn’t sure if he should bitch the kid out or thank him. But since he was pretty wiped at that point, he opted for doing nothing and enjoying the attention for a change.

“There. Now that you’re all relaxed and comfortable, Boss,” the spunky little Cookie announced once he had Brian situated, “you can have your next treat. Lucky you, I brought you home an order of those fried clams you missed out on yesterday. I figured you’d need them if you were playing in the sun all day. If I know your type, you probably didn’t stop to eat between tricks, so you’ve got to be starving. Right?”

Brian had perked right up at the mention of the fried clams. He really was hungry and, no, he hadn’t stopped to eat all day. Dinner sounded really great right then. Especially if it included the clams he’d been craving. His mouth was already watering.

Brian sat up on the lounge chair right as Justin turned towards the patio table in order to retrieve the box of takeout food he’d deposited there when he’d arrived. They were both, therefore, looking in
the same direction when the realization hit them that they weren’t alone. The big muscle-bound trick - the one they’d both forgotten as soon as he’d come - was seated at the patio table waiting for them.

And, while he was waiting, Muscles had apparently helped himself to the delicious box full of fried clams that was just sitting there.

Brian growled out his frustration. He’d been denied his clams again. By the world’s worst trick, no less. This really had not been his day.

Chapter 4 Theme song - **Island In The Sun**.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks go out to Saje, Samcdee and Soirsagrey for helping with this chapter - you rock, guys. Also, credit for the chapter’s theme music and the idea for all the horrors Tourist Brian had to endure on the beach this day, goes to my writing buddy, Winnie.

I’m starting to get some really good ideas for the upcoming chapters from all you readers. Thanks. But don’t stop now - we’ve got a long summer to get through and lots of nights to fill with fun for Brian. Now, for the next night of fun, what would you prefer? A little more foodplay, ala Chef Cookie, or maybe a nice in-house threesome so Justin can show Brian a little more of what he’s capable of? You guys decide!
Honey.

Chapter by Tagsit

Chapter Notes

Cookie's busy taking care of his honey . . . with some honey! LOL. Enjoy! TAG

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 5 - Honey.

Brian finally calmed down after Justin got rid of Gary, the Terrible Trick. It took a while though. The loss of his clams for a second night in a row was a worse blow to the cranky Mr. No Clams than all the rest of the indignities he’d suffered that day. The fact that all his histrionics were making Justin burst out into uncontrollable giggles every time the boy looked at his host, didn’t help matters much.

Eventually, though, Justin got Brian settled on the couch in the living room. He brought the poor baby a nice tumbler of scotch, turned the lights down and put on some soothing jazz. Then he moved around so he could perch on the back of the couch right behind the lounging lothario and proceeded to administer a very thorough and relaxing back rub that turned Brian into a puddle of melted goo in short order.

When he felt like Brian had been mellowed out sufficiently, Justin got up and went to forage in the kitchen for something to replace the stolen clams. The beautifully equipped galley kitchen really was a chef’s dream. Justin had already rummaged through all the cupboards earlier that morning and was excited to try out all of the high-quality cookware he’d found. There wasn’t all that much actual food stocked though - just the basic necessities and some staples. The first chance he got he planned to force Brian to take him shopping so he could get more supplies. Then he could really get cooking! In the meantime, though he’d have to make do.

While Justin was foraging for comfort food, Brian had already decided to go another route. One of the very first things he’d unpacked when he arrived was his trusty stash box - which just happened to be sitting in the middle of the living room coffee table. And, since that seemed to be the only pain killer within reach, Brian thought it was a propitious sign. A toke or two was just what his sore ankle needed. Right? Well, whether that was the kind of treatment a doctor would order or not, Brian had already rolled a nice fat joint and taken his first hit before his Cookie returned.

The two of them must have been on the same wavelength somehow since it seemed like the food
supply Justin had rounded up was mostly of the ‘munchies’ variety anyway. Nothing gourmet for the creative chef this time, unless you count the imported Spanish olives he’d scrounged out of the bar area. He’d also located a jar of maraschino cherries, some honey, a box of water crackers and some hard cheese that he’d found hiding in the very back of the refrigerator. Justin dumped his armload of goodies off on the table, crawled up on the couch next to Brian and plucked the joint out of the other man’s hands for a quick toke before Brian even knew what hit him. Brian was already feeling mellow enough that he didn’t mind sharing, and instead of fighting over the first blunt, he simply rolled another. They spent a companionable quarter of an hour simply teasing each other, smoking up and laughing. It was a much better end to the evening than Brian had expected after the day he’d had.

As soon as the munchies started to set in though, he was a little dismayed at the meager offerings. It also reminded him again how pissed off he was over the Noshing Nellie nabbing his tasty fried clams. Justin was prepared though to head off any return to Cantankerous Brian. When Brian opened his mouth to begin complaining, Justin simply shoved a cracker with a slice of cheese inside the open maw. And, by the time Brian had swallowed that mouthful, he was ready with another.

The crackers were at least enough to take the edge off the man’s immediate hunger. But, once his craving for food was partially satisfied, the pot started to work on his other cravings - namely his craving for the hot little blond boy that was sitting on his lap and giggling as he fed him olives and cheese. The giggling, wiggling, ball of brio that was crawling around on his crotch was exacerbating the situation to such an extreme that Brian couldn’t have hidden his interest if he’d tried.

Seeing as Brian had hurt his ankle and looked like he’d also had a bit too much sun, the feisty flirt figured that going out that evening wasn’t the best idea. Which meant that it was going to be up to him alone to make sure that his new employer wasn’t bored. Justin was confident that he was inventive enough to meet the challenge. However, what with the sad shape his subject was in - complete with an ankle he shouldn’t put any weight on and a back that was soon going to start to sting from the burgeoning burn - Justin decided he’d better arrange something a tad bit sedate. Perhaps a simple old school game of hangman - with a sexy twist of course - would be the perfect entertainment for the night.

Justin wasn’t sure that Brian would think much of his idea of fun, but he had his ways of convincing the older man. Glad that Brian was sufficiently mellowed out, he carefully guided the lounging man onto his back. “Are you ready for a game, Boss? I guarantee you’ll enjoy it. I might even let you win.” Justin teased, egging on Brian’s obviously competitive nature.

Brian eyed Justin suspiciously, “What kind of game, Cookie?”

“Just a simple game of Hangman.” Justin started to explain.
Brian rolled his eyes. “Are we 12? With all your bragging, I figured you would have better ideas than camping games.”

Justin just smiled and proceeded to inform Brian, “you didn’t let me finish. My game of Hangman has a fun twist. I like games that reward good work!”

Seeing as how Cookie had done pretty well so far at keeping him sufficiently entertained, Brian grudgingly decided he should at least give Justin’s idea a chance. Not that he would openly admit anything or appear to give in that easily. But, after a few grumbles of complaint - for show - the blustering brunet shrugged and quieted down. Justin clapped his hands in anticipation, made quick work of arranging Brian in a comfortable position on the pillows and then gathered together his supplies.

“No, this is the way I play Hangman,” the beguiling boy began to explain as he fished out a couple olives from their jar and deposited one in Brian’s belly button and another in the hollow at the base of his neck. “I’m thinking of a word or phrase with,” he did a quick mental calculation, “eight letters. Everytime you guess a letter correctly you’ll be rewarded with the removal of one of these delectable morsels of food that I’m placing on strategic areas of your body - starting up here,” Justin kissed Brian’s lips and then outlined them with juice from a strawberry that he left on the strongly chiselled chin, “and ending up down here,” he added a drizzle of honey to the very tip of Brian’s half-hard cock, making the older man shiver. “But, if you guess incorrectly, another food item will be added to your body. If you successfully guess the word then I’ll clean every bit of the remaining cuisine off of your finely sculpted body and you’ll get another of my award winning blow jobs. However, if you don’t guess the word in eight tries, then you, Mr. Boss Man, have to give ME a blow job.”

The kid met Brian’s scoffing glare over this rule with a devilishly delicious laugh. “Oh, come on, Boss. You’re not afraid to play are you? You look to me like the daring, adventurous type. Besides, I’m sure that a smart city boy like you would never be outsmarted by an ignorant, uneducated Townie like me. Right?” the peals of teasing laughter at this point brought shivers to Brian’s uncovered skin. “And even if you do lose, would it really be so bad to have this,” Justin erotically cupped his prodigious member with one hand, “in your luscious mouth? Hmm?”

Brian caught himself licking his lips but, thankfully, he was able to otherwise control his reaction to that surprisingly enticing prospect. He wasn’t about to admit anything, but in his mind he really couldn’t think of a single reason why that would be a bad idea. It was probably just the pot talking, but for once Brian almost relished the idea of losing.

Justin took Brian’s silence for tacit approval and quickly hurried to line up the remaining items of fruit he’d need as his game pieces. “Alright. Let’s begin . . . As I said, the answer has eight letters. So, Boss,” and again, the boy drawled out the word in such a sensual way that Brian felt like he was being caressed by the name, “what’s your first guess.”
“Well, isn’t it some unspoken rule that you have to pick ‘T’ first?” Brian offered with a snarky tone of voice.

“Vanna White, can we have a ‘T’ please?” Justin answered with an equal level of snark, right before he bent down and licked up the strawberry slice resting over the top of Brian’s sternum as well as the sliver of cheese waiting in the center of his chest between his nipples. “Very good first choice, Boss.” Pulling the spoon out of the honey jar, Justin drizzled two ‘T’s written with honey in the spots where the food had been. “I hope your next guess is just as yummy.”

“You’re fucking nuts. You do know that, right?” Brian kidded the kid with a shake of his head that knocked the strawberry off his chin.

“No squirming, Boss,” Justin ordered and replaced the runaway fruit. “Now, next letter?”

“R” Brian guessed, following the universal rules of hangman.

“Nope!” Justin crowed at the wrong guess, placing a sliced olive ring over Brian’s left nipple with a gleeful smile.

“Twat!” Brian huffed a little laugh but remembered to stay still in the process. “I think you’re enjoying this far too much, little boy.”

“Yes. I am. Anything wrong with that? I mean, here we are combining two of my favorite things in the world - food and sex. What could be better than that?”

“We could forget the food and just get on with the fucking . . .” Brian proposed.

“Ah, but how would that keep you entertained? You fuck all the time - there’s no challenge in that at all. You’d just fuck me and we’d be busy for maybe twenty minutes, tops. Then you’d be done and there’d be nothing more to it. But, this way, there’s not only the promise of sex, but a challenge as well. Which is why you’re still playing and not even close to being bored yet!” Justin grinned with superiority at his own brilliance. “See? It’s perfect!”
“E” Brian guessed, without bothering to respond to the twat’s gloating.

“No. No. No!” Justin laughed exuberantly as he added another olive slice to the second nipple. “You know, you’re not very good at this.”

“S” Brian offered his next choice, dismayed when Justin’s gleeful look told him right away he’d been wrong again.

Justin happily dropped a spoonful of honey on Brian’s nose, chortling at the way the man scrunched up his face at the sticky addition. “Like I said, you’re really not very good at this game, Brian. Hope you’re feeling up to tasting this huge hunk of hotness, cause I think you’re going down, Boss Man! Literally! Hahaha!”

“Not fucking likely, Cookie,” Brian growled back, although with a playful undertone to his words that belied his anger. “A”

“NOPE! NADA! NARY A ONE!” Justin was so excited and enthusiastic over Brian’s run of bad guesses that he was bouncing in place on the cushion next to the recumbent Brian. “That’s four wrong guesses. I’m halfway to that blow job! Can’t wait, Big Guy!”

“How about a ‘B’ then, since you’re being a total Bitch!” Brian snarled behind a smile that he was having a difficult time hiding.

“Darn . . . Yes, there is a ‘B’. Good guess. Finally!” Justin conceded as he leaned down so that he could lick up the strawberry perched precariously on Brian’s chin. “There,” he added as he scrolled a sticky letter ‘B’ on Brian’s chin with the honey.

Brian craned his head up so he could look at his body and review the placement of the letters he’d guessed correctly so far. There was the ‘B”, then a blank space, then the two ‘T’s and then four more spaces with fruit waiting to be removed. Hmm. Well he knew quite a few words that would fit in those blanks.

“How about an ‘F’ . . . as in I’m about to win and then I’m going to fuck you!” Brian guessed next.

“Hmm. Well, you won’t be doing that any time soon with that guess! Cause you’re wrong. Ha ha
ha!” Justin gloated even more as he placed a large, drippy, sugar-drenched maraschino cherry right on the top of Brian’s scrotum, causing the man to squirm at the cold, wet sensation on his most private parts. “I said, no squirming, Boss. If you can’t hold still, I’ll have to tie you up, you know.”

“Not likely, little boy,” Brian scrunched up his face at the overbearing little imp. “Well, if it’s not an ‘F’, then how about a . . . ‘P’,” Brian opined, with a smug look since he was pretty sure now what the answer was.

“Yeah . . . There is a ‘P’,” Justin admitted begrudgingly, eating the large olive slice that he’d left placed in the center of Brian’s belly and replacing it with a honey version of the letter ‘P’.

“I’m going to say there’s an ‘L’ next. Am I right?” Brian continued, sure of himself now.

“Damn,” Justin said and sucked up the olive from the indent of Brian’s belly button before writing a honey ‘L’ around the spot.

“I’m going to solve the puzzle, Vanna,” Brian declared with almost overbearing smugness. “I think the word you’re looking for would be ‘BUTTPLUG’. Which is an excellent idea for what you should be wearing as punishment for making me play this ridiculous game, Cookie.” Brian tried to look at the boy with a serious scowl, but couldn’t maintain the look when it was met with a playful glance from the mischievous blond boy. “Now, get that wicked little pink tongue out and start licking, Cookie. I want every last drop of this goop removed from my body before you even THINK about moving on to the pleasure of getting another mouthful of my magnificent cock.”

“Well, if you say so, Sir,” Justin said with a mock-submissiveness that didn’t fool either of them for even a second. “If I have to lick you all over and then suck on that lovely thick prick of yours, well . . . I guess I really have no choice, now, do I? I’ll just have to suffer through it.”

Brian caught himself laughing at the teasing little imp - completely against his will - even before the kid started licking and nibbling at all the drips and drops of honey and juice all over the long lean, and incidentally, rather ticklish body. Justin quickly discerned the ticklish nature of the ensuing giggles and pressed his advantage in that regard by adding a probing poke every so often to the more sensitive spots. He really liked hearing Brian’s uninhibited laughter and felt somehow that this serious man didn’t get a chance to enjoy that experience very often. Which is why he might have poked and licked and nibbled just a bit too enthusiastically, causing Brian to practically howl with laughter.

Until the man had had too much, grappling the smaller blond form tightly and flipping their bodies
over so that he was now pinning the teasing little twat to the couch cushions.

“I give! I give!” Justin screamed as Brian energetically tickled back.

“I believe that as the winner I was SUPPOSED to be receiving the world’s best blowjob. I don’t remember anything in the rules about being tortured by you poking your freakishly long fingers into my sides, Cookie. You do remember that part of the plan, right? Right?” Brian wiggled his own fingers in the boy’s armpits and raised another riotous round of laughter.

“Yes. Yes! I remember, okay. I remember! Just stop already. Please. Stop!” The boy begged, writhing underneath Brian’s body . . . which brought up a whole slew of other ideas for the older man.

Shuffling up so that he was now straddling the younger man’s chest, with his knees pinning Justin’s arms to each side, Brian reached back and grabbed a couple of pillows. While Justin was still trying to catch his breath, Brian shoved the pillows behind the blond head so that the boy’s neck was angled more steeply upwards. Which just happened to situate the two of them so that Justin’s head was conveniently propped up at just the right level for Brian to easily slide his dick in between the enticing, popsicle-pink lips. And that effectively stopped all the giggling from the boy for about the next fifteen minutes.

It wasn’t until much later - once the pair had showered and they were lying in bed with Justin gently rubbing some aloe vera lotion into Brian’s sunburned back - that Brian realized he was about to sleep with another man for the second night in a row. And not ‘sleep with’ as a euphemism for sex either, although there had been plenty of that. No, he was actually going to fall asleep with somebody who was basically just one step removed from being a trick. Which was totally out of character for him.

Granted, Cookie didn’t act like a trick. He didn’t act like anybody Brian knew. The kid was a complete original. He was sexy as all get out, but then again, so were a few million other guys of Brian’s acquaintance. Justin was different. He was brash and bold. Outspoken beyond all belief. Totally self-confident to the point that it bordered on conceit. And acted like he had the right to boss everyone - including Brian - around. But somehow those traits, that would have been a turn off in any other man, were exactly what drew Brian to him.

In other words, the kid was a total fucking mystery to Brian.

What was equally mysterious was how this kid - Brian didn’t even know precisely how old the guy was, but he didn’t think the boy could be more than twenty - had insinuated his little teenie-bopper self so quickly into Brian’s world. He’d only known the boisterous blond a little more than a day, right? It felt like a lot longer though. It felt like this young man that he had met only the day before
knew Brian better than most of the people he’d been friends with for the better part of his life. So how the fuck had that happened? And more to the point, what, if anything, was Brian going to do about it?

“There. That should feel better,” the kid stated knowledgeably, rubbing the last of the lotion into Brian’s back, slapping him playfully on the ass and getting up to turn off the lights in the bedroom before crawling under the covers next to Brian’s supine form. “I’ll put on some more in the morning, but you should be fine. It’s not too bad. I’ve seen tons worse around here. It’s pretty much a rite of passage for all the tourists to get burned to a crisp their first day on the island. It’s like a badge of honor for you guys.”

“Fuck you, Cookie,” Brian responded laconically without bothering to lift his head off the pillow.

“Again? I thought we just did that,” Justin teased him with a yawn. “Well, if you say so, Boss.”

“Twat! Go to sleep and stop being annoying,” Brian answered with his own yawn. “But don’t get too comfortable, Cookie. I’ll most likely get bored of you tomorrow.”

“Sure you will, Boss. Nite!” Justin kissed the shoulder closest to him and then closed his eyes.

Brian didn’t get a chance to reply. He didn’t get a chance to finish thinking through the conundrum of the Clingy Cookie either. All he managed to do before he fell asleep was to roll onto his side, drape one arm around the warm, thin body next to him and pull the boy in closer to his chest where he just seemed to fit perfectly.

Chapter Theme Music- **Honey.**

Chapter End Notes

6/10/16 - Credit for the hilarious version of Hangman goes to Cookiebun! That’s what I call foodplay! LOL. Also, both Cookiebun and Saje get thanks for all their writing help. I’m really loving all the ideas you readers are sending my way - keep it up. I’ve got all
sorts of ideas now . . . TAG

PS - Got some annoying RL stuff to do this weekend that can’t be put off. I will still be writing but I can’t promise to get you a daily chapter. I’ll do my best, though. Send me good vibes in the meantime and maybe it will help!

PPS - In case you didn't notice yet, all the chapter titles are also songs and I've added a link to each in the chapter end notes. This way you've have summertime song list to listen to while you read! Any requests for future chapter? Send em my way.
Lost in the Supermarket with Red, Red Wine.

Chapter by Tagsit

Chapter Notes

Justin is taking his job of keeping Brian entertained VERY seriously. Somehow he even manages to make a trip to the grocery store live up to Brian Kinney's standards . . . Enjoy! TAG

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 6 - Lost in the Supermarket with Red, Red Wine.

Brian woke to an empty bed and bright sunlight streaming in through the bank of windows. He tried to cover his head with the blanket and go back to sleep, but he would swear he could still see the blasted beams through the blanket and his eyelids. His bladder finally made the decision for him about fifteen minutes later and forced him up. After taking a piss, he went in search of the Cuddly Cookie who'd been missing from his bed. Ten minutes of naked investigation produced nothing but a once again throbbing ankle and a boner he was unable to get rid of.

Even thinking about the Twisted Twink in the shower bore no significant results. The more he thought about the kid, the harder he got, and the harder he got, the harder it was to get off. Most assuredly a problem he had never had before.

So, still hard, Brian climbed out of the shower, towelled off and then headed into the kitchen for coffee. Starting the pot, he stretched his arms over his head and was relieved to find his sunburned back was not nearly as sore as it should have been. The skin did feel a little tight, but otherwise it was all good - thanks to the kid who’d found the aloe lotion in the back of the medicine cabinet.

Not so, the ankle. It was noticeably swollen and had turned an unlovely greenish-black color. When he put any weight on it, it throbbed. He could still walk on it, but it wasn’t easy or fun.

Fuck! This was not how he wanted to start off his vacation. How the hell was he going to get around on an island without cars if he had a bum ankle? Brian wondered briefly if he should have it looked at in town. There had to be doctors around here somewhere.
He opened the fridge for something to eat and realized he would have to make a trip to the grocery store as well. Other than the now half-empty jars of olives, cherries and honey, there wasn’t much else in there. He really wasn’t up for a trip into the village to find a restaurant either. The prior morning’s bounty of piping hot beignets came to mind and made Brian feel even more hungry by contrast. Where the fuck was the ubiquitous Cookie when you needed him?

Brian spent another few minutes digging through the fridge but the only edibles he could rustle up were a bag of shredded cheese, some froyo popsicles in the freezer and the munchie foods from the night before. Giving the sweet things a wide berth, he figured maybe the cheese would at least take the edge off his hunger until his personal chef returned or he figured out how he was going to get around for the day.

Fishing a spoon out of the drawer, Brian leaned against the counter and propped his bad leg on a half-opened drawer with the ice pack balancing on his ankle. Then he spent a good five minutes fighting the stupid tear tab on the top of the bag of cheese. When it finally gave up and released, he was confronted by the equally pernicious ziploc zips that wouldn’t unzip.

“Arrghhh!”

Brian squeezed the bag so hard in frustration, that the internal pressure popped the zips but smooshed the cheese into a somewhat ball shaped glob with shreddy strands sticking off it like an old Play-doh Hair-making kit that Mikey had owned as a kid. It looked disgusting. He stabbed it viciously with the spoon until it was mostly broken up again and started shoveling it in his mouth to quell the hunger in his belly.

He was just about finished with the bag of cheese when the front door creaked open and ten seconds later he looked up guiltily to see his wayward bedwarmer staring at him in utter disbelief across the kitchen bar. Brian tried to maintain his composure as he coolly set the spoon he’d been using down on the countertop.

“What the HELL are you eating?” Justin asked, a horror-stricken look on his face as he took in the scene.

“Food,” was all Brian said in response, trying to make it appear that eating a bag of shredded cheese because he was starving to death and couldn’t go anywhere on his bad ankle was a perfectly valid decision.
“Processed American Cheese is not food. It’s not even real. It’s only one molecule away from being plastic! How the fuck can you eat that crap? I won’t even use that shit to cook with at the pub . . .” the critical chef was completely offended by the sight he’d come across and it didn’t seem like he would get over it any time soon as he continued to rant about the repugnance of Brian’s choice of breakfast food.

“Fuck You!” Brian threw the maligned cheese bag at the pretentious punk’s head, and then followed it up with the spoon for good measure - he really was not in the mood to get lectured about his eating habits by some surly little sous-chef with delusions of grandeur. “I was fucking hungry, alright? That was pretty much all there was. So get off your fucking high horse already. You’re not my mother, so can the nutrition lecture. And where the fuck were you anyway? If you’re so bothered by my breakfast menu, you could have stayed and done something about it instead of just leaving me here to fend for myself with a useless ankle.” Brian realized that his words betrayed, a little too clearly, just how abandoned and hurt he’d felt when he woke up alone, but they were already said and he couldn’t take them back.

“Shit!” Justin fell silent, looking abashed at Brian’s rebuke. “Sorry, Boss. You’re right. I shouldn’t be giving you a hard time when you’re injured and hungry to boot.” He lifted the strap of the duffle bag he’d been toting off his shoulder and hefted the bag up onto the seat of one of the bar stools. “I didn’t totally abandon you though. See, I come bearing things that might help.” After rooting around in the bag for a second, he came up with several things in his hands. “I had to run home and pick up some clothes and stuff - not to mention checking in with my family before they reported me missing or something - and while I was there I grabbed some stuff for your ankle.”

Justin tossed his finds over the back of the couch then bustled around the counter so he could help Brian over to the seating area. Brian gladly accepted the assistance, all the while trying to look like he didn’t need any help and wasn’t enjoying the solicitous attention. Once he had his patient in place on the couch, the nice little nurse went to work. He washed the ankle first with witch hazel - explaining that his Grandmother swore by it to help reduce the swelling and help heal the bruising. Next, he added some arnica cream, which was an anti-inflammatory agent and would also help strengthen the muscles of the injured joint. Finally, he wrapped the ankle with an ace bandage so that it would be more stable when Brian did have to put some weight on it. Whether it was the medicaments, the massage with which they were applied or just the healing powers of all that attention being lavished on it, Brian had to admit that his ankle felt much better by the time Justin was finished.

“Okay! Looks like we’re cooking now,” Justin pronounced as he looked over his handiwork proudly. “I think you’re good to go, Boss.”

“And where, exactly, am I going?” Brian asked the officious youth who seemed to be taking over his vacation. “Shouldn’t I be resting and staying off this ankle?”
“Oh, ye of little faith . . . How can you still doubt my powers, Boss? After all this, you still don’t trust me?” The kid joked some more as he hurried back to his bag full of goodies and pulled out two more items. “Ta da!” The boy deposited a straw fedora with a thick black leather band decorating the crown on top of Brian’s head.

“What the hell is this?” Brian tried to reach up and remove the headgear but the kid batted his hands away. “I don't do hats, Cookie.”

“Well you should. It makes you look very dapper. With your strong chin and classic looks you kinda remind me of Cary Grant,” Justin advised as he scanned the effect of the hat on the man. “Besides, the hat goes with the cane. If you don’t wear the hat, you'll just look like an old man hobbling around with your cane. But WITH the hat, you look totally hip and the cane just looks like an accessory.” With that said, the boy handed Brian a sleek looking black metal cane with a knobby wooden end.

“I don’t want a fucking cane. I’m not a total invalid,” Brian insisted, crossing his arms and refusing to take the abhorrent implement being held out in front of him.

“Of course not, Boss. You’re a totally cool, hotter than hot, young hipster who makes Cary Grant look like a geezer,” Justin offered as he heaped on the schmooze, climbing onto the patient’s lap and trailing his fingers seductively down Brian’s chest as he spoke.

Brian couldn’t help the sexy grin that rolled over his face at the compliment. Being compared to Cary Grant was not the worst thing in the world. “Whatever. Don’t know what I need it for though since even with the cane, I can hardly walk all the way to town and back.”

“Again with the lack of faith, Boss? You wound me. I’m so hurt,” Brian shook his head and pretended to push the annoying little twat off his lap, getting only laughter in response. “That is what actually took me the longest to take care of this morning, since I had a bit of trouble finding exactly what we needed. But the good news is I found you some transportation so you can stay off your ankle.”

Brian eyed him dubiously. So far he hadn’t been impressed with the transportation options available on the island. He certainly wasn’t going to be walking or biking. He was also well past the age of riding on the handlebars of someone else’s bicycle. And no way in hell was he willing to be toted around in one of those little red fucking wagons that everyone on the island used for hauling things - no matter how good he might look in his new hat.
Justin saw the stubborn streak a mile away and jumped in to head off the complaints that were coming. “Before you even start queening out, Boss Man, I promise that your rep will not be compromised by this experience. Islander’s Honor.”

Brian looked at the youth skeptically. Justin simply grinned back at him with that fucking brilliant smile that Brian was quickly coming to dread since he seemed powerless against it. Not that he was planning on admitting that to ANYONE. Shit, when did he turn into a dick-whipped pussy? Then again, the bag of cheese really had been a mistake - what he’d eaten was lying there in the pit of his stomach like a queasy ball of lead and yet he was still hungry. So Brian figured he really had no other choice but to give in to the bubbly boy’s machinations. At least this time.

Justin must have sensed his capitulation. “Okay! So let’s get you dressed and I will take you to town for a real breakfast. Then we’re going to the Gourmet Market so you don’t have to eat garbage anymore.”

After twenty minutes of grumbling (Brian), and cajoling (Justin), they were finally walking (hobbling) out the front door. Brian’s trip was not made any easier by the fact that Justin had made the limping man swear to keep his eyes closed until given permission to open them. However, Justin managed to steer him to the deck railing without any further damage and left him standing there for a good minute before telling Brian he could look.

Even with the hat on, the instant glare of the sun temporarily blinded him until he fished his sunglasses from his shirt pocket and put them on. When he could see clearly again, he was confronted with a sunny yellow pedi-cab. There were no business logos or anything marking it as a commercial vehicle, so he could only assume that Justin had a connection somewhere on the Island.

The blond bent at the waist in a mock bow, sweeping his right arm out in the direction of the covered tricycle and affected a very formal, sarcastically highbrow tone, “Your conveyance is ready, my High Maintenance Majesty.”

Brian glared at the kid for the joking insult, but the effect was lost on the boy, since he couldn’t see the eyes behind the dark sunglasses.

“Well? Come on pokey! We don’t have all day to linger.” Justin straddled the seat, rightly thinking that physically helping Brian into the backseat would be pushing the cranky man too far.

“The only thing I am going to ‘come on’, is you. And don’t call me pokey, unless you want my
pokey parts stuffed up your ass.” Brian settled into the not too uncomfortable seat and braced his hands on the top of the cane. Justin, wisely, didn’t respond to Brian’s bait and stood on the pedals to set them in motion. Once on the road, he waved and smiled at the people he knew, calling them by name or telling them he would catch up with them later. The virgin tourists stood out like sore thumbs when they pointed at the tryke excitedly and Justin merely shook his head, letting them know he was not for hire. It was not long before they were rolling over the ever present boardwalk of the village.

Brian took it all in. The sights, the people, Justin’s popularity, and the kitschy, touristy look of Fire Island Pines. All of the buildings seemed to be either crammed together in a hodge-podge fashion, or else they were well away from the group, as if to make a statement of individuality. This pedi-cab was definitely a spectacular way to see the island though.

Right as he was starting to lose interest, Justin stopped the vehicle in front of an upscale grocers. Even at this early hour the place seemed busy, which meant it was probably a decent market. Not that Brian knew one market from another - he prefered to have the few groceries he regularly needed delivered and then promptly put away by his housekeeper before he even came home for the evening.

While Brian was surveying the exterior of the store, his blond cabbie waved over a kid of no more than twelve and handed him a five dollar bill. “I just want you to sit on it, so it doesn’t disappear, okay, Gabe?” Justin told the kid.

“Sure thing, Jus,” the gorgeous little mite said, batting his big brown eyes and shaking his thick bangs from his face.

Brian wondered if the kid could be any more obvious in his man crush. Probably not. In a couple of years, though, the skinny kid would fill out and that beautiful swarthy skin, dark eyes and nearly black hair would serve him well. Or, maybe he was just so forward because he was a local and was inundated with good looking men, day in and day out, his whole life? Either way, the kid sure knew how to work those long eyelashes.

Justin and Gabe fist bumped each other and Brian figured a deal had been made and he could now, finally, shop. He gingerly climbed out of the back of the pedi-cab, putting as little weight as possible on his ankle. He had to admit that the cane had probably been a good idea. At least with its help, he didn’t look like a total gimp.

Once he was out of the cab, he turned towards the entrance of the store, leading the way, only to have Justin sprint ahead of him and hold the door open. Brian brushed the brim of his hat in a cavalier gesture of thanks and was rewarded with the megawattage he was now beginning to look
forward to. How could one person have so many teeth, he wondered, not for the first time?

Justin, for his part, smiled as the man passed and ogled Brian’s ass in the loose cotton trousers he wore with the equally white flowing button down shirt. The whole outfit looked ultra casual and summery, but Justin knew it probably cost more than he made the whole summer. For one outfit. High maintenance, indeed.

Justin followed the taut tushy as the man it was attached to retrieved a shopping cart and then turned to pass it on to his admiring employee - which then put Brian’s bounteous, bed snake directly into the appreciative younger man’s line of vision, prompting the licking of his pomegranate-pink lips. Brian caught him in the act but couldn’t say a word, his mouth suddenly dry, as he caught sight of Justin’s own burgeoning boner that was now filling out the front of his cargo shorts. The men’s reciprocal twin towers were easily evident and cause for salivation by both males. For several rather long seconds, both men just stood there and stared, appraising each other’s appreciable assets. This didn’t do anything to relieve either’s problem, however. Eventually, Brian winked, breaking the silent connection. Justin shook himself out of the trance he’d been in and took control of the cart, hoping to hide his not-so-little-problem behind the large metal contraption. Brian, though, merely curled a lip in a smirk and headed for the produce department, careless of whoever might be looking at him.

Justin was certainly no prude, but he couldn’t help but wonder how supremely confident one person had to be in order to wander a public grocery store with the front of his pants tented outward as Brian seemed intent on doing. The cocky brunet paid no mind to the men that stared after him with their drooling mouths open. He smiled and tipped his hat at the women that ogled him. He ignored the frantic gestures of the parents who moved to hide their children’s eyes. And, for the most part, he simply continued on his way, shopping amongst the fruit and vegetables aisles as if nothing untoward was happening. Justin followed along, bemused and yet entertained.

Brian rapidly filled up several bags with various produce including a large quantity of green apples. He also picked over the salad fixings until he’d accumulated enough for several salads. Justin watched these proceedings but didn’t interfere much - adding only a few items here and there as they passed by. He had to admit that Brian was pretty good at picking produce.

But when they got to the meat section, Justin quickly realized he HAD to take over.

“Man does not live on sliced turkey alone, Boss.” Justin reprimanded as Brian tried to leave the department.

“It’s all I need, so back the fuck off.”
Justin thought the tone overly harsh, but was determined to get his way. Instead of backing off, however, he stepped closer to the taller man - just close enough for the tip of Brian’s still-evident erection to brush the firmness of Justin’s lower abs. The handsome yet haughty autocrat looked down at the petit blond and waited to see what this enigma of a boy would do.

Justin donned a flirtatious pout, making Brian’s eyes narrow with suspicion. “I think you of all people should understand about a man’s need for protein, Boss. But, as a professional,” the boy gave a gamín grin and purred the word suggestively, “I think I’m a little better qualified in this area. So, tell you what . . . you let me pick some meats for us and then, after I arrange to have the groceries delivered, I’ll let you have whatever you want for breakfast.”

Brian hooked a finger under the edge of the tank the kid was wearing and pulled the boy in closer, as if to kiss him, but stopped short of actually doing it. “I already planned to have them delivered and fully intend to have whatever I want to eat for breakfast. So, no deal.”

Justin grinned a sly, sexy, smile and leaned ever closer, so he could whisper in that perfect ear. “I said, whatever you want for breakfast, not what you wanted to eat.”

Brian’s brows rose at the blond’s implications and his dick grew even harder when that soft breath touched his ear and tousled the fine hairs on his neck right below his earlobe - a sweet spot he never let anyone know about due to its ability to harden his cock in an instant and make him practically beg to cum. A sigh slipped out, of its own volition, and he curtly nodded his head in agreement hoping to cover the lapse before he stalked off towards the main shopping aisles, tented pants leading the way while he concentrated on not coming like an inexperienced teenager.

Justin bounced on his toes and stifled the laughter threatening to erupt until Brian had moved out of earshot. He was still holding his belly, guffawing, when a white coated, middle-aged man exited a nearby door leading behind the meat counter, to see what the ruckus was. The tall, robust man smiled down at the waiting customer once he recognized who it was.

“What the fuck, Justin? I thought someone had too much sun and went batshit crazy out here again.”

Justin managed to straighten and quell his chortles long enough to fist bump the butcher and give the man his order. “Nope. Just me, Andrew. Although some days, I’m not sure about the crazy part. I really need to get the fuck off this island and soon or I might be joining the sun-crazed contingent. In the meantime, though, I’ll take two of the choice ribeyes around 12 oz. each and really marbled. Two pounds of the 10-12 jumbo shrimp, four salmon fillets 8 oz. each, two pounds of chicken tenderloins, two 12 oz. beef tenderloin if you have them in center cut, a quarter pound of prosciutto, and eight thin cut boneless pork chops.”
Andrew took care writing down the lengthy order, had Justin double check it, then jutted his chin in the direction Brian had taken. “That one exclusive?”

Justin gave the older man a devil may care grin and a wink, “You just get my order together Andy, and he will be by the Fourth of July,” the two men laughed at that. “I’m gonna send Gabe in for my order, don’t give him any crap. Got it? He’s a really sweet boy.”

“Sweet on you, ya mean. But, no problem. I’ll set your order up now. I suggest you go find that walking cock and get him outta here afore the cops show up and arrest him for disturbing the peace.”

Justin saluted his friend and took off for the dairy. He made quick work of selecting a large wedge of Jarlsberg, a 6 oz box of herbed Boursin, two dozen eggs, a pound of fresh butter, a half gallon of plain yogurt, and a quart of heavy cream. Ambling his way back to Brian, he snagged a fresh round loaf of sourdough bread, a crusty baguette, and a package of pocketed pitas.

Catching up to Brian in the liquor aisle, he set the contents of his arms into the cart, took one look at the dour expression on his face, and ran off before Brian could raise an objection.

Next, he raced to the aisle that offered paper products and grabbed the widest and tallest package of toilet paper he could find on the fly, made a quick circuit past the front of the store for a couple of the sani-wipes they offered for cleaning the cart handles and found Brian, still in the liquor aisle perusing an imported bottle of Shiraz at a hundred and twenty dollars a pop from a freestanding display cabinet.

Justin wedged the toilet paper in the cart so it blocked an entire side of the mesh, looked around to make sure no one was looking, parked the cart at a ninety degree angle to the cabinet, making a cubby between the trolley and the shelves behind. He grabbed Brian’s still hard dick, used it to turn him around and knelt in the now fairly private space, freeing a cock with each hand. Brian didn’t have time to object before he felt himself being sucked into the vacuum of the horny hoover’s mouth. He could only stand there, his cane in one hand and the bottle of wine in the other and no way to fight off the inappropriate advances of his personal shopper - not that he actually wanted to fight him off. And he hadn’t even formed a coherent thought yet, when, within two minutes, the shellacking shopper had him shouting “Holy Fucking Sssss . . . Swiss Cheese!” at the top of his lungs, changing the last word as an unsuspecting mother with a cartful of kids rounded the end of the wine aisle just when his explosive orgasm was ripped out of him and swallowed with gusto.

Brian noticed the khaki uniform of the cop heading their way from the end of the aisle and tried to cover for his faux pas. Peeking around the cabinet and holding up the wine bottle still in his hand he said, “This wine was rated number one in Wine Spectator Magazine!”
The cop smiled and kept walking towards them as Justin stood, still unseen, and tucked Brian away, used the sani-wipes to clean his own jizz from his hand and then quickly zipping up his shorts. He had just tucked the used wipes into his pocket when the cop stopped next to them, took in the makeshift cubby and gave them a knowing look.

“Take it outside fellas, we got some younguns in here with parents that aren’t too keen on public displays.”

Brian set the bottle in the cart, “Nothing left to see here, Officer. I think we got everything we ‘came’ for.”

The cop was silent for a full minute. Then he stuck out a fist, which Justin promptly bumped with his own, and sauntered away whistling “Let’s Hear It For The Boy” as loud as he could.

After that, Brian didn’t even object when their groceries totalled more than four hundred dollars. Smiling to himself, he figured the Horny Hoover’s blow job alone was worth twice that.

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We’ve got two great songs to read this chapter by: Lost in The SuperMarket and Red, Red Wine.

Chapter End Notes

6/15/16 - This chapter is almost entirely the product of Saje’s ready wit so I’m officially adding her as a co-author on this story. You can blame her for the inappropriate grocery shopping scene. LOL.
Chapter Notes

Our Justin is really a take charge kind of guy . . . Brian just isn't sure yet if that's what he wants. LOL. Enjoy! S&T.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 7 - Sunshine Superman.

Justin pedalled them further around the island until finally stopping in Ocean Beach. The ride hadn’t been too long, but Brian’s stomach was rumbling angrily by the time they got there. Justin helped the hobbling man onto the boardwalk and ushered him into a quaint bakery with an old fashioned hanging sign over the door labelling it “Rachel’s”

As soon as they walked in the door, Brian was assailed by the aroma of fresh baked bread, spicy cinnamon rolls and sugary cookies. It smelled delicious, but fattening. In fact, Brian thought he might have put on at least a pound just from breathing in all that pastry-ness.

“Fuck, Cookie!” Brian swore under his breath, trying to keep his voice down in deference to the mostly family crowd in the bakery. “Is there even one single item in this place that's less than a thousand calories?”

“Nope,” Justin smiled that toothy, unapologetic grin at him. “But that's okay because I've got plans for you that will burn off any and all unwanted calories,” the impish waggle of the blond eyebrows gave Brian a very good idea just what those plans might entail. “Now, you just sit your gorgeous ass down over here and rest your ankle. I'll take care of everything, Boss.”

Brian didn't have time to object - or point out that he hadn't given the kid his order yet - before the blond had him seated at a quaint round top table next to the window and was bustling off towards the order counter. Brian watched in bemusement as the kid greeted the curly-haired girl at the register like they were old friends. Despite the teeming Sunday morning brunch crowd, the personable young woman seemed to be giving Cookie’s order priority. Brian wondered if there was anyone on the island the kid wasn’t friends with.

In short order, the blond hurried back to the table, two orange juices tucked under one arm and both
hands bearing oversized mugs full of aromatic coffee.

“There you go, Big Guy. Dark roast coffee, extra sweet, just like you.” The kid just never let up with the teasing, causing Brian to scowl once again even though the coffee was fixed just the way he liked and smelled heavenly. “Breakfast is on its way - Daphne promised to bump us to the front of the order queue so it shouldn't be too long.”

“How can my breakfast be on its way when I haven't actually ordered yet?” Brian asked, his expression halfway between annoyed and amused - which was how he felt around Cookie pretty much all the time so far.

“Don't worry. I know what you like, Boss. You just have to work on that trust thing some more. I haven't steered you wrong yet, now have I?” The blond grin only disappeared long enough for the kid to take a loud slurp of his still hot coffee.

“I think I'm perfectly capable of ordering my own fucking breakfast, kid,” Brian groused, clinking his spoon down on the saucer loudly.

“Shit! Don't tell me you're one of those micro-management types, Boss?” Brian shook his head, brows lowered in confusion over this apparent one-eighty in the conversation. “Keeping you happy is my job, right? So you need to just back off and let me do it. If I'm not keeping you happy you can always fire me, right? That was our deal. But until then, you gotta give me a chance to work this my way.” Justin fixed Brian with a steely blue gaze, letting him know that he was serious despite the playful tone of the conversation. “Besides, you gotta know I’m not about to screw this up. I’ve got a lot riding on this bet of ours. You have no idea how much I want out of here.”

Brian had already sipped a good third of his coffee by that point, which meant he was at least a little bit mollified. “Whatever. You go ahead and do your thing - since you think you know so fucking much - but just so you’re aware, I don’t do coddling or that kind of shit. If I were you, I’d let me at least order my own fucking food from now on. That is if you really are serious about escaping this paradise for the wonders of The Pitts - which, by the way, I think is fucking insane, but that’s your call too.”

“The Pitts?”

“Yep. That’s where I hail from and where my company is so, that’s where I’ll be taking you if you manage to win this crazy-assed bet,” Brian explained with a smart-alecky curl of his lip, knowing that the kid probably wasn’t expecting to hear that Pittsburgh was his eventual destination.
However, the kid didn’t seem as unhappy with that announcement as Brian expected. “No shit? You’re from Pittsburgh?”

“Unfortunately. Which is why I’m not sure why you want to leave here to go there.” Brian gestured with his coffee cup around the bakery where a significant number of same-sex couples were happily noshing without any of the other families or tourists around them batting an eye. “I’d have given just about anything to have grown up in a place like this. Being gay in a blue collar town with blue collar parents didn’t make my life all that easy when I was your age. You don’t know how good you’ve got it here, kid.”

“I guess. But just because it’s a pretty tolerant atmosphere when it comes to being gay, doesn’t mean that there aren’t other kinds of limitations here. Most especially financial limitations. And I am not a kid, I’m nineteen.” the boy stared down into his coffee cup, falling silent as he sloshed the contents around thoughtfully. “I just want to get the fuck ON with my life already!” He knew his tone was more heated than it needed to be, but damn, he was so over it already. Over people thinking he was too young to know what he wanted. Over the never ending parade of tourists out for a good time and nothing else. Over being limited by the island’s economic cash cow of hype and souvenirs. And he was really over feeling like he was meant for so much more, if only he could get the fuck off this cursed island.

“Here you go, Jus!” a peppy voice interrupted the boy’s deep contemplation, heralding the arrival of several plates of food. “For your hunky friend . . . a bacon and egg bagel with the works.” She slid the plate with a flashy flourish towards Brian. “And for my GBF, two piping hot chocolate croissants with a side of bacon . . . because I like to think you get at least some of your protein off a plate.” Brian had to chuckle at the bratty look the kid shot at their waitress, not to mention how quickly it had replaced the almost morose look of a moment before.

In that moment, he had not looked like a kid. He’d looked like a man that had seen ugly stuff in his life and didn’t want to see it again. Like he would do anything to not see it again. That look gave Brian something to think about with regard to this mysterious young man that he’d literally been thrown into bed with. Just as fast as the thought had come, though, it was swept away by the bliss on his companion’s face when Justin bit into one of his croissants.

For good or bad, Brian had obviously set himself up with a ‘Foodie’. That, in and of itself, was so unlike him. On the best of days, Brian was ambivalent about food. He had grown up in a household where making dinner was considered more of a chore than anything else, which was probably why he hated to cook. Eating out or getting delivery every meal, though, got somewhat tedious day in and day out. He often frequented fancy restaurants when he was entertaining clients, but he rarely ate much in those circumstances because he was too busy playing host, so the quality of the food in those establishments was wasted on him. There was also the whole issue of maintaining his weight which, in his mind, was a necessity in order for him to engage in the lifestyle he led. So, basically, he just ate when he was hungry and never really put much thought into the concept of food.
Cookie, though, was obviously a gourmand of the first order. The way he immersed himself in the food he was eating was almost erotic. Brian had never really seen anyone enjoying their breakfast quite so much. But, then again, the aromas coming from his plate had his own belly rumbling, too. So, putting aside his misgivings about what he was going to do with his brand new personal chef as well as the young man’s penchant for trying to strong arm Brian’s appetite, he spent the next few minutes focusing on sating his own hunger.

Even while he was busy eating, though, he continued to surreptitiously watch his tablemate. This young man was just such a surprise, in so many ways. Brian really couldn’t figure him out. And he also couldn’t figure out why, out of all the men he might have hooked up with on this island, he had somehow ended up with someone like THIS. Or, more to the point, why he was even trying to figure out why he was with him.

Usually Brian took great pains to know as little about the men he fucked as possible - outside of the size of their cocks or the tightness of their asses. But this . . . this . . . Brian didn’t know what to call him anymore. He certainly did not want to offend Cookie by calling him a kid again, but ‘man’ really did not quite fit with the innocent and sometimes naive look the, whatever he was, had about him. Brian knew for a fact that Justin wasn’t either innocent or naive, but the look was there just the same. Which was probably why he thought of him as a kid in the first place. But no ‘kid’ that he knew would have given him a blow job in a public market - especially not one that was so overwhelmingly spectacular.

Finally finished with the amazingly good bagel, Brian pulled himself from his deeper thoughts. He didn’t come here to entangle himself in someone else’s problems. He came here to have fun and enjoy the first vacation he’d had in years. But, since this guy seemed to have already embedded himself in Brian’s life, knowing a little more about Cookie Boy probably wasn’t a bad idea.

“So what, exactly, would you be doing if you weren’t stuck here, as you put it?” Brian asked conversationally.

Justin chewed and swallowed his last bite so quickly, he almost choked in his excitement to share his dreams. “I want to paint, and draw, and travel, and visit museums, and work somewhere that I actually have to dress up, and I want to taste pasta in Italy and sushi in Japan and . . .”

“Whoa!” Brian laughed, putting both hands up in surrender. “Slow down, Marco Polo, World Traveller.” Brian was immediately contrite when his sarcastic quip made the light go out in the blue eyes just before they looked away.

“It’s alright. I know you don’t really give a shit about what I want so you don’t have to pretend . . .”
“I asked didn’t I? I wouldn’t do that if I wasn’t interested in the answer. I’m not into wasting my breath on meaningless pleasantries.” Brian was miffed that Justin automatically assumed he would lie or put up pretenses. “Just fucking slow down, is all I’m saying. Now, tell me the two things you would want to do the most, if you left here.”

A bit of the sparkle came back, easing Brian’s breathing, and he found himself smiling as Justin leaned in conspiratorially and lowered his voice so as not to be overheard. “I want to go to art school and I want to paint you naked.”

The saucy wink that the wannabe-artist sent his way gave Brian visions of his naked body spread out on the floor across a canvas tarp with the blond towering over him, a dripping paintbrush in hand, and his bare skin adorned with an artistic rendering of something vaguely abstract and colorful.

“Yeah, well, *ahem*” Brian cleared his throat and tried to clear that image out of his brain. Changing the subject, he continued on, “So, tell me, what is on the non-boredom agenda today?”

“I actually have the day off work, so I thought we could go for a ride up the coast. I can tell you about the Island and you can work on your tan without having to risk your ankle walking on a sandy beach,” Justin proposed as he popped the last bite of croissant into his mouth and licked his lips clean from the last smear of chocolate.

Brian had no objection to that proposed agenda so he told his dick to ignore the pink tongue licking those tempting lips, gestured for Justin to lead the way. Within minutes, they were back in the pedi-cab heading for the marina. Once there, Justin went into the tiny shack under the large sign offering boat tours while boats of all sizes came and went in the water nearby.

While Justin made the arrangements for their boat tour up the coast, Brian remained seated in the pedi-cab, busy making arrangements of his own. He had not been able to get that little painting fantasy out of his head since breakfast and it had given him ideas. Rather naughty ideas. Ideas he was inclined to put into action immediately. Besides, if this worked, it would give him a better glimpse into the talents of this young man who claimed to be an artist. Well, at least his talents outside of the bedroom anyway.

While he was waiting, Brian pulled out his cell phone and called the contact he had with a body painting company based out of Las Vegas. After telling his contact the necessary info, Brian was transferred to the artists’ room. He was still on hold when a speed boat pulled up, tied off, and a skinny, dark-completed, curly-haired young man with a dreadful soul-patch on his chin, jumped from the boat and headed into the same shack where Justin had disappeared earlier.
Brian didn’t think anything more about the new arrival and was quickly distracted when a new voice came on the phone line. A few minutes later, he was listening to the fast talking twenty-something on the phone as his blond tour guide came stomping out of the shack, shaking his head, and doing his best to shake the chin rat’s smarmy arm off his shoulders. Brian repeated the directions he’d already outlined once more into the phone, just to be sure the guy on the other end understood what he was supposed to do, then hung up. Since Cookie was still arguing with the smarmy wharf rat, Brian decided to climb out of the cab and head for the shack, intent on finding out what the problem was. Right as he was crossing the street, a family with two small kids rounded the corner and fell into step behind him.

“So, Cookie, who was that?”

“Clingy, delusional, ex-boyfriend that doesn’t get that it’s over.”

Brian had figured as much, and found himself thinking it was good to know his guide for the summer was unattached and that any dalliance with that greasy rat was over. He shied away from analyzing that thought too closely though. Instead of dwelling on just why he didn’t like the idea of his Cookie being with that obsequious dick, Brian slipped on his shades and leaned back into the comfort of the padded bench seat where Justin had deposited him as soon as they came onboard.
This wasn’t really a good time for any kind of introspection, Brian decided. Not that there was ever a good time for that kind of thing, in Brian’s opinion, but it certainly wasn’t a good time right now. Right now he was supposed to be having fun. Wasn’t he? He definitely wasn’t supposed to be obsessing over some blond townie and the kid’s unwanted former boyfriend. Or why the thought of the two of them together made him vaguely queasy. He really didn’t need to be thinking about that right then. It was time to marshal his thoughts back to more immediate things, like all the pleasure he was supposed to be having.

Once Brian had corralled his thoughts away from any further notions of blond boys and greasy rats, he finally started to relax. While the warm sun baked into his skin and the cool ocean breeze ruffled his hair, Justin seated himself in the next chair over and started on his tour guide routine. As the bull dyke skipper carefully angled the boat out of the marina and then headed towards the east, the boy began a running narrative about everything they passed.

Brian only half listened about the dolphins and occasional whales, tuned out the economics and history, but perked up when he heard the term, ‘Meat Rack’ as they passed by a the forested area in the center of the island.

“I thought that might get your attention,” Justin chuckled as soon as he noted his audience’s heightened interest. “See that area over there,” he pointed at an expanse of inland sand dunes and wind-twisted shrubs that you could just barely see from the deck of their boat. “That’s what’s known as ‘The Meat Rack’ or just ‘The Rack’ for short. For those of a more whimsical bent, it’s also sometimes referred to as ‘The Enchanted Forest’. Most of the time - especially during the day - people use the paths running through there for purely utilitarian purposes. It’s the quickest way other than a water taxi to get from the village of Pines to Cherry Grove. It’s also quite pretty if you’re into hiking or a nature buff. However, if you dare to venture into the area after sunset or take too much of a detour off the main paths, you’ll find that it’s employed for other, more primal, purposes. I, myself, tend to get a bit distracted by the siren song of the area’s visitors and seem to find myself making pit stops along the way pretty much every time I venture through. It definitely makes getting from point A to point B much more pleasureable.”

“I think I may need to take up hiking and see these wondrous sights for myself very soon,” Brian posited with a sexy grin on his handsome face.

“If you’re a good boy and stay off that ankle for at least one more day so that it heals completely, then I’ll take you ‘hiking’ myself. I’ll even show you the way to ‘Area 51’ so you can experience some anal probing without the need for any extraterrestrials. But only if you mind like a good boy,” the blond teased him, trying to put on an authoritarian look but failing completely since it came off like a twelve year old trying to imitate his father.

“Nice try, blond boy,” Brian laughed outright in his face. “But what if I need to do some anal probing before my ankle’s ready? I’m not sure I can last that long without . . . hiking.”
“Oh, you poor thing. I had no idea you were so into outdoor sports. But, if you’re missing all the wildlife, I guess I could try and help you out.” The frisky little tour guide offered, getting up without further ado and immediately dropping his loose fitting cargo shorts seemingly without even a thought to the skipper piloting the boat and standing less than three yards away from them. “You know, we could always ‘hike’ right here. I have a bush you can play with and then maybe I could make use of your hiking pole.”

The Captain groaned at the horrendous puns and then turned her attention to the gauges and readouts on the control panel, prepared to ignore what she obviously knew was about to happen between her two handsome passengers. Brian took his cue from Justin, who paid her no attention at all. Considering this was Fire Island, Brian figured that the woman had probably seen it all long before his arrival.

Besides, right at that moment he was too distracted by the fact that the intrepid tour guide had already loosened the tie on Brian’s drawstring pants and tugged them low enough to expose his dick. His personal sports equipment didn’t seem to mind Justin’s really bad jokes or even the fact that they had an audience. His ‘hiking pole’ was already standing at attention and very excited by the idea of engaging in outdoor sports of any kind, especially if they involved a nice curly bush . . . and the exciting looking wildlife that he could see nested inside.

However, when Brian reached out to try and get started on this particular hiking trail, he found that his hiking buddy had other ideas. The boy standing in front of him pulled off his polo shirt and immediately wrapped it around Brian’s head as a makeshift blindfold, pulling the fabric so tightly and tying a knot so rapidly that Brian didn’t have a chance to get away. Then, while he was busy cursing and trying to undo the knot, the boy somehow managed to find one of the lines lying around on the deck of the boat and pulled it over, incorporating the rope into his crazy marine fuck fantasy - a fantasy that Brian felt he should have been consulted about beforehand.

The boy was fast, though. And he also had some wicked skills at knot tying, probably from all those years of living near so many fucking boats. Brian could swear that it took the kid less than thirty seconds to loop one of those ropes around his left wrist, pull the line taut and then - when he grabbed out with his right hand in protest - to bind that hand as well . . . Well, before he knew what was happening, Brian found himself trussed up to the railing above the bench seat, blindfolded and then mounted by the man responsible for this mutinous high seas attack.

If Brian wasn’t already halfway to an orgasm, he might have been seriously offended by this high-handed treatment. He might have said something. He might have demanded to be untied and actually thrown off the irritating sailor boy who was rocking his boat. He really did want to take back control of this adventure and protest such rough handling. What did the kid think this was - a pleasure cruise for his own amusement? Brian was getting tired of this KID thinking he could just take over like this. First he was commandeering Brian’s breakfast and now he was hijacking his boat trip? How had Brian lost control of his vacation so completely? He really should say something to stop this,
right? The boy was definitely on some total control trip and Brian wasn’t going to stand for it. Or sit there tied up for it either. Right?

And, to make things even worse, the energetic first mate moving up and down on his cock in time with the motion of the waves under their boat had the temerity to start singing the theme song to ‘The Love Boat’ as he was fucking himself.

I mean, really? That was just so gay! Nobody was that gay, were they?

Brian had almost completely made up his mind to object after the singing started, until he realized that his body was betraying him once again. His mind had been reeling over the abruptness of this attack and all his complaints about how Cookie was taking over everything. He had been too busy cataloging all the wrongs being done to him to even think about the fucking going on, at least not at first. He hadn’t even been paying attention to the extraordinarily pleasurable friction of the boy’s ass sliding up and down his cock, the weight of the kid’s balls slapping against his groin on every downstroke, the way the little nymph would clench his anal muscles so deliciously on every upstroke or the way he would occasionally reach down and tweak one of Brian’s nipples just to add a little something. Unfortunately, while his mind was still dead set against what was going on, his body had decided it was totally in favor of this type of treatment. Enthusiastically so! And the closer the body came to getting what it wanted, the harder Brian found it to think logically about how much he didn’t like this.

Because, to be honest, it really wasn’t that bad. His cock was sure it wasn’t bad at all. In fact, it was the greatest thing that had happened to his cock ever! Of course, his cock had a notoriously short memory and was always thinking that every fuck was the best fuck ever. That cock was very easily won over . . . just rub it a little and you could do practically anything.

“. . . Set a course for adventure, your mind on a new CLIMAX!” Sailor Boy sang out at the top of his lungs, causing Brian’s cock to summarily follow directions, rushing to make good on that whole climax thing as quickly as it possibly could.

Leaving Brian panting, trussed up like a turkey and still wondering how, exactly, the annoying little blond boy managed to take over his entire day.

Chapter 7 Theme Song - [Sunshine Superman](#)
6/21/16 - Happy First Day of Summer. How's your summer fanfic reading going so far? LOL. Time for a Readers’ Poll - What do you want to see next? You’ve got two options: 1. Justin forces Brian to go to Karaoke night at one of the local bars, or 2. Justin invites several of his buddies over to the beach house and puts on a show on the deck for the entire beach . . . Time to vote! Leave us a comment, send an email or come by the online doc and let us know your choice! S&T
If anyone asked, Brian would deny that he pouted. He might even threaten to punch out anyone who accused him of pouting. But for all that, there really wasn’t any other way to describe how Brian was acting the rest of the sightseeing trip.

Justin did his best to tease, cajole and wheedle Brian out of his funk, only to be given silence and scowls for his trouble. Better, Justin figured, to let him be for now and not push his luck. No discussion of the ‘Love Boat’ incident was initiated by either party. The boat tour ended, much as it had begun, with Justin talking about various things on and around the island itself. He tried telling some humorous stories about the inhabitants, adding in the occasional lewd remark, but when he still got no response from his employer, finally fell silent.

It was after one in the afternoon when they docked again and thankfully the other boat and its nefarious skipper were nowhere to be seen. Brian climbed onto the dock under his own steam, shaking off Justin's attempts to help. He walked straight over to the waiting Pedicab, seated himself regally, and pretended not to care what his tyrannical tour guide was going to do next. Without asking for permission, Justin pedalled them to a nearby restaurant overlooking the water. Brian said nothing when the younger man led the way into the establishment. He made his way to an empty table near the window and sat watching the boats on the ocean.
Justin was torn. Brian had complained about him ordering food for him that morning, but currently seemed disinclined to do it for himself. So he waited his turn at the counter, placed his order, and patiently waited until their food was ready. Carefully carrying the tray to the table he sat down and said nothing as he placed Brian’s lunch in front of him and began eating his own, keeping his head down, letting Brian sulk.

Surely, Brian couldn’t have objected to the sex they had on the boat? Brian DID get off after all. And Justin was pretty sure Brian didn’t have a problem with public sex, so that couldn’t be the problem. The skipper had done her best not to watch, and even if she had, she hadn’t SAID anything, so Justin really didn’t think that was the issue either. It had to be something else. He thought harder, going over the details of the trip, trying to find what he sought. Brian had seemed relaxed and playful, if somewhat inattentive, up until Justin had fucked himself on Brian’s cock, so it must have something to do with the sex. Justin thought harder about the incident.

Okay, maybe tying Brian’s hands up had been a little . . . aggressive, but Justin had only used slip knots and he hadn’t even pulled the lines very tight. If Brian had wanted out of the ropes, he could have easily freed himself. It was more for show, and because Justin was feeling playful, than anything else. That couldn’t have been it, could it?

The more he thought about it, though, the closer Justin came to pinpointing the exact moment of Brian’s rising discomfort. There was that one moment . . . The moment that Brian’s eyes widened, looking at him with some indecipherable emotion and then they’d narrowed angrily. That’s when he’d drifted away. What had happened then? What could it have been? What was that look about? Justin wracked his brain for the answer.

Was it the singing? Was it too much? He knew it was corny, but they had said and done plenty of corny stuff in the last couple of days. So, not that. Surely it couldn’t be that? He sipped his beer while he continued to ponder the nature of his faux pas, eventually noticing that Brian was looking at his plate with a curious expression.

“What? They’re crab cakes. The biggest and best on the island. Don’t worry though, they’re baked not fried so you don’t have to worry about your waistline, Stud.” Brian scowled at him without saying a word. “Oh, come on, Boss, I’m SURE you’ve had crabs before. It’s hardly the end of the world. I promise not to tell anybody. And at least this kind of crabs won't require a trip to the clinic!”

Justin watched as Brian took a small forkful of one of the beautiful, golden-brown cakes, dipped it in the sauce puddled on the edge of the plate and then nibbled at the combination delicately. It took a moment or two, but then the barest trace of a smile curled up the corners of his lips. “Not as big as your ‘cakes’, Sailor Man. Or as good. But I guess they’ll have to suffice for now.” Brian conceded and then took another, much bigger taste.
Justin grinned at the terrible pun and went back to his thoughts as Brian ate his lunch. He had to figure it out, or else he could lose his chance at freedom. He let the whole scene play in his head, second by second, over and over, and finally came to the conclusion that Brian was perfectly fine, right up until Justin had tied him up. Oh, the body had been willing enough, but thinking back on it, placing emphasis on Brian’s facial expressions - the there-and-gone-again trace of fear, in the very beginning, and the stubborn set of jaw later on - like the body was doing something completely different than what the brain was thinking. Eventually the two had merged and, just before the end, Brian had been participating willingly, his brain finally on board. But that had definitely been THE moment.

“Look,” Justin said, wanting to make some kind of amends. “I didn’t know you had issues about restraints. I’m sorry. I won’t do it again . . . I promise.” He ducked his head, having said what he needed to say, and waited for the axe to fall.

The silence seemed to drag on forever. But right when Justin was sure nothing was going to be said, Brian finally replied. “I don’t. Have issues, I mean. Of ANY kind.”

Justin was startled by the pithy way that was stated. He lifted his gaze to see if he was being mocked, only to find that Brian had returned his focus to his lunch and was no longer paying him any attention. Justin could tell from the tenseness of Brian's shoulders, though, that there was still more to be said on this topic.

“You're just . . . Too much.” Justin waited patiently for Brian to finish his thought. He didn't have to wait very long, either. “I can't believe I'm saying this - I'm usually the one people say is too controlling, but it's true. I mean, I only met you like two days ago. And you're already telling me what to eat, planning my day, tying me up and orchestrating a public fuck in front of some nosy-assed dyke on a damned boat for fuck’s sake. You've hijacked my whole fucking vacation in less than forty-eight hours. It's just too fucking much. You seriously need to back off,” Brian complained heatedly, not noticing the crestfallen expression on his Cookie’s face until his rant died out. He almost instantly regretted his harsh tone.

“I don't need a damn babysitter, Cookie. I'm perfectly capable of running my own life,” he tried to explain more gently. “I don't want anyone controlling my life but me, okay?” Brian lifted his head from contemplating his lunch plate and looked into the deep crystal blue eyes across from him. He thought he could see understanding there, maybe even a little sympathy, but luckily no pity. It was enough. He wasn't completely over his annoyance, but he thought he was getting there. “And, really, the theme song from The Love Boat? You have got to be fucking kidding me!”

The exaggeratedly offended look Brian shot him didn't even come close to masking the grudging humor underneath the statement. Justin happily accepted the comment as the olive branch it was
meant to be, grinning back but not saying anything. He wasn’t sure what he could say. Brian was right - Justin had usurped control of his vacation - but he wasn’t going to apologize for it. Justin had a goal in mind and he wasn’t about to give up before he’d achieved that goal. Justin never backed down from any challenge. That’s just the way he was. Not even the likes of Brian Kinney was going to change that.

Besides, Justin got the feeling that it might do his new boss some good to let somebody else be in charge for a change. Highly driven, successful men like Brian Kinney rarely let themselves relax and truly have fun. Justin knew the type. He'd seen more than a few men like Brian pass through the island over the years. So, if he wanted to win this bet, he was going to have to change that. He was going to have to shove Brian outside his carefully controlled comfort zone. If he had to force Brian to have fun, he would. And no amount of pouting or fits of temper would deter Justin from reaching his goal this summer.

Silently reaffirming his objective and his plan to get there, Justin finished his plate while Brian did the same. Without further comment, the younger man then took care of their dishes. Meanwhile, Brian walked outside, stretched and then hobbled back over to their waiting transportation.

Assuming their usual positions in the pedicab, Justin craned his neck around, “I thought for this afternoon I would take you . . .”

Brian held up a hand and cut him off. “We’re going home.”

Justin frowned but figured, from Brian’s tone, that this wasn't the time to press the issue. Instead, he did as he was told, standing on the pedals to get them moving, and then turning toward the beach house. A couple of minutes later, when he was sure Brian wasn't paying attention, he indulged himself with a huge smile.

Brian had used the term ‘we’re’ not ‘I’. Even better, he’d said it in the same sentence as ‘home’.

Justin knew it was foolish to assume anything from what could be merely a convenience of words . . . but still. He was obviously making progress. The smile stayed, blinding those that caught sight of it while he pedalled.

Back at the beach house, Brian was no more talkative than before. He showered alone, though he must not have been in too bad a mood, since Justin could hear him singing. It seemed that his new boss had a decent voice too. When Brian emerged from the bathroom, smelling good enough to eat, Justin took his turn as quickly as possible. After, he dried off and pulled on a pair of briefs, not
bothering with other clothing, fully expecting them to be taken off again fairly soon since they had now gone about four hours without fucking.

He found Brian already in bed, facing away from him. He wasn’t sure if he was asleep, so Justin was careful climbing into the bed in case he was. Brian didn’t move or acknowledge his presence in any way, so he too turned on his side away from Brian. So much for his hope that they’d be fucking again soon.

Twenty minutes later, Justin was still awake and he could tell from the occasional rustling in the bed behind him that his companion hadn’t yet settled down either. He didn’t know what to do about it though. He’d been trying to figure out if he should just say ‘fuck it’ and take charge of the situation once again, regardless of what Brian said earlier. Just when he’d about psyched himself up for it, though, he heard a long drawn out sigh and smiled secretly to himself when Brian rolled over, scooted so he was directly behind Justin, draped a casual arm over his waist and finally went to sleep.

Maybe, Justin thought, Brian would stop brooding so much after a good long nap.

Brian woke to an empty bed. Again. Damn, this was starting to become a problem. If the ubiquitous little Cookie insisted on shoehorning himself into Brian’s life, couldn’t he at least be there in his bed when Brian woke up horny? As he contemplated this injustice, Brian rolled out of bed, pissed, then checked himself out in the mirror. He decided not to shave for the time being. He pulled on a pair of trunks and followed his nose to the kitchen, hoping to find the missing blond bedwarmer.

As Brian entered, Justin was pulling a loaded baking tray from the oven. He had to admit, whatever it was smelled fantastic. The vexatious chef set the hot item on the stovetop, transferred whatever it was to two plates and then handed one to Brian.

Brian sat on one of the stools at the island while Justin stood on the other side. Brian stared at his plate for a second, contemplating this latest offering from the gorgeous gourmand. On the plate, there were four identical pieces of sliced baguette, lightly toasted in an herbed olive oil, topped with wafer thin slices of Jarlsberg and equally thin pieces of Prosciutto and tomato on top with a garnish of fresh basil and capers.

Brian cautiously picked up one piece and took an experimental bite. The combination of the dry, spicy ham with the melted cheese and fresh herbs was delicious. The toasted bread was perfectly crispy, the olive oil making it all savory without being greasy. And, even though the slices were on the small side, it was very filling without being heavy. He eagerly devoured the first slice and then immediately proceeded on to the next.
Brian was finishing his last bite when he notice Justin picking up his duffle.

“Where are you going?” Brian demanded . . . not that he cared, really. Okay, so maybe a little.

“I promised a friend that I would help him out tonight so I have to run into town. Sorry, but I made this commitment before our deal and I’d feel like shit if I backed out. I’ll be back in about an hour though, provided that the bar isn’t too crowded.”

“Uh, well, I guess I could use a drink. Something stronger than beer anyway. I think I’ll join you, if you really don’t think it will take long.”

Brian pulled on his oldest and most comfortable jeans, and Justin couldn’t help drooling at how well they fit, emphasizing every single bulge Brian had, back and front. The plain white v-necked tee made him look very Springsteen. Nope, Justin definitely wasn’t going to hate walking into the bar with this hunk on his arm tonight.

Another quick pedicab ride - Justin was glad he’d managed to talk his buddy into letting him keep it for the night - and they were walking into a modern-looking, glass and wood faced, two-story building off the main strip in The Pines with a sign above the door informing all that it was the ‘Sip & Twirl’.

Brian was not impressed with the name - did these people not have any access to trained marketing professionals at all? - but he nevertheless followed the blond inside. As soon as the door was pulled open though, Brian realized that the unprepossessing name was deceiving. Inside, this place was hopping. Justin grinned at him over his shoulder as they bypassed the line of mostly men waiting to pay their cover charges. Brian raised a singular questioning eyebrow at the kid, who shrugged and answered, “I know the owner.”

“Of course you do,” Brian replied, because he’d already determined that Justin knew every single person on the entire island - many of them intimately, apparently - and Brian didn’t have a clue why that made him feel like pouting all over again.

They made their way into the main room of the bar, edging around the many tables and dodging waiters dressed only in board shorts and smiles and carrying trays full of drinks. Justin directed Brian to a small round-top right in front of the stage with a ‘reserved’ sign on it. Brian shook his head even though he did enjoy the VIP treatment, and took his seat. Justin leaned over, left a quick kiss on his cheek and whispered that he’d be back soon. Brian squeezed his ass in response, just in case the kid didn’t know exactly what was waiting for him upon his return.
The band was just finishing up a seductive, drool inspiring, version of Josh Turner’s ‘Your Man’. Brian thought the group had done an excellent job of spicing up the country ballad. Not that he’d ever admit to listening to country music. Not in a million years. At least, not anytime that Michael or the rest of his friends might be around to hear about it.

“...I can’t believe how much it turns me on... Just to be your man...” the band crooned the final chorus of the song right as Justin appeared at the back edge of the stage. As soon as the lead singer of the band noticed who was waiting, his face lit up with a huge smile and he eagerly turned back to the mic. “Ladies and gentlemen... and ladies who are gentlemen... I’m thrilled to to see that we have a special guest with us tonight! This particular songbird used to be a full-time member of our little band, but he left us in order to pursue his dream of being a short order cook at a greasy, local, fast-food dive. Thankfully, he promised me that he’d join us again tonight for a few songs. I know you’ll all be PLEASED by this addition to tonight’s festivities, since his lovely mug will definitely spruce up the place. (Not to mention his lovely ass). Give it up for Fire Island’s very own, Justin Taylor!”

The crowd around Brian went wild at this announcement. Everyone was clapping, shouting, whooping and whistling. There were a few younger men who immediately pushed up towards the stage, practically panting in their enthusiasm to get closer once they’d heard who was joining the band. You’d think that the guy had announced that David Bowie was appearing, considering how fucking excited everyone seemed. Brian chuckled, strangely proud of the mayhem his little Cookie was causing, and leaned back into his chair, ready to enjoy the show himself.

Justin bounced up to the microphone, faked a curtsy as he came to a stop and flirted with the crowd in order to get them even more riled up. Brian didn’t mind at all that the heartthrob on stage made a point of blowing a very obvious kiss his direction, although he made a point not to react to it. Then the golden-haired youth pulled off his shirt, revealing the lightly tanned slimness and perfect skin of his twink-like torso. The fanboys in the crowd hooted at the move and got one of Cookie’s full-wattage smiles in response. That raised an even bigger riot of noise, which was only drowned out when the band started in on the first strains of Wilson Phillips’ ‘Hold On’.

Justin was rocking his hips and nodding his head as the intro played through, waiting for his cue. The crowd gradually settled down, eagerly anticipating the treat they apparently knew was coming. Brian caught snippets of the conversations going on around him and found out that his little bed warmer/sous chef had been a founding member of the band and that his return was looked forward to by many of the patrons in the bar. Several of them were outright gushing at Justin’s appearance. “OMG! He’s gonna sing!” “I can’t believe he’s back”

And other over-the-top exclamations were spouted by those sitting around him. If Brian hadn’t been looking forward to this already, he would have been after hearing the enthusiasm of the crowd.

One gushing little waif in front of Brian, who just happened to remind him a bit of a younger version
of Emmett, was squeeing and jumping around like a hot potato, waving his hands in front of his face flamboyantly as if trying to fan away his excitement. Justin pointed to the young man with both index fingers, smiled down on him sexily and nodded with appreciation. This caused the fawning fanboy to shake his ass even more extravagantly to the rising music, and the entire crowd started giggling at the show they were putting on.

There was only one exception to the happy, engaged crowd of men- one guy who was hovering near the far end of the stage, and whose angry stillness was so out of place that it caught Brian’s attention. This one seething patron was so out of place amidst the festive scene that he stood out like a neon green dildo in the sandbox of a playground. When Brian took a closer look, he thought he recognized the greasy little chin rat from earlier at the marina. The guy’s appearance here, not to mention his blatant disapproval of the new singer, made Brian very uneasy.

Before he had time to do anything about the menacing looks being thrown at both him and Justin by the chin-rat, a shapely, well-tanned waiter with a good eight-pack of abs set a double shot of whiskey and a cold imported beer down on the table at Brian’s elbow. “Compliments of Mr. Taylor, Sir,” the waiter offered, looking at Brian with almost as much awe as he did the star on the stage. Brian simply nodded at the man, pulled a couple dollars out of his pocket as a tip and then turned his attention back to the stage.

“I know this pain . . .” the blond diva belted out just as the music behind him crescendoed.

The band behind Justin broke in, asking, “why do you lock yourself up in these chains?”

Justin shook his head and mouthed the words, ‘I don’t know’ with a goofy grin, eliciting a round of laughter from the crowd, before adding the next line, “I got no one to blame for my unhappiness. I got myself into my own mess . . .”

Brian was distracted from worrying about the jealous brunet in the corner by the power of the young man’s singing. The kid really had a fabulous set of pipes on him. For a fairly small man, he had a large singing voice that was perfectly pitched. It wasn’t something Brian had expected, but now that he thought about it, it seemed appropriate that this amazing kid would be just as good at singing as he appeared to be at everything else. No real surprise there.

The crowd was eating it all up. Not only was Justin a fabulous singer, but he was working them like a maestro. He would make eye contact with each man in turn, smiling at him with that heart-melting blue-eyed smile as if singing only to him, until his target was practically swooning, before moving on to the next member of the adoring audience. Brian was truly impressed with the performance as well as the voice. Impressed enough that he found he had a raging boner before the band was more than a minute into the number.
Before the song went on too long, the band seamlessly transitioned into a mash up with Ariana Grande’s ‘Break Free’. “This is, the part when, I say I don’t wanna . . . I’m stronger than I’ve been before. This is, the part where, I break free . . .” Justin crooned, belting out the words at an even higher volume than before, bending down as if to sing directly to one adoring fan who reached up a hand to grab onto the blond’s ankle, allowing Justin to emphasize the line where he ‘breaks free’ by kicking away the hand and taking a step back. Brian felt every note the kid sang in his groin. It was addictive and intense and he could easily see why all these people were literally throwing themselves at the guy’s feet.

The rest of song went by pretty much the same. By the end of the number, Justin had quite the flock of pretty little twinkie boys flailing at his feet and was working them like Goldie the Pimp working his girls on a busy Saturday night. Brian would have laughed at them if he wasn’t feeling almost as giddy and star-struck as the rest. He just didn’t know what it was about this boy - this incredible, infuriating, and too-irresistible boy that Brian couldn’t seem to pull himself away from.

When the song ended a minute later, Justin and the band took several bows to the deafening cheers from the crowd. “Thank you! Thank you! That was Justin Taylor, folks!” the lead singer said, grabbing the mic away from Justin and getting one more riotous whoop from the audience. Once the furor had died down a tiny bit, he was finally able to continue. “Okay, everybody, we’re gonna open up the mic for karaoke now while the band takes a break. Let’s hear all the rest of you sing while we get something to wet our whistles. Who’s going to go first?”

Ethan, given his proximity, was easily the first up on the stage. Justin didn’t so much as look at him, let alone acknowledge his presence in any significant way. He simply put the mic back on its stand and walked off to join Brian and the band, who had pulled up additional chairs around the reserved table and begun to introduce themselves. Meanwhile, the hunky, shirtless waiter was back with a round of shots and beers for all of them, and he encouraged Brian to finish off his last beer, giving the excuse that the table was too small and they needed to get rid of the empties to make room for the new drinks. Brian figured he was on vacation, so what the hell, and chugged the beer to the sounds of boisterous approval from his table-mates. By that point Justin had made it over to the rest of them and, for lack of an available chair, had taken up a seat on Brian’s lap. Brian wrapped one arm around the slender waist so that the boy wouldn’t fall and held on tightly while they all enjoyed their libations - not even noticing the proprietary way his Cookie had claimed him once again.

Up on stage, Ethan typed his selection into the karaoke machine and moved to the center of the platform. When the music started, Brian could hear groans from the people sitting around him. Justin rolled his eyes and settled himself into the vee of Brian’s spread knees before stealing a sip of his beer. He didn’t seem fazed by whatever had caused the rest of the crowd to complain.

The song Ethan had selected was slow - a real downer after Justin and the band had gotten the house so wound up. I mean, really, how cheesy can a song get? ‘Love in the First Degree’ was a hit for Alabama, but when the grease monkey started singing, slightly off key and breathy, Brian lost his
wood and reflexively pulled Justin closer to him, wrapping his free arm around the boy’s waist as well. He paid close attention to the muted conversations going on around him, trying to tune out the plaintive Ex just like everyone else was doing.

“Can’t believe he had the balls to show up here tonight,” Scrubbs, the lead singer, complained, shaking his head as Ethan mangled a higher note.

“I can. He’s fucking obsessed, Taylor,” the one named ‘Creep’ replied. “You should have seen him last Tuesday night at Flannigan’s. It was really bad. He was drunk off his ass and kept going on and on about seeing you with some guy at Russo’ party the night before. You know, if he keeps this up, they’re going to put his picture in the dictionary next to the word ‘pathetic’.”

The table erupted in a round of laughter that almost drowned out the chorus up on stage. Unfortunately, Ethan raised his voice higher so that everyone could still hear him plaintively singing. “Lock me away, inside of your love, and throw away the key . . . I’m GUILTY, of Love in the First Degree!” the wailing stage rat belted out, gesturing emphatically towards the spot where Justin was seated in Brian’s lap.

“Thinks because he has money, he can have anything he wants,” another of the crew added his two cents.

“You mean, his DADDY has money,” another added, which was followed by sarcastic snickering.

“Guess our baby showed him who was the bigger man! I just wish he’d finally take the hint and leave you the fuck alone, Taylor. He fucking creeps ME out the way he’s always sniffing around you, and I’m not the one he’s after.”

Brian realized that there was a lot more to this story than a simple clingy Ex like Justin had said. And it was apparently common knowledge for the islanders. He downed yet another shot and tried to focus on the bounteous butt pressing into his groin instead of the sounds of screeching cat torture coming from the stage.

By the time Ethan finished, his eyes only for Justin, leaving no doubt as to who the song was sung for, Justin had pretty much lost his patience. As the song tapered off, with repeated refrains of “Love in the first degree . . .” Ethan did this totally pathetic thing where he dropped to his knees, in a pleading pose, with one hand wrapped tightly around the mic and the other in a fist held out beseecingly towards the apparent object of his affections. As he sang out the final words, he made his body writhe obscenely, bucking his hips up and down in a parody of the sex act that looked to Brian like it would be painful rather than pleasurable if applied to an actual person. If he didn’t
already despise the man, he might have felt sorry for him.

As the music started to fade away, the caterwauling singer sang his last verse of “Guilty, of love in the first degree . . .” and then added in, “Only for you, Justin!”

The band and most of the crowd was now looking at Justin with varying degrees of sympathy or pity.

“Oh, Fuck THIS!” the blond finally appeared to have had too much. He’d decided to make as clear a statement as he possibly could. He slammed the beer he’d taken from Brian down on the table, vaulted to his feet, jumped onto the stage in front of the burly man who’d been waiting his turn and pushed away the overly dramatic wanna-be suitor still kneeling on the stage. Ethan dropped the mic in order to prevent himself from doing a faceplant on the wooden planking. Justin scooped it up and angrily punched in his own selection into the karaoke machine, assuming a position at center stage right before the music started. Everyone else in line retreated back to their tables. Ethan just huddled on the edge of the stage.

Justin stood there completely still until the music started and the opening beats of MC Hammer’s ‘Can’t Touch This’ blared through the speakers, only to be drowned out by the clamoring uproar of the audience as they recognized the song. Everyone was immediately on their feet, shouting encouragement and singing along with the angriest version of the song Brian had ever heard. Still, it worked.

“You CAN’T TOUCH THIS!” Justin screamed into the mic along with the very first line of the iconic 1990 hit. “You can’t touch this!” the blond singer repeated over and over again, each time emphasizing a different body part, which he’d thrust into the direct eyeline of the audience. Pointing to his lips . . . “You can’t touch this!” Flicking the gold hoop in his pierced right nipple . . . “You can’t touch this!” Running his hands seductively down his chest and over his flat stomach all the way down to his obviously bulging crotch . . . “You can’t touch this!” Then, finally, turning around and shaking his bounteous bubble butt in full view of the whistling and again-screaming crowd . . . “You can’t touch THIS!”

“STOP! . . . Twinkie Time!” Justin yelled and then took off bopping around the stage with some deliriously fast dance moves that the Hammer himself might have approved of . . . If only Justin had been wearing the requisite Hammer pants.

When he finished, arms crossed over his chest, legs spread, and leaning back slightly, Justin looked like he’d just stepped out of the ‘hood. It was mind boggling. Then he stuck out his arm and let the mic drop to the stage as the crowd erupted into hoots and hollers, rushing forward to congratulate him on a resounding success. Brian was pushed forward by the momentum and when Justin saw his head in the crowd took a blind leap of faith. Literally. Ten seconds later, he was diving into the crowd, trusting that Brian would catch him and make his point for him.
Brian only had a split second to figure out what the fuck the crazy blond was doing before he had his arms full of wriggling, spirited boy. It didn’t really help that he’d had at least four rounds of shots and beer chasers by that point and was not as steady on his feet as he would have liked if he’d known he was going to have to play catch with a 150 pound blond boy. Especially since he never had been much of a ‘catcher’ in the first place. Luckily the boy pitched himself just right and landed squarely in Brian’s arms as if it had been planned that way all along.

As he stood the laughing dynamo back up onto his feet, Brian saw the spurned chin-rat out of the corner of his eye. The man didn’t look happy at all. Brian was more than a little concerned by the overtly mutinous and determined expression on the angry young man’s face. Apparently the jerk still hadn’t gotten the memo, even after Justin’s song. Well, fuck him! Brian was just drunk enough that he thought maybe he’d send the fucker a message of his own!

Once again, Ethan walked determinedly towards the karaoke machine, evidently intent on making some kind of response to Justin’s song barb. Brian shoved him roughly aside, though, not caring in the least that the smaller man actually fell to his knees because of the incidentally rough handling. This might be one of the few men that Brian didn’t want to see on his knees!

Quickly scanning the list of available songs, Brian decided on his own selection and punched in all the right numbers before picking up the mic from the floor and moving into position. The disco beat of the song started right off and, even though it was a bit old school, the electro-bop of Goldfrapp’s ‘Ooh La La’ instantly grabbed the crowd’s attention. Brian’s slinky hip shaking, along with the addictive beat, helped rope in the audience’s appreciation. When he started whispering the song’s lyrics, he had them all riveted. “Dial up my number . . . weaving it through the wire . . . Switch me on . . . Turn me up!” With each line Brian thrust his hips provocatively forward as if he was fucking the audience en masse. They loved it! Those same twinkies that had been fawning over Justin earlier were back at Brian’s feet in seconds.

When he got to the line, “I want to touch you, you’re just, made for love,” he looked directly at Justin, licked his lips and then flicked his tongue in and out VERY suggestively until the audience howled with approval. And as he went on, singing to Justin that he needed, “la la la la la . . . I need Ooh la la la la,” shaking his shoulders, bent forward at the hips and crooking one index finger in the blond’s direction, you could almost feel the sex percolating through the air.

Basically, there wasn’t a dry cock in the place by the time Brian was done shaking and shimmying his way through the short piece. Justin was smiling up at him victoriously. Brian was beaming with a possessive triumph.

However, while all the other patrons were falling over themselves with lust at Brian’s rendition of the song, there was one listener who was still nonplussed. Ethan had picked himself up off the
ground once again and was waiting in the wings, scowling the entire time at the abhorrent spectacle
the older man was putting on. How dare this old guy come in and try to poach on his territory? Justin
was HIS! He would show that interloper. He would prove his love to Justin once and for all and then
this out-of-town loser could just fuck off and get lost.

Ethan decided he needed a faster paced song to get the audience on his side. He still wanted
something sweet though. Something that expressed his love for Justin. Something that would win
him over. Finally, while the feckless crowd was still too caught up in lust over Brian’s performance,
Ethan found the perfect song. He punched in the codes on the machine and moved to the middle of
the stage, waiting for the song to queue up.

He started off okay, albeit off key, singing out at the top of his lungs along with the words to Jessica
Simpson’s ‘Irresistible’. The group of men in the joint actually recognized this song and looked up
with some interest after the first couple of bars. It was a good sign. But when the music picked up
and Ethan tried to break into dance, hoping to move his body as suggestively as Jessica Simpson did
in the video, shaking her hips like like they were electric, Ethan came off looking more like he’d
been electrocuted.

The entire bar erupted into gales of laughter, causing him to lose the beat, lose his footing, and then
lose his dignity when he landed ass first on stage with a resounding and reverberating *Boom*
before the song was even halfway over.

Brian quickly decided he had had enough of this shit. He hopped back onto the stage over the front
apron and dragged a still stunned Ethan off to the edge where he was out of the spotlight. Then Brian
punched the button to end the current song before spending just a few seconds making his next
selection.

When the smooth, sexy beat of TLC’s ‘Red Light Special’ started, Justin’s grin was a mile wide.
Brian waved him up on stage and they took turns with the lyrics, each one moving his body in such a
way that the crowd had no doubts about the heat in the duo’s sex life. They were back to chest, no
space between them as they crooned, Brian’s free hand running from Justin’s neck to his crotch as
Brian rocked his hips into Justin’s ass then did this long sexy roll that started in his shoulders, slunk
down his torso, and ended with a delicious thrust in his hips that left the audience salivating. Justin’s
simultaneous back arch, head thrown back, his ass pressing into Brian’s groin, had dicks hard all
around.

The sexy beat, the sultry show, and the smooth baritone and tenor working together had men
reaching for their own leaky cocks and the ladies squirming in their seats. It was so fucking hot, they
had heat waves surrounding them. They seemed almost oblivious to the crowd and were singing and
dancing - if you could call this version of vertical foreplay dancing - only for each other now.
Stroking, rubbing, and all but fucking on the stage, never once losing the beat or missing a lyric even
when they finally turned and eye fucked each other face to face. Their hard cocks were practically
bulging out of their pants and on display for anyone to see through the fabric. Nobody in the bar could remember ever seeing anything even half as hot as this pair.

When the song ended, the couple simply continued rocking together without the benefit of the music. The clapping and the cheering around them went on ignored for several minutes. The thing that actually ended the applause was the deep, sultry and possessive kiss that happened when Brian finally stilled, bending down to claim the perfectly pink lips of his partner with a fervor that was so hot it could melt glass.

The mass of horny men hushed as they watched - it was like some magic had descended that was able to silence a hundred men at the the drop of a pin. Nobody’s eyes were anywhere other than glued to that kiss. Nobody’s, except for the one furiously irate wharf rat, who was more determined than ever to retake what he thought was his. Ethan ignored the kiss, ignored the roomful of fawning fags and ignored the fact that he hadn’t had Justin’s respect, let alone his affection, for more than a year. Instead, he grabbed the mic from it’s stand and stomped over to the karaoke machine, prepared to start in on yet another cheesy love song. As soon as the music started up again, though, Justin peeked over Brian’s shoulder, saw who was at the machine and pulled away from his lover’s lips with a growl.

“Fuck you, Ethan! Would you PLEASE get a fucking clue already!” Justin screamed at the startled little man, pushing him out of the way one more time. “In case you haven’t figured it out yet, Ethan, we’re through! Over! Done!” When Ethan continued to stare at Justin with stubborn intransigence, the blond sighed, pushed in his next selection and turned towards Ethan with a determined frown. “Listen to me, Ethan. Are you listening?” When Ethan nodded, Justin pushed the play button on the machine and the opening notes of The Ting Tings’ ‘Shut Up & Let Me Go!’ began to play.

Justin belted out the song, repeating over and over again, “Shut up and let me go!” to the driving beat, punching out the words, pointing with his free hand at the man who was slowly backing away from the increasingly aggressive singer. Finally, just before the closing phrase of the song, Justin poked Ethan so hard in the chest with one more, “Shut up and Let me go. Hey!” that Ethan fell backwards off the stage, landing in the laps of the couple of fags seated at the closest table. The horde of men in the bar burst out into more laughter at the sight.

And even then, as embarrassed as he was, Ethan still seemed unwilling to concede defeat. He struggled out of the grasp of the men who’d caught him and tried to get to his feet. From all appearances he was about to climb back up on the stage to continue the karaoke battle with one more silly love song. Justin huffed out an aggravated roar. This man was fucking impossible.

In a fit of rage, he actually threw the mic directly at Ethan’s face. The microphone hit the small brunet on the temple and ricocheted off into the audience. Then Justin jumped off the stage, strode purposefully over to where Brian was standing watching him, took the taller man in his arms with a force that was unstoppable and drove the older man backwards into a dip as he kissed the fucking
shit out of him. Brian was overwhelmed by the raw power, understanding this was a show, but got into it anyway, pulling up one leg and wrapping it around the smaller blond’s legs in a parody of a romantic comedy. ‘If this is the twink taking charge,’ he thought, ‘I’ll play along. And . . . it really isn’t too awful.’

The abandoned mic was picked up by the Emmett look-alike, who trotted up onto the stage and immediately burst into a really good acapella version of Sophie B. Hawkins’, ‘Damn, I Wish I Was Your Lover’. This new selection made Brian break out into a big grin and finally pulled Justin from his funk. But the determined twink didn’t let up until he felt his arm muscles trembling from the strain of trying to hold up the weight of the much larger man. Only then did he relent, pulling Brian back up to a standing position amid the deafening hoots and cat calls from the rest of the bar.

“Well, I certainly can’t call THAT boring, Springsteen. Fuck! That was sexy as all hell! Wanna get out of here and fuck?” Brian drolled, as he wrapped his fingers around the back of Justin’s neck.

The blond licked his lips and nodded, “Good idea. Only, let’s make it a ‘fucking’ party!”

And just like the fairy tales of old, where the Pied Piper led, the children . . . uh, bar patrons . . . followed.

Chapter Playlist:

Control - by Janet Jackson - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jjeci86zQPM
Your Man - Josh Turner - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v3_xIahrt_I
Hold On/Break Free - The Skivvies and Randy Harrison - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YTn32-PAIHA
Love in the First Degree - Alabama - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ehbFDEVjmC8
Can't Touch This - MC Hammer - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=otCpCn0l4Wo&index=48&list=RDqWsUzVgHZ8k
Irresistible - Jessica Simpson - https://youtu.be/-qCDypgAV_E
Red Light Special - TLC - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dP2t9LBBeAwo
The Ting Tings - ‘Shut up & Let Me Go’ https://youtu.be/tolm-07if3c
Damn I Wish i Was Your Lover - Sophie B. Hawkins - https://www.youtube.com/watch?
Chapter End Notes

Chapter 8 End Notes: Well, as you can see, the Karaoke night won in our reader polls! Credit for the original idea goes to Gloria - thanks for a great suggestion! All credit for researching the playlist options and coming up with the perfect songs goes to Saje - she was working diligently on this chapter even while TAG was off on her gay holiday in San Francisco, so don’t blame her for the fact that it took so long to get the chapter out. Thanks also go to Cookiebun & Jazzepoet for hanging with us while we were giggling, drinking, chatting and even writing late into the night on this one. Now, since the beach house show was such a close second in our polls, we’re off to write that part. Thanks for reading! S&T.
Chapter Notes

The party never ends when you're reading Fiery Nights . . . or at least not until Justin says the party ends. So, here's what happened after the big karaoke battle was won and they all head back to Brian's beach house for a show. Go on and read if you dare!

Enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 9 - Feels So Good.

As soon as Brian gave Justin the nod to his idea of a ‘fucking party’ at the beach house, the indefatigable blond was on the job. He pulled aside two or three guys - good looking guys, Brian noted with a smirk - and quietly gave out the invite. The news spread like wildfire through the bar. Heads tipped, lips whispered and the next thing you knew, half the bar was chugging back their drinks, packing up their belongings and heading towards the exit. Word couldn't have spread any faster if Justin had announced it using the microphone. Brian once again shook his head in wonder at the way his Cookie worked.

Brian followed the Cookie in question towards the door - making a quick stop at the bar to order a couple kegs of beer for the impromptu party - and by the time he made it to the pedicab, Justin was seated on the bench and a nice looking dirty blond was at the pedals. Justin stood up just far enough for Brian to slither into the seat, then resettled himself straddling Brian’s lap as the driver put them in motion.

Justin took a few brief moments to stare into Brian’s eyes while he asked the all important questions of the evening. “So, what’s your pleasure tonight, Boss? You wanna fuck me?” *kiss* “You wanna watch me fuck?” *kiss* “Or, you want me to fuck . . . you?” *deeper kiss with lots of tongue*.

Justin had been watching very closely. Brian’s eyes were incredibly expressive, and combined with the ever so slight flare of his nostrils, they gave him away in the end.

“Just wanna fuck my brains out, Cookie.” Brian asserted. “Nothing more than that.” *kiss and groove of ass* “Wanna cum and cum until I have nothing left, then cum again.”
Justin gave him that knowing little grin again and ground his pelvis into Brian’s, making what little blood he had left in his head speed to his nether regions. Brian didn’t even remember when the kissing started, it just happened. Not that he was complaining, mind you. His Cookie’s lips seemed to have magnetic properties, the way they were always drawing him in. Maybe that was why he found himself making out in the cab like a kid - their desire, still heightened by the sensual performance at the bar, keeping them both on the cusp of climax - while they were pedalled slowly through the streets on the way home.

Meanwhile, thoughts swirled in Justin’s brain. He knew what Brian was saying verbally, but what had him even more hot and bothered was what the big guy hadn’t said. Justin had seen the subtle reactions he had gotten as he asked his questions - which was the purpose of his asking in that manner in the first place - and though Brian might truly believe what came out of his mouth, the man’s eyes told a different story.

Justin had always been highly perceptive. He’d learned at a pretty young age how to tell liars from the rest. Justin considered himself an expert at it and Brian’s body language was telling him that the story coming from his lips wasn’t exactly the truth. Those beautiful raspberry red lips had carefully avoided the subject, but the way Brian’s pupils had constricted and his nostrils flared when Justin had purred his final question, it was a dead give away. Brian might never admit what he really desired . . . but it was certainly something for Justin to think about for later, and maybe fantasize over as well.

These whirling thoughts had two very specific and immediate results. The first was that Justin knew he had learned something about his new boss that the man might not even admit to himself - a discovery which would hopefully give him an edge in winning the bet. And secondly, the blond found that just thinking about these new possibilities was hot as fuck! The very idea was enough to cause another surge of desire to sweep over him. Which, in turn, served as the impetus for the younger man to hastily open his fly and grind his hips harder, swivelling them in a tight circle into the man under him at an ever increasing pace, until Brian was panting through his mouth and Justin grunted out his orgasm. The twink wasn’t finished though. Even before his last spurt of jizz pulsed out from the tip of his cock where it was peeking out from his shorts, decorating Brian’s t-shirt with creamy sigils of lust, Justin had delved one facile hand under Brian’s waistband and brought him off just by hooking two fingers on either side and under the rim of his cock and tugging a couple times.

Holy Hell, Brian thought, how the fuck does this kid get to me every single time? Seriously, we’re making out, fully clothed and the nympho in my lap made me - Brian Kinney - lose a load?

He hadn’t come that fast or lost control that badly since he was a teenager himself . . . it was both fascinating and frightening to experience. He had a hard time wrapping his short circuited brain around it, so he gave up trying.

Brian tugged off the tee, using it to clean them up the best he could while Justin slid off his lap and
half sat, half lazed in the seat next to him. He inhaled a deep cleansing breath and blew it out on a
chuckle. Justin gave him a toothy grin and took the opportunity to check how far they were from the
house.

He twisted and turned on his perch, then broke out into loud guffaws of laughter. Brian pinched his
side to get his attention.

“You off your rocker, Cookie?”

Justin merely shook his head. “Take a look around you, Boss. We may have left with half the bar,
but we seemed to have picked up half the island on the way to the beach.”

Brian glanced around, noticing for the first time the sheer number of people trotting along in the
wake of their conveyance. Right out in front there were a couple of large handcarts, into which the
kegs had been loaded, and which were being pushed by a phalanx of presumably thirsty party-goers.
There were also golf carts towing large wagons full of people, bikes towing smaller wagons full of
people, and pedestrians towing tiny wagons full of people. All of the them laughing, yelling,
cheering each other on and passing drinks back and forth between themselves. Jeez, you would think
it was some kind of drunken, sprawling, wagon-based pride parade and the bright yellow pedicab
was the Grand Marshall leading the way!

The entourage rolled along in this fashion all the way back to Ocean Beach. At the beach house,
Brian and Justin climbed out of their cab and rushed inside while everyone else assembled - most of
them copping a squat on the stretch of Brian’s beach and waiting there for the party proper to get
underway. By the time the two made it to the back deck, not even a third of the parade had caught up
yet.

As the party parade piled out of their various conveyances and swarmed the deck of the beach house,
Justin finally realized just how many people had followed them home. It was quite a crowd. No way
were all these guys going to fit in the house or even on the deck - even if Brian would have wanted
them all there. Justin had lived on Fire Island long enough, and been to enough house parties, that he
knew first hand the amount of devastation a horde of crazy, drunk, horny men could cause. He
wasn’t about to let that happen to Brian’s beautiful house.

The best alternative he could come up with was to organize some type of entertainment that would
keep them all happy, busy and out of the house. Luckily, Justin was not only a pretty face, he was a
brilliant strategist too, and he quickly devised a makeshift plan that would not only save the night, but
also save Brian’s house. He immediately waved over two of his buddies, who happened to also be
nice, big, muscular guys, and gave them the job of being Door Guards, keeping everyone outside on
the deck or the nearby beach. Then he directed the guys setting up the kegs to the far end of the
patio. Finally, he ducked inside the house, grabbed a big aluminum pot and a metal spoon and made
his way back outside. His plan was ready to be put into action!

With the assistance of two more beefcakes, Justin was lifted up so that he was standing on the top of the sturdy wrought iron patio table where he towered over the milling masses. Using his pot and spoon as a makeshift drum, Justin hammered out a rousing tattoo until he had everyone’s attention.

“Welcome, everybody! Who’s ready to have the time of their lives tonight?” Justin yelled, thankful that he’d always had a booming voice which carried easily. As expected, his question elicited a round of boisterous hooting and hollering that would have been absolutely deafening if they’d been indoors. “That’s what I thought!” Justin carried on. “And you’re in luck because tonight just happens to be the semi-annual ‘Miss Fire Island Fuck of The Year’ Contest, right here, right now!” This pronouncement won him yet another loud roar of cheering approval. “Yep! I, myself, have held the title for the past two years,” he paused briefly to bow and accept the accolades of his audience, “but I’m willing to pass on this honor, provided we can find someone truly worthy.” More cheering and whistles. “So, this is how we’re going to work this, guys. Anyone who wants to go for the title needs to come up here on the deck. The judges will be myself,” cries of derision and heckling, “and our most generous host, the incomparable and oh so hot, Mr. Brian Kinney!” Justin gestured to the blindsided Emcee, who nevertheless made the best of the situation, took his own bow and tried to look like he knew what the fuck was going on. “We will select the top, say . . . dozen . . . most fuckable guys from those of you willing to compete. And then we’ll have a little test to see who really is the best fuck on the island this summer! What do you say to that?” Apparently the flock of horny men thought that was an excellent idea and they cheered even louder.

It took a few minutes after that to sort through all the potential, oh-so-willing, fuckees who presented themselves as possible contestants. The crowd seemed to be really getting into the spirit of the event as well. A few enterprising young men had run down to the shoreline and appropriated a couple of the large lifeguard chairs from the beach - both of which were hefted up onto the deck and placed together in the center so that the judges would have a better view of their subjects. Another creative bunch had pooled together an impressive assortment of variously colored condoms and used them to create balloon crowns for both the judges. These, combined with beach towel capes, were applied to both Brian and Justin as soon as they were seated on their thrones. And that, combined with the music that was blasting out of somebody’s boom box and the kegs full of beer, created quite the festive atmosphere.

The bevy of potential contestants were made to strut their stuff, one by one, across the deck in front of the two judges’ chairs. The amassed crowd cheered them on, getting not a few of the participants to shimmy and shake their stuff as they sashayed by. Brian was rather enjoying the notoriety of being a ‘judge’ and he exerted his authority by making the cream of the crop do little dances or bend over or flex their muscles as they passed by - all to the crowd’s very vocal delight. Justin was simply enjoying watching Brian’s enjoyment.

Eventually, they agreed on a dirty dozen of actual contestants - all hot, young men in their own right - each of whom was directed to strip down and line up along the railing of the deck so that the audience could get a good eyeful. This was a huge crowd pleaser, of course, and the ensuing
screams of approval were ear splitting. Brian had to concede that this CERTAINLY wasn’t boring at all, and maybe the kid might actually pull off this bet of theirs in the end.

Once all the semi-finalists were assembled, Justin handed each of them a condom and checked his partner to see if he was ready. Brian gave him nod and a grin, stepping out of the jeans already pooling at his feet. Brian marched over to guy standing on the far left end of the lineup, suited up and stroked on a dollop of lube, handing the bottle to the next guy in line. “Get ready. Pass it on.” he said, as he started working the first man open.

Justin watched it all as he got naked and figured it was as good a way to handle the situation as any. He quickly moved down the line until he was situated at the far right end of the deck. He donned his own condom, accepting a handful of lube from the first waiting hopeful - a sweet-faced, twenty-something with a Wall Street haircut and a nice sleek backside - and then leaned back to see if his partner in crime was ready as well. Brian gave him a nod and a tongue-in-cheek smirk to let Justin know he was good to go.

“Alright, gentlemen! It looks like we’re ready to get started. Here are the rules . . . there are no rules!” Justin shouted out to the waiting contestants as well as the tribes of onlookers, getting a rousing laugh from all. “Basically, we’re going to fuck you and if you please us you might win! Everyone out there in the audience, it’s your job to cheer on your favorites. Give ‘em tips. Offer them a hand . . . or a mouth if needed. Help ‘em out however you can so that they give it their best. Let’s make this a crowd participation thing!” That got another huge cheer of approval. “Everybody ready?” Screaming, clapping and wolf-whistles abounded. “Ok. Gentlemen, start your asses! Get ready. Get set. Get FUCKED!”

The crowd went even wilder, if that were possible, and the contestants were grinning with anticipation as they slapped each other on the back. Brian and Justin stepped up to their respective receptacles, nodded across the distance to each other and then proceeded to business. A half a minute later, they were both buried balls deep into their men, fucking away like champs.

For the first time all day, Brian felt truly comfortable. This was what he knew. This was what he did best. This was his element. He was doing the driving. He could make the man under him feel exactly the way he wanted him to feel. And, just to make the point to himself, he thrust twice, especially hard into the first guy’s prostate, making him squeal like pig.

He tipped his head back to hide the self-satisfied grin, but when he looked to the side, he saw Justin watching him. The unadulterated lust on the boy’s face said it all. It suddenly occurred to him that the kid had set this whole thing up, just to keep the heat between them at maximum temperature. Smart little fucker!

Brian let a knowing, sharky grin curl his mouth and, while still watching Justin, reached for the cock
at the rail. He pulled once, which was all it took to send his trick into paroxysms of lusty joy as the man’s cum shot between the railings landing on the faces of the crowd below. Brian smacked the man’s ass to let him know he was done and removed the used condom.

The next guy had already worked himself into a dither, so Brian had no trouble rolling on the new condom and sliding into his ass. Justin was just finishing his first and quickly moved to his own second, never taking his eyes from Brian. Jeez, the younger man was a sight to behold. Cookie seemed to know all the right spots to touch, squeeze, or rub. Hands, lips or dick, it didn’t matter, the man was an expert, a prodigy, a true wonder of the world! Brian had to admit he was duly impressed.

Justin had always enjoyed sex, but watching Brian while he was fucking was a whole different thing altogether! Shit, the man could move! All sinuous and powerful, fully into it and loving what he was doing. Justin let his eyes close and his libido take over. Visions of Brian fucking him swimming behind his lids and before he was even aware of it his second trick was cumming into the crowd to riotous cheers.

Both men were approaching their third conquest less than ten minutes later and the looks that were passing between them made each aware that this was no longer about the contest. Not really. It was about them - the lust, the heat, and the passion between them. It was evident that neither of them thought the men they were fucking were nearly as hot or sexy as the man they were looking at while they fucked. Their third tricks came, one right after the other, and neither Brian nor Justin gave either man another thought.

The next two tricks for each of them went down in similar flames and the crowd was nearly uncontrollable as Brian and Justin worked their way closer to each other and the center of the deck. Every single member of the watching masses realized that they would never, ever, see anything like this again, although they would talk about it for decades. Well, the ones that were not already fucking each other anyway. Just the fact that both men had already been going at it for almost an hour without orgasm was amazing. The fact that they were on the last two tricks, having gotten all of the others off, was the stuff of legends.

The last two contestants, having had to wait and watch the longest, were so ready that the boys could have just looked at them sexily and they probably would have shot. Accordingly, they were fucked and finished in record time. Brian and Justin were grinning like fools, cocks still hard and dripping, when they finally met in the middle and finished their run with a heated kiss between them as the entire beach erupted into a cacophonous roar. Justin let it go on for several minutes then pulled back, turned to the waiting throngs and raised his hands for silence. The immediate hush was almost comical.

“WOW! Do Fire Island boys know how to fuck or what?” Justin asked the congregation waiting
expectantly at his feet, causing them to all sound off once again with approbation. “I’ve had some
tight asses before, but sheesh . . . Number three down there - well, let’s just say that if you left a lump
of coal up there you’d have a diamond by the next morning!” Number three blushed so strongly that
even his nipples started to turn pink, but the crowd loved it and laughed with glee. “And did you
guys see the cock on ten? I’m worried that Brian might have sprained his wrist trying to grab hold
and pull that one off. You okay over there, Boss?” Brian hammed it up, pretending to shake his right
wrist and then holding it up as if injured for the masses to examine - all with a huge-assed grin on his
face - eliciting laughing sympathy for Brian and some approving looks for the contestant in question.
“What’s your opinion, Boss?” Justin asked. “Any clear winners from your, uh, ‘end’?”

Brian made a show of walking along behind his half of the line, slapping an ass or pinching a cheek
as he inspected the offerings. “Not bad . . . not bad at all,” Brian pronounced with his characteristic
understatement, prompting heckling from the assembly for not rating the boys higher. Finally, he
stopped behind a tall, rather lanky kid whose fresh face and slightly nerdy look were reminiscent of a
Kansas farm boy. Brian waggled his head from side to side, a little grin curling up the corners of his
lips. “I’ve met some assholes in my time . . .” he paused to let the crowd laugh through that one, “but
none as nice as number nine here. If I had to pick, this would be the one.”

Farm Boy’s goofy grin expanded from ear to ear and the sea of men down on the beach roared out
their agreement.

As soon as the din had died down a bit, Justin started his perusal of his own half of the lineup. He
caressed a chest, made sure to fondle a cock or two and bit one especially beefy stud on the shoulder
as he passed by. The young blond certainly knew how to work a crowd, too, egging on the watching
group by asking their opinions of each hopeful and cracking even more jokes.

Finally, Justin returned to the first guy in line, looked him up and down and then nodded. Apparently
coming to a conclusion, he grabbed hold of the man’s shoulders and spun him around so that his
plump ass was facing the audience. “I think I’m going with Rosy here. I mean, look at those sweet
cheeks. They’re so tasty looking, it makes you want to just take a huge bite, don’t you agree?” The
beachcombers apparently agreed, hooting and clamoring their endorsement until the guy being
examined blushed so hard that both sets of his cheeks did indeed turn a pretty shade of rosy-pink.
Justin, of course, couldn’t resist the temptation and bent down to nip at the perky posterior, to the
very vocal approbation of all.

“Alright then!” Justin stated, rubbing his hands together as if he was getting ready for the main
course of the evening’s meal. “Thank you to all our contestants, but it looks like Farm Boy and Rosy
are the top two contenders. The rest of you, go out there and practice a bit more. I’m sure that, with a
little HARD work, you’ll cum out a winner, in the end!” Several of the guys down on the beach
raised their hands, volunteering to help out the big losers with their homework.

“Now, folks, it looks to me like it’s time for a Sudden Death Fuck Off. I mean, we need to put these
two finalists through their paces a little more, don’t you think? ‘Cause I don’t think one fuck is enough to judge by. Not if one of them wants to take home the title of ‘Fuck of The Year’. That’s gonna take a lot more effort. You guys out there agree, right?” The peanut gallery thought this was an excellent idea and immediately began chanting ‘Fuck off! Fuck off! Fuck off!’ “That’s what I thought too,” Justin chuckled, reaching an arm around each of the finalists and leading them over to where Brian was waiting and watching Justin leading the festivities with a megawatt smile. Once the two were ensconced in Brian’s protective custody, Justin hurried off to make the rest of the arrangements he had in mind for the end of the show.

With help from a bevy of willing audience volunteers, Justin set up four lounge chairs right next to each other with two facing out towards the beach and two facing the house, making a very large and comfortable bed of sorts. Several cushions and pillows from inside the house were brought out and piled on top, so that the entire area was well padded. Then he waved Brian and the the two finalists back over, and arranged the contestants on their hands and knees, side-by-side but facing opposite directions. Brian got the gist in an instant. His Nympho wanted to watch his face while they both fucked their guys. Brian could get into that easily, especially since he would have no trouble watching Cookie in turn.

Suited up and lubed up, Brian and Justin moved into place, each positioning himself behind the contestant they hadn’t yet had. Justin had the crowd start counting down from twenty while he and Brian prepared themselves. As soon as the screaming mass of men surrounding them hit “Three, Two, One, Fuck!”, the four of them got right down to it.

Both fuckers started off with longer strokes designed to inflame a need for more in the fuckees. Brian and Justin were both running their hands down the backs of their respective tricks until, on one pass, their hands brushed each other, sending sparks up both men’s arms. Their eyes, which had been flickering towards each other off and on already, locked together. Blue sparkling with wantonness and hazel with a knowledgeable gleam. Both unconsciously began thrusting harder, their movements perfectly in sync, their tricks grunting together as two expertly wielded dicks slid in and out of tight asses and the friction continued to build.

After another dozen thrusts, Brian reached out and touched Justin’s shoulder. He didn’t know why he did it, just that it felt right. He let his fingertips slowly drag down the pale bicep and watched as the lust-blown blue eyes glazed over, the pink tongue peeking out to lick a lush bottom lip and then long, pale fingers lifting up to meet his. Before he knew quite how it happened, Brian found his fingers entwined with Justin’s, their joined hands pulling them closer and closer even as they continued to ram into the moaning tricks.

With a renewed effort, both studs pummelled their bottoms, using the momentum of the fuck to gradually manipulate the bodies below them farther and farther forward, until the two finalists were no longer head to tail, but rather hip to hip. Which meant that Brian and Justin had to inch forward on their knees to keep pace. And it also meant that the two movers had been edged closer together as well, their bodies now almost shoulder to shoulder as they fucked and fucked and fucked closer with every stroke of their pumping hips.
As he fucked his way nearer and nearer to a final climax, Brian found that the sensations coursing through him, while familiar in so many pleasant ways, seemed enhanced in some new and indecipherable manner. He didn’t remember ever feeling this enthralled by a mere fuck before. Every nerve ending in his body felt like it was super-charged. Every millimeter of his skin seemed like it was tingling. Every time his thigh brushed against the toned length of the pale blond’s thigh, he got yet another jolt of electricity from the contact. Before he knew it he was leaning forwards, across the back of the trick on his knees, straining to get even closer to the blue eyes still burning into him. He couldn’t help it. He had to reach them. He needed to taste the sweat pearling on the curled upper lip. He wanted to bury his nose in the crook of that long, pale neck and inhale the scent of him. He wanted to devour those perfectly formed, bubblegum-pink lips that were smiling at him so enticingly. He simply HAD to.

With one more powerful thrust, he knocked his trick forward the last few inches needed to reach the lips he hungered for. Brian leaned forward, drawn to the welcoming mouth, and found himself drowning in the deepest kiss he could ever remember. Tongues tangled, teeth nipped, firm lips mashed together until he didn’t think they could get any closer unless they crawled inside each other. And that’s when the sizzling electric spark that had been flickering near the base of Brian’s spine flared and set off a conflagration that shot throughout his body, triggering a release that sent him into a series of passionate convulsions. They seemed contagious enough that the blond he’d been kissing was overtaken by them as well. Without breaking their kiss, both men rode out the tremors, thrusting with a flurry of lust into their forgotten receptacles, finally pushing the two groaning contestants to their own release. It was a symphony of animalistic eroticism that left not only Brian and Justin but the men they were fucking - as well as most of the men watching around them - panting with spent lust.

Brian let go of the trick’s hip, allowing the man below him to crumple into a sated heap, and fisted his now free hand in sweaty blond hair, tugging until their foreheads were touching.

No, Brian thought to himself, definitely NOT boring.

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Chapter Theme song - Feels So Good.

Online doc - Come in and check it out! Fiery Nights - Working Doc

Chapter End Notes
6/30/16 - Welcome to my filthy mind - you don’t care that I’ve completely objectified all those dozen or so men by lining them up to get f**ked, do you? I didn’t think so. Our apologies though if anyone finds this too terribly un-pc! Credit for the original idea of doing a show for the beach on Brian’s deck goes to Cookiebun! Thanks for that naughty fantasy! Thanks also to eurekal for the editing assist on this chapter.

Time for more reader input! Did you like Justin’s idea of entertainment for Brian? Do you want to see more of the same? Got any better ideas for us to use in the future? Come on and hit us with your best shot. If you can fantasize about it, we can probably write it! You just have to tell us what you want! Leave us a comment with your ideas or come by the online document and chat with us there!
Chapter Notes

Brian's got the day free to do Vacation things . . . but how wil he hold up without the company of his favorite Cookie. Read and See! Enjoy! S&T.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 10 - Vacation.

The too-bright sun beaming through the open bedroom window woke Brian much earlier the next morning than he would have liked. After the successful completion of the Fire Island Fuck Off - which was declared a tie since both contestants and both judges had climaxed almost simultaneously - the party had turned into more of an all out orgy than anything else. The two ‘winners’ had been granted royal treatment, given their own condom crowns and sent off to fuck their way through the admiring masses. Brian and Justin had helped themselves to some of the more attractive onlookers who hadn’t been selected to compete. The party had eventually moved further down onto the beach where driftwood bonfires had lit up the night until well into the wee hours of the morning. Brian vaguely remembered falling into bed with his arms full of a slightly sandy blond demon sometime around four am.

Speaking of which, the sandy blond in question, was currently burrowing his nose into Brian’s chest, arms and legs wrapped around Brian’s body with a grip reminiscent of a hungry anaconda, and purring contentedly in his sleep. Brian felt his arms tighten involuntarily around the svelte body, enjoying the feeling of the firm, warm flesh pressed up against him. He was quite surprised at how much he truly enjoyed the sensation. After a third night in a row of having his bed filled with this surprising young man, Brian figured he would have been feeling stifled and crowded, ready to bolt. But he didn’t. If anything, he wanted to pull the kid even closer.

This was an alien experience for the man who rarely ever let another man stay in his bed for longer than it took to get off. Then again, everything that had happened to him since he’d met the crazy little Cookie seemed strangely surreal, so maybe this foreign desire to - dare he say it? - snuggle, was par for the course. And, fuck it all, he was on vacation, hundreds of miles away from his friends and family and his real life. Wasn’t he was allowed to take a vacation from some of his usual rules as well? There wasn’t anyone here to notice if he acted out of character. Nobody to tease him about how he was getting soft in his old age - which is exactly what the guys would say if they could see him now. Maybe for the next three months he could take a break from being the Brian ‘Asshole’ Kinney that most people expected and let himself enjoy living in the moment. After all, this snuggling thing didn’t seem all THAT bad.
With that decision made, Brian wriggled himself closer to the hot little body, shifting slightly so that the boy’s morning wood was brushing against his own. He was reminded again just how pleasingly well endowed the kid was. In spite of being a top, Brian had always been a bit of a size queen, so it was a nice surprise that Cookie didn’t disappoint. In fact, the kid’s cock was pretty fucking substantial. Yeah, Brian thought, the way the kid wrapped himself around the older man’s body wasn’t the only anaconda characteristic this boy had. That trouser snake he had could do some serious damage. No wonder all those men last night at their Fuck Off left looking so happy. Shit, even Brian was getting ideas after watching last night’s performances.

The memory of the prior evening’s entertainments served to get Brian even more aroused than he’d already been. He ground his hips forward, loving the feel of his Cookie’s velvety length sliding against his own hardness. Mmmm. Yes, he was getting some definite ideas. Now, he just had to wake up the gritty little blond and share those naughty ideas.

Brian rolled both of them over so that the still groggy younger man was pinned beneath him, cringing only briefly at the feeling of the grainy sand particles littering the sheets and abrading his skin as a result of the movement. Damn sand. Why did it always get everywhere? It was distracting. He must have voiced his discomfort aloud without realizing it since his bed mate’s eyes fluttered open just then, blinding him with the perfect glittering blue gaze. The smile of recognition that followed was almost as radiant. Brian didn’t even try to resist the return smile pulling at his own lips. To hell with it all - he would just revel in the lesbianic mush for a few more moments and try not to think about it too much. Try not to think about those forbidden desires that kept popping into this mind unbidden. Try to forget what had happened the last time he’d had sex on the beach and ended up in a similar sandy predicament. Or how expertly his Cookie had remedied the situation with such exquisitely skilled attention . . .

“Shit,” Brian whispered, realizing that he was failing completely in his attempts to NOT think about things. Whether he was more annoyed that his brain wasn’t cooperating or that he wasn’t really upset by the thoughts, wasn’t clear. “Fuck it!” He cursed himself and all these far too complicated thoughts. It was too early in the morning for this shit. “Just fucking kiss me already, Cookie,” he demanded and leaned in to kiss those oh so tempting lips.

“Hmm?” the dazed and sleepy boy queried in the split second before his lips became too busy to ask anything further.

When the kiss finally broke apart, Brian simply continued to stare down at the lad. Justin looked back at him questioninglly. Brian didn’t say anything. Was not going to say anything. He had to play this carefully to get what he wanted without having to actually ask for it. He took Justin’s hand in his own, sliding it down his side then around to cup his ass cheek. When that motion met with no resistance, he moved the hand a little further still, just until the tips of the smaller hand’s fingers were nestled in his crease. When he felt the fingers squeezing gently, he figured he’d done enough
directing.

Brian felt the soft caress as those fingers continued to brush fleetingly across his skin. The heat of the touch was only marred by the slight scratching of the dried sand hiding there. A few more languorous touches and the boy’s hand paused. Brian saw the moment that awareness hit the blue eyes and gave himself a mental high five.

Justin twisted under him, keeping his hand in place until he could more clearly see the problem. Notably, the fine grains of sand lightly coating Brian’s crack. It wasn’t nearly the same amount of sand as the night they’d met, but surely enough to leave the Big Guy irritated.

“Jeez, Brian, why didn’t you tell me you were uncomfortable?” Justin’s concern was evident and Brian had to fight a tiny smile of victory. His nursemaid was so predictable.

“That’s it. Get in the shower. We’re taking care of this now,” Justin asserted himself with authority and Brian had all he could do not to jump up and run to the shower in anticipation. By sheer willpower, he kept himself to a leisurely pace, shooting the kid a come hither look over his shoulder as he hit the doorway.

Justin smiled in return. He had seen the control Brian had exerted over himself and the light of something forbidden in his eyes just before he left the bed.

Justin was so on to him.

Brian obviously wanted him to play with his hole, but was too fucking stubborn to just say so. Well, if he wanted to play that game, Justin was all in. With a few tricks up his sleeve of course. Well, if he were wearing any sleeves, that is.

Justin heard the shower turn on and took a few minutes to find what he was looking for. He had seen it last in the drawer of Brian’s bedside table the prior night. Finding it still there, he carefully hid his little surprise in his own ass, since he didn’t want Brian to know about it until it was too late, and quickly joined the older man under the water.

This would be easier than he’d thought. Brian was already braced on one extended arm and facing the wall. Justin stepped in behind him and Brian tensed briefly, prompting Justin to smooth his hands over and over that beautifully golden skin until Brian was almost imperceptibly arching into his touch. Once Brian was fully relaxed, Justin knelt behind the gorgeous backside and, making no
sudden movements so as not to spook his lover, carefully spread the halves of Brian’s ass.

Brian let a small moan escape as he placed his other arm on the wall as well, allowing himself to bend over just a little bit more and giving Justin better access.

The blond started by digging his fingers into the taut muscles, massaging them to relaxation. Then he used his thumbs, just outside of the puckered skin, to rub and relax and also to convey his intent. When Brian pushed back, ever so slightly, Justin knew he was ready.

Pressing his mouth to that tiny hole, he licked and laved his way inside. It didn’t take nearly as long as he thought it would. Brian relaxed around his tongue almost immediately, letting a long, satisfied breath eke its way from his lungs.

Justin smiled against Brian’s ass. He kept his tongue busy, but slid a hand to his own hole and removed the small, six inch dildo he had hidden there. He quickly washed it off so he could use it on Brian and set it on the floor behind his knees where it was still out of sight.

Brian was completely engrossed and no longer trying to control his reactions to his masseur’s ministrations. In fact, he had not a single thought in his head outside of how good his body was feeling at that exact moment. He didn’t even notice when Justin reached for the lube on the shower floor, and happily succumbed to the pleasure when slick fingers slipped into his body. The shudder that passed through him was surprising and uncontrollable. So was the deep, throaty moan of encouragement he did not even realize he’d made.

Hearing his lover’s pleasure voiced aloud, Justin knew it was time to proceed. He slowly scissored his fingers, occasionally tapping against Brian’s prostate, until the tall man was pushing back on his hand wantonly, his body silently asking for more. Justin would be happy to grant that unvoiced request.

The intent young man picked up the silver bullet-shaped dildo and effortlessly used it to replace his fingers. Brian stiffened momentarily, glanced behind to see Justin still kneeling on the floor and pushed his ass back, taking the toy into his body and clenching his hole around it with a deep, throaty groan. Justin thought the sound Brian made in that second was the sexiest thing he had ever heard. He stood then, one hand keeping the toy moving in a slow in-out motion, and the other arm wrapping around the taller man’s waist as he kissed whatever patch of skin he could reach.

Brian bent a fraction more, causing Justin’s cock to press into his ass, very near where the pale hand was working the silver bullet with ruthless accuracy.
“That’s it Big Guy. That’s the way,” Justin crooned quietly. “Every gay man loves something in his hole every now and then. Even big ol’ tops like you.” Brian mumbled something Justin didn’t catch, but it didn’t matter. This was one of those times when actions clearly spoke louder than any words. Brian pushed back harder, his body telling Justin everything he needed to know. Even his small vocalizations would be enough to give away the stud’s feelings. Brian wanted this. Craved it even. Although Justin was smart enough to know that Brian probably wasn’t ready for the real thing yet. So, instead, Justin moved to Brian’s side, pressed his own cock into Brian’s hip, and took Brian’s almost ten inches into his left hand, working his cock and the toy at the same langorous pace with the extra force Brian seemed to need. The wanton emissions Brian was making were nothing like Justin had ever heard the man make before - complete abandonment to his own bliss as his mouth fell open and his eyes closed.

Then Brian took over, grasping the hand on his cock and keeping it still and tight. He jerked his hips forward roughly, shoving his dick into the restricting fist, then slammed back, forcing himself none too gently onto the dildo.

Justin’s eyebrows shot to his hairline, but he was careful not to say anything. He just scooted closer, Brian’s rough movements stimulating his cock as well, as the older man fucked himself to oblivion.

“Yeah, you like that don’t you.” Justin crooned into Brian’s shoulder, “Take it all Brian. Feed the greedy beast inside. You know the one.”

Brian was no longer capable of coherent thought. The sexy voice urged him on as he revelled in the delicious stretch of his anal muscles and the almost too tight fist on his dick.

“You like it a little rough, don’t you, Big Guy.”

Brian ducked his head, eyes hooded to hide his feelings, but knowing what was happening was not going to be enough. Not nearly enough in the long run. It would do for now, especially with the creative Cookie crooning in his ear, but before long he would have to . . . just the thought had his balls contracting and the coalescing sparks of orgasm shooting all the way through Justin’s fist, hitting the wall and oozing a sticky line to the floor.

When Justin felt Brian’s impending orgasm, he had made sure to push the dildo in as far as was safe and now had his palm flat against the base of it. At the same time, he used the tips of his fingers to rub along the man’s perineum, maintaining the stimulation even as Brian’s ass clenched and released repeatedly through the aftershocks. Slowly, he let the toy slide out on its own into his hand. As soon as it was free, Brian grabbed him and pushed him against the wall, taking Justin’s mouth in a rough
and sloppy kiss, demanding all of his attention. The dildo hit the floor with a clang and rolled away, completely forgotten.

Brian pressed his body as tightly as possible into the willing smaller one in front of him. Justin’s nails scraped lightly at his back, inciting Brian further. Brian grabbed both naughty hands in one of his, spun the younger man around and, with his free hand, rolled a condom on in no time. Justin hadn’t even had a full minute to take it all in before Brian had his cock buried deep in his lily white ass, grunting his desire.

Justin knew this was Brian reasserting his top dog status after taking it up the ass, but he didn’t care a whit. He loved Brian’s cock and the man sure did know how to use it. Justin was primarily a top, but decided he really couldn’t find any fault in Brian’s technique, so it wasn’t like bottoming for him was a hardship. Besides, he too was a gay man and HE had no problem admitting to liking a good hard prick in his ass.

The ensuing fuck was rough, in a very good way, and Brian got them both off in less than ten minutes, then mashed their exhausted bodies to the wall and slid down to the floor, where they slumped together, grinning at each other like idiots.

Brian realized this sand in the crack thing wasn’t so bad after all. He could use it again, not have to admit to liking it, and get that itch scratched for as long as he wanted and as frequently as he liked.

Twenty minutes later Justin was handing him a piece of toast and slinging the strap of his duffle bag over one shoulder. Brian looked down at the slice in his hand like it had a communicable disease.

“What the fuck? This is breakfast?”

“It is today. I have to go to work, and since we spent my cooking time in the shower, I’m afraid that toast is all I have time for. Now, be a good boy and stay off that ankle for one more day.” Justin gave him a chaste peck on the cheek and a giant smile. “Catch you later, Boss Man.”

Brian watched, slightly flustered, as the Cookie left in the pedicab.

The disaffected man munched his toast. It wasn’t like having the day to himself was that bad. He could keep himself entertained for a few hours, right? He didn’t need the Cookie for that. He was Brian Kinney and it was a national holiday on an island of horny queers. The entertaining should take care of itself. Besides, he had his camera and if all else failed he loved photography. He could
wander around and take pictures of whatever suited his mood. Fuck the boy’s advice about his ankle.

Two hours later, he had on his smallest pair of swim trunks and some canvas deck shoes. He packed a small bag with his vintage camera, film, his wallet, sunscreen, condoms and lube. Everything a growing boy needed for an afternoon of fun in the sun. Then Brian donned his sunglasses, checked himself one last time in the mirror and set off down the beach to see what kind of parties he could crash.

It took less than fifteen minutes of walking the beach for Brian to find a house party already in full swing. He walked right into the crowd, cut a young buck from the herd, shepherded him under the deck, leaned him into one of the support posts and fucked him silly. Then he helped himself to a beer from one of the many coolers and continued on down the beach, snapping pictures of interesting driftwood and the occasional shirtless hunk on the way to the next party - which he could already see about a quarter of a mile down the sandy strip.

The new group was made up of mostly older men and Brian was going to just pass it by when he heard someone mention Justin’s name. He halted in his tracks, turning to see who was talking. It took a couple of minutes as most of the talking stopped entirely. Everyone was huddled around their phones or tablets, apparently engrossed in whatever they were all watching. He sidled closer, peering over the shoulder of a much shorter man and got a good eyeful of the electronic scene.

It was obviously a video made by someone at the party the night before, as it clearly showed him and Justin fucking their way through the contestants. Brian smiled; he couldn’t help it. Really he couldn’t. It had been a lot of fun and sexy as all hell, and watching it from the audience’s perspective was almost as much fun as doing it in the first place had been. The fact that an entire group of people were watching it now, getting all hot and bothered by it, didn’t hurt his ego either.

He turned back down the beach, humming “Walking on Sunshine” to himself and snapping more pictures. He felt really good. His ankle was feeling much better. He was relaxed and happy, just the way he wanted to feel when he’d made the arrangements for this vacation. Sure, his new Cookie was a little high-handed, but all in all things were working out well. Brian couldn’t have had more fun on his own. He would never tell Justin that, of course, but the results of the kid’s endeavors spoke for themselves.

The next party he came across was really rowdy with lots of cheering and singing and some kind of wrestling match going on. Much like the first party, he cut, fucked, and subsequently released a new buck. But this time he hung around, sipping the beer he’d nabbed and waiting to see if there was going to be any more gossip about the night before. He didn’t care, really . . . it was just something to do to fill the time.

“Hey. Your name’s Brian, right?”
Brian looked into the face of an overly eager, very young, twenty something and just tipped his head in the affirmative. Seeing it, the puppy-like man grabbed his arm and dragged him to the center of the group, shouting for everyone’s attention and yelling that he had the island’s newest viral video sensation in tow.

Brian was swarmed by the crowd as they all talked over each other and patted him on the back - or, when they thought they could get away with it, his ass. There was so much noise, he couldn’t make heads or tails of any one conversation, and everyone was pulling out their phones to get pictures with him like he was a celebrity. Several of them started to watch the video again.

As the furor died down, he felt fingers curl into his waistband and a gentle but insistent tug from behind. Twisting his head around showed no one there until he looked down into the big, brown, long lashed eyes of the kid from the store. Gabe? Yeah, that was the kid’s name.

He jerked his mop of hair sideways, indicating for Brian to follow him, and let go of Brian’s shorts. The kid led the way to the front of the house and started walking down the road, Brian on his heels.

“Somethin’ on your mind, Small Fry?”

The small shoulders squared and Gabe faced Brian as if he were not two feet shorter, looking the older man straight in the eye. “Yeah, you could say that.” He paused, still sizing Brian up, and somehow Brian felt like he came out lacking in the boy’s estimation.

“You’re a stranger here, though most everyone knows who you are by now from your little Fuck-a-Rama last night.”

Brian shrugged.

Gabe’s eyes narrowed. “What you may not get, is that there are only about 300 people that actually live on the island year round so that video is bound to get back to Justin’s family. Not to mention his idiot EX. And, though his family knows he’s gay, I doubt they want to see that kind of display.”

They walked in silence for a while as Brian mulled over what the kid was trying to tell him. In the end, he came to the conclusion that he really didn’t know much about his summer companion. He also didn’t know what, if anything, needed to be done about the situation with the video.
“It’s already done kid. Nothin’ I can do about it now.” Gabe wrinkled his nose in an expression of disgust and Brian found himself oddly uncomfortable. “It was all Cookie’s idea anyway” he added, throwing the kid under the bus.

Gabe nodded and sighed. “I figured. Seems to be his way more and more lately.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Brian asked, the question out before he could stop himself.

“You’re not gonna tell him what I say, are you?”

Brian made the motion for zipped lips and gestured for Gabe to go ahead.

“See, ever since he broke it off with . . . Damn, I hate to even say the goomba’s name - that’s how much I can’t stand the guy.”

“The chin-rat?” Brian supplied.

Gabe gave him a toothy grin. “Yeah, the chin-rat. Well, it seems like Justin’s been getting more reckless and dissatisfied every day. Pushing his limits, drinking, fucking, and being all kinds of . . . I don’t know what to call it, except that he’s changed. He quit the band, took that job at the pub and hardly ever goes home anymore,” Gabe shook his head in confusion. “It’s not necessarily bad, but I’m not sure it's good either.”

Brian shrugged again. “Yeah, well, none of that's really my problem, kid.” He figured he’d be gone at the end of the summer anyway, so he had no intention of getting involved in the local drama.

At least that’s what he was thinking until Gabe balled a fist and socked him one in the arm. It really didn’t hurt, much. But it got his attention.

“Get a clue, Asshole! He told me he's gonna be working for you and, on top of that, he's practically living with you. It’s your responsibility to make sure he doesn’t go too far and do something really crazy. Something he’ll really regret later! So quit acting like all the other moronic tourists and the creeps that only want him for his body and start acting like the grown-up you’re supposed to be!”
With that parting shot, Gabe took off, loping down the dirt road in the opposite direction of town. Brian looked after the kid, shaking his head and wondering what all that was really about. But, since it didn’t look like an answer was likely to materialize out of the clear, blue, sunny sky, he didn’t dwell on the subject for long.

Checking his phone, Brian noted that he’d already spent nearly the entire day wandering the great outdoors. It was probably time to get out of the sun. Since he was halfway there anyway, he quickly made the decision to head into the village and do a little shopping. He knew his friends back home would be clamoring for gifts before too much longer, so he might as well get it over with. There had to be some tacky tourist gift shop close by that sold horrendously cheesy gifts. And, knowing his friends, the cheesier the better.

As expected, as soon as Brian neared the boardwalk area by the marina, he found a plethora of junky tourist shops. He did a mental version of ‘eenie, meenie, miney, moe’ to choose which store to enter first, his ‘moe’ ending up being the tackiest, most rainbow filled shop of all. Telling himself that it figured, he headed in and wasn’t at all disappointed to find the inside just as he’d expected.

He skirted the display shelves loaded with an assortment of tchotchkes and headed straight for the t-shirt racks lining the walls. As offensive as most of the shirts were, they were still probably the least offensive things he could buy as presents. Plus, considering the complete lack of taste most of his friends had, they’d most likely be thrilled.

Seeing as this was Fire Island, Brian wasn’t surprised that the majority of the shirts lining the walls had a ‘gay’ theme to them. Again, that was perfect for the people on his gift list. He perused the offerings for a bit, laughing at several of the outrageous options. Finally, he nodded and started to select his favorites.

For his surrogate mother, Debbie, the choice was easy. She always wore slogan tees with her rainbow colored vest - it was her nod to a uniform - so the shirt that Brian found demanding that the viewer, ‘Show Me Your Junk’ would be pretty much perfect for her. He laughed as he picked up one from the stack, wondering if Deb might actually get one of her customers to comply with the demand. He also grabbed a button adorned with a rainbow-colored radar symbol and the words ‘Gaydar Active’, knowing that Deb would love to have that added to her already teeming button collection.

Next, he chose shirts for the three guys he considered his friends - although he wouldn’t admit to that if asked, except for his oldest friend, Michael. Michael, the consummate bottom boy, clearly needed the t-shirt that proclaimed, ‘I Would Bottom You So Hard!’ , because, yeah, it was Michael. For Emmett, the brightest flame on Liberty Avenue, he selected the shirt that declared, ‘I Am So Gay, I Fart Glitter’, in sparkly, rainbow-colored letters, of course. And, sadly, Brian was pretty sure that
Emmy Lou WOULD indeed wear the damn thing. For poor, pathetic, yet staunchly loyal Ted - who also happened to be Brian’s CFO and the man who was holding down the shop for him all summer - Brian went with the relatively sedate ‘I Scream for Guy’s Cream!’ shirt. And then, just because the shirt was perfect for the guy, he decided to also get a present for Ben, Michael’s husband, that affirmed that ‘I Put The STUD in STUDY’.

Once the guys were taken care of, Brian turned his attention to the one person whose opinion actually mattered to him - his son, Gus. The endearing five year old was the light of Brian’s mostly solitary existence. When his college friend, Lindsay, had first asked him to donate the necessary ingredients so that she and her partner Melanie could start a family, Brian had only consented to get the damnably demanding lesbians off his back. He didn’t know at the time just how much he’d end up loving the adorable little tyke. Or, that his son would end up being the one person in the world that he could count on to love him back unconditionally. For Gus, Brian wanted to make sure he chose something special.

Of course, Brian intended to get his child a lot more than one lousy touristy t-shirt, but the hoodie with the little red wagon on it and the ball cap with the bicycle and the the slogan ‘Getaway Car, Fire Island’ would do for a start. Brian was sure that the boy would get a kick out of the hat. He couldn’t wait until Gus came for the two week visit that his mothers were allotting Brian so that his son could come play on the beach with him. He was sure he’d be buying a lot more t-shirts, toys and other paraphernalia once Gus made an appearance.

And, because, despite popular belief, Brian was actually a pretty generous guy, he also picked up a few gifts for the rest of Gus’ family. He found a soft little white teddy bear with its own ‘Fire Island Kid’ t-shirt for Gus’ little sister, JR. He also found a very girly and artistic t-shirt with a glowing Fire Island sunset for Lindsey and a snarky, rude button for Mel. He knew in advance that he’d get shit from Gus’ other mother about the button that read, ‘Everything Happens For A Reason - Sometimes that reason is that you’re stupid and you make bad decisions’. But, since he’d probably get shit from Mel no matter what he got her, he figured he’d at least get a laugh out of it.

As he was gathering together his mountain of purchases, Brian’s eye fell on one last item. It was another t-shirt, this one dyed a lovely golden color that he couldn’t help but think would look really great against the lightly tanned, porcelain skin of a certain blond boy of his acquaintance. When he moved closer and read the slogan on the shirt, he just had to buy it. It was absolutely perfect for the cock-sure, unapologetic young man who had already invaded his life. Brian was pretty sure that Justin would wear the shirt that read, ‘Fire Island - Where My Rock Hard Abs and Virile Persona are a Precious Gift to You. You’re Welcome.’ with pride. He quickly grabbed it up and rushed over to the cash register to pay for everything before he had a chance to change his mind about this last selection.

Brian finally escaped the gift shop with several heavy shopping bags - although his wallet was much
lighter. Looking at his watch he noted it was getting close to dinner time and, since he’d only had toast for his breakfast and the random beer or two at various beach parties in lieu of lunch, he found he was definitely ready for some actual food. The fact that he just happened to be near the restaurant where Justin worked when he came to this conclusion was purely coincidental and really had no bearing on his decision. But, since he was so close by, Brian decided that he might as well stop in there and see if he could finally get a plate of those delicious fried clams. The idea that he’d get to see his Cookie too had nothing whatsoever to do with it. Really.

The Albatross was absolutely packed when Brian strolled up the sidewalk towards the restaurant. Admittedly, it WAS Memorial Day and the island was crammed with visitors, but did all of them have to go to the one restaurant Brian wanted to eat at? The line to order stretched clear out the door. Brian sighed but was determined to get to his clams and his Cookie, so he took a place at the end of the line as well. Hopefully, by the time he got his food, the crowd would have thinned out and he’d be able to find a table.

It took almost fifteen minutes before Brian reached the order counter. He was in a foul mood by that point but trying to hold onto his temper at least until he got some food. Once the two middle aged fags in matching lime green bermuda shorts moved out of the way, Brian moved into place at the head of the line and found himself standing in front of the greasy brunet Loverboy that he’d met a few days earlier in the restaurant’s men’s room. The slimy clerk grinned up at him knowingly and asked, “How may I help you, Stud?”

Brian scowled back at the obsequious little worm and tried not to let it get to him. All he wanted now was to get his dinner, maybe get in a little face time with the cook - or would that be ass time - and then get back to his nice, uncrowded beach house. Preferably with the aforementioned Cookie in tow.

However, before Brian could voice his order, the short order cook that Brian had been hoping to take home in short order, popped his blond head through the opening from the kitchen and, without looking, yelled out, “Looks like that was the last of the clams, Reg! Better put out the sign saying we’re sold out!”

“Fuck!” the very vocal epithet from the next customer in line - namely Brian Kinney - immediately drew the cook’s attention.

“Oh! Hey, Brian! You weren’t hoping to get the fried bellies were you?” Justin asked with a smile he couldn’t completely suppress.

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Chapter theme music - Vacation.
7/6/16 - Thanks to Saje for her online t-shirt shopping skills. Thanks also to Eureka1 for her editing skills and for being a total comma-nazi - love not having to work so hard to proof my chapters. Apologies to all that this chapter wasn’t finished more quickly - it was all Tag’s fault for getting drunk and then wasting time obsessing over merman sex games! But, I think we’re back on schedule here. Still collecting any ideas or requests you might have for future Brian and Justin sexcapades - keep ‘em coming people!
Chapter Notes

There's always fireworks when Brian and Justin get together, but this time everybody gets to see them . . . in more ways than one! Read & Enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 11 - Firework.

“Thanks, Sally,” Justin said, patting the hulking huge water taxi operator on the arm as he and Brian disembarked at the Pines stop.

As soon as they’d walked a few paces, Brian looked to his companion and questioned him. “Sally? Is that really that giant’s name?”

“Hahaha. Actually, it’s Salvator, and he generally goes by ‘Sal’. But despite the size of the guy, you’ve never met a bigger bottom in your entire life. Which is why I call him ‘Sally’,” Justin explained. “Luckily, he’s also a really sweet guy and hasn’t yet decked me for it.”

Brian laughed along companionably with the boy as they strolled down the length of the dock towards the marina proper, musing along the way at how different things felt here on Fire Island. It was so refreshing to be in an environment where he felt like he was part of the majority. Except when he was at a specifically gay club or the Diner, most of the time Brian felt like the one gay outcast amidst a sea of raging heteros and, while he’d never been ashamed of who he was or hidden his sexual orientation, he also didn’t always feel comfortable being overt about it. But here on the island, straights were the ones who were the minority. It was a really nice change.

He was feeling so good, in fact, that he didn’t even notice that he had reached out to take Justin’s hand while they were walking until the younger man went still for a second and looked at their entwined digits. He did not blush. Really, he didn’t. He was Brian Kinney and he absolutely did not do blushing. Okay, so maybe he did, a little. At least it was almost dark out so nobody would notice.

It was just that he felt so at ease. Not having to wonder if some straight jock was gonna try and kick his ass if he was caught holding hands with another guy. Or worse, one of his friends. Here on Fire Island he could do whatever he wanted and answer to no one. Not the straight world, not to his
reputation, and certainly not to his family who all thought they knew him better than anyone else.

Here he could just be Brian, and if he wanted to he could fucking well hold hands with the guy he'd been sleeping with all weekend as they walked in the hazy dusk of the encroaching night. That thought had him standing a little straighter and squeezing the nimble fingers in his before they could be taken away.

Justin noticed the almost possessive grip on his hand but let Brian have it his way, saying nothing and grinning to himself. Brian shortened his pace a bit so that the shorter man could keep up more easily. The silence between them was anything but uncomfortable. They both seemed to be lost in their own reflections while they strolled along together.

Brian soon found his thoughts drifting back to the quickie they’d shared back at the restaurant during Justin’s break. The boy had plied him with fish and chips in lieu of the clams he’d really wanted, as well as an endless stream of beer, in an attempt to keep Brian entertained until the end of the cook’s shift. When Brian had started to look a bit fidgety, in spite of these gustatory distractions, Justin had quickly deduced the problem and yelled to his buddy Reg that he needed a few minutes before dragging Brian with him into the tiny break room.

They’d only had five minutes together and it had ended up being a rough and tumble experience, punctuated with lots of laughing, awkward positions and snide comments. Definitely not one of his more stellar performances. But it had been five minutes filled with reckless fun and they did both manage to get off, so it was still pretty good all things considered. And the laughter they shared during the exchange made the moment stand out even more in Brian's mind. That probably had something to do with Brian’s currently overwhelming feelings of bonhomie and belonging.

After a few yards, Justin pulled Brian’s hand and steered him off the main dock down a side pier that was lined by several very expensive and elegant looking houseboats. They went up to the door of the third one down - an amazing, modernistic, two-story tall structure built of whitewashed clapboards, glass and chrome. They descended the walkway from the pier to the front apron area where Brian was surprised to see two fairly tall palm trees growing alongside several other potted plants. The front door was all glass, so even if you missed the loud music and chattering voices drifting from around back you could still easily tell there was a party happening with just one glimpse of the houseful of festively dressed people, all in full out holiday mode. They had definitely come to the right place.

While Brian was still busy admiring the well-designed structure, Justin rang the bell. A few moments later they were greeted by an ostentatiously dressed drag queen wearing an outfit that would have put Liberace to shame. She was beautifully horrifying with big orange hair and eyelashes that looked like awnings. The strange and gaudy outfit she was wearing made it seem like she had a parrot attached to each of her shoulders. Brian was appalled and impressed in equal measure. He had seen a lot of queens in his day, and this one could only be described as . . . colorful. It took a really brave man to
be seen in an outfit like that - somewhere under those layers of organza and line, there had to be a pair of balls the size of watermelons.

“Justin! It’s so good of you to come, Baby. And to bring your sexy new celebrity friend with you too!” the queen drolled as she bussed both of the blond’s cheeks in greeting.

“You know I would never miss one of your Memorial Day parties, Stella. It’s always one of the most ‘memorable’ events of the year. Besides, the view of the fireworks from your place is the best on the island - you know that.” Justin demurred.

“I do, Honeychild. I do.” Stella nodded. “Part of the reason I bought it in the first place.”

“I thought it was because of the hunky neighbors?” Justin teased.

Stella pouted prettily, “Well I didn’t know he was a she when I bought the place. But by the time I found out, I was all settled in and really loved it, so here I am. And here YOU are, you handsome devil.” She pronounced as she aggressively shouldered past Justin and gripped Brian’s hands in hers, pulling him along to the deck in her wake. Justin trailed behind, grinning at his boss’ predicament. “You can call me, Stella, beautiful. All my friends do and I’m SURE we’re going to be friends. My sources tell me your name is ‘Brian’, and I have to say that totally fits a big brute like you. Now, you come right over here with me, Sugar, and we’ll get you all comfortable.”

In short order, Brian’s shirt was stripped off him by the overbearing hostess. He slapped away her hands when they came to the waistband of his shorts, though. Looking around at the other party guests on the crowded deck, it was readily apparent that this was a clothing-optional event, but he wasn’t quite ready to take that option. He did let the grand dame settle him onto a very large, but empty, lounger on the back deck next to the small but functional in-deck pool. Justin shucked off his own clothing, stripping down to his skivvies without any compunction at all, and seated himself next to Brian. Stella smiled at her young friend with a lascivious wink and told them that ‘Anton’ would be out for their drink order in a few minutes and that she’d be back for Brian later. Then she disappeared with a parting caress to Brian’s cheek.

“How the hell do we rate this whole bed thing to ourselves when the place is so crowded?” Brian asked as he pulled Justin into the vee of his legs and reclined against the slightly propped up back of the lounger.

Justin giggled.
Brian was mortified.

Giggling? What kind of grown ass man giggles?

Justin saw the look on his face and did it again.

Brian found it wasn’t quite so bad the second time.

“I talked to Stella earlier this afternoon - she absolutely insisted I bring you - and I think she saved it just for us. You're her latest social coup and she wants to show you off, so she's putting you on view in the place of honor,” Justin explained as he stripped off his boxer briefs and then crawled over closer to Brian. “Now, since this is a COP, I think that you, Mr. Kinney, are definitely overdressed.”

“A cop? What the fuck are you talking about, Cookie?” Brian asked, looking over his shoulder to see if there were any police around.

“Yeah, a COP - Clothing Optional Party - as in COP a feel, COP an ass or maybe even engage in a little COP-ulation,” Justin grinned as the pun finally registered in Brian’s eyes. “So what are you waiting for, Boss? Get those shorts off! Stella and the boys undoubtedly want to see the goods and so do I!” Justin laughed again, pulling off Brian’s shoes and carelessly tossing them over his shoulder before he started tugging at the shorts too.

Within moments after Brian acceded to Justin’s ministrations, the mysterious Anton trotted up to their lounger, practically tripping over his own feet in the rush to get closer to the gorgeous, and now naked, couple. The handsome waiter asking for their drink requests had swarthy skin, rippling abs and eyes that said he would be more than willing to join them, if given the opportunity. Brian looked him over and didn’t mind the view - especially considering that the waiter was as naked as the rest of the men at the gathering and his package was right at Brian’s eye level - but quickly decided that he had better already at hand. Brian gave the leering man their drink order, then added his infamous ‘fuck off’ glare, and turned back to his companion, pulling the voluptuously naked Cookie closer to him.

While they were waiting for the drinks to arrive, Justin left a small kiss on Brian's cheek before he moved away to say hello to some acquaintances. After chatting amicably for a few moments, the boy walked over towards the railing of the deck, staring silently out at the moon and the water as the sun dropped below the horizon and night fell fully over the island. Brian lounged, watching Justin as he did so, shooing away the few other guests that wandered over to introduce themselves, all the while
wondering what the hell was going on in that pretty blond head. Before long Anton came back with their drinks and wordlessly left them on the table near their lounger.

Brian didn’t bother to look after the retreating waiter and completely ignored the rest of the milling guests eying him. Instead, he lay back, one arm behind his head, the other hand lazily brushing along his torso and occasionally his cock, as his eyes feasted on the silhouette of the youth standing at the railing. Justin’s fair skin all but glowed in the gathering darkness. The dying sunlight glinted off the highlights in his hair and created a slight halo effect. The svelte planes and curves of his trim, naked form were a veritable smorgasbord of visual delights. Fuck! The man was magnificent. And that was saying alot considering everything that Brian had seen in his lifetime.

As he continued to admire the view, the hand on Brian’s cock became a little more aggressive in its stroking. Just as he was about to call out and demand his Cookie’s attentions, though, the first firework erupted from a floating platform off the end of the furthest pier and screamed into the sky, bursting in bountiful color and light and reflecting enticingly off both the water and the blond’s perfect flesh. Brian’s mouth went dry and his demand lay unspoken on his lips. He could do nothing but watch the play of colors dancing on Justin’s skin, completely spellbound by the sight until the younger man finally turned and faced him with an unfathomable expression on his own face.

Another firework went off and Justin was just as awestruck by the display it made on Brian’s golden flesh and turgid maleness. He licked his lips. It was such a mouthwatering sight. When Brian extended an arm in invitation, Justin wasted no time joining him.

Brian pulled the young and supple body to him, unsure what it was he really wanted, but gently turning the smaller body away from him so they were spooning and could still see the flashing entertainment going on over their heads. Justin relaxed back against the firm chest, laying his head on Brian’s shoulder and pulling one larger arm around his torso, pressing their bodies even closer together. It felt so good to be held like that. It was an indulgence that he hadn’t let himself have in a long time - this feeling of letting someone else get so close. Ever since the disastrous breakup with Ethan more than a year before, Justin had kept himself aloof, separate, and definitely hadn't allowed anyone past his defenses. He had plenty of friends and fuck buddies, but he hadn't allowed himself anything more intimate than that. Somehow, though, in the few short days he’d known Brian the enigmatic older man had endeared himself to a still wary Justin. He was even starting to think that there might actually be something real between the two of them beyond what he was orchestrating pursuant to their crazy bet. Not that he was looking for anything that serious, of course, but maybe he wouldn't completely close himself off to the idea either.

While Justin had been mulling over these complex thoughts, the fireworks had continued overhead. They were so close to the blast zone, that the explosions were happening literally right over their heads. The loud bangs of the rockets drowned out almost all conversation save the chorus of ‘oohs’ and ‘ahhs’ from the assembled party goers. The concussion from each blast was so loud that the boat even rocked a little as the water below was stirred by each small shock wave. As a whole, the tableau was utterly awe inspiring.
Justin was so caught up in the spectacle that he never even noticed Brian slipping a condom on until the man’s full cock was pressing ever so gently into his body from behind. Not that Justin minded in the least. That quickie earlier in the evening had really only been an appetiser. He was definitely ready for more. Justin eagerly pushed back, welcoming the invasion deeper inside him, sighing at the sense of completeness that washed over him as a result and enjoying the echoing sighs from the man holding him.

Someone inside turned on the stereo and Tchaikovsky’s 1812 Overture began playing. The fireworks in the sky became more frequent and dazzling. Brian continued slowly and deliberately rocking in and out of the younger man, in time with the prodigious music, their positions making it possible for Brian to nuzzle into the captivating space of neck and shoulder and still watch the blazing reflections of the fireworks coating the perfect pale skin. Justin's hand reached across his body and their fingers intertwined, eliciting a spark of static that zapped through them just as another bloom of firework red lit up the night.

And that’s when Brian realized he was lost.

Every inch of his body in contact with his bedmate was alive with an inexplicable electric fire. Every searing glance from those sparkling blue eyes seemed to speak volumes. Every caressing touch had meaning. Every hitching sigh made his chest constrict a little more in an unfamiliar and all too addictive way. And every time the houseboat rocked them closer together, it felt like he was connecting with a part of himself he hadn't known was missing.

As the tempo of the music increased, so did the sinuous pace of their bodies’ movements, as if one was connected to and driven by the other. Brian felt like he had never been this in tune, this aware, of another person in his entire life. It was so overwhelming, he could do nothing but live in the moment. That beautiful, exhilarating, sensual moment of just the two of them. The crowd of people around them had ceased to exist. No one else mattered outside of this thing - whatever it was - he was immersed in with the man rocking back onto him and pulling his head down for more numbing kisses. No one else mattered but the two of them and the way they moved together, two halves of a bigger whole. As the music reached its crescendo - the fireworks blasting away in a final stunning display before the lights fizzled away and the darkness shrouded them in its safe cocoon - they came together with one last glorious thrust of unbridled pleasure and spilled out their passion together.

As the sound of the overhead rockets faded along with the ripples of their shared orgasm, silent rapture captivated and entwined the soul of the once jaded Brian Kinney together with the almost as wounded heart of Justin Taylor.

*****
Tonight's theme music - **Firework**.

Chapter End Notes

Now, can we get a great big collective ‘Ahhhhhh’ for that ending? Thank you. Of course, we all know Brian Kinney and the probable reaction he’ll have in the morning when he wakes up and realizes how truly lesbianic he was acting the night before, right? Or maybe not. Who knows where the muses will take the next chapter. You’ll have to read to see. Thanks for your time in reading and leaving us comments. We love every single ‘hit’. S&T

P.S. Posting the pics associated with the chapters here on AO3 is just too darn problematic. If you want to see the chapter in all its glory with the pics included, then I would suggest you go read it on our primary website: www.kinnetikdreams.com.
We Will Rock You.

Chapter Notes

The official fireworks might be over, but with Brian and Justin around there's bound to be more heat no matter what . . . read, enjoy, take a cold shower . . . S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 12 - We Will Rock You.

“Oh my word! Those were the most spectacular fireworks I’ve ever seen in all my days!” The voice of their drag queen hostess pulled Brian and Justin out of their post-coital bliss, causing them to look up at the ring of spectators now surrounding their lounge chair. “This has to be the hottest Memorial Day ever!”

It seemed that pretty much the party’s entire guest list had been watching the two of them fucking instead of the fireworks in the sky. The men had just been too caught up in themselves to notice at the time. Brian had to concede that their fuck probably WAS a much more entertaining show. However, when the entire group broke out into applause, it was just too much. Justin pulled Brian’s arm over his face and groaned. What little of his face as could still be seen was flushed a bright red. It was definitely time to disperse the admiring hordes.

“Thank you. Thank you, gentlemen. The next show will be at eleven. Better reserve your tickets now!” Brian joked, getting a round of laughter for his efforts as the crowd started to break up and move away in pairs and trios to try and spark their own fireworks.

As soon as most of their admirers had left, Brian retrieved his arm from his Cookie’s grip and used it to hold onto the condom while he pulled out. Justin still seemed happily immersed in a sexual haze, a softly satisfied and sweetly intimate smile gracing his lips as he was sheltered by Brian’s larger body. The younger man showed every intention of staying put for a while. Since that suited Brian’s blissed-out mood, he settled in next to his blond, deciding to stay put too. After all, it really wasn’t that much of a hardship to stay curled up around the warm, supple body on their bed under the stars for a few more minutes. Luckily, the rest of the party guests let them be for a bit, and eventually Justin recovered his composure enough to roll over and move a little way out of Brian’s arms.

Both seemed a little reluctant to give up the sense of intimacy that still enveloped them, but neither knew how to act now that the moment had passed. Brian felt a little off kilter after the strangely
intense, - yeah, he would call it that - encounter that had just occurred. He could see the glimmer of the same - dare he use the word ‘feelings’ - in the Cookie’s eyes as well. Since neither one seemed to know what to say, they simply lay there on the lounger together for several long, awkward moments, regrouping, until Justin finally broke the ice.

“So . . . um . . . It looks like we must have put on quite the show,” Justin commented a little sheepishly, not quite looking Brian in the eye while he spoke.

“Yep. We really rocked this boat,” Brian chimed in, not looking at Justin either.

With a charming giggle, Justin added, “that was nothing. How about we create some real waves with a couple of our admirers? I’m sure a few of them wouldn’t mind participating in an up close and personal demonstration.” The impish waggling of his blond eyebrows contributed to the whole charming thing - which Brian fought against with all his manly heart, even as he knew he’d already lost the battle when it came to this particular young man.

“Sounds like an excellent plan to me. What, exactly, did you have in mind, Cookie?” Brian replied with an approving, tongue-in-cheek grin that conveyed his enthusiasm for the idea and which also masked his exhalation of relief that he was being given a plausible escape route from all these lesbianic thoughts.

Justin looked around the gathering and quickly espied precisely what he was looking for. “Hey, Brock!” Justin called over to the young man who had been standing in a group next to the pool. As the guy ambled towards them, Brian recognized the shock of white blond hair and the well-built, tight little body with the almost-translucent, white skin - it was one of the kids Justin had introduced him to his first night on the island. Before the guy got all the way over to them, his twin popped up from behind yet another clique of party guests, and he too made his way over towards their divan of delights. Brian had to smile at the pair. They were just as hot looking the second time around. He noticed the questioning way Justin was looking at him, and he gave an almost imperceptible nod to indicate his agreement. In light of the fact that he’d already suspended his ‘one-time-only’ rule for Cookie, it seemed hypocritical of him to turn down a second chance with the lovely albino twins. Besides, there were two of them, they were identical, and he didn’t really remember which one he’d fucked before, so it might not really be a repeat after all. Right? Either way, he was happy to defer to whatever his Cookie had in mind at the moment and wasn’t about to object.

“Brian, you remember Brayden and Brock right?” Justin introduced the pair again. “So, guys, you enjoying the party?” he asked politely, receiving grudging nods from both the newcomers.
Justin looked like he was about to engage in even more frivolous chitchat, like he was going to invite them to a fucking tea party instead of an orgy, so Brian decided to intervene. “Fuck the pleasantries,” he interjected, sitting up and pulling Justin over with him so that there was some open space on the lounger next to him. “You two game for another round?”

The pale pair looked at each other, a silent discussion taking all of ten seconds apparently happening with that one look, and then they shrugged, grinned, nodded again, and then climbed onto the bed like a couple of excited puppies. Brian chuckled at the overt eagerness. Youth!

Quickly making a decision, Brian got up and started organizing things the way he wanted. He pulled the twins into position on their hands and knees, side-by-side, with their asses lined up even with the edge of the furniture. Justin apparently caught on right away and joined him, standing behind the waiting pair. Brian noticed that both boys already had butt plugs in, which meant that there was no need for any prep - always a nice time saver. Next, a helpful bystander handed over two fresh condoms, eliciting a curt ‘thanks’ from Brian and yet another adorable giggle from the blond. Once he’d applied the condom, Brian held out his hand expectantly without even looking and wasn’t at all surprised when someone handed him a tube of lube. This crowd was downright accommodating, and he thoroughly approved. It took all the work out of fucking and left him to simply enjoy the more pleasant aspects of the proceedings.

As soon as all was ready, Brian reached down and removed the plug from the twin in front of him. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched Justin doing the same. Then it was just easy-peasy - slide in, slide out, hanging onto a firm pair of hips and letting the slippery friction from the tight hole encasing his dick work its magic. The resulting grunts and groans of pleasure from the boy he was fucking were quite stimulating. Even more inspiring though, was the feel of Justin’s shoulder brushing against his own as the boy timed his thrusts to match Brian’s.

Brian let his hand trail over the beautiful translucent back of his ‘B’ twin. The contrast between his own golden-tan coloring and that of the kid was quite enchanting. He loved the silky feel of the white skin. It was almost as soft as Justin’s. And, looking to his right, he was reminded again of just how lovely his Cookie’s coloring was as well. Justin was almost as pale as the twins, but when he got aroused he would flush with a rosy glimmer all the way down his chest. Just like he was right that instant. It was enough to make Brian’s already hard dick throb just a little more strongly.

Brian couldn’t resist any longer. He gave his trick one really good, solid thrust and then, on the backstroke, he leaned over to the side, nudging at the rose-stained ivory shoulder next to him until Justin looked into his eyes. Just that look was enough to pull the virile little blond stud even closer until Justin was leaning towards him, his neck twisting so that their lips drew together in a wet, messy kiss. How they managed that without breaking the rhythm of their fuck, Brian didn’t know. All he was sure about was that this talented, attentive, and energetic top matched him perfectly in almost every respect and he loved it. Brian kissed him one more time, just because he could, then they both went back to work with mirroring, determined smirks.
The ‘B’ boys must have felt them straining towards each other behind them and presented twin grins as they eased themselves closer together to facilitate what was happening at their backsides. Brian and Justin both got with the program and inched closer to each other as well, touching along almost every centimeter of their bodies as the twins grunted and reached back to pull at hips and urge them on. The gleaming, toothy smile that Cookie shot his way as they renewed their attention to their tricks flashed under the twinkling lights decorating the houseboat’s deck. Brian found himself smiling back.

Brian ducked his head slightly, watching the Cookie’s meat hammer pound into the pale backside and admiring the way he bit his bottom lip with a more serious expression as he angled in for one more powerful thrust. The glistening, sweat-drenched, pink on white was enough to have Brian’s cock throbbing so hard his own twin actually mewled in at the discomfort. He didn’t let up though. He did continue to watch his companion closely, enjoying the way the muscles played under Justin’s deceptively soft skin. The kid was more powerful than he looked and he was a very capable top, too. The way he took pains to please his trick, stroking the lad’s sides and nipping at his back, murmuring what a good boy he was, all while keeping pace with Brian, was impressive.

As they pressed on, Brian found that Cookie was taking the lead rather than just following. He quickly turned his attention back to his own duties, synchronizing his movements to Justin’s, thrust for thrust. He didn’t remember tricking ever being this exhilarating before. It was almost a competition but it was also fun. Playing along in tandem with the man by his side. Matching each other’s movements. Each adding in a little twist, a playful swat, or a special nuance here and there to ramp up the game. His Cookie definitely had some serious moves - pivoting his hips to drive a little deeper, alternating short and fast strokes with long and slow ones, bending over in order to add a little more power into his pistoning every once in awhile. Brian actually found himself challenged to keep up at times. Shit, the boy was beautiful when he fucked. Yep, Brian was more than impressed. And wondering. Maybe even wishing . . . ?

Thankfully, before that line of thought developed much further, and long before he was ready for this romp to end, Brian felt his testicles starting to contract and knew the inevitable conclusion was near.

Based on the sounds emanating from the couple beside him, they were just as close. It looked like it was time to wrap this thing up. He quickly reached under his playmate to pull on the nicely-sized cock with a couple of expert strokes, and seconds later they were coming one after the other, to be swiftly followed by his brother then Justin. While the aftershocks were still rocking through them, Brian leaned over, grabbed Justin’s face, and devoured his lips in one last, lingering kiss, biting on the already bruised lower lip and hanging on just a little longer than really necessary while he relished the cooling wash of endorphins pumping through his body.

Fucking with Justin really had turned out to be the very best part of this vacation so far.

The partygoers around them interrupted with yet another round of applause. Sheesh. What was with
these guys? Didn’t they have access to porn? You’d think they’d never seen a hot foursome before. Justin rolled his eyes and shook his head, echoing Brian’s sentiments. Brian chose to simply ignore the audience while he pulled out of the ‘B’ boy, slapped him affectionately on one sweaty haunch, and then downed his drink in one healthy swig. Justin thanked Brayden and Brock, who wandered off, slightly bowlegged, into the swarm of admiring men and then turned to Brian.

“That was nice,” the teasing blond opined with obvious understatement. Brian chuckled. “Now, what other trouble do you think we can get ‘up’ to before the night is over?”

“Knowing you, Cookie, quite a bit.” Brian conceded. “Lead the way, Mr. Entertainment!”

The rest of the night was spent drinking and cavorting among the other partygoers, each of them pulling a handsome thing to a semi-private area to fuck their brains out every so often. There were even a few more occasions where they’d join together, piling on the big Lounger of Lust and having a free-for-all. Through it all they spent just as much time laughing at their own antics as they did laughing at some of the drunken shenanigans of others, making Brian think again and again about how much fun this kind of fucking was and wondering why it hadn’t felt much like that for him recently in the recent past. But, since he WAS having such a good timeso much fun, he didn’t let himself dwell on the question.

Finally, when the party started to disperse around three in the morning, they stumbled home, goofing around, teasing one another, and then eventually falling into bed together, succumbing to sleep in moments, each wrapped around the other.

Brian fully expected to wake up alone the next morning and was more than pleasantly surprised to find himself not only not alone, but balls deep in the delightfully talented mouth of the creative Cookie, who was humming a nameless tune around Brian’s cock and that quickly brought the older man off. The resulting beatific smile on his face was merely coincidental. Or so he told himself.

Justin emerged, tousled and slightly red-faced, from under the covers and spread himself like peanut butter over Brian’s body while rutting into his hip. Something that was becoming an all too frequent occurrence. Not that Brian minded at all.

“Morning to you too, my little ray of sunshine.” Brian said, eyes hooded and hands roaming.

“You taste so good.” Justin murmured to himself. “Just fucking yummy.”
Brian nodded that that was as it should be, but didn’t interrupt the boy’s taste testing.

“Everywhere . . . Your cock,” Justin continued. “Your navel.” He delved his tongue into the little crater. “Your abs,” his tongue followed his words. “Your nipples.” *lick* “Your shoulders,” *lick* “Your neck,” *lick* followed by a deep inhalation and a shuddering exhalation as Justin lost his load all over Brian’s stomach.

Brian merely raised an eyebrow as Justin pivoted his hips enough to get jizz smeared all over both of them.

“Guess we gotta shower now . . .” Justin suggested with a saucy grin.

“Not if it means I don’t get breakfast again this morning.” Brian playfully smacked the butt cheek exposed by the drifting sheet. “So get to it, Cookie! I’m starving!”

“But I have cum all over me!” Justin playfully whined.

“Wear it proudly. And next time remember, food first, then fucking.” Brian’s words ground to a halt. Did he just say fucking came second? To food? Granted the Cookie’s skills in the kitchen were superb, but they most definitely came in second to his skills in the sack. What the fuck was wrong with him this morning?

Brian’s stomach rumbled loudly and had Justin laughing like a loon. “All right, I’ll skip the shower and make you breakfast,” Justin said as he leapt from the bed and used the corner of the sheet to clean off. “But you have to help me, so I can make it to work on time.”

Brian pretended to mull it over, then wiped himself off and followed the insolently sashaying ass to the kitchen. Justin made a quick fruit compote of strawberries and blackberries while Brian retrieved bowls, utensils, and the plain yogurt. Layering them together, they ate in silence, giving each other loaded looks to see who would “crack” first. They started out sexily, licking spoons suggestively and drawing attention to their mouths. However, it quickly degenerated into silly faces, wildly batting eyelashes, and exaggerated, simpering pouts, from Brian.

The Cookie lost when he could no longer keep his laughter at bay.
Brian snickered all the way to the shower when Justin left for work.

After thinking over all his options, Brian decided to hang around the house for the day. He wanted to put in some work on his tan. Before that, though, he should probably check in on a few business items that he’d left hanging the week before. He also needed to call the Pitts and talk to his son for a while. And he could probably even stand to take a nap for a few hours, considering how late it was when they’d finally gotten to bed. Who knew what Justin would come up with for this evening’s excitement? Brian didn’t want to be too fucked out when the kid got home to enjoy it.

Thinking about Justin again brought to mind their amusing morning. If waking up next to the same man every morning was always this agreeable, he figured he might even get used to it. At least for the rest of the summer. Going to bed with the same man every night hadn’t been all that bad either. He was actually looking forward to the time when Justin would get home. And, weirdly, he was already wondering what the inventive Sous-Chef would come up with for dinner. Then he had another idea that was better yet - how surprised and shocked would the little fucker be if Brian already had dinner done when he got home? Wouldn’t that turn him on his ear!

Decision made, Brian grinned, finished his shower, then rooted around in the freezer full of food from their prior grocery store trip until he found something he could manage to make on his own. He quickly read the manual on how to use the indoor grill in the kitchen and set out all four salmon steaks to defrost. He juiced a lemon and a lime into a small bowl and cleaned a couple handfuls of asparagus and new potatoes. With all the prep work done, he grabbed his laptop - which he hadn’t opened since his arrival - and carried it and a beer to the sofa.

His inbox had over two hundred emails. Shit!

Fully half were from family and friends. And most of those had been received in the last twenty-four hours. He settled in and started with the work messages, first addressing the ones marked urgent by his staff and finishing with the more routine ones. Then he attacked the emails from his clients, reassuring them that he was still accessible and paying attention to what was going on in his office with their accounts even while he was on vacation. He took a small break to refill his coffee and walk out on the deck for fresh air - and to gird his loins for the monumental task of reading whatever had his family and friends all in a dither to the extent that they would inundate him with their problems while he was supposed to be relaxing. He had told them that he would not answer any calls from them while he was away (except for Lindsay, because of Gus), and he knew it couldn’t be a real emergency since he’d checked his phone and there were no messages.

Coffee in hand, he returned to the couch and opened the oldest email first. It had arrived on his first day on the island and was, of course, from Mikey. Just inane chatter really. As were the six that followed. Eventually he reached the first of the emails from the day before and was disgruntled to find that it too originated from his yammering buddy.
Brian-

Holy Shit, man! I can’t believe you did that! That was so fucking awesome! If I had known that’s what you had planned for your relaxing holiday, I would have stowed away in your luggage so I could see it in person! Your previous exploits in the backroom look like child’s play compared to this! The Guys are gonna love this one! Thank fuck I have proof, otherwise they would never believe me! You are good, Bri, but I don’t think anyone ever thought you were THIS good!

Michael

There were two more in the same confusing vein. As he read through the third one, Brian saw that Mikey had attached a YouTube video of the Fuck-Fest from a few nights earlier and he began to realize what the hell his friend was talking about. The video was actually pretty well done - some enterprising individual had edited it to Queen’s ‘We Will Rock You’, and the music really did go quite nicely with the action. Brian had already seen the video, sans music, several times the day before, so he didn’t bother to watch it past the first minute.

Shaking his head, he now knew what all of the other emails were about and seriously debated with himself whether or not he really needed to read them. He already knew what the reactions from his friends would be. Michael would continue to rave about how cool his best friend was. Emmett would probably say something short and pithy, like, ‘You go, Girlfriend!’ and then ask him if he could get the winners’ phone numbers. Ted would be grudgingly admiring and then suggest, for the umpteenth time, that Brian should seriously consider a career in the porn industry.

The only reaction he was actually worried about was Lindsey’s. Who knew what she’d have to say about the video, especially if Mel had seen it too and was needling her about it? No doubt his son’s other mother would find it distasteful and would come up with some reason to hold it against him for the rest of his life. She’d used stuff a lot less controversial than this as justification to keep Brian from seeing Gus in the past. Which could be a problem since Gus was supposed to be coming to stay with him on the island in just a couple weeks, and he didn’t need to give Mel any more ammunition against him than she already had.

With a heavy sigh, Brian opened up the email from Lindsey. Just as expected, the Munchers were not at all happy with his becoming an overnight Internet celebrity. They seemed to think that somehow this video of him was proof that he was a horrible parent and couldn’t be trusted to take care of his son. He didn’t actually follow their logic - what the hell did who he fucked or how he fucked them have to do with the way he acted around Gus? It’s not like he’d be taking his five-year-old to any orgies while the kid was visiting. Did they think he was a complete moron? What did his private - well, ok, since there was a video, he guessed it was now public - sex life have to do with whether or not he was a fit parent? It’s not like Mel and Lindz had never muff dived in public back
in the day. Unfortunately, he’d even seen them engaging in such disreputable, stomach-churning behavior at a couple parties they’d attended in the past. That kind of hypocrisy just pissed Brian off.

Brian read through the lengthy, negative diatribe with a growing scowl. He really didn’t want to deal with this shit right now. It would just make him angry and he didn’t want to be angry. He wanted to fucking enjoy his well-earned vacation. Wasn’t having to deal with all the family’s ridiculous expectations and demands one of the primary reasons he’d decided to get away from the Pitts for the summer? Why the hell couldn’t they just stay the fuck out of his business for once? The whole thing disgusted him to no end.

He quickly came to the conclusion that he really didn’t want to deal with this shit right at that moment. He had better things to do with his time. He had a whole day of tanning, relaxation, and fun planned out, and he wasn’t about to let Lindsey’s nagging or Mel’s vitriol bring him down.

Shoving the laptop aside with disgust, Brian got up, pulled a fresh beer out of the fridge, and made his way outside to the deck, where he planned on doing nothing but sunning himself for the next few hours.

Brian wandered back into the house after several hours in the sun, looked up at the clock on the kitchen wall and realized he was getting a much later start than he had planned. He put the salmon filets on the grill and then turned to his side dishes. He would have to saute the asparagus rather than steam it if he wanted everything done before Justin walked in the door from work. He shook the skillet with the vegetables over the flame so they didn’t get too done and used his right hand to flip the blackened fish before it became too dry. He was just pulling everything from the stove and plating it when a wrinkled and wilted Justin trooped through the door.

“What smells so damn good?” Cookie asked, slumping onto one of the stools at the kitchen bar.

“Cajun blackened salmon, asparagus, and new potatoes, with key lime pie for dessert,” Brian replied as he set a plate in front of the famished fry cook.

Justin eyed it suspiciously, then turned a questioning look to Brian, who merely shrugged. “I CAN cook. But why should I, if someone else will do it for me?”

Justin was too tired to engage in that debate, so he didn’t even try. He just picked up his fork and speared a potato, shoving it into his mouth. It was so very good. He tried the asparagus next - its light, peppery, citrus dressing a perfect complement to the spicy, moist, flaky salmon. He really should have been embarrassed when he finished everything on his plate, what was left in the pan,
and the dregs of Brian’s plate as well. But he wasn’t. Not in the least. Truly, the only thing he was feeling was happily stuffed.

Brian finally pulled the empty plates away and carried them to the sink. Justin offered to help, but Brian said he had it covered, so he staggered to the couch where he could lie flat and digest his food in comfort. Brian laughed at the exaggerated sigh the boy let out as he collapsed onto the soft surface and propped his feet up on the armrest.

Justin could hear Brian rinsing the dishes and loading them into the dishwasher. It was an oddly domestic scene. Which really surprised him since ‘domestic’ was not a word he would have ever associated with the brunet. Not that he objected at all. It really had been a for- shit day, and he was more than happy to have somebody cook for him for a change. It just wasn’t what he expected of someone like Brian Kinney.

Justin rolled onto his side, about to call out and tease his boss, when he heard the *ping* of a new email arriving and looked over to see Brian’s laptop sitting open on the coffee table. He didn’t mean to pry, really he didn’t, but the snippet ‘your son’ leapt out at him from the subject line of an open email message, and after that he couldn’t help but read the entire email. Before he was halfway through, the negative tone of the message had his dinner roiling in his gut.

Brian had a son? And maybe a younger daughter too? That was definitely unexpected. And whoever the mother - make that mothers, plural - were, they didn’t seem very nice. The comments he was reading were pretty fucking harsh, actually. Who the hell were these judgmental bitches?

He read further. Something about a video? What vid . . . oh shit! The Fuck Off the other night! Someone had undoubtedly filmed it with their phone for their personal, mobile spank bank, and somehow it had gotten loose on the Net. Fuck! Why did he have to live on an island full of horny fags? Justin hated that something he’d orchestrated might cause problems for the man he was coming to actually care about. It wasn’t fair for these bitches to use that video to keep Brian’s son away. It had been Justin’s idea from start to finish. Brian hadn’t even known what the hell was going on at first.

Brian was going to kill him. Or worse, Brian was going to FIRE him! So much for his plans of getting away from Fire Island. And right when Justin was beginning to feel like something else might be starting between him and the elegant brunet.

Chapter theme music - We Will Rock You.

Chapter End Notes
So, twelve chapters in and Brian’s only been on the Island for four days. How much fun can we cram into this fic? And will we manage to get it done before the summer’s over in real life? Those are truly hard questions. We’ll try our best, but I’m sure we’ll need a lot more help from you readers. Come on over to the online doc when you can and offer whatever help you want. Or just hang out - we see all you anonymous animals lurking there while we write and we love the company. Special thanks go out to our Comma Momma for all the editing assists in this chapter too. Now, off to figure out how Brian’s going to deal with having to finally talk about his personal life with his Cookie. Happy reading! S&T
Rope Burn.

Chapter Notes

Don't know what to say about this chapter in advance other than you should probably be prepared for a cold shower afterwards... I'm sure we'll get around to putting some plot into this story eventually. In the meantime, enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 13 - Rope Burn.

“Brian?”

The brunet glanced over his shoulder while rinsing a fork and saw the open laptop Justin was holding. Turning back to his task, he ignored the blond for a moment. He really hadn’t meant to leave that where it would be seen. In fact, he had managed to forget about it for several hours, and being reminded of it brought back a whole slew of conflicting emotions he had no intention of analyzing.

“Brian. I am so sorry. I didn’t even think about the fallout from my little game the other night. I should have realized that someone would film us. I didn’t know you had a family or that this would cause you problems...”

“Forget it, Cookie. It’s no worse than what I’ve been doing in the backrooms at home for years. Nothing new.” Brian hoped that would be the end of the conversation.

He should have known better.

He felt a warm hand brush down his back and let out a long, slow, breath. He glanced at the young man now standing next to him. “It’s nothing. Really.” He tried to smile and reassure his Cookie.

He turned back to the sink only to find his chin being held gently, forcing his gaze back to that of the
blond. Justin didn’t say anything, just held his face there and stroked a thumb over and over his chin while staring into his eyes. Brian had no idea what he was searching for. He leaned forward to kiss his companion’s lips, only to have him pull back and continue staring.

“What the fuck are you doing?” he whispered.

“I’m reading your mind.”

“Excuse me?”

“You don’t have to say anything, Brian,” Justin said as he watched the hazel eyes narrow. “Everything you think and feel is there in your eyes, if only one cares enough to look. It’s clear as day.”

Brian scoffed. The very idea!

“It’s true. I can see how much that email hurt you. How worried you are. How you are trying to hide that hurt from me . . . and yourself.”

Brian jerked his head away. “You are so full of shit. I don’t hide. Never have and never will.”

Justin realized Brian wouldn’t just open up to him, and who could blame him? They had only known each other for a few days, and it wasn’t like they’d spent a significant amount of time talking to each other. Maybe it was time they started?

“So you have a couple of kids?”

Brian figured that topic was safe enough. “I have one. His sister is my best friend’s kid.”

Justin waited for him to elaborate. He didn’t.

Jeez, Justin thought, it was like pulling teeth with this guy. “Do they have names?”
Brian finally gave a little grin. “Gus and Jenny.”

Justin detected a tiny note of pride when he said his son’s name, so he pushed for information about Gus. “How old is he?”

“He’s five and looks just like me, which both thrills and disgusts his mothers in turn.”

“What made you decide to have a kid?”

“The Munchers - well, make that Lindsey - begged me for a donation one night while I was really high. I gave her my word I would. When she came to collect I tried to talk her out of it, but she insisted and reminded me I never break a promise. So a little over a year later I ended up becoming a father.”

“Does she always talk to you like that? I mean criticize you?” Justin pointed to the laptop and the still-open email message. “It just seems so harsh, like she doesn’t even really like you. Did you have a fight or something? Or was it just the video? ‘Cause if it was, I could explain to this Lindsey that it was all my fault . . .”

Brian was touched that this kid, who’d known him for such a short time, would be willing to defend him. But it still wouldn’t change anything, and he told him so.

“That would be worse than useless. For one thing, she wouldn’t believe you - Mel keeps drumming into Lindsey how I am the source of all things decadent - so you might as well hold your breath. And, secondly, once she knew about you she’d just assume that I corrupted you and blame me for dragging a sweet, innocent, young thing like you into my licentious lifestyle. If anything, it would just give them even more fodder for their complaints.” Brian reached over to the laptop and quickly closed it as if that would end the conversation.

Justin snorted derisively. “I’m afraid I was corrupted a long time before you came along, Boss.”

“Yeah, but Mel would never believe it. I mean, have you seen yourself? You look like you’re about twelve. And with that fucking blond hair and blue eyes and that smile . . . You could probably get away with just about anything as long as you flash that angelic smile.” Brian noted the blush that adorned the youth’s cheeks and couldn’t help it when the word ‘adorable’ popped into his mind - although he refused to voice it. “She’d never believe that you’re almost as rampant a top as I am.”
“But if they’re going to use my promiscuity to keep your son away from you, then I need to at least try and explain. It’s just not fair.” Justin shook his head out of frustration, trying to come up with some way to fix things and not having much success. “I feel horrible for getting you into this mess, Brian.”

“Don’t let it get to you. It’s really nothing,” Brian shrugged off the boy’s cloying concern. “I’ll deal with the Munchers tomorrow. Lindsey always backs down eventually. After she feels she’s had her say and that I’ve been chastised sufficiently. She just needs to play the concerned mother long enough to keep up appearances. She wouldn’t want it to get around that she actually gets a thrill from hearing about all my disreputable moments - they’d revoke her Lifetime Lesbian membership for that shit. No, Lindz doesn’t really want to keep Gus away from me, because that would keep me - not to mention my nice fat checkbook - away from her. She’ll make nice as soon as I call her on her shit. Then she’ll talk to Mel, and, as always, she’ll let Lindz have her way in the end. It’ll work out.”

“If you say so, but I still feel really bad about even starting all this. Are you sure I can't help? You're welcome to blame it all on me. I'd be happy to take the heat for you. Let them know I'm the one who’s the really bad influence here . . .” Justin didn't seem ready or able to let the matter die.

“Justin,” Brian tried again, “you didn't MAKE me do shit. I never do anything I don't want to do. I also never waste time apologizing for or regretting what I HAVE done.”

“Yeah, but . . .”

Brian took a deep breath and tried to think. He had to get Justin to just shut the fuck up already! This wasn't how he wanted to spend the evening. He didn't want to think about his fucked up, demanding, and judgmental friends. Couldn't the kid see that he just really didn’t want to talk about it anymore?

Unfortunately, the only sure fire way to get the Cookie to shut up was to fill his mouth with something else. Only this time, given the amount of passion the kid was displaying in Brian's defense, a mouthful of cock probably wasn’t gonna do the trick. He needed something more.

Brian cast his eyes around the room looking for anything that might prove useful while only half paying attention to what the lad was saying. There was nothing in the living area around the large sectional couch where they'd been sitting or on the coffee table. However, his eyes drifted next around the small but well equipped galley-style kitchen. There had to be something useful in here, right? Brian ignored the blond boy’s ongoing protestations about ‘confessing’ his culpability to the Munchers while he squatted down to look in the lowest drawers and cabinets to see what he could find. The first deep drawer turned up only large pots but, buried under a mound of potholders in the
next drawer, there was an old fashioned linen apron with very long fabric ties at the waist.

That could be very interesting . . .

Brian braced a hand on the countertop to help himself stand but quickly dropped back down when his eyes caught a flash of silver. He angled his head a bit, giving the Cookie a conciliatory grunt in response to whatever he’d said, and inspected the glinting item. Hmmm. This had definite possibilities.

In literal terms, it was shoddy workmanship by whomever had installed the countertop. The heavy lag bolt had been driven in at the wrong angle and, instead of spearing straight into the underside of the counter through the base of cabinet, it was exposed and tilted at a thirty degree angle.

Brian hooked a finger through the small triangle of space it created and pulled to see how secure it was . . .

Then he grinned. A big ol’ shit eating kind of grin. This would do perfectly.

The Cookie was now pacing the other side of the island, oblivious to what was now a fully-formed plan in his boss’ head, complete with its own visuals and soundtrack.

Brian fed the loop at the the neck of the apron through the lag bolt and then fed the body of the apron through the neck loop, creating a very secure knot that left the extra fabric hanging. Then he stuck his head in the fridge and rooted around for something he could shove into the blond’s mouth to get him to shut up. He settled on a large cube of cantaloupe and bit slightly into half of it, holding it between his teeth. Once he had all this prepared, Brian snuck up behind his quarry, spun him around, gripped Justin’s head in his big hands, and shoved his face forward until the rest of the cantaloupe entered the surprised Cookie’s mouth. Justin got the hint and alternately chewed the food and kissed him back. While he was distracted by the food, Brian playfully trapped both the boy’s hands over his head - as he had done many times before - and backed him into the counter. Then, before Justin could escape, he quickly used the long apron ties to secure his prey.

In no time flat, Justin ended up flat on his ass on the kitchen floor, in between the island and the refrigerator, unsure what had happened and unable to free himself. Brian towered above him, looking like he had just taken the trophy in a prize hunt. The surprised blond simply stared up at the figure standing over him. Justin wasn’t sure what the hell had gotten into Brian or what he intended. Why was Brian behaving so peculiarly?
“Now listen little Cookie, I am going to repeat this one more time . . . I DON’T want to talk about my son or the munchers or that video. Got it?”

Brian spoke in a low, even tone that sent shivers down Justin’s spine and made the small hairs on the back of his neck stand up. Brian had never used that tone with him before, but he was instantly aware that there would be a ‘lesson’ to be learned here . . and the thought turned him on immensely.

“When I’m finished speaking, the only thing I want to hear from you is, ‘Yes, Sir’ . . . am I understood?”

As soon as Brian paused, the obedient little boy responded as he’d been directed, “Yes, Sir.”

“That was very good, Cookie.” Brian responded with a wicked grin. “However, I shouldn’t have had to tie you up to get you to listen to me in the first place, now should I?”

“But . . .”

“Uh uh uh. No arguing, Cookie. ‘Yes, Sir’ or ‘No, Sir’ are the only two answers I want to hear out of you. Got it?”

“Yes, Sir.” Justin sounded a little uncertain, but Brian was satisfied enough with the response that he let it slide.

“Now, as I was saying, you were being a total twat before when I asked you to let this matter go. So, I think you deserve to be punished. Don’t you agree, Cookie?” Brian looked at his captive expectantly.

Justin was smart enough that he knew the proper answer - and knew what would happen if he didn’t give it - so he uttered a quick, “Yes, Sir” and kept his eyes down.

“Good boy!” Brian replied jubilantly. With his sweet, submissive Cookie subdued and now sitting there quietly, Brian walked over to the utensil drawer and quickly found what he was looking for. With the large, broad-faced, wooden spatula in hand, he strolled back over to Justin in a deliberate manner and addressed him in a low commanding voice. “On your hands and knees, little Cookie.”
As Justin complied, capitalizing on the fact that there was plenty of slack in the long apron strings he was tied with, Brian took the briefest of moments to admire the luscious posterior of his beautiful bound sub. Even fully clothed, that perky bubble butt was enough to drive him insane with lust. Of course, Brian knew he looked even better out of his clothes, which was easy enough to accomplish and took only one button, a tug at a zipper, and then a few rough and rapid tugs at the boy’s jeans. Brian noted in passing that his Cookie hadn’t bothered with underwear that day - something he thoroughly approved of.

As for the rumpled and slightly threadbare shirt that was stained with a smattering of food detritus from his day in the kitchen at The Albatross, that simply had to go too. Unfortunately, with the boy’s hands tied, there was no way to get the shirt all the way off. Brian was resourceful, though, and quickly surmised that the shirt could easily double as a very useful blindfold. He yanked it up over the kid’s shoulders and then tied the flapping tails around Justin’s face. See, perfect solution!

Now that he had his Cookie fully on display, Brian sighed appreciatively. The man was simply perfection. Every single inch of his compact, toned little body. Brian slowly ran a hand along the downy back and over the round globes of Justin’s pert ass, dipping his fingers dangerously close to Justin’s entrance with each pass. Justin was reveling in the touch, his dick becoming harder and wetter by the moment. Just when he was about to beg for Brian to fuck him through the kitchen floor, however, he felt a biting sting on his right ass cheek.

“Since you were so naughty and intent on talking things out, even after I asked you more than once to stop, Cookie, I’m now going to paddle your ass till it’s a nice rosy red, and you are going to count and thank me for each stroke.”

Justin didn’t hesitate to grunt a consent, and with that affirmation Brian started to keep his word.

Brian rained down a staccato of swats, alternating from right to left. The trussed up yet very willing victim yelped after the first blow but then started to feel the pleasant warmth arising from the paddling, and the yelps slowly turned into moans of ecstasy. It didn’t take long before the blond was straining to push his ass higher, encouraging more from his obliging dom.

Brian was more than happy to note that Justin was really getting into his little game. He hadn’t been sure what the younger man’s reaction would be at first. The thought of trying a little bondage had, after all, been a decadent impulse. It was good to know that Cookie was just as playful as he’d hoped he would be. Maybe even more so.

With renewed self assurance, Brian cheerfully carried on. After the first five strokes, Justin’s ass was starting to glow a pretty pink, and Brian couldn’t resist running his tongue over the abused flesh. He
needed to taste his boy, to feel the heat from the punishment he was giving Justin.

“Fuck, Cookie! I could eat you up. That pretty pink ass . . . You look so delicious. Mmmmm.” Brian gave in to his impulse and bit into the abused flesh with sharp teeth, leaving a mark, and loving the little gasp of pain that his actions elicited.

“Thank you Sir . . .” Justin said a bit breathlessly. And, as if he had been a card-carrying lifer, he added, “More, please.”

Brian’s nostrils flared at the needy request. He momentarily ceased his oral ministrations and once again began to rain down blows in rapid succession, with Justin dutifully counting and thanking him in turn. The blows were sharp and, soon enough, Justin discovered he could no longer form a coherent thought other than to wonder if Brian was going to paddle him for the rest of the night. In fact, the brunet showed no signs of slowing down. Somehow, though, Justin couldn’t care less.

However, as their mutual desire kept ratcheting higher, Justin began to shake with his need for release. His breath was coming in short and ragged gasps, and tears were stinging behind his closed eyes. Ever the attentive dom, Brian had been paying close attention and knew exactly when his blond was starting to get overwhelmed by the experience. Brian abruptly stopped his paddling and moved to face Justin, squatting down next to where the boy was kneeling on the floor until they were nearly nose to nose and pulling the shirt away from his face so he could look the younger man directly in the eye.

“Look at me, Justin,” he whispered.

Justin seemed to want to look anywhere else.

“Look at me!” Brian demanded more authoritatively.

A frisson of fear raced up Justin’s spine and, unable to keep quiet, he stammered, “B-B-Brian?”

Brian relented immediately, reaching down to caress the boy’s back. Despite the fact that the blond had uttered something other than yes or no sir, Brian heard the apprehension in Cookie’s tone and knew it was time to let up a bit. He lifted the trembling chin with one finger, holding the boy’s gaze the entire time, and smiled tenderly at him. It took Justin a moment - still kneeling there, mouth open, panting, and cheeks red with a conflux of emotions - but he finally managed to focus on Brian’s face.
“I think it’s safe to say that you’ve learned this part of your lesson, Cookie,” Brian whispered approvingly. “Now, look at my eyes. Tell me . . . what do my eyes say now?”

Justin couldn’t form the words to answer. He was flying on the high that Brian had so graciously provided, and was still so caught up in seeking his release, that he wasn’t even close be being able to come down. Which is why it took a moment for the kid’s fuzzy brain to realize that Brian was referencing his earlier statement - his boast that Justin could read his mind by looking into his eyes. But once he grasped the reference, Justin made the effort to penetrate Brian’s facade and really looked at him.

Brian stayed still, allowing Justin to look his fill. He might not wish to talk about things, but after the intimacy of what they’d just done, he knew he had to give something back. He had to be willing to open himself up enough for the kid to know that he would never hurt him.

Justin saw it right away.

What Brian did NOT know, was that Justin also saw how proud he was of the younger man for sharing this pleasure with him. He saw that Brian sometimes needed to assert control when his emotions became overpowering. He saw that Brian truly did care about him, no matter what he might say. If he didn’t care at least a little, Brian would never have allowed him to see anything at all. And Justin also saw that he could trust this man, implicitly, with everything he was and all the things he himself had hidden in his own heart.

As soon as these realizations registered, Justin felt all the residual apprehension he’d been harboring evaporate. He beamed up at Brian with an angelic look of sweet surrender and found himself leaning into the comfort of the large, warm hand resting against his cheek. He was still aching with need, still almost desperate for release, but he was no longer struggling against the bindings holding him in place.

Brian understood the need behind that wordless look and responded immediately. “Don’t worry Cookie. I’ll take care of you. I know what you need.”

The answering mewl from the boy was enough to cause Brian’s already steel hard cock to press even more insistently against the fly of his jeans. He quickly tossed aside the spatula he’d been using as a paddle and stood up. With one efficient motion, Brian tugged free all five of the buttons holding his pants in place and twitched his hips from side to side until they fell in a puddle at his feet. Then, stooping down, he hefted the flagging young blond off of his knees and twirled the smaller body around, laying him gently on his back against the cool tiles of the kitchen floor.
Justin’s mouth fell open at the determined and intense expression on Brian’s face. He was completely focused, and it made Justin even wilder with need. His hips instinctively thrust upward as he planted the soles of his feet on the tiles. And his eyes began to leak as copiously as his cock. His entire body silently wept with need.

Brian wasted no time with the condom and coated on so much lube it was dripping off the end of his cock. He knelt between Justin’s spread knees and pulled the reddened ass onto his thighs. Justin realized what was coming just before Brian pushed his bent legs into his ribs and shoved his dick into Justin’s tight hole in one forceful, powerful stroke that stole both men’s breath away.

Justin’s asshole burned and clenched ruthlessly, but there was no time to think about it as Brian swiftly withdrew and slammed in again. The burn was less this time but still there as they broke into a sweat. Brian only had a second to think that Justin’s ass was the hottest, tightest nirvana he had ever encountered before his body demanded he thrust again. Completely at the mercy of his primal urges, he complied.

Brian’s third masterful stroke drove all pain away and left Justin in blissed-out subspace. He was nothing but what he could feel, and what he sensed were the most incredible waves of pleasure rolling through him. Wave after wave as Brian kept him contorted for the deepest possible penetration by his questing cock.

Brian barely heard the mewling gasps of Justin’s surrender as he pounded away like a demon, out of control, curling his hands under the boy’s shoulders and jerking him closer with every lunge into his body, drawing closer and closer to those perfect lips.

He did not slow down. He did not give mercy. He did not take prisoners. He was relentless in his pursuit. Tireless in his demands. And when he finally achieved the taste of those perfect lips, in a perfect kiss, he let himself surrender to the boy. His orgasm ripped through him in an astounding cascade of supremacy as Justin coated his belly with hot, sticky fluid.

Brian continued rocking into the now trembling body beneath him, slowly releasing the boy’s legs and worshipping his mouth until they was both calm again.

Brian released the slipknot on Justin’s restraints and rolled onto his back next to the other body, eyes closed and wondering what the fuck had just happened. He had never, in all his life, been that out of it while fucking as a dominant. He had done the dom thing once or twice before but it had never taken control of him like it just had. That was troubling. He might have inadvertently hurt the kid. Brian lifted his head slightly to check the other man’s face and found that Justin still seemed to be lost in euphoric subspace and that the trembling had started again.
He had taken it too far, too fast, and Justin’s body was still caught up in the high. He had already ejaculated, but it hadn’t been enough. He needed to come down a different way.

Double shit.

Brian knew he couldn’t leave him like that, or the kid would never trust him again. What he needed now was comfort, something Brian usually didn’t like to provide. That was why he always maintained strict discipline over himself - so he wouldn’t have to administer aftercare. However, this time control had been impossible, for so many reasons he didn’t want to think about.

Justin was still splayed out exactly as Brian had left him. He had not even moved his arms from above his head after he had been released.

Brian rolled to his side and opened the refrigerator, grabbing the key lime pie from the bottom shelf. He didn’t bother with silverware.

He pulled off the condom and used the apron to clean them up a bit before he resettled himself next to the blond. He kissed Justin’s lips. Chaste pecking kisses interspersed with whispered encouragement.

“You were so good, Justin. I’m so proud of you,” he said, nuzzling into the sweaty neck and licking the pulse thrumming there. “But you gotta come back now.”

Justin’s head turned into the whispering mouth.

Brian ran his hands through the wet, blond hair, dragging his whiskers across flushed cheeks as Justin’s arms came around him.

When Brian watched the blue eyes flutter open, he noted that they were still a little glassy and leaned back against the cabinets, pulling the boy into the vee of his legs.

He dipped two fingers into the pie and coated the swollen lower lip of his lover with the filling. He
watched a pink tongue peek out to sample the custard and applied more when the mouth opened like a baby bird’s.

Brian rubbed his right hand in soothing passes over Justin’s pale torso while continuing to feed him with his left. He kept up the murmuring, the feeding, and the rubbing until Justin turned his head into Brian’s neck, exhaled deeply, and promptly fell asleep.

Brian waited until Justin began snoring lightly to haul the both of them from the floor and carry the exhausted lad to the bedroom. He carefully laid him in the bed and climbed in behind, pulling the younger man tightly to his chest and covering them both with the blanket. Justin didn’t stir at all. The soft and now-relaxed face was still smeared with creamy yellow and white meringue, crumbles of crust in the corners.

Brian’s last thought was, ‘Key lime never looked so good.’

Tonight’s music selection - **Rope Burn**.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks go out to our lovely Mistress Jazzepoet for helping with the hot paddling scene - yummy. Comma Momma also did a lot of her thing with the editing, and it was much appreciated. Saje’s ending sex scene turned out damn hot too - plus Saje gets credit for all the food scenes that make us so hungry. I can’t remember who it was that asked for a little BDSM - I forgot to write it down - but if it was you, please let us know in the comments and I’ll make sure you get the credit. It was a wonderful idea! Now, we’re off to try and figure out how to insert some actual plot development in between sex scenes, because we know how much you readers hate all that hot, sweaty sex. Right? S&T.
Chapter Notes

If you read very carefully, you should be able to find the plot hidden in this chapter. It's there. Promise. Enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 14 - Skinny Dippin.

Brian drifted through an intoxicating dreamland. A blond god was licking along the length of his cock, adding in occasional kisses and caresses. Mixed in with those sensations, he felt the Adonis alternate between cupping his balls and tugging them gently. After a minute or two he felt something - a finger perhaps - pressing firmly against his taint and then moving downward to begin lightly circling at the pucker below.

“Mmph,” the somnolent stud mumbled as he became gradually more aware. After slitting his eyes open, he swiftly closed them again, having been nearly blinded by an early-morning ray of sunshine glistening off golden locks. “Good morning, Adonis. Is there something I can help you with down there?” he queried the vision.

The adventurous succubus chuckled . . . right before swallowing Brian’s cock, which immediately increased the urgency of this wake-up call and also cleared some of the cobwebs from Brian’s mind. He let out a moan of pleasure as the Cookie he’d mistaken for a blond god in his dreams deep-throated him.

It seemed to Brian, deep in the recesses of his brain, that there was some reason Justin shouldn’t be quite so energetic this morning. Since he couldn’t quite grasp why that might be, though, he simply urged his tormentor onward. “Mmmmm. Not bad, Cookie. You can keep doing that some more.”

Lifting his head off Brian’s rock-hard shaft and blinding him again - this time with a pearly grin - Justin gently urged Brian to roll over onto his stomach so that he could lavish more attention on his hot little hole.

“I think I’d better make sure that more sand didn’t make its way in there while you were sunning yourself yesterday,” the impish blond declared as Brian reluctantly complied and settled himself front-side down with a pillow supporting his chest.

Justin grinned at the back of the seemingly unenthusiastic man’s head. He wasn’t fooled. Brian had made a point of telling him the night before that he NEVER did anything he didn’t want to do. Which meant that at least some part of his bedmate did indeed crave this. With a satisfied smirk, the blond proceeded to tease apart the taut golden cheeks and give the opening he found there a broad,
testing swipe with his tongue.

“Ungh,” was Brian’s well-formulated response. Without even thinking about it, he found himself pushing closer to that delightful, questing tongue. While he rarely allowed anyone such intimate access to his body, he rationalized that it was just Cookie, after all. He had been there before. Plus, the boy was doing him a service by making sure - one more time - that none of that nasty sand was abrading Brian’s tender tissues. And, while there might have been a tiny, nagging notion - still buried deep in Brian’s psyche but moving closer to the surface - that he might eventually require something more, he wasn’t really ready to examine that thought yet. It was enough that he felt sufficiently justified in letting himself enjoy the here and now.

Since he hadn’t heard any objections, Justin obligingly circled the tiny, tight opening with his tongue, breaching the strong muscles to spear inward a few times. The resulting tenseness in Brian’s muscles warned him that he might be moving just a tad too fast. He quickly backed off and turned his attention to easing the anxiety away, his talented fingers massaging the taut glutes while his mouth continued to kiss and gently nip one cheek then the next.

When Brian seemed to have relaxed back into his pillows, Justin surmised he could probably move forward once again. He let his tongue lave a wet path down the lightly furred crack, tickling over Brian’s well-guarded anus, then down further, burying his nose in the man’s delectably-aromatic balls. Justin swallowed several times around each of those tempting treats, but was frustrated that he couldn’t quite reach that other delight hidden just below.

Brian pushed back harder, trying to entice his Cookie into more rimming. Justin, who wanted to reach the stud’s dangling dick, decided that enough was enough. He manhandled Brian up onto his knees, flipped him over, pushed his legs apart, and deep throated him.

Brian, dazed and utterly bewildered that he’d somehow ended up again on his back, let out a loud groan of pleasure. Justin lifted his head and smirked at the man before pressing his tantalizing tongue deep into Brian’s slit. Brian had meanwhile become nearly incoherent, moaning, grunting, and writhing on the bed. He finally managed a noise that sounded vaguely like “Puhhh-huh-leeeaze”.

Taking pity on the squirming man, Justin deep-throated again him while reaching under to insert the tip of one finger into his ass.

“Ahhhhhh,” bellowed Brian, as his cock erupted and the sweet cream was greedily swallowed by his attentive Blond Adonis.

With a smug smile, replete from his high-protein nectar, Justin slithered up Brian’s body to share a good morning kiss. He’d been so aroused by Brian’s approbation of his efforts that he’d spewed his own load all over the bed, without even touching his dick.

Brian was only slightly shocked that he’d relished Justin’s aggressive behavior so much. But, after the intimacy of the the previous night’s activities, this had felt right. Somehow, he didn’t mind when his Cookie breached - or at least lowered - some of his barriers.
After their morning festivities, Justin had fallen back to sleep, happy to have the day off from working at The Albatross. He had been vaguely cognizant when Brian bit him on the ear affectionately and then got out of bed himself. Justin hadn’t been in any hurry to leave the nice, comfy, warm bed though, so he’d just snuggled in deeper under the lightweight summer comforter and didn’t stir again for several hours.

When he finally did make it out of bed, he immediately went in search of his Boss Man to see what Brian’s plans were for the day. Brian was rather easy to find though. Before Justin even made it all the way down the hall, he could hear a rather loud and grating female voice coming from the main room. With hesitant steps, the wary boy made his way down the rest of the hall and then paused just out of sight of the living room while he shamelessly eavesdropped on Brian’s conversation.

“Enough, Lindsey!” Brian shouted at the computer screen, having already patiently listened to the sanctimonious woman's complaints for more than fifteen minutes. “I get it already - you and Mel think I’m an unrepentant slut who’s a menace to society and that my dick should be locked up so that I no longer pose a public threat. Yadda, yadda. But what YOU don’t seem to understand, Lindz, is that I don’t give a flying fuck what you two Merry Munchers think. Who I fuck and how I go about fucking them isn’t any of your business.”

Peeking around the corner, Justin could see Brian’s back where he was seated on the couch with the laptop open on the coffee table, the screen in plain view. There was a blonde face on the screen, her lips pursed judgmentally, seemingly ready to continue arguing the point. “Don’t take that tone with me, Brian. I have every right to be concerned when it comes to how your actions might affect my son. I have to agree with Mel that this just isn’t something we want Gus exposed to . . .”

“Well, unless you're letting my five year old son have unsupervised access to Internet porn, I don't see how the fuck Gus would ever be ‘exposed’ to that video. So, as far as I can see, your argument is pretty much baseless. And it's not like I plan to take him clubbing with me while he's here visiting, Lindz.” Brian ran his fingers angrily through his hair, making the ends stand up adorably. “But, what-the-fuck-ever. I'm not wasting another breath arguing about this stupid shit with you anymore. I thought we had a deal, but I guess I was wrong. So, if you’re refusing to let Gus come stay with me for two weeks - as we planned - while you and your husband go off on your dream vacation to Paris, then I guess I’d better call and cancel the plane tickets and hotel reservations . . . that I PAID FOR.”

Justin suppressed a chuckle at that master stroke by his take-no-bullshit man.

There was complete silence on the other end of the Skype call for at least a full minute. Brian waited. He already knew what was coming. There was no way Lindsey was going to give up her one chance to get to Paris - on his dime.
“No need to overreact, Brian.” Lindsey's voice, when she finally did speak, had become much more conciliatory. “I never said you couldn't have Gus. I just said I was concerned about him going out there with all this happening. I wasn't trying to back out of our plans. Mel and I just wanted some reassurance from you. You have to admit that video was . . .”

“I don't have to admit crap, Lindz,” Brian cut her off. “How about we stop mincing words here and cut to the chase. Either you shut the fuck up about my ‘promiscuous lifestyle’ and let me have Gus for two weeks, like we already agreed, or you can say ‘au revoir’ to ‘Gay Paree’. Is that clear enough for you?” When there was no answer at all, Brian smiled back at the scowling face glaring at him across the computer connection. “That's what I thought. Now, if we're through with this bullshit, put Gus on so I can talk to him.”

Lindsey huffed disapprovingly before she disappeared from sight. A minute later, a small boy with messy auburn curls and a sweet smile took her place on screen. Brian's answering smile was almost as sweet. Justin grinned from his hiding place at the immediate connection between the two.

“Daddy!”

“Hey, Sonny Boy! How are you?”

“Great! Mostly cause I get to come see you soon!” the adorable little moppet gushed enthusiastically. “Are you at the beach already, Daddy? Did you find any seashells? My friend Abby went to the beach once and she gave me a pretty pink seashell. But it broke. So I want to get another one when I come see you. Can we do that, Daddy? Can we get seashells? Please?”

For some reason, listening in on Brian and Gus chatting felt more like eavesdropping to Justin than when he’d deliberately stayed to spy on Lindsey’s portion of the call. He quickly decided to leave Brian to his son. Hopefully they'd be finished talking by the time Justin was done with his shower. And then he needed to get to work planning out Brian’s next big adventure.

The rest of the morning was spent quietly hanging out around the beach house. Brian was forced to deal with some work issues, which meant he was pacing around, yelling at his staff on the phone and typing away furiously on his laptop. Justin busied himself with his artwork while he enjoyed the sun from the spacious deck. He got a lot of sketching done, using Brian as his model, and thought that a couple of them might even be good enough to sell. But he didn’t really work too diligently at anything. It wasn’t often that the hardworking young man had an entire day off without any plans whatsoever, so he was making the most of it. It felt rather nice to just laze around in a gorgeous beach house with a gorgeous man as his eye candy all day.
Around noon, Justin hoisted himself off the lounger and shuffled inside. Brian was still barking orders through his phone at some unlucky peon. Justin bent over and licked the man’s neck as he passed by, causing an unprepared Brian to jump before he shook his head, grinned at the Cookie, and then went back to his phone call with just a little less vehemence in his voice. Justin nodded his head, satisfied that he’d done a good thing, and headed into the kitchen.

Twenty minutes later, the talented culinary artist tapped Brian on the shoulder and, with a gesture, demanded that the older man wrap up his business for the day. Brian must have been hungry because he immediately finished his call, hung up the phone, and was perched on a stool at the kitchen island before Justin even had the lunch plated.

Brian was practically drooling when he saw the delicious-looking, perfectly-grilled tuna steak on a bed of greens that Justin served up for their lunch. The tuna smelled divine. The raspberry vinaigrette dressing the boy had whipped up was the perfect mix of sweet and tangy. Even the glass of Oregon Pinot Noir that he’d chosen to go with the meal was excellent. Brian thought to himself that he hadn’t eaten this well since . . . actually he’d never eaten this well. And he wasn’t even surprised when he completely cleaned his plate off in record time.

“So, Boss,” Justin started in right as Brian was finishing up his meal and leaning back to enjoy one last glass of wine, “I was wondering if . . . well, if I should plan on moving on.” Brian looked at him with confusion, forcing Justin to continue. “I mean, after getting you into all this trouble, I wasn’t sure you’d want me to still do my entertaining thing. I thought maybe you’d want to call off our bet?”

“No, Sir. I’m sure I remember that lesson . . .” Justin responded quickly.

“Well, then, drop it already. I told you - and Lindsey - I don’t give a fuck what anyone thinks of me. I’m not going to change the way I act just because a couple of dick-a-phobic lesbians think I should never take my cock out in public.” Brian insisted adamantly. “So, except when Gus is actually here in person, there’s no reason why I shouldn’t keep doing whatever the fuck I want to do. Besides, you and I have a deal, and I never go back on my word.” Brian tilted his head to the side, as if thinking over something, then gave a little wink. “You just keep on doing your thing, Cookie. So far, your ideas haven’t been half bad. You’re still here, right?”

High praise indeed from Mr. Kinney, Justin thought, flashing his best, sunshiney grin. “Well, in that case, Boss, you better go grab a towel and your sunblock, cause I just happen to know of a party
going on down the beach that sounds like it'll be right up your alley.”

“Sounds good, Cookie. Just let me grab my trunks and we’re out of here.”

Brian stood up, wiped his hands on the napkin, and was already starting to turn toward the bedroom to get changed before Justin stopped him.

“Don't worry about the swim trunks. You're not going to need 'em. It's a skinny dipping party,” Justin announced with a devilish air.

“Of course it is,” Brian snorted a little half laugh. “Knowing you, Cookie, I should have guessed. Tell me, though, do you actually have any friends who DO wear clothing on a regular basis? Other than drag queens, that is.”

*Pffft* “What fun would that be?” Justin teased, daring to swat Brian’s rear as he headed towards the door with his own towel draped over his shoulders. “Better get your stellar ass moving, Boss. Nobody wants to cum late to an orgy.”

Brian followed, laughing all the way out the door.

Brian turned his bike off the main road, following in his Cookie’s wake as the boy pedalled down a winding dirt track that most people wouldn’t even call a road. He hoped the kid knew where he was going. It had been a bit of a trek getting here - Brian’s ankle was much better, but the long bike ride had put a bit of a strain on it, and he was more than ready to get off and rest it for a bit. Hopefully the rest of the day would be less strenuous.

Finally, the intrepid little blond pulled his bike over next to a pile of similar vehicles. Brian took the time to chain up his bike since, next to the disreputable-looking heaps of scrap metal that were the rest of the bikes, his looked like the only one worth stealing. Justin simply waited and smirked, but said nothing.

Once Brian was ready, he grabbed his towel and the small bag of essentials he’d packed before leaving the house. He wasn’t going to spend several hours in the sun, au naturel, without plenty of sunscreen, not to mention an adequate supply of condoms and lube. Justin had tried to tell Brian that all of that would be supplied by their hosts, but the older man hadn’t listened. Oh well, he’d see for himself soon enough, Justin thought.
The two of them eventually made their way down the path that led from the bike parking area to the beach proper. As soon as they emerged from the screen of trees, Brian noticed that the party wasn’t on the beach, per se, but on a floating swimming platform anchored about twenty-five meters offshore. From where they were standing, they could see that the huge floating dock was swarming with naked men of every age, shape, and size. There was a bar, several lounge chairs and umbrellas, and even a small band set up on the platform. What there did NOT appear to be, unfortunately for Brian, was an easy way to get from the beach to this wondrous naked party.

Justin was already halfway down the sand, stripping off his clothing as he went. Brian stopped as soon as he reached the sand, watching as a pair of bobbing heads swam across the open water heading towards the party barge. There were no boats or other means of watery conveyance anywhere in sight.

Shit!

He was going to have to swim to get out there. It was pretty far too. Brian had never been a really strong swimmer. While all the other boys and girls were taking swimming lessons at the community pool every summer while he was growing up, Brian had usually been home hiding the embarrassing bruises that Jack had bestowed on him. Not that his parents would have forked out the money for the lessons in the first place. But that was the reason he hadn’t ever really been comfortable in deep water. And especially not in filthy, fishy fucking water like this, no less. Basically, as far as Brian was concerned, the ocean was nothing more than a huge fucking cesspool filled with all things disgusting. No wonder he had hoped to avoid the ocean on this vacation.

But, at the same time, he really wanted to be among all of those hot bodies on the dock.

Justin was already halfway there, and seeing that bounteous, bare backside surface as the boy dove under the water finally made Brian’s decision for him. He could do this. He was Brian Fucking Kinney, for fuck’s sake!

He shucked his shorts, leaving his shoes and clothing in a neat little heap next to a big driftwood log, and walked carefully into the surf, trying really hard not to think about what was squishing between his toes. For the first few feet, the bottom remained pretty level and he thought he might get lucky. He really hoped the water wasn’t too deep. Maybe he could even manage to keep his hair out of the water the entire way.

He gingerly picked his way along, being careful to still look as cool and composed as someone of his reputation should. He heard his name called and looked up to find Justin sitting on the edge of the platform waving at him and wagging his dick for him to hurry the fuck up already. Brian waved his hand in a ‘yeah, yeah’ gesture, smirking at him.
Hence, Brian wasn’t paying too much attention to what was going on below the surface for those few seconds. Therefore, when an overly-friendly porpoise - the kind Justin had been trying to lecture him about on their boat trip - decided at that moment to swim around him and nudge his posterior, Brian jumped in surprise. It still probably would have been okay, but he hadn’t realized that there was a drop off of the seabed so very close to him and when his feet should have settled back on the seafloor, they instead landed on . . . nothing.

Brian promptly sank below the water, mouth open in surprise, causing him to swallow about a gallon of filthy water, to his horror.

He tried kicking, but the porpoise thought he was attempting to play and swam circles around him, getting him all discombobulated. When he finally managed to reach the surface, it was with a stream of profound profanity the likes of which had everyone on the barge totally silenced. Which was followed by the whole crowd bursting into loud guffaws of laughter as they saw the fin of the porpoise bobbing along beside him and realized what had probably happened. After listening to more of his cursing, they also came to the conclusion that he was more pissed that his hair had gotten wet than by being dunked by a giant fish - which engendered yet another round of hilarity.

Justin, having seem Brian go under, had already started swimming back to him in the hopes of helping Brian salvage his ego after such a public emasculation. By the time he reached the soggy brunet, the tirade from the peanut gallery had ended and Brian was dog paddling determinedly towards him, refusing to make eye contact. Justin swam slowly alongside, saying nothing, but making sure all was okay for the rest of the distance.

Justin quickly surmised that Brian was NOT the best swimmer. He was barely making any headway at all with his short and ineffectual strokes. Oddly, that only served to make Justin like him more for having finally found a flaw other than his crankiness. And, the fact that Brian still refused to give up or ask for help, gained the younger man’s respect, if for nothing other than his pigheaded determination. Eventually they both made it to the edge of the platform, and Brian climbed up the ladder with Justin following on his tail.

Seeking to soothe Brian once they were both out of the water and drying off, Justin commented as nonchalantly as possible, “So, Boss, I don’t know if you already had a plan for the rest of the party or not, but I overheard some of the guys talking about how they wouldn’t mind getting up-close and personal with you. You are a bit of a celebrity already, you know. And you’re hot.” Brian rolled his eyes and shrugged with a ‘tell-me-something-I-don’t-know’ air, and Justin swallowed the resulting smile that wanted to erupt.

“With your wet hair slicked back like that, I wouldn’t be surprised if they didn’t think you looked even studlier than usual.” Justin wanted Brian to forget about the dog-paddling dolphin fiasco, so he
concentrated on talking up Brian’s many attributes, moving close so that he could whisper directly into Brian’s ear. “And they no doubt want a taste of you. The word going around the Pines is that your spunk is the sweetest cream on the island.” Brian’s dour expression began to lighten up just a bit. “They all want a go with you, you know. The only question is, how are you going to satisfy all of them?”

With the blatant but honest stroking of his ego, Brian felt his equilibrium begin to return. He finally looked at his companion, admiring the way the wet hair glinted as the sun struck sparks off each blond strand. He appreciated the way his Cookie was trying to support him, without letting it seem obvious. Brian wasn’t a fool though; he knew he was being manipulated. But it was manipulation in a good way and for a good cause - the restoration of his manly pride. So he decided he wouldn’t call the kid on it - this time.

And, truth be told, the kid did have a point. The best way to win back the respect of this group of fickle fags was to fucking blow their figurative socks off. If Brian could orchestrate some heretofore unseen fun with his Adonis - something to show their admirers exactly how easily Brian Fucking Kinney and Justin Fucking Taylor could turn them into delirious puddles of goo - they wouldn’t be able to think at all by the time he and Justin were finished with them. And nobody would remember his disastrous run in with the stupid fish, either.

“Okay, Cookie, let’s show these fags how to party!” Brian declared with a renewed sense of purpose.

Giving all the drooling men another chance to admire his physique, Brian hopped up so that his feet were resting on two of the high wooden benches that had been secured to the deck along one side of the platform, straddling the empty walkway between. He gestured for Justin to do the same, facing him but about an arm’s length away. Next, Brian picked out two eager-looking assistants from the crowd and ordered each of them to kneel on the deck in the walkway space underneath where he and Justin were standing. Because of the height of the benches they were perched atop, the kneeling men’s heads just barely brushed against the ball sacs of the two tops.

Next, Brian picked out four rather tall, beefy-looking guys - they would serve as stabilizers, since Brian didn’t want his pyramid of fun to come crashing down right when they were all having fun. He directed two of these big guys to stand between the benches in front of him and the other two to stand in front of Justin, sideways to the tops so that the four of them formed a square. Each beefy pillar-man was told to wrap a strong arm around the thigh of the top nearest him - thus they were holding onto Brian and Justin so that neither the fun nor the occasional wave would topple them.

And finally, Brian searched out the two most desperate looking fags in the watching bunch and directed one each to stand behind either himself or Justin. All told, the group totalled ten men. Brian smiled down at his creation proudly. He’d never actually attempted a ten-way before. This should be interesting.
Now for the really good stuff. At Brian’s direction, the two guys kneeling each turned to one of the pillar-men and began to suck their chosen guy off. The spare pillar-man of each pair was told to get to work sucking Brian or Justin, depending on which man he was closer to. Since the pillar-men getting sucked off didn’t have anything better to do with their free hands, Brian ordered them to jerk off their mates that were busy with either his own or Justin’s dick. And, finally, the two spares were enticed to commence eating out the asses of the towering tops that they were standing behind. Meanwhile, up at the top of the man-pyramid, Brian and Justin leaned forward and kissed over the heads of their assistants.

Brian beamed down on his creation. It was magnificent. All those naked, bronzed men. All those willing mouths. All that sucking. And they were all doing it at his bidding. Truly a thing of beauty. And the way his Cookie was beaming at him from the top of his own half of the fag pyramid was the lube on the condom.

“All right, Boys. Let Operation Suck-o-Rama officially begin!” Brian, the Maestro, yelled out to his minions, who obeyed instantly by upping the sucking quotient at least five fold.

The rest of the partygoers were enchanted - as they always were whenever Brian performed his very special brand of fucking magic - and they cheered the Tower of Power on. Brian beamed down on all of them, like the benevolent dictator he was. Soon enough the spectators were joining in, pressing in all around the group, adding a stroke down a sweat-streaked loin, slapping a straining buttock, adding a helpful finger up an unfilled asshole wherever needed, and just generally ratcheting up the lust level several additional notches.

Brian was thoroughly enjoying the sensation of the two men servicing him - the one in front and the other behind - while he leaned into the plump, bubble-gum pink lips of his Cookie. It was everything he’d hoped to accomplish. All his erogenous zones were being tended to at once. Fuck, this was the life!

“Yes!” Brian roared out his approval, throwing his arms out to the side and tipping his face up to the sky as the fire in his balls flared up and set his entire body aflame, the passion erupting, hot and wet and sticky into the accommodating mouth of the beefy pillar-man wrapped around his left thigh. “FUCK, YES!”

Brian vaguely heard Justin’s throaty affirmations echoing his own as the boy came too. This was followed by an aural symphony of grunting, groaning, spasming, and assorted cries of passion all around them as the rest of the pyramid reached their own climaxes. The onlookers who had been joining in from the periphery followed next and so on, and so on, and so on, until pretty much the entire dock full of horny, naked men were spurting every which way in a pandemonium of passion that was simply beyond belief. It was the ultimate orgy. Probably one of Brian’s best ever. Destined
to go down in the history books as the greatest mass orgasm ever . . .

Until that rogue sleeper wave that nobody had planned on swept out of the Atlantic headed right for their swimming platform and hit right at the pinnacle of the fuck finale. After that, Brian’s well-orchestrated orgy devolved into random chaos. Climaxing fags were toppled onto their asses and spunk went flying everywhere. Most were caught by their neighbors, but a few ended up in the drink. Seriously, it was total pandemonium for several minutes until the ocean surface finally calmed and the platform slowly leveled out.

Luckily Justin’s two pillar-men were stalwart types and easily managed to keep the slightly-built youth from falling. However, that wasn’t the case for the unlucky Mr. Kinney. One of his pillar-men was taken by surprise right when the big wave hit, having just had a helpful finger - or three - stuffed up his ass by a kind bystander, causing him to go weak in the knees at the worst possible moment. As that man went down, he pulled the rest of Brian’s side of the pyramid with him. Brian, not that stable himself as his release had drained all the energy out of him, felt himself listing to the left. He scrambled desperately for something to hold onto, finding nothing but smooth, slippery, sweaty flesh at his fingertips, and then fell in an inelegant heap onto the hard wooden decking.

And even then all would have been okay, if only the faulty pillar-man hadn’t dropped to his own knees right then, landing on top of Brian’s already injured ankle.

Theme Music - Skinny Dippin.

Chapter End Notes

7/14/16 - Delayed credit for the little BDSM interlude in Chapter 13 goes out to Holleygirl on AO3 - hope we did you proud for that suggestion! Credit for this chapter and the idea of a skinny dipping party goes out to Sally & Winnie - thanks for the great suggestion, ladies! Also, give a big round of applause to eureka1 for taking a stab at writing her first sex scene with a great morning wake up for the boys. Way to go, Comma Momma!

If you’re having trouble envisioning our erotic 10-way pyramid, be assured that it’s totally possible. TAG was inspired by a very naughty, totally inappropriate porn shot which we dare not include here. TAG did study the picture at length though in order to be able to describe it adequately. We will do ANYTHING to make sure our fanfic is 100% realistic. Even look at porn. We're just THAT altruistic. We saved the pic in case anyone doesn’t believe us. LOL. S&T.
With enough alcohol and sex Brian managed to ignore his throbbing ankle for the rest of the party. Justin watched as he downed shot after shot, got blown, hit some E, fucked some hottie senseless, told the dirtiest jokes he had ever heard, and was quite literally the LIFE of the party.

Before long, he was so high he actually managed to forget his rep and have fun. It was good to see the man let loose and smile when the mood struck rather than giving some snarky retort. Justin knew getting him home might prove difficult, but it would be worth it. This was a side of Brian he was sure the older man rarely let out to play.

Very high maintenance indeed.

Midnight came around sooner rather than later, and Justin did his best to corral Brian into a boat he’d borrowed from a friend, only just succeeding in keeping them both from spilling into the water. It seemed the easiest way to transport him, since Brian would not be riding his bike with his ankle all swollen again. Not to mention drunker than a pig in a keg. Easy, that is, until they were back at the house and Justin realized that there was no dock.

Fuck!

He was going to have to drag a now very sleepy and limp Brian through the water, across the beach, and get him into the house. Seeing no other way, he thanked his boating friend with a fist bump, lowered himself into the water, and waited as a singing Brian was handed down to him. Justin hooked an arm under the taller man’s chin, stuck his hand into one armpit to keep Brian’s head
above the water, and kicked like his life depended on it, Brian bitching the whole way about all the nasty shit that comprises ocean water.

“. . . fecal matter, dead things. . .”

Justin kicked harder.

“. . . LIVE things, lots and lots of cum. . .”

Justin refused to respond.

“. . . not against cum on principle, but when you’re talkin’ gallons! . . .”

What the fuck?

“. . . they ARE the biggest thing on the planet ya know? Don’t call ‘em ‘sperm’ whales for nothin’. Stands to reason not all of it makes it where it’s supposed to go . . . that’s what makes the fucking ocean sooooo salty . . .”

Whales. Brian was talking about whales, and Justin had all he could do not to laugh and swallow a shitload of the spermy water.

Brian was still rambling about giant whale dicks and cumshots worthy of gay porn when Justin managed to reach the sandy beach and drag Brian’s limp form from the surf. He was exhausted. Maybe if he just lay there for a moment and got his breath back, Brian would sober up a little and help get himself inside.

“. . . giant cock. . .”

Justin ignored Brian’s whale ramblings, eyes closed and panting, until he felt water drip on his face and his trunks being ripped away with an audible tearing of fabric.

“. . . want to. . .”
Justin didn’t get a chance to ask what it was Brian wanted.

Brian’s very hot mouth swallowed him to the root, and when his nose hit wet, dark blond pubes, Justin felt himself breathed in, savored, then enraptured.

FUCK!

Brian had the most talented fucking mouth on the planet. Screw the ‘B’ twins. ‘Brian should sell lessons’ was Justin’s last thought that made any kind of sense as the pleasure wracked through him. Brian was apparently still muttering to himself about whale sperm and fuck knew what while applying himself to Justin’s cock. The resulting vibrations, coupled with the almost tickling touches to his balls, were infuriatingly arousing while still not being enough to get him off.

Brian seemed to know this on some primal level since Justin assumed his brain wasn’t working on all cylinders. Still, a drunken blowie by Brian Kinney was better than anything else he’d experienced up to that point in his life, and if he were to die now, he would dance to the gates of hell for the privilege of having received it.

Justin fistied a hand in Brian’s damp hair and thrust his hips upward. Brian let the pink panther slither from his lips and braced his chin on his Cookie’s stomach. The blond raised his head at the abrupt disruption. Brian was talking again but he only caught the end.

“. . . fuck my mouth?”

The bleary hazel eyes were repeating the same question that the sexy mouth had just voiced, but still, Justin barely deciphered the intent. It was just such a surprise. Or maybe not. Either way, this wasn’t something Justin was going to pass up.

He nodded like the town idiot, his mouth so dry that he was incapable of actual speech.

Brian pulled the shorter man’s legs around his back, reached up for the pale shoulders, and quickly reversed their positions. Before Justin had a chance to brace himself on his hands and knees over the now supine form of his partner, Brian had latched onto his cock again and was pulling the slim hips into his face.
That was the moment.

That was the moment that Justin Taylor realized that heaven could be had on earth in the form of Brian Kinney’s wide open, gag-reflex-lacking, mouth. The older man kept yanking at his hips, inviting him to thrust harder and deeper, and Justin was a slave to the demands of the lust inspired by Brian’s outrageous talents.

He fucked Brian’s face for all he was worth and was spurred to new heights every time the brunet hummed his excitement. He fucked his face so hard, Brian’s head was digging its own little crater in the sand and - when he finally blew his load with a garbled protestation that it was too much - Brian swallowed it down with a laugh and a smile of pride.

“. . . really likin’ your fuck rod, Cookie. Better than a sperm whale any day . . .”

At this point in our story, dear readers, if you were to ask either of our boys how the fuck they managed to make it into the house, they would stare at you blankly and shrug their shoulders as they had no fucking clue. And frankly, neither do we. But is that really important? No? We didn’t think so either.

When Brian awakened the next morning, his head was pounding, his ankle throbbing, and his skin was covered in an unidentifiable scummy film. Once again there was sand in places it shouldn’t be. As he inched his way upward to recline against the headboard, eyes slitted to minimize the rays of the sun piercing his throbbing skull, he let out a shriek - a very manly one, of course - when he realized he was coated in ocean slime.

Really, Brian mused crankily, this was all his Cookie’s fault. Including the headache. Brian rarely suffered ill-effects from partying long and hard, deep into the night, sharing himself with his adoring fans. So it had to be something Cookie had caused.

Speaking of his bubbly blond entertainer, though, where was he this morning? Obviously not here in bed and Brian didn’t hear anyone moving about in the bathroom. Why the fuck was the boy always running off? It was annoying.

Brian felt a bit more vulnerable than usual thinking about his blond, especially when he remembered how he had joyously blown his helpful houseboy. The thought of having Justin top him had once again flitted through his mind, but he’d chosen to give Justin the blowjob of his life rather than act on that impulse. However, that unsatisfied, niggling, persistent itch remained, keeping Brian off balance and making him even more grumpy.
Turning his head slightly, Brian discovered a glass of water, some pills, and a note waiting on the nightstand. Making a herculean effort, Brian picked up the note and read, “Hey, Boss. Had a call from The Albatross. They need me to go in for a few hours ’cause they’re short-staffed. Please take the pain pills and drink lots of water so you stay hydrated. The coffee’s ready to go; just turn on the machine. There’s some toast and scrambled eggs in the warming oven. Call me if you need anything. See you at lunchtime, Justin”

What the fuck? He didn’t need a nursemaid. That’s not why he ‘hired’ the bold, bubbly brat. Well, shit. He guessed he could drink the water and take the pills and think about how to deal with the Cookie later on.

Although he’d much rather have gone back to sleep, Brian needed to piss so desperately that he instead maneuvered himself off the bed. That’s when he noticed the crutch leaning against the wall next to the bed. “Damned Cookie,” the suffering stud grumbled, not wanting to acknowledge that the crutch would actually be useful, allowing him to keep the weight off his sore ankle. He knew he was being ridiculous, but he couldn’t stop himself. Truly, Brian didn’t know what was bothering him more - the devil on the drums in his head, the terrible throbbing of his ankle, the sea scum on his body, or the blond brat’s babying.

As he was washing his hands in the bathroom and contemplating a shower to placate the inner voice that was screaming louder and louder about removing that whale jizz he was still wearing, he noticed Justin’s razor sitting beside the sink. Why was that there? Brian scowled, deciding he needed coffee before he could tackle anything else.

He stomped into the kitchen with the aid of the crutch, turned on the coffee maker, and supported himself against the bar while waiting for the elixir of life to finish brewing. That’s when he noticed a pair of Justin’s not-very-clean sneakers next to the couch. In that moment, it was all too much for the beleaguered big guy. He hadn’t actually invited Justin to move in, had he? Why the fuck was his stuff strewn all over the damn place? Brian made a mental note to take his Cookie to task and send him packing if he didn’t behave!

When Justin walked in the door hours and hours and hours later - which, in regular, non-cranky-Brian time was barely an hour and a half - the cantankerous stud had worked himself up into quite a tizzy. Brian was feeling fractious and neglected. He’d been limping around on his painful ankle and getting more and more pissed off about it with every step. To take his mind off his ankle, he’d turned to stewing over his Cookie’s presumptuous behavior in making himself so at home in Brian’s house. But at the same time, he found himself upset that Cookie wasn’t around to prepare meals for him, entertain him, instantly be ready to fuck, and generally make him feel better. Or at least not bored. That WAS what he’d agreed to do, right?
 Somehow managing to pout and scowl simultaneously, Brian ignored the warm feeling engendered by the look of concern on the Cookie’s face when the boy finally did make it back to the beach house. Brian did NOT need to be babied by some snot-nosed blond boy toy. Besides, how dare Justin look so alert and cheerful this morning when Brian felt so shitty? Accordingly, Brian proceeded to attack the bewildered blond with a rapid-fire, contradictory, nonsensical barrage of questions and accusations.

“How could you leave this morning without making sure I was okay? I might have needed medical attention and been unable to reach my phone,” Brian whined.

“I woke up with whale jizz and god-knows-what-all ocean sludge all over me. Even in my hair for fuck’s sake! It’s ruining my skin! It’s probably up my ass and I’ll never get it out!” The pouting, hysterical prima donna gesticulated wildly as he took out his frustration, pain, and uncertainty on his Cookie.

“I can’t even shower without help on this fucking ankle, and you’ve been gone all day.” Brian stayed firm in his belief that he’d been waiting a VERY long time for that blond ass to get home. Dammit, not home, but back to him.

“And one more thing - when did I say you could live here? Your shit is everywhere. I practically tripped over your fucking sneakers this morning, which would NOT have helped my damn ankle any. From now on, when you do stay overnight, you are NOT to leave your things everywhere. Got it?”

“Why didn’t you make me drink water last night? I have a motherfuckin’ headache from hell, which is all your fault for not making sure I drank enough water. If you’re going to be around all the fucking time, you could at least help me.”

“I’m hungry. What are you making for lunch?” Brian paused as he temporarily ran out of breath.

“Fuck, Brian! Slow down. I’m here now. Gimme two seconds to get in the door first and then I’ll help you with whatever the fuck you need.” Justin smothered the urge to laugh and diplomatically decided to ignore the idiotic, mostly incoherent tirade and do what he could to cajole Brian into a better mood.

Little did he know that the ornery tyrant’s tantrum was only just beginning . . .
Justin had had enough.

“Too cold, Cookie.”

“Too soft, Cookie.”

“I’m getting bored.”

“I don’t wanna eat.”

“There is nothing on TV.”

“I’m horny.”

Brian was a total Bitch!

On second thought, that was being incredibly unfair to bitches. Brian was being a cunt! A big, fat, bad-mouthed cunt.

Justin understood that he was hobbled and all, but fuck, the man complained about everything. Worse, he expected Justin to cater to his every fucking whim and - after eight solid hours of non-stop blathering - he was ready to dump Brian’s dinner over his head and leave him to his own bitchy devices.

He had finally managed, with the last of his patience, to get Brian settled at the table for dinner. When the brunet scowled down at the medium rare ribeye steak and sides of glazed carrots, salad, and sweet corn, Justin wanted to deck him.

“What is wrong now, Your Majesty?” the blond asked sarcastically as he cut into his own steak.

“I didn’t ask for this . . .” Brian replied, poking at the hunk of meat with his fork.

“No, you didn’t. I wanted it, so I made it. Suck it up, Buttercup.”

“Who the fuck do you think you are anyway?” Brian demanded, pointing a finger in Justin’s face. “You show up here, every fucking day, practically MOVE IN here, making me do shit I don’t wanna do, take me to a fucking floating farce where I fucking get hurt, AGAIN! Then you make me eat shit when I don’t want to and don’t make what I want to eat when I AM hungry . . .”
Justin left the table. Brian would have followed since he had more to say, but was forced to stay where he was because his whole foot hurt up to the top of his fucking head. Justin came back a minute later with his duffle over his shoulder and stood right in front of Brian, forcing the big grouch to look up in order to see Justin’s face.

“I am gonna say this one time, Brian. You are being a total fucking bitch! When you’re ready to be human again, you know where to find me.”

Justin stuck his fork into the steak on Brian’s plate, lifted it to his lips, and bit into it as he left the house, leaving Brian to wonder just how the fuck he was going to get back to the bedroom, since Justin had also carried the crutch with him and left it by the door, casting an evil glare over his shoulder at Brian as the door slammed closed behind him.

Brian glanced at Justin’s empty seat and noticed the carnivore had taken the steak from that plate too. Why did he have to do that? It HAD smelled really good. Brian swallowed the saliva pooling in his mouth. He viciously stabbed a carrot and shoved it into his mouth, only to find that it tasted spectacular. His temper eased in direct proportion to the amount of the fabulous food he ate. By the time he had cleaned both plates, he was no longer angry.

In fact, he was trying to work out why he had been angry to begin with. Yeah, he was hurt again and cranky about it, but that wasn’t really it. He wasn’t a man given to deep introspection for the most part, but he really needed the Cookie to come back. In order to accomplish that, he had to figure out what the real problem was so he would know how to handle the kid.

His memories of the night before, though still fuzzy, were certainly a contributing factor. He rarely got so drunk that he didn’t know what he was doing or what he was about. The memories he did recollect were of the man pyramid, swimming in a sea full of jizz, his mouth being stuffed full of giant cock, and the desire to have said giant cock shoved into his ass until he begged for mercy.

Brian squirmed in his seat, checking to see if his ass was as sore as his throat. It wasn’t. So the mouth fucking was a real memory and the ass fucking wasn’t? That couldn’t be right. He distinctly remembered telling the Cookie to stick it to him. Didn’t he?

Why did that bother him? Why was that making him even more cranky than his gimpy leg? He was a gay man after all; he did like things in his ass . . . just not usually things attached to humans. It gave them way too much control. He hadn’t bottomed for anyone since he was twenty-two. Why, all of a sudden, did he seem to want to now? For a kid barely out of high school?
That was easier to answer than he would have thought. The Cookie had an astounding ankle spanker and had all the right moves to go with it along with a superb sense of rhythm and timing. Watching the boy fuck day in and day out had put all sorts of crazy notions into his subconscious.

Brian spent the rest of the night in a haze of painkillers and weed. There was no fucking way he was gonna chase down the Cookie just to have his generosity thrown in his face. So what if he hadn’t kicked him to the curb every night? It didn’t mean he could move in. Who cared if he could cook? Brian could cook too - if he wanted to. Nobody gave a shit that Justin was funny or smart or a sex fiend . . . okay, maybe Brian did, a little.

Still, the fucker had left him high and dry, injured, and bored as all fuck. What the hell was he gonna do now?

The incessant noise coming from the kitchen had Brian groaning in agony. His headache had only gotten worse, and getting up from the floor in the living room - where he had fallen asleep the night before - was a feat of monumental proportions. Shading his eyes against the glare of morning sun, he shuffled to the kitchen to give the Cookie a piece of his mind.

Only, it wasn’t the Cookie putting things in the fridge or banging pots around. It was some guy in scrubs and the bratty brunette, Gabe. They both noticed him at the same time.

“Good, you’re awake,” Scrubs said, while Brian mentally undressed the gorgeous hunk, pulling those scrubs off with his teeth.

Brian looked at Gabe, “Who the fuck is he?”

Gabe gave him a dirty look, then smirked at his oh-so haggard appearance. “A nurse. Gonna fix you up.”

The kid was a master of the obvious.

As if that explained what the fuck they were doing in his kitchen, at the ass crack of dawn, making more noise than a train wreck . . . and how the fucking fuck did they get in the house in the first place?
Without asking for leave, Scrubs came around the counter, forced Brian to sit, and propped his leg up on another stool so that he could inspect, bandage, and medicate. While he did all this, Scrubs did not say a single word. Smart man.

Eventually, the nurse handed a bottle of prescription painkillers over and waved for Gabe to follow him out. Brian thought he heard the kid mutter “fucker” under his breath, but couldn’t be sure.

The next two days, Brian spent all of his time doped to the gills, sleeping, and dreaming some of the most asinine, erotic, and fucked up shit ever. Worse than that one time he’d tried LSD. A trip he had NEVER done again.

What the fuck was that smell?

When he realized he hadn’t taken a piss in almost an entire day, he figured it was time to get the fuck up and drink something non-alcoholic.

Taking his morning Vicodin with some apple juice . . . where the fuck did that come from? Didn’t matter. He drank it happily.

Realizing it was his own stink he was smelling when he raised the bottle to his lips meant that a shower was added as the next task on the agenda. The shower took a long time. A really long time. And not just because he was moving slowly on his sore ankle. It probably shouldn’t have taken so long but, when you’ve spent two whole days dreaming about the raunchiest, dirtiest, and most twisted sex imaginable while hopped up on painkillers, one session just was NOT enough.

So an hour and four orgasms later - hey, he had a lot of catching up to do! - he finally felt vaguely human again.

He snagged a plastic container of cut up melon from the fridge, a fork from the drawer, and a bottled water. He checked his phone, his email, the time, and the door. He made his way to the couch and turned on the television, flipping through the channels restlessly for fuck knew how long without settling on any one program.

There was still no sign of the Cookie when he passed out on the couch at the ungodly hour of 8 p.m.
Going to bed early, for Brian, meant he was up again while it was still dark out. He rarely needed more than four or five hours of sleep and given that he had nothing else to do - and no one to fuck - he took a pill and lounged on the deck, waiting for the sun to come up.

He never saw it.

He woke to blazing sunlight haloed around the shadow of someone standing over him.

“Jus . . .” His mouth was dry and his lips were cracking.

The shadow moved and sat next to him. “No, you stupid fucker, it’s Gabe. Don’t you know not to sleep in the sun?”

“Fuck off,” Brian groused and tried to sit up, only to be brought down by a wave of nausea and the sting of sun-burnt skin.

The brat shook his mop of hair and handed Brian a bottle of water, demanding that the dehydrated older man drink it all, and adding, “You better lay off the painkillers, or we’re gonna find your bloated body washed up on the beach like Old Man Swanson’s.”

Brian didn’t give two fucks about anyone old, and he would be damned before his body would ever be bloated, let alone floating somewhere all dead. When he did go, he planned to be the most beautiful corpse anyone had ever seen.

Yeah, right after he puked his guts up.

He barely made it to the bathroom.

Thank the heavens his ankle was feeling better.

The fifth day, Brian finally managed to be lucid enough and stayed awake long enough to figure out what was going on.
Justin was sending random people by on stupid errands, like returning his bike, just to check up on him. It was actually kind of sweet . . . if he’d been able to get any of them to let him fuck them. But no - everyone turned him down.

Even on the sixth day, when he felt really good and had not had a pain pill in twenty-four hours and had wandered the beach looking for someone likely, they all turned him down too. No one would tell him why. They just said, ‘Not interested.’

Like HE was the trick.

What the fucking fuck was going on? He was a celebrity! A viral sensation on the Internet! On an island FULL of horny queers! And HE couldn’t get laid???

Brian pouted, stomped, brooded, and swore. By the seventh day, sans his Cookie, the weather had turned as foul as his temper and, with the advent of the rain, he had no choice but to stay inside or risk a dousing by going into town.

Fuck it!

He was gonna get wet.

Two hours later, soaked to the skin, he had been all over town and - no matter where he went - either no one had seen the absent Cookie, or he had just missed him. It was like one big giant fucking conspiracy to make him chase the fucker all over the damn island.

There was still one place he hadn’t tried yet, for obvious reasons. He really did NOT want to go there! Unfortunately, she was probably the only person he could charm enough to tell him where the twink was playing hide and seek.

So, girding his very soaked loins, he turned his bike in the direction of the marina. He didn’t make it. The chain on the bike was so wet and sandy that it slipped from the cogs and ripped his canvas shoe. When he couldn’t get the chain back on, he pushed the bike angrily to the side of the road, took off his other shoe in a huff, and carried them the rest of the way.
Honestly, he was surprised he remembered how to get there. But, when he did arrive, everything was dark. No one but him was stupid enough to be out in the driving rain looking for long-lost lovers.

Did he really just think that?

Is that what they were?

Brian halted in his tracks. In the simplest of terms, maybe. Justin definitely was not a trick. They weren’t boyfriends but they certainly were NOT lovers . . . or were they?

Fuck it! It didn’t fucking matter. He was gonna find the brat and put an end to the ridiculous farce of this last week. Brian needed to fuck! Badly! Masturbating had never felt so impersonal before . . . wait a minute, what the hell did that say about him?

Reaching the dock with the pristine example of modern houseboat design, Brian knocked on the door, rang the bell, and when lights still didn’t come on, ran around to the back patio and banged on the glass.

“Stella!” *BANGBANGBANG*!

“Stelllllllllllaaaaaaa!” Still no answer. “Get your lazy ass outta bed and tell me where the fuck he is! STELLA!!”

Brian stopped the banging when when he saw a light go on deep inside. He stepped back from the glass a ways as Stella came to the door in an ugly, quilted, peach-colored housecoat from two centuries ago, hair full of rollers and a pound of cold cream on her face.

“Oh. It’s you.” she said, voice dropping into her natural raspy baritone and stepping aside so Brian could walk in from the rain.

“Where is he?” Brian said, roaming the living area and looking under the furniture, as if he would find his wayward Cookie hiding there.
Stella just shook her head at the craziness of youth and shucked the ancient bathrobe, baring a wife beater and sagging, plaid boxer shorts. She draped the robe over Brian’s shoulders, which he didn’t even seem to notice as he prowled through every single room in the house. Stella just kept her mouth shut, plodded into the kitchen, and started making some coffee. Brian finished his hunt and dropped onto the couch defeated. He had been sure Justin would be there.

While Brian was on his manhunt, Stella made a quick and quiet phone call, prepared two cups of coffee, and then joined Brian on the couch once the man had finally given up. Brian turned to ask her a question, only to be stopped dead in his tracks by the hairiest nutsac he had ever seen sticking out of the fly of Stella’s boxers. His mouth instantly snapped shut.

EWWWW!

What the fuck had he come here for? Oh. Right.

“You know where my Cookie is?”

Stella handed over a cup and nodded. “On his way here.”

“Really? I’ve been chasing that ass all over the island and he’s coming here? Willingly?”

Stella sipped then asked, “You sure it was his ASS you were chasin’, Darlin’?”

Brian frowned. How the hell would SHE know why he was really after the boy?

Fifteen minutes later, Justin showed up, just as Stella was putting their cups into the sink. She tilted her head in the direction of the living room and, when Brian saw Justin enter, he immediately stood up and tossed the ridiculous robe onto the couch behind him.

Justin stared. Brian’s clothes were plastered to him. The jeans riding very low on his hips from the weight of the rainwater and the v-neck tee nearly transparent, baring both hard nipples and their darker areolas. Even the faint treasure trail leading down from his navel was visible.

Justin licked his lips.
Brian watched.

Justin blinked rapidly.

Brian raked a hand through his hair, making it stick up all crazy-like but hot as fuck.

Justin stepped closer.

Brian nodded, rapidly making up his mind, grabbed Justin’s hand, and pulled the youth along behind him as they ran home through the rain.

“What are we doing, Brian?” Justin asked breathlessly, as Brian shoved him inside the door of the beach house.

“You are gonna fuck the mad right outta me. That’s what we are gonna do. Now get in the fucking house, Cookie!”

Chapter theme music - He’s Gone. Link to Urban Legend article: Why Is The Ocean Salty?

Chapter End Notes

Big round of applause to Saje who was on a total tear with this chapter. Eureka! also gave a big assist - thanks so much. We had a bunch of online helpers as well, so all of you give yourselves a hand, even if you just lurked. As to Brian’s obsession with the urban legend about why the ocean is salty, check out the link to the Urban Legend article. Brian WOULD have to know this, right, being an expert on all things cum related . . . LOL. S&T
Chapter Notes

Because sometimes it's not enough to have just ONE truly hot sex scene per chapter . . .
Get ready for heat, folks! =) S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 16 - True Colors.

Previously on Fiery Nights:

Brian nodded, rapidly making up his mind, grabbed Justin’s hand, and pulled the youth along
behind him as they ran home through the rain.

“What are we doing, Brian?” Justin asked breathlessly, as Brian shoved him inside the door of
the beach house.

“You are gonna fuck the mad right outta me. That’s what we are gonna do. Now get in the
fucking house, Cookie!”

Justin’s stomach sank to his feet, hit a trampoline, and came screaming back into his mouth. He was
gonna WHAT?
Brian was pulling at his clothes like a child tears at Christmas wrapping paper, and there was not a single thing Justin could think to do but stand there like the village idiot - still trying to wrap his brain around what Brian had just said.

Did he really say Justin was gonna fuck HIM?

The man with the asshole guarded more securely than Fort Fucking Knox? The Top of Tops? The Legend? Brian Ain’t-Nobody-Going-There Kinney? HOLY FUCK!

Justin was rapidly hefted over a naked shoulder - when had that happened? - tossed onto the bed, and then immediately covered with a big, bronze, beautifully bare, brunet ravishing his mouth like a starving man.

“Fuck, Cookie!” Brian mouthed between tonguing the open lips and panting for air.

“Brian?” He still could NOT believe it.

Brian threw out a hand haphazardly and groped for the essentials, humping the boy’s thigh like a rich bitch’s pampered Pomeranian. Then he squirted lube directly into his own hole, getting it everywhere else in the process, and shoved a couple of fingers in, pumping furiously. Justin had never seen THIS Brian Kinney before, but he most definitely liked him. He was totally, insanely, tie-your-tongue-in-knots HOT!

Justin thought he might even be possessed. By what, he wasn’t sure, but definitely possessed. The confused young stud glanced wildly around, looking for a priest or an exorcist, but they were alone and this was really happening! He grabbed at Brian’s head to look into the crazed brunet’s eyes and see if he was high or drunk . . . The hazel gaze hit him like a sucker punch in the throat, pulling all available air from the room.

Brian grinned like a madman and let him look his fill.

It was all there. Brian wanted this. Wanted it so fucking bad he could taste it.

Justin got so hard, he thought he would combust right then and there. Brian’s fervor was contagious,
and Justin responded by manhandling the bigger man onto all fours before taking his place behind him.

Brian’s asshole still looked tight, even after the brunet had so ruthlessly prepared himself.

Fuck, I am gonna die! Justin thought as Brian pushed his greedy ass back into his groin. Justin thought he’d best do a little better job and prepare Brian more thoroughly, or they’d both regret it in the morning. As he rolled on a condom, he deftly fingered Brian some more. Shit! The man was so tight! Even getting two fingers in was a study in concentration and perseverance.

“Just fucking do it already!” Brian demanded, rocking back again.

Justin scooted closer and could see the lube oozing out, making his mouth water. He smoothed a hand down Brian’s haunch, trying to get him to calm down enough for Justin to get his bearings, but when he touched the tip of his cock to Brian’s fearsomely, teeny-tiny hole, the bigger man lurched back and speared himself with a shout of fulfillment, the likes of which Justin had never heard before.

So that was the way of it? Fine, Justin thought. If that was what his man wanted, he would gladly oblige.

Knowing now what was expected, he fist ed a hand in that beautiful, messy, auburn hair and pulled until Brian’s head was tilted back at an awkward angle, mouth open and eyes closed.

“That what you want, Big Guy? You want me to fuck you so hard you can’t sit for a month?”

Justin gave a savage thrust of his hips, pushing Brian forward and still pulling his head back.

Brian broke into a sweat. “UHNG! FUCK! YESSSS!” He hissed.

Justin grinned a feral smile and did it again, this time raking his nails down Brian’s back, making him squirm and groan. It was almost Justin’s undoing and he had to squeeze the base of his cock and hold really still for a few moments to stave it off.
“That’s right, Stud. Take it like a man! Take my big, fat, juicy, Cookie Monster up your tight little ass!” he yelled, as he rammed home again, stabbing Brian’s prostate so hard the man was breathless.

Watching his own dick disappear into a space not even close to big enough was as hot as ten fiery suns, and it was also sucking the ability to think right out of Justin’s brain.

“Don’t you fucking hold out on me now, Cookie!” Brian growled, pushing back on every thrust and snap of Justin’s hips. “I want it ALL! Everything you’ve got!”

For a man of normally few words, Brian was a surprisingly vocal and raunchy-talking bottom . . .

“You’ve been a bad boy, teasing me like a dog with your giant, meaty, bone every fucking day, then snatching it away . . .”

‘I’m gonna die’ just kept repeating in Justin’s head . . . his new mantra.

The kid was pounding with all his might, Brian’s hands braced against the wall just above the headboard to give as much resistance as possible and take the stalwart Cookie as deep as he possibly could.

“That’s . . . uh, the way . . . Big Bone . . . arrhhgh . . . drill me . . . like you’re . . . lookin’ for oil . . .”

At a certain point, Justin thought Brian’s ass was so tight it might actually snap his dick off. He didn’t care. He would happily go through the rest of his life dickless, because whatever Brian was doing with those muscles down there was the best fucking thing on the planet, no. . . in the universe, and all he could do was drive deeper and harder to accommodate the demands of the frantic stud.

All that was left was the endless give and take. Justin gave everything he had and Brian took it all. Every last slap, thrust, bite, tug, sting, kiss, and shove. Over and over and over. All. Night. Long.

Brian finally saw the sunrise.

It was there, in the predawn, on the face of his exhausted, sleeping, and yes, snoring . . . lover. Fine,
alright, he thought the word. Lover. What-the-fuck-ever. It’s not like anyone could hear what he was thinking in his head, right? So, ‘lover’ it was.

Brian took great pains to hustle Justin out the beachside door as soon as he was finished eating breakfast. The fact that it was nearly two in the afternoon was entirely beside the point. The Sunshiney Stud had certainly earned the extra sleep by giving him a series of the best fucking orgasms of his oh-so-jaded sex life.

Sure, his ass felt like every man on the USS ENTERPRISE had had a go at it, probably most of the women too, but he felt fan-fucking-tastic! He might even go so far as to call himself chipper.

He’d needed to get the kid out of the house for a few hours so the last of his surprise could be delivered. Justin was a wee bit cranky, but that was to be expected when he’d expended so much tireless energy. He’d made sure Brian was completely sated, wringing every last drop out of the big guy’s usually-indefatigable dick - leaving it unable to so much as twitch, before calling it quits just before dawn.

The two studs were, of course, already recovering from the previous night’s endless, fabulous fucking festivities and couldn’t keep their hands off each other. Their stroll had been periodically interrupted by hands groping, lips meeting in lingering kisses, and restless rutting.

As they neared the beach house at the end of their stroll, Brian could barely hold his excitement in check despite his slow and slightly wobbly gait. He was still using a cane as a precaution because of his ankle and was grateful the Cookie had made him take it on their walk since it was now a bit sore again. He was also grateful - although he wasn’t going to be so lesbianic as to actually say so - that his Cookie had so thoroughly fucked away his mad. Now he could concentrate on checking out his studly blond’s other skills. He really hoped Justin would like the surprise.

Brian entered the house first, glad to see the delivery he’d ordered had already been made. There were several different sized boxes waiting for them in the living room. He instructed Justin to open them while he hurried off to the shower. Well, hobbled really but, hey, what the fuck. At any rate, he needed to be clean and very dry according to the woman he had talked to on the phone. He did not use soap since all of his products had some kind of lotion or oil in them; he just thoroughly scrubbed at his skin with a washcloth until it was nearly red. He hoped that would finally eradicate all traces of whale sperm, poop, and other sealife slime. Even though more than a week had passed, the hellish experience still made him shudder. He had to fight the urge to jump in the shower every time he thought of it.

Turning off the taps, he doused the washcloth in rubbing alcohol and gave his entire body a once over, making sure to get every crease and hidden spot. It was the one thing the lady on the phone had repeatedly told him. The paint would crack or peel if he had any oils left on his skin, preventing the
paint from adhering properly.

Bracing his ‘bad’ leg on the back of the open commode, he used the electric beard trimmer he kept for his sideburns to manicure his pubic area down to about a quarter-inch length. Just long enough for it to stay downy soft and not be bristley. He flushed the hairs away and used the blow dryer to rid himself of any stray hairs and finish the drying of his creases. Including his ass crack. He felt slightly ridiculous doing it, but he figured the end justified the means, so there was no getting around it.

By the time he made it back to the living room, Justin had opened and dumped out all of the boxes in the middle of the floor and was busily sorting the items and humming to himself. Brian stood out of sight for a moment or two, watching, as the excitement built in the twitchy twink. He fairly glowed with it. Like the sun hitting the white sand just beyond his deck. It was not long though before the little artist got up from the floor and started looking around the room for another box.

Brian suppressed a grin and schooled his face into nonchalance. He hadn’t been sure about this surprise - there’d only been that one comment from his Cookie, more than a week earlier, when the kid had said he wanted to ‘paint Brian naked’ - but if the bouncy enthusiasm he was watching was any indication, it looked like the kid was just as eager to follow through on the idea as Brian was. Using the cane, he teetered into the living room just as Justin came up empty handed. The huge-assed grin on the exuberant blond boy’s face was enough to prove that the gifts were more than acceptable. Brian found himself grinning back.

Justin was still looking around the room, though, as if missing something. Brian jumped in to explain before the artist got too frustrated. “You aren’t going to find any canvasses.”

Justin turned to him, the question evident in his eyes.

“It’s all body paint. You wanted to paint me naked, Cookie, so here I am, naked and ready for you to paint me.” Brian balanced on his good leg and held his arms out to his sides, displaying all of those gloriously golden acres of skin . . . along with a huge, standing erection. Justin’s smile got even bigger, if that were even possible, and the creative gleam in his blue eyes fairly sparkled back at Brian.

The lowering of Brian’s arms spurred the younger man into action. He ripped the plastic from the drop cloth with his teeth and tossed the packaging over his shoulder without taking his eyes off Brian. When he had unfolded and spread the cloth over the middle of the living room floor, urging Brian to the center, he finally found his voice. Barely.

“Where did you get all this stuff, Boss?”
Brian smirked, as if the answer should be obvious and, for him, it was. “For enough money, you can have anything, anywhere, at any time.”

“I’ve never done anything like this. I don’t even know if I . . .”

“Just do the best you can and enjoy yourself. Consider it . . . compensation, for the . . .”

“But what do I paint?” Justin interrupted before Brian could even decide what, exactly, he had meant to compensate the blond for.

“I’ll leave that up to you . . . although, I am partial to dragons.”

Brian’s request was twofold. First, he really was partial to dragons. He didn’t know why, but if he looked back, most of the guys he fucked were bare, but on the occasions they were tattooed, he was always drawn to the ones with dragons.

Second, dragons could be depicted in many ways and would reveal varying levels of expertise. From the basic silhouette, to intricate and detailed anatomies. Justin’s rendition would give him a better handle on the blond’s talent - which he was very curious about - thus, killing two birds with one stone.

Justin moved Brian around physically until he had him standing in the middle of the tarp, arms spread, while he layered a thin coat of pale green over every inch of Brian’s skin. Face, ears, armpits, and yes, his ass crack and cock too. No patch of skin was left bare. The paint was alcohol-based and dried really quickly. When the artist noticed, he bit his lip for a second, a strange light in his eyes, and took off, returning moments later with Brian’s iPod and earbuds.

Settling the taller man on the floor with a pillow under his head and another braced under his bad ankle, he kissed the smirking lips, stuck the earbuds into Brian’ ears, and suggested that the older man take a nap. Brian didn’t think that was even a remote possibility, but situated himself for the duration. It wasn’t long before the towhead was completely engrossed, a paintbrush in his hand and another dangling from between his teeth. He spared no glances for his employer and idly hummed something under his breath. Brian was well acquainted with artistic temperaments and knew the look of someone in the throes of inspiration. Closing his eyes, letting the smooth sounds of one of his favorite jazz playlists relax him, and with the whisper soft strokes of the paintbrush soothing like a shower of kisses, he drifted off.
Brian didn’t know what time it was when he woke, but the aromas wafting around him had his stomach rumbling again. He opened his eyes, only to find that they had been covered with a mask. He raised his arm, thinking to pull the blindfold off, only to feel a strong hand gripping his arm.

“Don’t! I don’t want you to see it yet. It’s a surprise.” Justin’s voice pleaded.

Brian grumbled something indistinct about the vagaries of artists but dropped his hand anyway.

“Gotta piss, Cookie,” he groused a few minutes later.

He heard the younger man set his utensils down in the kitchen and footsteps making their way to where Brian lay. Feeling the strong hands help him up and steer him to the bathroom, Brian sneered, “You gonna hold it for me too?”

The soft chuckle that followed was very close to that special spot under his ear. “Just this once.” Justin said. Brian opened his mouth to object and found it filled with a warm exploring tongue. By the time he managed another thought, long slim fingers had wrapped around his cock. “Humor me. I promise you won’t regret it.”

Rather than expound, again, on his no regrets policy, Brian pissed, figuring it was the fastest way to get back and get whatever smelled so good into his stomach. He didn’t have to wait long either. A few minutes later he was placed back onto the tarp and soon after he heard movement in the kitchen. Soon enough, he felt the body heat of his companion as Justin sat in front of him. Something brushed his lips, and when he sent out his tongue to tentatively taste whatever it was, he was assaulted by the rich texture of toasted sourdough. He nibbled a small bite.

“It’s just a grilled cheese sandwich.” Cookie said after Brian let out a satisfied moan.

Brian took a bigger bite. There was nothing ‘just’ about it. The bread had been toasted in real butter, and the nutty creaminess of the Jarlsberg was more savory as a result. Not to mention it was neither over nor under toasted, as happened most of the time if one ordered a grilled cheese in public.

The hungry brunet opened his mouth for another bite and, feeling the tip of a finger, rubbed his tongue over it in appreciation. He was immediately rewarded by the hastily indrawn breath of his companion. Brian grinned, releasing the finger, and chewed. He played this little game for the next fifteen minutes until his hunger was slaked and a new hunger begged for attention.
“Starting to get bored here, Cookie.” Brian drawled sexily.

“Okay, okay! Give me a second. I’m almost . . .”

The rustling sounded again and Brian figured his artistic little sous chef was carrying their plates to the sink.

After a moment or two of clanking in the kitchen, Brian felt hands on his head and a thumb caressing his lip. Then Justin said, “When you take off your mask, look at me first.”

Brian simply nodded his compliance and the hands disappeared. He heard the intake of a shaky breath, as if the artist was bracing for an assault, and then he was told he could take off the scarf serving as a blindfold.

Brian did so slowly, head turned to the side. The first thing he noticed when he looked up was that it was fully dark outside the wall of windows and all lights except for the lamp near the sofa had been extinguished. Justin was standing alone in that sphere of light. Pale white and gold. He had painted his own body in a wash of white and had used a deep amber gold to delineate his pectorals and abs just enough to accentuate his maleness. On closer inspection, he had done the same to the musculature on his arms and legs. None of it was overdone or obvious. His face was perfect. Angelic. Glowing. The minimal use of color merely served to highlight the blue of his eyes, rimmed at the lashes in cobalt and grey. He hadn’t stopped there either. His hair, if possible, was more golden, more afire with light, more . . . like a halo.

Brian stepped closer, compelled to touch the dusky rose hue of lips, only to stop cold when he caught sight of his own hand.

Only, it was no longer a hand, it was a . . . paw? Complete with claws and topaz scales. He twisted it back and forth trying to see his own appendage and was befuddled every time by the intricate 3D composition of Justin’s artwork.

His eyes trailed up his arm, taking in hundreds, no thousands, of scales ranging from pencil eraser size at his fingers and in the creases of his joints to the size of dollar coins at his shoulder and on the open expanse of his skin. Each was perfect. Each was intricate and a study in patience and art on its own. Layered together, they moved and came to life. Talented did not even begin to describe the kid. When Brian had told him to do his best, he had not expected this . . . this amazingly realistic rendition.
There was no other description for it. The scales looked . . . real.

Brian turned quickly and hurried to the bathroom and the full length mirror there, only to come up short as soon as he saw his reflection. Nothing was familiar. Nothing of himself could be seen. He was covered, head to toe, back to front, and everywhere in between in beautiful, mystical, shining scales. Justin had opted for a traditional Chinese design. Probably the most difficult to depict and his own personal favorite. Brian’s arms and legs turned into the four legs of the dragon, the scales on his back and appendages a dark emerald green and metallic topaz that glinted in the light. The area on his torso, lighter, like the underbelly of a fantastically real dragon, was done in hues of pale blue and silver, leading down to the tumescent dark violet of his rigid cock.

Twisting to see his back, Brian found the other detail he was looking for - just above his hips the wide base of a tail began, wrapping itself down and around his left leg, ending up with the tip resting on the top of his hind paw . . . uh foot.

As if that weren’t enough to display his talents, Justin had painted Brian’s face in such a way that you could no longer even see the human features. Where ears had been, fiery red amphibious eyes glared. Where human eyes had been, with every blink, dragon nostrils flared in impatience. The human nose was all but gone, as was the mouth. Together, they formed part of the snout and when Brian lifted his chin, the dragon opened his maw of gleaming white teeth.

The effect was un-fucking-believable. Worthy of a Hollywood special effects team instead of one underemployed townie kid. Scary, stunning, and surreal. Brian was speechless. Justin tugged his hand and pulled him toward the bedroom, turning on every single light as they went. Brian was confounded by this until they made it into the bedroom and he caught their combined reflection in the glass. The darkness outside, coupled with the light inside, made the wall of windows into a wall of mirrors.

They both caught their breath. The two of them standing side by side were a study of contrasts. Light and dark, human and animal, predator and prey. Mythical and terrestrial.

“How did you . . . ?” Brian nuzzled the pale ear.

“Doesn’t matter. Tonight, I want to watch you take me. I want you to watch me supplicate myself for you. Watch the beast ravage me.”

Brian watched as Justin’s reflection reached up and stroked his jaw, appearing to pet the head of the dragon. His cock jumped at the image and his mind spun with possibilities, filling with scenes of pagan sacrifices to fickle gods. He turned his head slightly, and the image of the dragon seemed to
encourage the petting while opening its mouth slightly.

Justin hitched a ragged breath, and gave Brian a look so carnal, so lewd, so . . . HOT, that it hit the brunet with all the force of colliding celestial bodies . . . stars and planets or . . . or some other lesbianic drivel, the descriptions of which Brian was too overwhelmed to keep out of his brain.

HOLY FUCK!

Justin smiled a small, enigmatic smile. Brian had gotten the message.

A reptilian forearm reached across the boy’s pale torso, briefly capping the shoulder, then raking claws over a nipple as it pulled away, the bud pebbling to a point in its wake. Justin shivered as he watched the reflection. Brian nuzzled into his neck again and wrapped an arm around his waist from behind, also watching. The makeshift mirror distorted their images just enough to make it impossible to see the human, only the dragon. And its pale golden sacrifice.

Justin turned to face him, backing away slowly, hips loose and cock swaying, as he lay back across the mattress in a deliberately suggestive pose, right knee bent and head thrown back, exposing his neck on the altar of Brian’s bed.

Brian prowled, one deliberate step at a time, first circling then crawling to where Justin lay draped across the linens, careful not to touch him until they were both staring into the window at the tableau they made, the Dragon hovering over his mate.

The Dragon’s head lowered, brushing against a pale cheek as arms lifted into an embrace. Brian slithered into the vee of creamy thighs, bringing hardness to hardness and taking Justin’s mouth in a searing, possessive kiss, thrusting his tongue into hot depths and staking a claim. The responding moan had his cock leaking and his arms snaking around the lithe body under him. Every sinuous move reflected for their viewing pleasure in the windows.

It was the hottest thing Brian had ever seen. It only seemed natural that the beast within would clamor to escape. And, at that moment, the only thing that mattered was that primal urge. The urge to mate. The urge to possess. The urge to claim that beauty for himself and keep it from all others.

The urge to BE the Dragon.
All thought processes and introspection ceased in that moment. The moment he looked into crystalline blue. The moment Brian surrendered to the beast within.

The lust-crazed dragon raked his claws down one pale cheek, leaving faint pink lines, and saw the crystal blue pupils blown wide with lust as the golden head tipped back. Dragging his paw further, he left similar marks down the offering’s neck and torso until he was sitting back on his haunches and staring at the writhing and moaning sacrificial manchild.

He couldn’t wait any longer. Reaching under the pillow, he snatched a condom, rolling it over his lurid, leaking cock. A dollop of lube later, he was pressing his claws into the twitching hole. He still could not get over the contrasts of color - Justin’s light, his dark - when the kid raised a leg and ran his instep up a scaled bicep and over a shoulder to tease his neck in a casual, but oh-so sensual petting. Subconsciously, the beast’s head turned into it, encouraged it.

A strong paw gripped the upright leg just above the knee, the other dragging the spare around his waist, and with no hesitation, only a guttural growl, the beast surged forward, spearing into the waiting channel and burying himself to the hilt. No time for adjusting. No time for platitudes. No time for gentleness or softness. Just the urge. The deep, primal urge to thrust. Harder, faster, deeper. Over and over. Long limbs entangled, grasping for purchase on sweaty bodies. The overwhelming need to bite, to suck, to mark that perfect skin. And he did. Marked it in every way conceivable.

His whole body on fire, consumed as never before by the vision they made together. One the dragon-man no longer had to see with his eyes, because it was seared forever into his mind. He rutted, he fucked, he marked, and contorted the golden body until they were both a mindless mess screaming for release. And the golden pagan prince let him. Let him do as he would, completely compliant, his body instinctively doing what needed to be done to pleasure the beast. Until it was too much, and milky limbs pulled emerald tightly to him, whispering into the incredibly sensitive ear, “Do it, you know you want to . . .”

Justin was immediately flipped to his front, ass high in the air, with Brian’s dick shoved roughly back into him. No more finesse. Brian grabbed a fistful of blond hair and jerked the head back, twisting it slightly to the side so he could see those perfect fucking lips. He braced his right hand on the bed near Justin’s shoulder and leaned down to sink his teeth into the soft shoulder, eliciting a whimper.

“MINE!” He whispered, licking the boy’s neck.

Then he claimed the prince for real. Hard, rough, fast, approaching pain until they orgasmed together and passed the fuck out.
Chapter Theme Music - *True Colors*.

Amazing Body Painting Video. Or this one. Dragon Body Painting.

Chapter End Notes

So, yeah, who’s off to a cold shower? Me. Me. Me! Not much else to say after that. All of you go off and take a nice long ‘nap’ with your favorite friend or toy and then come back and read again! LOL! And, when you’re feeling better, check out the cool videos showing some other body painting. Also, credit for the song/title for this chapter goes to TsumTsum - great suggestion! S&T
I Want You To Want Me.

Chapter Notes

So, after all that intimacy, you'd expect Brian to react by pulling away, right? Wrong. Not in this fic. However, all does not go well for our lover boys. If it did, this would be a much shorter fic and we still have lots more fun suggestions from you readers to write about. So, off you go. Read. Laugh. Enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 17 - I Want You To Want Me.

“So when is Gus supposed to get here?” Justin asked, while soaping Brian’s back in the shower. He figured that was a much safer topic than what had been transpiring between them over the last day or so. Much, much, safer.

“Uh, I’ve kinda lost track of time - the painkillers and all - but I think four or five days now?” Brian replied as he arched into the hands working the kinks from his back. Damn! The kid had magic hands. Knew just where to press to give relief. “I need to get some stuff for his stay. A few toys, kid friendly food, shit like that. You gotta work today?”

“Mmm, yeah, only a four-hour shift though. If you want, I could meet you for lunch somewhere, only, just not The Albie, okay? I work there, and I am so sick of the food that I would really like to eat somewhere else if you don’t mind.”

Brian let out an aggrieved sigh, no clams for him again today, but he understood where the kid was coming from. If he worked in a fast food joint he wouldn’t want to eat there on his time off either. He really was going to have to put his foot down eventually, though, and demand those fried clams.

“Okay, where then?”

Justin scrunched his nose, thinking. “You remember the Castaway Bar & Grill? We passed it a couple of times in town.”
Brian nodded. “Sure. What time?”

“One thirty?”

Brian nodded in agreement, then turned his showmate to the wall and fucked him until the water ran cold.

Brian spent his morning combing through the Ocean Beach stores shopping for anything and everything he thought Gus might enjoy. So far, he’d managed to find the biggest beach playset to be had on the island - perfect for building sand castles - a kid-sized snorkeling set, a board game with large plastic pieces, a giant tic-tac-toe box with beanbag markers, two pairs of tiny swim trunks, and a basic paint-by-numbers set. Justin would want to play with Gus, right? Brian could just picture the two kids having fun, getting paint everywhere - on themselves, on the floor, on the furnitu . . . Whoa! He’d better pick up a drop-cloth too and decide on a designated painting zone - maybe the deck - to prevent the house from turning into a disaster area.

Brian was certain he didn’t want his blond artiste to use the body paints to turn any longing tricks into colorful beasts, mythological or real, but he wasn’t at all averse to having Cookie paint his son, provided the lively boy could be persuaded hold still long enough. He’d have to broach the idea with the artist. Maybe Justin could suggest how to keep the boy entertained while turning him into a dragonet.

In that case, though, they wouldn't want to use the deck for their painting zone. Brian did not want passersby watching while that was happening. The stud admittedly revelled in having onlookers watch his usual antics, sighing in appreciation and longing while Brian plowed the latest in a string of anonymous asses, but he refused to expose his son to such attentions. He'd never allow tricks - who were meant to vanish as soon as they’d received the fuck of a lifetime - anywhere close to his Sonny Boy. Not to mention the fact that, if everyone on the island became aware of Cookie’s prodigious body-painting talents, they’d never leave his Adonis alone. No, that was an outcome that definitely could NOT be allowed, Brian told himself, worried that all the attention might infringe on Justin’s personal entertainment duties.

So, yeah, any painting would have to be done inside. Brian added a second drop cloth to his purchases. He also threw in a package of cheap, large men's cotton undershirts to be used as painting smocks for his boys.

Last, and most importantly, Brian purchased his very own not-so-little red wagon - complete with wooden slats extending the sides and fat, off-road tires - to wheel all his purchases around in.
Did he feel a bit ridiculous toting a wagon behind him? Sure. But everyone else on the island had something similar that they used for the same purpose, so it wasn’t as out of place as it would have been in, say, the Pitts. Besides, he would rather pull Gus around the island than carry his ass everywhere. Fifty pounds really wasn’t all that much, but doing it constantly, in the heat, on a not-quite-healed ankle, was too much, even for the sake of Brian’s reputation. Besides, Brian told himself, no one on Fire Island really knew about him or his Liberty Avenue reputation, so why should he worry about dragging a wagon around behind him? And Gus would probably love the annoying little thing. So, red wagon it was.

As Brian sorted through his purchases and loaded them up in his new wagon, his thoughts kept drifting back to the contemplation of his so-called reputation. Back in Pittsburgh, Brian was known as the ultimate stud. An uncaring, ruthless top who knew what he wanted and took it without regard for who he had to walk over to get it. It was an image he’d been carefully cultivating since almost the first day he’d ventured out into the gayborhood. At the time, it had seemed like a smart idea. That image let Brian be in control of most any situation. It stroked his ego and got him whatever tricks he wanted. And he was good at playing the part - it was a comfortable, easy role for him. But lately, that reputation had seemed a bit limiting in some, almost unfathomable, way.

Since his arrival here on Fire Island, though, Brian had felt like a new person. Not that he wasn’t still the best, most virile, inventive, and attractive stud the beach bunny tricks around here had ever had the good fortune to encounter . . . Okay, maybe tied for the best with a certain boisterous blond boy . . . But for some reason, Brian hadn’t felt the same need to prove his studliness to anyone since he’d arrived. Well, not much, at least. He didn’t feel the need to retain that studly mask all the time either. And, while he was still out fucking his way across the island, just like he’d planned, it felt less contrived - less forced and more fun - since he’d been fucking alongside the Cookie.

His thoughts immediately raced to Justin and the previous two nights of what could only be called hormone induced delirium. Brian grinned to himself, lips rolled in, thinking of all the ways they had taken each other and how much fun it had been. He had heard sex could be like that, but had never experienced it himself, so was a non-believer until his Cookie had proved him wrong. This was one instance where Brian was happy to be wrong. And more than happy that he’d let himself have those incredible moments of pleasure, even though he’d had to completely step outside his usual, barbed-wire protected, comfort zone to get them.

Which just proved Brian’s point. Since he’d arrived on Fire Island, he’d found himself, on more than one occasion, simply enjoying being with the blond without worrying about how he was SUPPOSED to be acting. It was so fucking refreshing! It was so freeing.

Cookie made it all seem so easy, too. The kid was smart and funny, intuitive, and much more open than Brian had ever been, but he also stood his ground when he felt justified. Not to mention he didn’t take shit from anyone, least of all Brian. Brian respected that character trait tremendously. And yet, even though he’d left when Brian was being an ass, Justin had still made sure he received care
for his injury, proving that he knew how to stand up for himself and still show compassion. Brian was challenged by the kid’s mere presence to be a better person himself. Having Cookie around also gave him the impetus to leave the constraints of his image behind and just be himself. Which was precisely what Brian had needed so badly, and secretly hoped for, before starting on this vacation.

At that point, Brian’s introspection became a little less focused. Instead of thinking through the vagaries of his life, he found himself thinking of his Cookie. Of his kisses, his humor, the sparkle of mischief he would catch when Justin thought he wasn’t looking. It was all completely lesbianic, but that didn’t make it less true. And, since Brian was allowing himself all this freedom from his old self, why not let his sentimental side out too? Fuck it all! If he wanted to daydream about his boy while strolling around with a little red wagon filled with kids’ toys, why the hell not! This was his vacation, damn it! He could damn well do whatever the fuck he wanted, even act like a lovestruck little faggot . . . well, at least in the privacy of his own mind.

Checking his phone for the time and noting he still had more than an hour before Cookie’s shift ended, Brian decided to kill time by browsing through a few more shops on the way to the restaurant. The first store - a jewelry and knick-knacks store called ‘Seafarer’ - was a bust, nothing in there that he couldn’t get online for a lot cheaper than what they were charging.

The second shop declared itself the only one on the island with arts and crafts made entirely by the local community. That could be interesting, Brian thought. Maybe he could find something for Carl that wasn’t homo-themed. He would be happy to support the local artists as long as their work wasn’t total shit. And, who knew, sometimes you could find great stuff in totally out-of-the way places like this - or so he’d read in some high-end travel magazine somewhere.

Brian noticed several other wagons lining the walk, with their contents still intact, so he figured he could leave his there too, though he decided he would stay by the windows for a few minutes to keep an eye on it just to be sure. He found it difficult to believe he wouldn’t be robbed, even considering this was Fire Island, not the Pitts. He still shuddered at the memory of having his loft completely cleaned out by thieves a few years back. He was certain the culprit had been one of the rare tricks he’d allowed to stay overnight - allowed to stay only because Brian had passed out before kicking the loser out the door first. People, especially teasingly tempting tricks, just weren’t trustworthy. And he absolutely hated the idea of other people pawing at his belongings.

The inside of the crafts shop was set up like an art gallery. Near the front wall there were racks of postcards and frameable prints which Brian looked through while watching the wagon. Most were okay, if predictable. Sunsets, beaches, and waterscapes were predominant. In a word - boring. Giving the last rack a spin, to see if anything caught his eye or looked different than the rest, he caught a flash of bright colors near the bottom and stopped the spin, bending over to take a closer look.

Now THESE cards were actually worth buying - and not just to mail off to the unlucky friends he’d
left back in the sweltering misery of the Pitts. These were practically works of art in and of themselves. The illustrations were almost cartoonish in style, but the images were clear and the theme of gay island life was compelling. Brian particularly loved the scenes that looked like the parties Justin had already taken him to over the past couple weeks. The men - mostly, and in one instance, totally - unclothed. The depictions of fun and friendship and, yes, sex, represented what he’d felt while on the island. There was even an element of gay pride showing through that Brian respected. He absolutely loved them, and quickly snatched up every single card in the series.

He flipped them over to see if he could find the name of the artist and was a little surprised to find out it was listed only as “JRT”. That was weird. When people were trying to make a name for themselves, they typically used an actual name. It didn’t matter though, in the long run, so he made a stack, with his favorites on top, and held onto them as he wandered away from the windows, leaving the one he thought of as the “Blue Moon Man” atop the rest. He really liked that one.

When he turned to scan the shop’s other offerings, Brian noticed baskets made from local grasses and reeds, pottery of all shapes and sizes, and several racks of jewelry, ranging from elegant to bohemian. He picked up a cowry shell bracelet on black cording that struck his eye and thought it might be a good souvenir for himself. Then he moved to the back wall to peruse the art he’d seen hanging there.

He first stood in front of an unframed oil painting that had caught his eye the minute he had come in the front door. It was comprised of four panels of swirling colors. A perfect balance between hot and cool shades. It was soft, but not feminine, relaxing, and interesting. He stepped closer, leaning in, to see if the artist was someone he had heard of before.

“It’s intriguing, isn’t it?”

Brian stood upright abruptly and nodded at the woman standing next to him. “It isn’t signed.”

She crossed her arms over her chest. “That’s right. Some of our artists prefer to remain anonymous. It is a small community after all.”

Brian considered that briefly and accepted it for what it was. “Can you pack and ship here, or is that something I would have to take care of myself?”
She glanced at his designer clothes and the three-hundred-dollar sunglasses in his shirt pocket, coming to a quick decision. She had heard of him, of course, and seen the video. She was human after all, and he was one hot number. Not to mention that it was a small island and you couldn’t look - or act - like Brian Kinney and go unnoticed for long.

The gallery manager gestured to her desk in the corner and invited Brian to sit, offering something to drink, which he declined. “My name is Norah and this is my gallery. I would be happy to ship that work anywhere you like. If you would just fill out this form and present your form of payment, I can take care of it for you today.”

Brian filled out the packing slip with Kinnetik’s address, care of Cynthia, and handed over his credit card. Rather than wait at the desk while Norah handled the paperwork, he went back to the wall. There were two other paintings that interested him. He was quite impressed to see so much talent in such an unknown little gallery and, since the prices were negligible compared to places in New York or even the Pitts, he figured it was well worth his while to snatch them up. He pointed to the two additional works and told Norah to add them to the shipment. He wasn’t sure yet why he liked the last one, only that it made something in his chest roll over.

Norah smiled at him as he signed the bill of sale without taking his eyes from his last selection. When Brian got closer to it again and huffed in a breath of disgust that it was also unsigned, the gallery owner wisely kept her mouth shut. As soon as he was out the door, though, she quickly figured her commission on the sale and cut a check for the remainder to the artist. She found it pleasingly ironic that Mr. Kinney had seemed to like his last selection the most. Running the artist’s check through her fingers, and looking one more time at the figure on it - a sum just under ten thousand dollars - she decided to wait a day or two to contact the painter to let him know that every one of his works had sold. And to whom they’d been sold.

By the time Brian had finished at the gallery, it was finally time for him to make his way over to the restaurant where he was due to meet Cookie. He tugged his wagon full of loot after him, still feeling vaguely ridiculous in spite of his determination not to care about that shit for the duration of his vacation. The flow of other wagon-laden shoppers was now picking up, though, so Brian fit right in as he maneuvered his new wheels into the wagon parking area in front of the Castaway.

There was no sign of Cookie yet, so Brian went ahead, got a table, and ordered two beers. Like most places he’d encountered here on Fire Island, this restaurant was almost as much of a meat market as Woody’s, his favorite watering hole back home. He spent the time while he was waiting for his lunch date eye fucking several tasty appetizers. Just as he was thinking about maybe doing something with the bold brunette sitting over in the corner, though, Justin trotted through the door, smiled at him, and made Brian forget all about anyone other than the blond at hand.
Lunch whizzed by with a whirl of laughter, good food, and clever innuendoes sprinkled liberally throughout the conversation. His Cookie was in an effervescent mood and spent the time telling Brian rowdy jokes, offering up tales about some of the island’s more notorious residents, and making up racy backstories for their fellow diners. At one point, Cookie had Brian laughing so hard he actually snorted beer out through his nose. Needless to say, Brian hadn’t ever had that much fun over a meal in his life. He even caught himself wondering if this was what a real date was like? If so, he didn’t know why he’d been avoiding that experience so assiduously up until now. A date with Cookie didn’t seem all that bad.

Their easy conversation continued after lunch as Justin led Brian back to the grocery market so they could restock the beach house for the upcoming week.

“We probably need to load up on protein again, Boss,” Justin waggled his brows suggestively, bringing to mind their last shopping trip together and the high-protein snack his boy had indulged in on that occasion. “Considering what I’ve got planned for your weekend, you’ll definitely need your strength.”

“Yeah, yeah, blond boy. You’re the one who can barely keep up.”

“I’m the fuck of a lifetime, Boss, and you know it,” the Cookie averred with a saucy grin.

Dammit, the blond brat had stolen his line! Outraged, Brian sputtered, unable to form a single word.

“Admit it! I’m fabulous, fan-fucking-tastic, extraordinary, exceptional,” Justin sing-songed about himself as they headed toward the produce section, where he suddenly ducked through a rather ugly brown plastic divider that hung in strips from a doorway.

As the still-sputtering stud looked around in bewilderment, a pale hand reached out and yanked him past the unsightly divider. Brian figured he must have missed the ugly item of decor - which was out of place in this upscale grocery store - on his last visit because he’d been distracted by his Cookie’s wondrous blow job.

A grin spread over the stud’s face as he relived that particular memory more fully. The idea of possibly recreating that scene was arousing. He scanned the area they were in for possibilities but then quickly got distracted by the view - they appeared to be in the midst of yet more produce, only the veggies and fruit in this section were rather spectacularly different from what was on offer in the main part of the market.

“Behold the naughty produce department, Boss,” exclaimed the luscious, laughing lad.

“Is this what you meant by protein, Cookie?”

“Maybe,” Justin responded teasingly as he guided Brian over to the bins full of oddly shaped, and highly suggestive, foodstuffs.

Only on Fire Island, thought Brian, with a shake of his head as he examined the pornographic produce.
“I think I’ve found the replica of your ass, boy,” Brian giggled – yes, the stud giggled – as he held out a luscious melon duo before exchanging it for a pleasingly plump squash that almost exactly resembled the blond’s perky posterior.

Absentmindedly fondling a yam, Justin started toward the stud, anxious for a ‘touch me, feel me’ comparison. He let out a horrified “Ewwww!” however, when his fingers sank into the center of the sweet tater.

“Save me, Boss! It’s a vagina!” Justin wailed as he dropped the offensive yam.

Both men backed away, making warding signs with their fingers. That was too close a call. No pussy allowed!

In an effort to recover his equilibrium, Justin turned to the more manly potatoes, and, with a lustful gleam in his eyes, queried, “Did you model for this one, Boss?” In his hand was a perfect scale-model of Brian’s nine and a half inches. Well, almost - they both broke out into raucous laughter at the object.

“You know what you get when you cross a penis and a potato, don’t you?” Brian asked with a come-hither stare, enticing the boy to come toward him and then wrapping his arms around the unresisting boy. When Justin only looked up at him questioningly without answering, Brian supplied his own, groan-worthy, answer. “A dick-tater!”

“Ughhhhh!” Justin complained even as he chuckled over the horrible pun. “That is the WORST joke I think I’ve ever heard, Mr. Kinney.” When Brian merely laughed harder at the boy’s complaints, Justin melted into the embrace and let himself giggle adorably. “Seriously, though, Brian, that joke was worthy of a smart-assed, prepubescent boy, not a suave, sophisticate like the Brian Kinney I thought I knew. Are you sure you’re the same man I fucked in the shower this morning? Hmm? I think I’d better double-check, just to make sure,” Justin continued as he deftly opened the first button of Brian’s jeans, with a greedy glint in his eyes.

Brian returned Justin’s look with an equally-greedy gaze and leaned back against the produce bin to accommodate his lusty lad’s efforts.

Before they got any further, though, a piercing, high-pitched shriek resounded through the small room as Justin’s supercilious stalker - aka the evil ex - stumbled into the room. “What the hell? It’s me you want, Justin, not him. He doesn’t love you like I do. Don’t you remember everything I used to do for you? I prepared picnics, strewed rose petals on our bed before we made love, and serenaded you with my violin. Has HE even come close to any of that? He can’t possibly compare!”

Hackles raised, Brian condescendingly commented, “Evan . . . Ian . . . Idiot . . . whatever. I barely know you, but it’s obvious to me that Justin only stayed with you out of pity. I mean that’s the only
reason I can think of for someone like Cookie to bother with a whiny little mosquito like you,” Brian sneered, moving so that his larger body was now separating the two former lovers. “Especially since you obviously got shortchanged in the parts department, too,” Brian added, pointedly looking down at Ethan’s crotch before picking up another piece of produce as a visual aid. “Fuck! This pathetic, shriveled strawberry looks like it has more to offer than you do.” He held out a tiny little pecker-shaped strawberry, less than an inch in length, eliciting more giggling from the blond standing behind him.

Ethan, possessor of the pathetically puny pecker, was NOT amused. He let out another piercing shriek of protest, the sound of which almost burst their eardrums, and then crumpled dramatically to the floor. Thankfully, that action was followed by blissful silence.

Simultaneously shaking their heads in an attempt to recover their hearing, the two men looked down at where the previously-shrieking wingnut was lying in an Ethan-sized lump on the floor. The two men broke out into a fresh spate of chuckles. As pathetic as it sounded, it seemed that the chin-rat had knocked himself out with his excessively high-pitched, dramatic reaction to his maligned manhood. Moaning and whimpering rumbled from the heap as Ethan came out of his temporary - possibly pretend - faint, rolling around hysterically on the floor in the process. Ian’s actions engendered even more laughter, the men’s chuckles turning into guffaws, causing them to clutch at each other, trying to hold themselves up as they staggered out of the naughty produce section.

Justin snorted, “We got off easy. His violin playing is even more distressing than his shrieking. Personally, I could never really stand violin music. Sounds like someone torturing a cat.”

As they were checking out twenty minutes later - and still hadn’t seen the Ian Idiot emerge from the naughty produce room - Justin suggested to Gene, the cashier, that he might want to check on the infuriating, ever-so-unpopular island resident.

“Shit! Why’d he have to throw one of his queen-outs here?” grumbled Gene. “Now I’m gonna have to put up with his temper tantrum and make sure he gets home.”

The men gladly left the handling the Idiot to Gene. They loaded the sacks of groceries they’d purchased onto the cart alongside Brian’s previous finds, and the stud was amazed by how much the wagon held. He must really be losing it, he thought, because he could hear himself telling Gus that it was the little red wagon that could.

Justin took over pulling the mighty wagon so that Brian could walk more freely, putting less pressure on his still slightly wonky ankle. As they walked, one or the other of them would occasionally let out a snort about the frantic, frustrated fiddler and his escapades in the naughty produce department. Brian found he couldn’t quite wipe the silly grin off his face no matter how undignified it probably looked.
“Hey, Cookie, you owe me for that idiot-blocked blow job. Whadda ya say? You up for a little afternoon delight?” Brian asked with a lecherous leer.

“Well, Stud, I suppose you might be able to persuade me,” replied the Cookie, waggling his eyebrows, and doing some libidinous leering of his own.

Strolling home - and, yes, it was becoming THEIR home - with his employee/maybe-boyfriend/lover seemed, to the relaxed and jovial stud, the perfect way to end their not-quite-a-date. His hand reached out toward Justin’s of its own accord, and he entwined his fingers with those of the bodacious blond.

“Wha . . . what are you doing?” Justin stammered as he tugged his hand free of Brian’s. “We don’t want to give people the wrong impression, Boss. We’re not boyfriends, and we’re not in a relationship!”

Brian felt like he’d been punched in the gut. Or was it the heart? He scowled and moved away as far as he could from the Cookie, while remaining on the path. He didn’t feel up to trudging through the weeds that bordered the walkway.

Justin immediately regretted his hasty words, as well as the way he’d jerked his hand away from Brian’s, but had no clue what to say. Brian's actions had just been so surprising. Brian Kinney did not strike Justin as the kind of guy that held hands. Maybe with his son, but never with another man. Justin wasn't that kind of guy either and he'd thought Brian understood that. Besides, boyfriends and romance, in the young artist’s experience, were a load of hooey.

Neither man uttered another word during what seemed like an endless journey home, but which was in reality only a few minutes.

The oppressive silence didn’t lift as they finally neared the beach house. Brian, who hadn’t even realized he’d reached for Justin’s hand at the time, felt rejected and unloved - feelings that had followed him from his childhood and with which he was all too familiar. So much for fucking opening himself up. Yeah, Brian knew there was a reason why he hadn’t bothered with this shit before.

So where the fuck did that leave him now? He’d already acknowledged to himself that they were lovers. But apparently Justin didn't feel the increasing trust and intimacy. Ugh, Brian couldn’t believe he’d even thought those words - they were so lesbianic and mushy that his dick was probably already shriveling up and ready to drop off. But he couldn’t help it. That’s how he felt. In his mind they already WERE lovers. There was no way he could say that to Justin, though, especially not now. Not after the kid had totally blown him off.
Brian couldn’t understand why any sane person did feelings - those horrible, elusive, unreliable emotions - if this was the inevitable result. He sure as fuck wasn’t going to do them any more. And if he did allow himself to feel, he absolutely did not plan to talk about it.

Justin’s voice interrupted Brian’s increasingly dark thoughts. “Hey, Boss. I’m sorry about that back there. You know I really like being with you, right?”

Brian grunted in response since he wasn’t at all sure of that.

“It’s just that I thought you’d want to keep this strictly as a business arrangement, so I didn’t expect the hand holding thing. Not that I really object to it. I don’t want you to think I’m reneging on our deal or anything - particularly since it’s already clear that I’m going to win,” Justin stated with a confident wink, “but maybe we’d better clarify what the rules are a little bit more?”

Apparently Justin didn’t see the deepening scowl on Brian’s face because he plowed on unthinkingly. “See, I’ve done the whole, ‘Love Everlasting’ thing, and frankly, I wasn’t too impressed with it. I mean, my relationship with Ethan was intense and exhausting. I always felt like I had all this pressure to keep proving how much I loved him. And, as you’ve probably already guessed, it didn’t end well. I really do NOT want to go back there any time soon.”

“Bottom line? We’re both having a great time so far and I don’t want to fuck that up. You know? I want to keep things the way they are.” Justin looked at Brian, trying to gauge the man’s reaction, but all he saw was a blank expression on the older man's face. Panicking a little, the young man tried to lighten the mood by joking. “We’re not a couple of dykes, or anything, right? So there’s no reason why we have to let this get all serious.” Brian didn’t even crack a hint of a smile.

“Listen, we both love to fuck and, between the two of us, we can score pretty much anyone we want on this island. Which is why you hooked up with me in the first place, ‘cause I can serve all those guys up to you on a fucking platter. As long as we’re both on the same page about that, it’ll be cool.” Justin’s voice sounded almost pleading by that point.

When Brian still just stood there looking at him without saying a word, his face totally inscrutable, Justin started to worry that he’d totally stuck his foot in it. “That IS what you wanted too, isn’t it, Boss?”

Brian blinked a couple of times, his gaze directed over the left shoulder of the younger man who stood there waiting for some kind of response. Justin couldn’t read a thing from Brian’s face, and his usually expressive eyes were masked by the dark black lenses of his sunglasses. There was something about the unnatural stillness in that tall, lanky frame though that was disquieting.

“Brian?”
“Huh?” the overly composed man answered with uncharacteristic confusion.

“We’re okay, aren’t we?” Justin had to ask.

“Peachy.” Brian replied curtly before turning away, totally ignoring Justin, and scanning the action a few meters away down the beach. “Hey, Sweetbritches!” Brian called out, getting the immediate attention of at least ten men. “You with the bulge - in the red trunks! And you too, Bubble Butt. Yeah, you’ll do. Get your asses over here so I can fuck you into next year.”

The two men practically fell over each other to get to where Brian and Justin were standing. Brian, however, simply shouldered past the astonished young blond, wrapped one long arm around each of the lucky fuckers’ shoulders and led them over to the main part of the deck. Both of the potential fuckees seemed to be looking back at Justin as if wondering when he was going to be joining them. Brian, however, had other plans.

“You, Biggus Dickus, get those fucking trunks off and get on your back on the lounger,” Brian ordered while shucking off his own shirt and handing it to Justin as if the boy were a mere valet. “You better get those groceries inside, Cookie, before everything spoils. Oh, and can you hang these up for me, too?” Brian slipped off his jeans and tossed those at the gape-jawed youth. “Now, Bubble Butt, you lucky boy, you get to suck off our dear Sweetbritches here while I fuck the shit out of your very well endowed and, hopefully, drum-tight ass. Any questions?” Brian didn’t really expect any and didn’t bother leaving enough time for his companions to speak up anyway. “Good. Gentlemen, start your fucking.”

Brian slipped on a pre-lubed condom that he’d pulled out of his pants’ pocket before handing them off to Justin and, with very little preparation, buried himself balls deep in Bubble Butt’s pretty posterior. If Bubble Butt hadn’t already had Sweetbritches’ mammoth-sized dick halfway down his throat, he probably would have yelped at the abrupt entry. Brian didn’t seem to care though. Without even a polite pause to let his partner adjust to the intrusion, Brian was ramming away with abandon. And despite the rough handling, he must have been doing something right because Bubble Butt barely lasted ten minutes before he was choking on Sweetbritches’ cock while trying to scream out his passion to the world and shooting copious amounts of jizz all over the supine man’s thighs.

Brian sighed, a little disappointed that poor little Bubble Butt hadn’t lasted longer. But he was a resourceful man and he had had the foresight to bring along a spare to this fuckfest, so it wasn’t a total loss. Brian merely pushed aside Bubble Butt as soon as he was done, stripped off the used condom, and reapplied another - which he apparently managed to pull out of thin air, since nobody saw where it came from - and was forthwith planted in Sweetbritches’ ass, with the man’s long legs pressed back so far over his ears that he was bent completely in half.

As usual, Brian’s antics had drawn a crowd of interested spectators. Several of the men who had
heard the initial call-out had followed on the two winners’ heels right from the start. Still more had followed them. Once there was a small gathering standing in front of the deck, random passersby started coming over to see what the attraction was. Pretty soon, there was a group of about thirty to forty guys rooting on the participants.

The only person watching who didn’t seem to be enjoying the show was the forgotten nineteen-year-old standing by the beach house door, still holding Brian’s discarded clothing in one hand and a bag of groceries in the other. Justin was seemingly spellbound by the scene unfolding in front of him. He couldn’t look away. Brian, who was still wearing the dark sunglasses to hide his eyes, appeared to be staring right back at the frozen-in-place townie. He didn’t look away once, no matter how intense the fucking got. Brian just kept pounding again and again into first one and then the other trick with an unreadable expression on his face and an unwavering gaze.

When Sweetbritches finally creamed himself with a piercing yodel of ecstasy, Brian grunted, shoved in twice more, and then let himself go too. The grimace of pleasure on his face as he came didn’t look at all like Brian’s normal orgasmic face. To a seething Justin, Brian looked more angry than enraptured. And the impression of fury wasn’t alleviated when Brian pulled out abruptly, ignoring the still gasping Sweetbritches, and yanked off the full condom while padding over to meet Justin at the door.

“Take care of this for me, will ya, Cookie,” Brian smiled sarcastically and dropped the slimy thing into the palm of the hand already encumbered with a grocery bag. “I’m going to take a shower. Call me when dinner’s ready.”

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Chapter Theme Music: I Want You To Want Me.

Postcard art in this chapter is by Robert de Michiell, a longtime Pines resident. Read more about his life and his art here: Michiell

Chapter End Notes

7/16/16 - Sorry about all the plot that intruded into this chapter. It happens even in the best of porn sometimes. But, next time somebody says that TAG can only write PWP, she can happily point to this chapter and say, ‘Nope. Look here. I CAN so write actual plot. So there!’

So many people to thank and give credit to for this chapter - we have a really great online following going these days, which is so fun and keeps us inspired, so all you readers keep on coming by to visit. (Hi, SandiD & Glo!) Comma Momma is making more and more of an impact with every chapter - keep it up, girlfriend! Credit for the
wonderful naughty produce pics goes to Samcdee. A big thank you also goes out to the patrons and staff of Portland’s Papaccino’s Coffee Shop, where TAG got the entire cafe involved in a lively literary discussion about how Brian would heckle the men on the beach, while the sexy ornithologist cum barista kept her plied with beer as she wrote.

Postcard art in this chapter is by Robert de Michiell, a longtime Pines resident. Read more about his life and his art by clicking on the link at the bottom of the chapter. The three pieces of artwork are attributable to the following artists: Art #1 - unknown, Art #2 - Titled "Ages of Avalon" by Simon Kenny, and Art # 3 - unknown title believed to be attributed to Jacquie Barbaree.

Now, it’s off to see if we can’t fix the problem with the dearth of porn in this poor fic.

S&T

PS - There were LOTS of fun pics in this chapter and since it's so difficult to post them here on AO3, I didn't bother. If you want to see them all, please come read the chapter at www.kinnetikdreams.com
Brian was still giving Justin the cold, mostly-silent treatment a day and a half later and it was really starting to piss him off.

After Brian's quickie threesome on the deck the other night, he'd practically ignored Justin for the rest of the evening. Except to bark out orders for food, for Justin to clean up, for Justin to bring him a drink . . . Even when Justin took them to a house party he knew of, hosted by a guy who was notorious for throwing some incredibly raunchy events, Brian had barely acknowledged Justin's presence. They'd both fucked a few guys, gotten blown by a few more but, in comparison to most of their other evenings, it had felt anticlimactic and dull.

Brian had seemed so reserved. He had barely spoken to anyone - definitely not to Justin but not even to the other party guests. Mostly, the big stud just stood around drinking, scanning the crowd with evident disdain until he'd picked out his next trick of the night, and then fucking whoever he'd chosen with a brusque, detached efficiency.

Justin had NOT liked that side of Brian Kinney AT ALL!

After the party, Justin had helped an inebriated Brian stumble home. Rather than what Justin thought of as Brian's typical 'fun drunk' state, though, the man was acting like more of a 'mean drunk'. Shit, that tongue of his could really drip acid when Brian was in a foul mood. Justin had felt almost like he'd been physically beaten up by the time they made it back to the beach house, even though he didn't have a scratch on him.

Justin had dumped Brian unceremoniously into his bed, not bothering to help him undress let alone shower. He had been more than done with his boss’ spiteful antics for the night. Hopefully the man
would wake up in a better mood. Either way, Justin hadn’t intended on sticking around for more abuse that night.

“Where ya goin’, Cookie?” the drunk in the bed had drawled right as Justin was grabbing his bag to go. “You can’t leave. I’m BORED.”

Justin had looked over at the man who was lying there sneering up at him with a dastardly dare in his angry eyes, and his patience had finally vanished. “Fuck you, Brian! And fuck all your stupid little temper tantrums all the time. Call me when you decide not to be an ass anymore.”

“So does that mean you’re giving up on our bet?” Brian had responded nonchalantly. “Didn’t you say that you could keep me entertained all summer and that I’d never have a chance to be bored with you around? That was our ‘business’ arrangement, wasn’t it? And you’re all about keeping things strictly business . . .” Brian had practically snarled. “Well, I’m bored, blond boy. So, either you entertain me, or you lose the bet and you’re stuck here on Butt-Fuck Island till the end of time. Don’t you think it’s time you got down to business, Cookie?”

Justin had been fuming mad. If his hands had been free, he might have even been tempted to wrap them around the smug bastard’s neck and squeeze. But, Brian had been right. Justin had agreed to keep the fucker entertained for the length of the summer, and he really didn’t want to lose. Even if it meant humoring this PMSing drama queen.

With a heavy sigh, Justin had let the messenger bag slide off his shoulder, pulled his shirt off over his head, and crawled into the bed next to the still smirking Mr. Kinney.

After a perfunctory fuck that hadn’t done much more than get them both off as impersonally and quickly as possible, Brian had grunted, rolled over, and pretended to go to sleep. Justin had simply lain there and seethed for what seemed like hours. Damn the bastard! And damn his own stupidity for making a big deal out of something as trivial as handholding if this was the result. So they had both lain there in silence for fuck knew how long until Justin had finally dropped off to sleep.

He’d woken up practically smothered by an octopus-like Brian Kinney, who’d had every limb wrapped around Justin’s body in a virtual stranglehold.

Of course, as soon as Brian had woken up as well, he had been back to being the unemotional and indifferent cad he’d been the night before. Justin had been truly grateful that he had to work that day, since it had given him an excuse for leaving the bitchy drama queen to his own devices for at least the next eight hours. But, mindful of his duties, Justin had still gotten up, made Brian a lovely breakfast of eggs Benedict with steamed asparagus - that Brian had groused about nastily even while he had devoured everly last bite. Then the fed up short-order cook had fled the house, praying that
Brian would fucking snap out of it already.

Justin had spent his day - while sweating over the grill at the Albatross - planning out the most sexually varied, stimulating, and satisfying evening he could come up with to entertain the fractious Mr. Kinney. Since this was Pride weekend on Fire Island, there was no dearth of parties being held, and Justin knew most, if not all, the hosts. It was just a matter of picking the party that would most fascinate his captious employer. And, given Brian’s current state of mind, that wasn’t an easy thing. Justin didn’t think another relatively routine house party was the answer. There were a few kinkier events that he knew of, but even then, he thought someone as experienced as Brian probably wouldn’t be all that impressed.

No, what Brian needed was to experience the adulation of the masses. He needed to be pulled out of his funk. He needed to be surrounded by plenty of beautiful men who would all bend over backwards - or forwards, as the case might be - to show Brian how much they wanted him. No way could Brian stay pissed off in that kind of ego boosting environment. Right? Plus, it was the best way Justin could think of to make sure he wasn’t losing his bet.

Luckily, Cherry’s On The Bay was holding a ‘New Year’s Eve’ party that night. It was a tradition at Cherry’s every June, and the event was usually packed to the rafters. There should be a few hundred horny fags in attendance, happy to dance, frolic, and fuck, not necessarily in that order. Justin was sure he could find something there to tempt Brian out of his foul humor.

At least he hoped.

It took Justin more than a little effort to get Brian to agree to his evening plans. Justin wasn’t sure if Brian truly didn’t like the idea of the party he was promoting or if he was just being obstreperous on principle. Finally, though, the big sourpuss capitulated, and they rolled out of the beach house just after ten pm.

Justin was inexpressibly relieved to be away from Brian’s house. Maybe he could finally have some adult conversation, dance, drink, fuck, and just get away from the the Pouting Princess for a bit. Once they got to the club, surely Princess Brian could entertain himself, with plenty of willing tricks ready to service his every need.

Stella was acting as the hostess for the evening at Cherry’s, which had been transformed into a rainbow-draped paradise for the event. A dazzling disco ball was positioned overhead, music pumping through the speakers, strobe lights flashing, glitter falling, and wall-to-wall men heaving. Acrobats in G-strings performed on platforms, spinning through a rainbow of colors. The bodies of acrobats and dancers alike glistened with sweat as they twirled, swayed, and humped to the music.
Justin supposed he might have been a little over-enthusiastic in greeting Stella, if Brian’s scowl was anything to go by. Fuck! What did the stud want from him? One minute the man was cold as ice towards him and the next minute he was acting like a jealous twat? Justin’s swapping a bit of spit with a friend shouldn’t matter to the big guy. Okay, so maybe the way Stella had flagrantly groped Justin’s ass was a little over-the-top, but nobody took her seriously. Unfortunately, the scowl Brian had on his face afterwards didn’t bode well for the rest of the night’s entertainment.

Not unexpectedly, they’d barely gotten through the door when Brian had grabbed the nearest towheaded twink - other than Justin - and had begun hauling him through the crowd towards the men’s room, demanding that he demonstrate his deep-throating skills. The towhead apparently hadn’t minded the crass treatment. They’d only made it a few meters when, with evident enjoyment, Twinkieboy had dropped to his knees, freed Prince unCharming’s joystick from his jeans, licked along the shaft and, eyes closed in ecstasy, taken the nine-and-a-half inches all the way down his throat, humming and swallowing at the same time.

Even though the towheaded twink had clearly excelled at his task, Brian had looked utterly bored and disinterested when he shot down the twink’s throat. The rest of Cherry’s patrons had been a lot less blase’ about the experience - the blatant sex, happening right out in public, without even a nod to propriety - had been a big hit with the masses. They’d been thrilled with Twinkieboy’s performance. Justin was sure that the kid would be incredibly popular for the rest of the evening, if not the summer.

Justin hadn’t bitched about the contemptuous sneer that Brian directed at him the whole time he was being serviced by Twinkieboy, even though the killjoy’s attitude had chapped his ass. Okay, so Justin had screwed up, and the poor guy’s tender ego had got a little bruised over the fucking hand holding thing, but grow up already, Mr. Kinney! Brian had made his point. Did he really need to belabor it forever? What the hell was it going to take to get the Brian Kinney he preferred back with the program so they could simply enjoy fucking their way through the teeming mass of men together? And why the fuck did Justin even care?

Justin watched the casual way that Brian had dismissed Twinkieboy and immediately grabbed the next fuckworthy man he saw. Brian seemed to be acting on autopilot, though, rather than enjoying himself. Which wasn’t at all good if Justin wanted to still win this fucking bet. But, damn it, he didn’t know what to do to fix things.

As Brian moved off into the the thick of the crowd with his latest selection, Justin finally lost it. Fuck it all! Brian Kinney could sit and spin for all he cared. Justin decided he was going to ignore the man’s histrionics from here on out. He was going to dance and fuck the night away and fucking enjoy himself. Brian could do what he wanted. Justin would worry about it - and the bet - later.
“See you later, Princess,” he remarked dismissively to Brian’s retreating back before the young and fed-up blond turned, headed upstairs, and prepared to survey the sea of dancing delights for his own next adventure.

On the catwalk overlooking the dance floor, Justin encountered the ‘B’ twins, both of whom immediately glommed onto Justin, eager to reprise their roles from the party on Stella’s houseboat. Brock excitedly pointed out the other stud who’d been starring in their most recent wet dreams. Brian had already dismissed Twinkieboy’s replacement and was selecting his third serving of hunk for the night. As they watched, the seductive stud cut a lanky brunet out of the crowd - this one almost a Brian clone - and started grinding on him to the hyped-up techno beat of the dance music. Then, as if not satisfied with one beefy bottom boy, Brian started making gestures to yet another tasty-looking morsel - this one shirtless, with enticing muscles, a crew-cut, and a bit of a goatee. The addition seemed enthralled by the proposed threesome and slowly danced his way closer.

“Shit,” Justin exclaimed under his breath. Even when Brian was acting like a total ass, he was still hot as fuck. Justin couldn’t escape that reality no matter where he went. If he were honest with himself, he didn’t really want to. He was salivating over the stud just as much as the ‘B’ twins or the two tricks on the dance floor.

“He wouldn’t . . . He can’t” Brock blurted out with wonder as they all watched Brian enticing the two hotties into his clutches.

“How does he do it? What does he say?” Braydon asked enviously and admiringly as Brian licked Goatee’s ear and whispered into it while trailing his fingers down the silk-clad chest of the Brian-clone.

“We’ll never know,” Brock reverently responded. “But, whatever it is, he says it for all of us.”

Justin wanted to both laugh and scream as he listened to his friends. They made it sound like Brian was some gay superhero or something. He was just a man, after all. It wasn’t like Justin himself - or even the ‘B’ Twins - were exactly trolls. All it took to do what Brian was doing was attitude. And the balls to dare. Fuck Brian Kinney and his stupid fucking ‘Stud Mystique’.

Justin was about to turn away and continue on with his plan to completely ignore the spoiled princess’ ongoing antics, when detached hazel eyes looked up directly into the icy-mad blue ones above. Brian smiled that haughty, scornful smirk he had perfected. That fucking smile . . . it was like a dare aimed right at Justin. A challenge. He could almost hear the disdainful thoughts behind the look, drawled in a mocking voice, as if asking, “That how you want to do this?” As if taunting him, throwing back his ‘strictly business’ comment in his face.

Which was when Justin realized that, no, that wasn’t how he wanted things. He wasn’t about to let
Brian Fucking Kinney have the last word in this situation. Fuck it all! Justin was just as hot and as ballsy as any fucking tourist with an attitude problem. And he wasn’t about to let Mr. Kinney act like he could lord it over the poor little townies. Enough of this shit! Justin decided he was going to teach the stud a lesson he wouldn’t soon forget.

“He can do anything he wants,” Justin uttered with a humorless chuckle, acknowledging the big guy’s impressively-effective technique, “but, then again, so can I.”

“Where are you going?” asked Braydon as Justin moved toward the stairs.

“I’m going to teach an old dog that this new trick is better than him. Watch and learn, boys,” Justin advised as he headed down the stairs, removing his shirt and tossing it over the railing of the catwalk as he reached the last step.

Head raised, a sultry look on his face, ivory skin shining in the flashing lights, glitter raining down on his hair and skin, Justin stalked through the heaving, dancing throng toward Brian and his two tricks. Easing into the space next to the threesome, he began dancing to the beat - unlike a certain rhythmically-challenged brunet stud - showing off his tantalizing, twinkie torso and shaking his ass like there was no tomorrow. Brian seemed not to have noticed his dancing neighbor yet, but Justin was determined that he would . . . very soon.

The lights gleaming off the youth’s skin and hair, combined with his salaciously sexy twists and turns, quickly distracted Mr. Clone and Mr. Goatee. In response to an especially enticing wiggle of the blond’s ass, with an inviting smile thrown in for good measure, Mr. Clone slithered away from the brunet stud. As soon as Goatee noticed that BrianClone was missing, he started looking around for his playmate. One more shimmying undulation by the youthful blond stud, added to a suggestive look over his shoulder in the man’s direction, and Mr. Goatee was also sidling over, pressing himself up behind the overpoweringly alluring young lothario while Mr. Clone plastered himself to Justin’s front.

Brian had, until that point, been studiously pretending he didn’t see the bold, blond brat. But now that Justin was in the middle of a gyrating trick sandwich, both of them vying assiduously for his attention, smoothing their hands along his torso and back, one reaching for the button of Justin’s jeans, Brian had all of a sudden become interested. In fact, he was so interested he had stopped dancing altogether and was glaring at the threesome from his lonely position a few feet away where he’d been abandoned by his tricks.

THAT was also the moment at which the heretofore Supreme Stud’s shell of indifference apparently collapsed. Sniggering to himself, Justin watched out of the corner of his eye as Brian’s holier-than-thou wrath came crashing down into a pile of smoldering rubble. The usually self-confident man was standing there, a frown on his handsome face, looking equally confused, annoyed, and pissed off.
For about half a minute, the brunet stud kept looking on, watching the two bigger, beefier men groping and grinding on Justin's smaller frame. His mouth was screwed up in a disapproving pucker that Justin might have called 'prudish' if it had been any other man. However, behind that disapproval, there was also a hint of an approving smile, as if Brian recognized that he was being played just as expertly as he'd been playing Justin earlier . . . and he respected the boy for his mastery.

When Justin grabbed onto the hips of BrianClone and pulled the man in even closer, at the same time as he lifted his arm overhead and erotically snaked it down the side of Goatee’s face in a languid caress, he thought he heard Brian complain, 'Fucking little twat,' in a voice that was audible even over the loud music. Luckily he was able to turn his head away before Brian saw the smile of triumph that Justin couldn’t keep off his lips. And when he eventually did look around, noting the way Brian was still fuming and muttering to himself, Justin’s face was once again impassive. Too bad for Brian that he wasn’t able to wipe the blatant jealousy and possessive longing off his own face.

That’s what this entire temper tantrum came down to, wasn’t it? Brian thought that Justin belonged to him? Well, ditto. Justin owned the ornery stud’s ass while he was on Fire Island. And the young artist was utterly fed up with the way Brian had been pushing Justin away for past two days, pissing and moaning about every little thing imaginable, trying to punish him for the supposed betrayal of daring to reject his tenuous and unexpected romantic advances. Well, Justin was through with that. He wasn’t about to put up with Brian barking rapid-fire, contradictory orders at him all day and night. And he damn well wasn’t going to tolerate being conveniently ignored - let alone deliberately slighted - when Brian thought he needed to prove some esoteric point. Justin had his own point to prove, thank you very much.

The youthful stud watched as Brian edged over slightly. Only two steps separated Justin from his supposed prey - ‘cause, really, tonight Brian was Justin’s intended quarry, instead of the other way around - and he meant to stake his claim on the man with or without Brian’s knowledge or assistance. Fuck it all!

Justin swivelled his hips in a big circular motion, making sure to come into contact with the groins of both the men he was using as his props. This, of course, resulted in the two of them groaning and moving even closer. Justin was now tightly sandwiched between the two, just like a sweaty, glitter-encrusted piece of man-meat. Which was precisely what he’d intended. And his plan seemed to be working perfectly.

Brian was rather enjoying himself so far. The evening had been going just as he’d planned. Okay, so maybe he was belaboring his point a little much, but Justin HAD asked for it. How dare the little brat tell HIM that he didn’t want anything serious. Or that they should keep things on a ‘strictly business’ basis. Those were Brian’s lines. Nobody got to say that shit to him. He was the one who got to say when the tricks would stay and when they would go. And it didn’t matter that Cookie wasn’t really a trick - he still didn’t get to fucking call the shots like that. Especially not when Brian had decided he might, actually, for once, want something a teensy bit more . . .
But, whatever. Brian had determined that if Justin wanted to keep things on a business only basis, he was fine with that. He could do business-like. He was good at being a boss. He ran a whole multi-million-dollar company, for fuck’s sake. He’d just treat Justin like any of his other employees. He’d show the presumptuous fool what it was really like to be in business with Brian Kinney.

So he’d ordered the kid around all day, enjoying having the usually independent teen at his beck and call. In fact, the more pissed off Justin got, the more Brian liked it. He’d even, basically, ordered the younger man into his bed the night before. That had felt a little strange, Brian had to admit, and the sex that followed had been incredibly lacking, but that didn’t matter. All that mattered was that Brian had made his point.

And he was still making his point when they had arrived at the nightclub Justin had dragged him to that evening. He’d immediately pulled the first two tricks he could find, using them as teaching aids to further prove his point to the glowering Cookie. See? If Cookie wanted Brian to fuck around like it was only business, Brian could do that. Easily. But he made sure that Justin wouldn’t like it much. Unfortunately, about halfway through his second trick, Brian had to concede that he wasn’t liking it much either. Was it just him, or were the tricks around here just not that great? And why was he fucking them and staring daggers at Cookie all the while? What WAS the point of this again? There was supposed to be a point - he was sure of that much.

It wasn’t until he’d watched Cookie tempt away both of his dance partners - the ones he’d carefully selected for the perfectly choreographed three-way that he planned to use to ram his point home to the recalcitrant youngling - that Brian began to doubt the wisdom of his actions. How dare the kid try and steal his tricks? I mean, really? This was not happening. It couldn’t. It was impossible. This was definitely NOT the point he’d meant to make.

Yet, here he was, standing alone on the dance floor while the captivating young stud waltzed off with his man-sandwich fixins. And there didn’t seem to be one damn thing he could do to stop it. Not without causing a scene, which would draw even more attention to the fact that somebody had the balls to steal away the legendary stud’s chosen prey. That would not only further damage Brian’s ego, but also serve to enhance the younger man’s already outrageous reputation, and that was entirely counterproductive to the point Brian had been making . . . or that he thought he’d been making . . . or attempting to make . . . only, he was less and less sure what that point was anymore.

Brian found himself mesmerized by the sight of Justin wedged between the two tall, hot tricks. He still didn’t really know how the fuck this had happened. One minute he’d been dancing with the two hottest men - other than himself - on the dance floor, and the next minute the annoying little blond twat had just twitched his hips at them, and they’d practically tripped over their dicks in their haste to get to the boy. What the fuck? Did they not see what they were leaving? Nobody ever took Brian’s tricks away. Nobody! It was fucking unheard of. Okay, it was also, admittedly, ballsy to the extreme, but it was not at all acceptable, no matter how fucking hot or provocative or bold the guy doing the stealing was.
Brian was all set to give the fucking brat a piece of his mind, when he saw the BrianClone start to tug on the ring in his Cookie’s pierced nipple. Brian felt like screaming at the guy. What the fuck did the damned clone guy think he was doing? The interloper needed to get his fucking meat paws off . . .

After that, Brian found himself moving over to intervene even before he’d made any conscious decision about the matter. Without even a thought about what he was doing, he slid his arms down, one in front and one behind Justin’s lithe frame, spreading his arms and deliberately thrusting both Mr. Clone and Mr. Goatee away from HIS Cookie. Once he’d made a little bit of room, Brian adroitly shouldered into BrianClone’s place in front of the glittery blond, who was looking at him with a barely concealed smugness that Brian immediately decided he needed to kiss off his face.

He grabbed onto the slim hips with both hands, pulling the boy’s body hard against him and matching the rhythm of the youngster’s dancing. Cookie looked him defiantly in the eye. Brian met the gaze and looked back as they rocked and swayed together. It was like the entire rest of the packed club disappeared in that moment. All Brian could see was the bead of sweat that ran down the side of his Cookie’s face, dripping slowly down his jaw and then creeping along the column of his neck. And all Brian wanted to do was lick it up, along with all those specks of glitter that accentuated every curve of the tempting flesh. Justin obliged him by tilting his head to the side and arching his body closer to Brian, as if offering himself up for the feast.

Brian so wanted to devour every bite, too.

So he did. His tongue lapped at the precious drop, swiping upwards from the base of Justin’s throat all the way to his jawline, adding in a gentle bite there as the boy wrapped his hands around Brian’s neck, let his head fall back, and laughed out loud with glee-filled pleasure. Brian cinched his own arms around the tiny waist, lifting the younger man up higher so that he could reach that alluring pierced nipple for himself. He bit at it too. Then he licked away the pain, letting the boy’s body slither back down until Justin was on his own feet again. Their lips met in a possessive kiss that went on and on while they continued dancing to the pounding beat, completely oblivious to the rest of the world dancing around them.

When the marvelous event was discussed later by the island’s rumor-mongers, the ‘B’ brothers swore that the temperature in the club climbed twenty degrees in that moment. Brock added, “Steam was rising from my pubes. Those two studs were so damned HOT.” The whirling, twirling kiss left pretty much every cock of every observer dripping wet. And, as the house full of horny, drooling men watched, the two continued on, supping on each other’s lips, eye-fucking one another, their bodies entwined as they danced, Brian instinctually following Justin to the beat of the music as they lost themselves in each other.
As Justin’s hip caressed his dick with a delightful friction, Brian groaned. The delicious pressure was overwhelming. Justin essayed a slight grin at his successful recapture of HIS moody stud. Not too big a grin, though, since he didn’t want the stud’s belligerance to return. He far preferred the sultry, come-hither stare the sexy lothario was currently sporting, not to mention the way the big guy was wrapped around him like a particularly hungry and lovesick snake. Then, as Justin swivelled his hips again, this time in an even more provocative manner, it became evident that neither one of them could hold out any longer. Lips locked, hips thrusting frantically, Brian’s hands squeezing the globes of that bodacious bubble butt, they climaxed simultaneously right there in the middle of a dance floor with hundreds of men lustfully watching.

It wasn’t until a good five minutes later, once Brian had caught his breath, that he noticed all the staring eyes around him. A glance upwards showed even more men overlooking them from above. On the catwalk, Brock stared, slack-jawed, while Braydon danced back and forth along the railing, arms raised above his head, both men sporting lascivious grins. Brian moaned. While he wouldn’t normally mind an audience during sex, he hadn’t lost control like that since he was fifteen. And now he’d not only put his feelings on display and cum in his pants like a randy teen, but there were untold numbers of witnesses.

So much for whatever the fuck point he’d been trying to make.

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Chapter Theme Music: Let's Hear It For The Boy.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks go out to Comma Momma - she did a huge portion of the writing grunt work for this chapter and it turned out great because of it! So sorry for keeping you all waiting for so long. Unfortunately, both Saje and TAG were hit with RL crap this week. Who’s got that petition we were circulating to ban RL? We really need to get on that legislation, folks. RL interferes with the important stuff in life, like fanfic, and should be stopped. Hope that this little addition will tide you over for a bit. We’re back on the job now, though and working on more PWP for your reading pleasure.
Brian and Justin finally work through the fall out from the hand-holding situation. Good thing too, cause we need more PWP quick! Read on and enjoy! S&T

Moans, expletives, grunts, groans, and sighs of release resounded throughout the dancefloor of Cherry’s as both studs creamed their jeans.

The sweaty men surrounding the two of them were, fortunately, jammed together so tightly in order to see that no one collapsed. Brock and Braydon, eyes still glued to the men as they watched from the catwalk, would have fallen down onto the dance floor from their vantage point if they hadn’t had the railing and each other to hold onto. Mr. Goatee and Mr. Clone were slumped against one another, gasping for breath, but keeping their eyes riveted to the two studs. They craved MORE up-close-and-personal fuckery. Other men in the clubbing multitude, those who didn’t have the advantage of being close to the action or fortunate enough to watch from above, were luckily still able to watch the action play out on the screens behind the catwalk and along the walls of the club.

Stella, who had almost passed out on the platform from where she’d been watching the proceedings, was being lovingly tended to by her entourage, plied with smelling salts, and fanned with a feather boa.
Meanwhile, Brian and Justin had barely gotten started. They had two days to make up for... all in one night. Ignoring the slight discomfort of their cum-soaked jeans - since they had both, of course, gone commando - they resumed dancing and humping each other to the strains of ‘Let’s Get Soakin Wet’.

Their mutual orgasm had barely taken the edge off their frenzied need for one another - and the dancing, fondling, kissing, and humping was ratcheting their lust back up to the boiling point - Brian cocked an eyebrow at Justin and then glanced toward Mr. Clone and Mr. Goatee. The blond and brunet wordlessly concurred. Their neglected and rejected tricks needed some ‘fucking’ attention.

BrianClone and Goatee, who still had their eyes fixed on the two smooth operators while they, too, danced and humped, started toward Brian and Justin the moment Brian looked in their direction. “Score!” exclaimed Clone as they eagerly followed the objects of their desire to the back of the bar.

“Fuck, yeah!” echoed Goatee.

As the foursome entered the backroom, a hush fell over fuckers and fuckees alike. Several of the bar’s patrons had rushed to follow after witnessing the studs’ devastating display on the dance floor. They wanted MORE and they were about to get it. The two Casanovas leaned, shoulder to shoulder, against a suddenly-free section of wall that was well lit in comparison to rest of the backroom.

Justin pushed Clone to his knees while Brian did the same to Goatee. “Okay, boys, let’s see you bring us off together. If you make us come at the same time and swallow every drop, we’ll give you the fuck of your lives.”

Clone and Goatee - and all the onlookers in the backroom - moaned, groaned, and salivated, a line of drool actually escaping from the corner of Clone’s mouth and running down his chin.

Watching closely so that they could mirror one another’s actions, Goatee and Clone freed the two most delectable dicks on the island from their confines, breathed in the heady aroma of the studs’ pubes, and went to work. First, they nuzzled and then swallowed around the dangling balls before licking stripes along the underside of both erect dicks. Brian and Justin looked down at the men on their knees in front of them, then out at the assembly of watchers, and smiled at each other, pleased with the show they were putting on. When Brian leaned to the side, Justin accommodated him by torquing his neck around to complete the kiss.

“Shiiit! I wish I had one of those cocks in my mouth,” uttered a wishful voice from the crowd,
causing the kissing men to break apart and chuckle.

“Umph.”

“Ungh.”

“Yeeeah.”

Other sounds of agreement issued from the lookie-loos around the foursome.

“C’mon, lads. We want to feel you swallow around our dicks. Now!” Justin urged. He then returned to swapping spit and running his hands everywhere he could reach on his companion, whose presence made the proceedings so much more erotic and exciting as Brian was doing the same with his hands on Justin’s body.

Taking Justin’s words of encouragement to heart, both tricks deepthroated their tasty treats, swallowed, and hummed.

“That’s it!” Brian mumbled through a kiss, spurring Clone and Goatee on. His and Justin’s hips pistoning at the same pace as they fucked the zealous, thirsty mouths.

While the tricks enjoyed the fruits of their labors, the two studs moaned their release into one another’s lips. “Not bad,” praised Brian.

The studs then tugged Goatee and Clone up off the floor, pushed them against the wall, rolled on condoms - which seemingly appeared out of thin air - quickly lubed those hungry holes, and thrust inside. In, out. In, out. The usual drill. But more fun for Brian this time because he got to exchange frequent smirking smiles and sarcastic comments with his blond fuck buddy, Justin, while he was doing it.

If the grunts and groans from Mr. Clone and Mr. Goatee - and the rest of the backroom throng - were any indication, they were, indeed, relishing the fuck of a lifetime. Justin reached out with his left hand and entwined his fingers with those on Brian’s right and braced them, interlocked, on the wall between the men they were fucking. A silent olive branch. An unvoiced acceptance of the intimacy Justin had previously denied him and also a public statement to all those watching as well. Brian glanced his way and gave him a small curl of lip, indicating his understanding of the gesture. Justin gave him a high-voltage smile in return and thrust harder into the welcoming ass in front of him, spurring Brian to do the same. Message sent, message received.
Brian squeezed his hand tighter and leaned over to ravish the blond’s mouth, sucking Justin’s tongue into his own, urging him to thrust harder, to keep up, and still stay connected to him on that higher level. Justin reciprocated. It was no longer about the men they were fucking. It was about them and apologies that would never be said aloud and the tenuous hold on emotions that would not be admitted to. The understanding that, though they were felt, they would remain unspoken, but that the actions would be allowed between them and only them.

Justin used his free hand to fist a handful of Brian’s hair, letting him know that the boundaries were acceptable, but that he would not be a pushover. He would give back whatever Brian dished out and tough titty if he didn’t like it. Brian gasped a breath of mild pain and nodded. Justin let his hair go, turned his focus back to the man at the wall and Brian did the same, each redoubling his efforts to fuck their respective trick until the man begged for mercy.

Which both tricks did less than six minutes later right before, unable to hold out any longer, both BrianClone and Goatee simultaneously spurted out copious streams of cum against the wall and then slumped forward like melting wax mannequins.

In a chain reaction of astounding proportions, everyone in the avid audience also found release, resulting in geysers of jizz shooting every which way around the room, accompanied by a collective keening wail of climax.

“I’ve seen the face of God,” enthused one onlooker.
“Damned tootin,” agreed another.
“Best fuckin’ New Year’s Eve Party ever,” mumbled a third.

Brian and Justin, whose mouths were, once again, mashed together, finally let themselves go as the tricks’ asses convulsed, the tightening rings of muscle increasing the pleasure exponentially, causing both to shoot, filling their condoms almost to overflowing as the smell of sweat, sex, and lust thickened the air. Still moving in unison, they each eased out of the oh-so-willing ass at their individual disposal, tied off the condoms, tossed them into the bin in the corner, buttoned up their jeans, and - arms around each other - left the exhausted throng behind.

As they left the Clone and Goatee behind, Brian casually remarked over his shoulder, “Not bad, boys.” And, after Justin smiled up at him in agreement, Brian added, “definitely not boring, Cookie.”

The sky was just turning that muted shade of hazy violet that presaged dawn when Brian and Justin made their way up the steps to the beach house after a full night of carousing. They’d closed down Cherry’s before being swept off with the rest of the late night crowd to an underground club that was open all night. Justin and his twenty-something friends welcomed Brian into their circle with open
arms, and open lips, and open legs . . . But, eventually even that young and wild crowd started to
break up and head home to their beds, so Brian and Justin followed suit.

The tireless blond twinkie was still bouncing around even then, making Brian feel old and exhausted
just watching him. He didn’t remember ever having that much energy, not even when he was twenty
himself. Either the kid had secretly snuck in a couple hits of meth when Brian wasn’t looking, or
there was some jackrabbit DNA somewhere in his genetic makeup. Watching him, though, made
Brian want to crawl into his bed and sleep for the next week.

Justin, however, was too focused on his growling stomach to head to bed just yet. While Brian
slouched on one of the bar stools, Justin quickly whipped up a decadent-looking concoction of
butter, garlic, and cream cheese that he told Brian was called Boursin cheese. That done, he sliced up
an herbed baguette, toasted the slices in the oven, and then served it all up in a decorative dip
bowl/platter that he’d found in the beach house cupboard. Brian marvelled at the ease and speed with
which the kid threw together his late night gourmet snack as he sipped at a beer and nibbled his
dawn nosh.

The two satiated studs lingered over their impromptu breakfast at the kitchen bar, temporarily fucked
out, nearly in a food coma from the Cookie’s latest culinary delights, and unable to make themselves
get up and walk all the way to the bedroom. The silence was comfortable. There was an air of
relaxed intimacy that surrounded them. Neither of them wanted to speak up or even move for fear of
dispelling the untroubled mood.

Justin realized, however, that they still had some unfinished business to discuss. Brian obviously
wasn’t the type to broach such a sticky topic. It was up to him to initiate the conversation if he
wanted to press the issue. If they didn’t talk about it, though, Justin feared that their pointless,
enervating standoff might resume. So, with a huge, weighty sigh, Justin started in.

“Look, Brian, neither one of us really wants to talk about all this emotional shit. But, fuck it all, I
don’t want to go through a repeat of the past few days. I think we probably need to talk about all the
shit that’s been happening. Okay?”

Brian looked over at him with more than a trace of panic in his eyes, his body suddenly tense, like he
might bolt at any moment. Justin felt like it would be funny, if it wasn’t so sad. Brian’s reaction to the
mere idea of discussing his feelings was about on par with what you’d expect if a damnable dentist
were about to wield his deadly drill on the man without first administering anesthetic.

“Fuck, no,” he spat without hesitation. After a moment more of silence, however, Brian spoke again.
“It’s just . . . I never know how you’re going to act from one moment to the next.” Brian crabbily
complained. “You were practically begging me to fuck you the moment we met. Then you stalked
me, pestering me for a job, bragging about how talented you are.” So very true, as every twitch and
twinge of Brian’s slightly sore dick attested, reminding him that the capable - and culpable - Cookie
had once again almost worn him out. “And, aside from submerging me in that giant piss, poop, and
cum pond last week, you’ve been providing pretty satisfactory entertainment,” the big stud somewhat
grudgingly conceded. “But then you pulled away from me like I had some fucking contagious
disease,” the stud cantankerously continued - not exaggerating at all, as far as he was concerned.

“Boss! Big guy! Whoa! Can you please calm down and let me explain without getting pissed off and
throwing another tantrum before I’ve even finished?” When Brian raised his beer in a gesture of
conciliation, Justin continued. “It’s just . . . I want you to give me a job because you think I’ll be
good at it, not just because I’m your summer entertainment squad. We have a bet and it’s clear that
I’ll win,” Justin stated with a confident wink, “but, even though I want off Fire Island, I also want it
to be on my own merits, not just ‘cause I’m a fantastic fuck. Or, because, well . . . because we got
mired down in some type of summer fling. Trust me, I’ve seen hundreds of those types of affairs
over the years, and they never last past the last day of the vacation. I just don’t want to be trapped by
something like that, you know. I actually like you, Brian, and I’d like to stay friends with you once I
win this bet and follow you home to Pittsburgh, or wherever it is you help me get a job.”

“Besides,” Justin added quickly before Brian could interrupt and start arguing, which seemed likely
from the way the older man had edged forward on his barstool, “I’m young. Too young to really be
thinking about anything serious. There is so much I want to do before I feel like I could settle down
with someone, even if I wanted to.”

“Like eating sushi - in Japan.” Brian deadpanned.

Justin grinned. “Exactly. But, that doesn’t mean that I don’t love being with you, fucking with you,
and partying with you, Brian. Like tonight. It was great. I don’t want that to change, okay? I don’t
want anything to change.” Justin hesitated to continue, looking over to gauge Brian’s reaction to
what he’d been saying so far, worried that his Boss would overreact yet again.

Brian leaned back away from the breakfast detritus still littering the bar and sipped thoughtfully at his
beer before responding. For the past two days, he’d been torn between righteous anger and colossal
hurt over how a teenager had rejected him. What made it even worse, was the disturbing fact that
such things did NOT happen to Brian Fucking Kinney. Looking back, he could clearly see that his
actions were directly related to the ego bruising caused by that rebuff. He was self-aware enough that
he could admit that now, even though he wasn’t at all proud of it. Thankfully, the desire to restore
their easy camaraderie and, of course, their fucking compatibility had been more powerful than his
smoldering resentment.

It was just that Brian had been enjoying himself so fucking much, that he hadn’t really taken the time
to look at things from the kid’s perspective. And he supposed that Cookie did have a point. The kid
probably was too young for him, neither of them was in a place to start something, and it was likely
that it was just a summer fling they were having. Brian shouldn’t have read so much into things.

So what if they kid was one of the hottest pieces of ass he’d had in fucking years. Or that he was more fun to hang out with than any of Brian’s other friends, and the only man he’d come across since college that seemed able to keep up with him - maybe even outdo him if Brian wasn’t careful. Or the fact that he had a great dick and knew exactly what the fuck to do with it. Okay, so, yeah, Brian hadn’t let anyone else top him in years, and the kid had done a fantastic job at it, but that was no reason to chop off his dick, declare himself a lesbian, and sweep the boy off to Vermont to get married so they could live a happily heteronormative ever after.

The kid was right that nothing really had to change. They could just go on the way they had been, right? Brian truly did enjoy the boy’s company. He was witty, intelligent, a fucking fireball in bed, and had so far done a pretty remarkable job keeping up his end of the bet. Brian honestly liked the kid. A lot. He was the kind of man that Brian could easily see himself being friends with for the long haul, even after this summer was over. Which was saying a fucking lot. Brian didn’t feel that way about very many people. Not that he was conceited or anything - or, at least, not too badly - but he just didn’t respect that many people enough to consider them friendship material. Cookie, though, was definitely someone he could look at as an equal. Someone that Brian could actually admire. He was amazingly mature for his age. Brian appreciated that quality, as well as the way the youth stood up for himself even in the face of Brian’s queen outs. That’s one of the reasons why he’d found himself secretly delighted earlier that evening by the boy’s brazen behavior in stealing his tricks. It merely proved that Justin was a smart, strong-willed little fucker and underscored why Brian liked him so much.

So, great. Brian agreed wholeheartedly that they should go back to the way things had been before the hand-holding fiasco. There wasn’t any reason to change things, and maybe Brian had over-reacted a bit. Of course, there wasn’t any reason for him to admit that out loud though. Brian had always been about letting his actions speak for him, and this seemed like the time to put that motto into practice.

At any rate, Brian decided he’d had more than enough words for one morning and reached out one long, tan arm, forcefully sweeping everything from the kitchen island and startling a bewildered-looking Justin.

Brian stood up, knocking his stool over in the process, pulled Cookie to his own feet, hoisted the surprised man onto the countertop, and pulled off his pants, all before the dishes had even stopped clattering on the floor. Justin got the message right quick as Brian pushed him back with a hand to the center of his chest and nuzzled his face into the dark blond pubes. His shocked gasp quickly turned to a needy moan as Brian pulled the youth’s legs over his shoulders and gripped his hips, aligning his ass with the edge of the surface and baring the pucker he was currently interested in.

Brian braced his hands as far to both sides of the young man as he could, in effect spreading
Cookie’s legs as wide as they could go, and buried his face in that musky canyon that called to him. There was nothing else like it. Even after a night of dancing and fucking, Cookie still smelled amazing. Sweaty and masculine. More specifically, he smelled like an aroused male which, as far as Brian was concerned, was the most powerful aphrodisiac in the world.

When he pressed in with lips and tongue, Justin squirmed a little closer, mewling and huffing fast breaths. He knew what was coming and knew also that this was Brian’s way of sealing their newfound understanding. He thought it was fitting.

And that was where his thoughts ended as Brian started to lick and poke and stab at his most intimate opening with that oh-so-talented tongue.

Brian felt the moment Justin gave over to the sensations and secretly smiled to himself. No matter how experienced Justin thought he was, Brian still had a few tricks up his sleeve that he was sure the younger man hadn’t yet been introduced to. A Kinney Rim Job was something nobody who’d ever experienced one would ever forget. And his Cookie was about to learn the benefits of positioning.

Brian started off with quick, frenzied stabs, getting his playmate to the edge of orgasm in a frighteningly short time span. Then, just as fast, he backed off, transitioning to slow, tantalizingly shallow swipes across the puckered skin as he knelt on the floor. Justin reached for his head to urge him on, only to find that Brian had spread his legs so wide that he could no longer reach the brown mop of his hair. He growled in frustration, and Brian huffed a laugh directly onto Justin’s hole which had the breath gushing from the blond.

Brian picked up the pace again, alternating fast flicks of his tongue with quick little nips at the folds of sensitive skin around the rim, and then slowing again with long, wet swipes of tongue.

Justin finally figured out what was going on ten minutes later when Brian edged him for the fourth time. Brian stole a glance at his begging, mewling Cookie and figured the kid had had enough. Standing, he pushed Justin’s now sweaty and slick body further back on the counter - creating a squeaking noise as skin and formica parted - then bent, delving into Justin’s groin and taking that huge, bulbous cockhead deep into his throat.

Justin let out a sigh of contentment, followed almost immediately by the hitching breath Brian knew preceded his orgasm, causing Brian to back off again and inciting Justin to mutter, “Fuck, Boss, you can hold my hand whenever the hell you want, just don’t fucking stop!”

Brian figured that was as much of a commitment as he needed at the moment. He took the kid’s long schlong into his throat again, and brought him off with squeal of explosive surprise from the object of
his attentions just as the first ray of dawn pierced through the large eastern facing windows of the beach house. Brian smugly straightened up, saving enough of Cookie’s spunk on his tongue to share, and pulled the boy into one last kiss.

“Mmmmmm. That was nice. Want me to return the favor?” Justin purred as soon as their lips parted, laying his head against Brian’s shoulder and yawning at the same time.

Brian listened to the happy little snuffling sounds the kid made as he snuggled his head closer into the hollow of the larger man’s shoulder, seemingly already half asleep while he was still sitting up. Brian reached down with the hand that hadn’t automatically wrapped itself around the tired boy’s waist and felt his own unrelieved boner. A reciprocal blow job did sound good. Or maybe something a little more energetic? He briefly contemplated shoving the boy back down on the counter, climbing up, and then fucking Justin’s face until he got off himself. The thought was tantalizing. And he was still as hard as a rock. The idea definitely had merit.

Unfortunately, just as he’d settled on this course of action, the first rasping little snore percolated up from the blond now sleeping on his shoulder. Brian huffed a mirthless laugh of dismay. So much for that plan. He really couldn’t get too angry, though. It was late - or early, depending on how you looked at it - and it wasn’t like he hadn’t already got off at least a half dozen times in the past eight hours. His cock could probably wait until the kid was awake enough to fuck again. Plus, he had to admit that he was almost as fucked out as the kid, not that he’d ever say such a thing out loud. He wouldn’t actually mind just heading into bed. They could always fuck in the morning . . . or later in the morning . . . whenever.

With a resigned sigh, Brian hefted the somnolent boy over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry and shuffled off down the hall towards their bed. The Cookie didn’t even wake up when Brian unceremoniously dumped him on the mattress - that’s how tuckered out the boy was. Brian quickly climbed under the sheets next to the younger man, pulling the pliant body into position at his side, and placed one last kiss on top of the messy blond mop of hair.

“Nope. Never a dull moment with you, Cookie,” Brian mumbled appreciatively as he too drifted off to sleep.

Theme Song: Fallin’

Chapter End Notes

7/24/16 - Okay, enough of the slogging through all that introspection, Brian. Time to get our boys back to the important business of f**king their way through the summer. Credit for much of the bones of this chapter goes out to our Comma Mamma - as usual,
excellent job. Now, time to get back to the party!
Double Bogey Blues.

Chapter Notes

We had to invent a new game for this chapter - Strip Mini-Golf . . . LOL! Enjoy! S&T

*****Chapter dedicated to The Sno - Thanks for being our 100th review!*****

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 20 Author Notes - *****Chapter dedicated to The Sno - Thanks for being our 100th review!*****

Chapter 20 - Double Bogey Blues.

“Okay . . . Okay, Lindz . . . Lindz . . . Lindsey! Would you shut the fuck up already and let me get a word in edgewise before you hit me with more of your specious concerns?” The exasperated edge to Brian’s voice was the first thing Justin noticed as he walked in the door after returning from the market with their brunch supplies. “I already agreed that I would meet you guys at the airport, so you don’t need directions to the beach house or have to worry about how you’re going to find your way through Long Island traffic. And, of course, two days here will be more than enough to get Gus fucking ‘settled in’ before you ladies leave. It’s not like you’re abandoning our five-year-old to fend for himself. I am perfectly capable of taking care of my son, and he doesn’t need his mommies around to make him feel comfortable with me before you head off to Paris, Lindz. Just stop freaking out already, okay?”

“Sorry, Bri. It’s just that we’ve never left him for this long before. I’m allowed to be a concerned mother,” a priggish female voice responded.

“You’re not going to go stay with Michael and Ben for two days before you leave to make sure that Jenny Rebecca is ‘settled in’ with them, are you?” Brian asked acerbically, causing Justin to snort a little laugh from where he was unpacking his groceries in the kitchen.

“Of course not, Brian. But J.R. stays with Michael all the time and you don’t take Gus overnight very often. Plus, he’s never been with you when you were away from the loft. He might not feel comfortable at first at this beach place. And I also want to make sure it’s child-safe and . . .”
“What-the-fuck-ever, Lindz,” Brian cut her off. “I’m not going to pay to have your tickets changed again. You and your husband WILL be leaving here on Sunday morning come hell or high water. There’s no way I can stand having Mel staying in the same house with me for more than two nights.” Brian fake shivered, drawing even more laughter out of Justin, who had just poured two mimosas and was on his way over to deliver Brian’s to him. “As it is, I’m going to have to have the whole place cleaned and fumigated as soon as you two leave to make sure there aren’t any residual female juices remaining after your departure.”

“Oh, poor baby. Scared of a little pussy?” Justin consoled his skittish stud, affectionately trailing his fingertips through the hair on the nape of Brian’s neck. “Don’t worry, Boss. I’ll protect you from the mean old lesbians.”

“Shut up, twat.” Brian shrugged off the hand tickling at his neck and actually giggled - to the absolute amazement of the woman on the other end of the Skype call who had never even imagined her macho friend doing anything quite so ‘girly’. “Or I’ll punish you by making you personally pick up every single stray pussy hair that comes into contact with the guest room bedding. And you’ll be using your bare hands. No gloves!” Brian shuddered for real at the notion of pussy hairs contaminating his pristine beach house.

“You know what, Brian? I think you really do - secretly - love pussy. Why else are you always calling me your ‘Twat’?” the blond replied, with his own gleeful giggle, before he bent over and left a quick peck on the shuddering brunet’s cheek and then scampered off back to the kitchen without commenting on the swat Brian aimed at his wiggling ass as a parting rejoinder.

“Who was THAT, Brian?” Lindsey’s voice interjected as soon as Justin was completely out of the picture. “Or should I bother asking, since you never bother to ask their names.”

“Just a friend,” Brian replied evasively, not really wanting to get into it with Lindsey, or anyone else for that matter.

“Well, your FRIEND was moving a bit fast for our slow internet connection here to pick up much, but from what I could see, this one doesn’t seem to be your usual type. Since when do you go for blonds, Bri?” Lindsey pried, curious and a bit irritated by the brief glimpse she’d had of Brian’s most recent trick.

“Since I discovered that this one has a fucking monster-sized cock and likes to use it almost as much as I like to use my own,” Brian answered flippantly, enjoying the moue of distaste his crass statement raised on the nosy, prissy face. “But, since that’s none of your business, Lindz, how about you quit fucking around asking me stupid questions and put Gus on already.”
For the rest of the time that Justin was busy in the kitchen preparing the fresh mini fruit tortes he had planned for their brunch, he could hear the muted babbling of the older man and his son chatting together. Brian probably didn’t realize that his voice changed timbre and his whole demeanor became much softer whenever he talked to his son. Justin heard the difference almost immediately, though, and found it pretty fucking endearing. The way they both were getting so enthused over their plans for the week was also pretty adorable. Not that Justin would ever dare to make a comment on that to Brian’s face. Still, it was sweet to listen in on the Big Guy and know that there was at least one father out there that loved his son unconditionally - unlike Justin’s own, who was the very definition of a ‘Deadbeat Dad’.

“Sure, Sonny Boy. If you want to go fishing, I’ll make it happen. I’m sure my friend, Justin, will know where we can go to do that. Don’t worry, I’ll have everything ready by the time you get here,” Brian promised, even as he mentally cringed at the very idea of doing something as messy and slimy as ‘fishing’.

“I can’t WAIT, Daddy! This is going to be the funnest vacation ever!” Gus’ happiness was so clear in the bubbly voice that Brian knew he’d do anything for his Sonnyboy . . . He wanted Gus to look back on his childhood and remember nothing but good times with his dad. And know how very much he was loved.

“Now, tell me - what do you want to eat while you’re here Sonny-Boy? We got a bunch of stuff at the market the other day that Justin said you’d love, but if you have any special requests you better speak up now.”

“Momma says I hafta eat helfy stuff like like whole wheat and rubababas. What’s a rubababa, Daddy?”

“I think you mean rutabaga, son.” Brian shivered in disgust. “And we will eat some healthy stuff. Probably not rutabagas, though. But, since it is your vacation, you should be able to eat whatever you want, at least some of the time. So what’s it gonna be?”

Gus glowed and quickly looked around himself to make sure his moms were out of earshot. Then he whispered “I like pink milk and mackinonie ‘n cheese and poptarts - the s’mores ones.” Brian grinned at his son, although he didn’t really have any idea what pink milk was.

“And raisins, and dino-nuggets, and french fries, and pizza and hotdogs, but not the kind Mama brings from the deli - they taste weird.”
Brian laughed. He understood the last one. Mel only bought kosher hot dogs and they tended to be tough and have a bitter aftertaste. “Okay, Sonny Boy. I think we can handle all that. Now, you go start packing your suitcase and I’ll see you in six days.”

“YAAAAAYYYYYY!”

Gus’ scream of delight was the last thing heard before the Skype connection was cut off, and the screen went blank without any goodbye at all. The reaction caused Brian to chuckle at his kid’s unrestrained eagerness. He really was looking forward to spending two unsupervised weeks with his son. On a beach, no less. He couldn’t think of any vacation he would have rather had at that age. Now he just had to figure out that whole fishing thing . . .

“Perfect timing, Boss,” Justin announced as he walked past the back of the couch with his arms full of delicious-smelling somethings. “I’m setting up brunch out on the deck so we can enjoy the ocean breeze and the sun while I feed you all these horribly calorie-laden pastries. I figure that the view will at least distract me from listening to all your complaints. Not that that will stop you from eating every last bite.”

Brian shook his head and rolled his eyes at the annoying brat. Still, those fruit things he’d seen the kid carrying, did look fucking tempting, even if he’d have to put in an extra half hour on the treadmill later. And he didn’t want to offend Justin by refusing to at least try the food the chef had worked so hard putting together, right? Not after they’d just made up and all. Brian would simply have to suffer through all that fat and sugar, all in the interest of preserving the peace. It had nothing to do with the way he was salivating over the basket of fresh, hot croissants that the Cookie carried past him on his second trip from the kitchen. Nothing at all.

Brian got up, grabbed the pitcher of mimosas off the kitchen bar, and followed his favorite chef outside, where he was determined to force himself to enjoy breakfast.

Justin glanced over at his recalcitrant brunet boss. Yep, he was definitely dragging his feet and not at all excited about the latest activity proposed by his enthusiastic employee. He was downright disapproving, in fact. Although Brian’s grumbling was largely indecipherable, Justin was certain the gist of it could be rendered as, “Shit. Goddamn blond brat. Fuck.”

Justin had finally gotten the big guy to agree to at least take a look at the local mini-golf course by saying they should check it out and make sure that it would be suitable for Gus. Which it absolutely was NOT. It was X-rated all the way and one of the blond boy’s favorite places to goof around and relieve stress. Of course, he hadn’t explained that to Brian since he didn’t want to give away the rules of the game until after they’d arrived.
“How much further?” asked Brian, with a distinctive whining edge to his voice. “This is taking forever.”

“Uh, Boss, we just left your beach house two minutes ago.” Justin replied, trying to cajole his boss into a better mood and barely suppressing a wicked grin at his plan - one he knew his boss would approve of in the end. “C’mon. Have I steered you wrong yet? I promise I’ll make checking this place out for Gus worth your while.”

As they approached the putt putt course, Brian’s pout began to change to a smirk. The entrance to the mini-golf park was adorned with an archway shaped like an enticing, juicy-looking, naked set of buttocks, bearing a colorful, rainbow-hued sign - strategically placed across the naughtiest part of the monstrous anatomy - inviting passersby to “Cum play at the ‘Hole in One’”.

“So, Cookie. You really think THIS is the right place to bring my five-year-old son?” Brian challenged as he confronted the brash blond with feigned anger.

Justin had doubled up laughing at the lanky brunet’s pretended outrage and could hardly gasp out, “Of course not, Boss. This particular course is rated ‘M’ - for mature audiences only. There’s a kiddie course near town that will be perfect for Gus. But, since we’re already here, care to try your hand at sinking a few in the available holes?”

“Fine, Cookie . . . But you DO know what they call a blond boy on a golf course, right?” Brian smirked, still standing there with his arms crossed over his chest and his legs spread stubbornly wide as he tried to maintain a gruffness he didn’t feel.

“Huh?” Justin was thrown by the show of grumpiness. He’d thought that Brian would be in favor of THIS brand of amusement, and he hadn’t expected any ongoing resistance.

“He’s the 19th hole!” Brian finished his joke, causing Justin to smile and chuckle right along with the big brunet punster.

The younger man’s laughter soon turned into mad giggles when the boss-man grabbed him from behind and began to tickle his ribcage. Damn! Those giggles had an instantaneous effect on Brian’s dick. Rock hard, every single time. Fuck, no - he was not going to come in his pants again. But he couldn’t stop thrusting against that alluring ass either.

Justin moaned his appreciation for the hard cock rubbing against his pert posterior, only just
squeaking out, “Boss . . .”

No response. Just more of that distracting grinding against his ass.

“Hey! Boss!” the blond manfully tried again. “Maybe we should visit the ‘other’ nineteenth hole. We’ll have an overview of the mini-golf course, and I’ll explain the rules of the game.”

“We start at the nineteenth hole?” the bewildered brunet responded, the strange concept distracting him from his thrusting. He’d assiduously avoided playing golf with clients in the past - far too hetero - but the well-rounded pitch-pro could still TALK a good game of golf, if the need arose, which meant he was well versed in the typical beer-swilling breeder lingo that was common around your average golf course. “Wouldn’t starting at the bar throw off your game a bit, Cookie?”

Justin merely shrugged. “At this course, there’s a lot of alternative ways to ‘score’. Trust me, being sober isn’t necessarily the best way to go about things. Besides, it’s been awhile since those mimosas, Boss. I’m about due for a beer . . . and maybe a protein chaser in the clubhouse men’s room,” the blond added with an impertinent wink. “What do you say?”

Brian still wasn’t sure about this whole mini-golf adventure, but if it started out this pleasantly, he figured he could at least listen to the rest of his Cookie’s plan “Lead the way, Cookie.” Brian gestured towards the building off to the side of the course that looked jam-packed with attractive, rather rowdy, men. “I think we can probably find some lucky guys in there that will be happy to play with our balls.” Brian smiled at the groan that joke elicited and kept on walking.

“Especially after they get a load of the size of your putter!” Justin tossed back his own groan-worthy pun.

And the two hopelessly juvenile men continued to trade the absolute worst golfing jokes known to mankind until they were seated in a corner with two beers in front of them.

“Okay, Boss. Enough. If you tell one more horrible joke, they’re gonna throw us out of this place,” the blond protested through his laughter. “Now, it’s time to get serious. I need to fill you in on the rules of this course. And I think you’ll enjoy the special stipulations I’ve thought up for our game,” Justin promised as he sipped at his beer and anticipated the big guy’s reaction. “So . . . today, Mr. Kinney, we’re going to be playing Strip Golf. Hope you remembered to wear underwear or you’re going to be starting off with a bit of a handicap.” Justin laughed at the stunned and horrified look he got for that. He could just see the thought bubble above his boss’ head, ‘You know I never fucking wear underwear . . . What the fuck, Cookie!’
When Brian didn’t say anything more, though, Justin continued with his dissertation. “Here’s the rules. We each get to pick a trick to be our partner for the game. Whichever team loses at each hole, has to strip off one item of clothing. The team with the least amount of clothing on when we reach the ninth hole loses that round and the winning team gets to do with them what they will . . .” Brian’s brows lowered even more.

“We reset before the second set of nine holes - everybody gets re-dressed and the losing team will get to add a piece of clothing as a sort of handicap to give them a bit of an advantage for the second half of the game.” Brian still remained silent, with an expression that Justin couldn’t quite read on his handsome face, but since he hadn’t objected, per se, the boy carried on. “Same rules apply to the second nine. Losing team at each hole strips. Whoever’s most naked at the end has to do whatever the winners want. Okay?”

“And if it’s a tie - if we both win a round?” Brian asked nonchalantly.

“Whoever’s team has the lowest stroke total overall is the final winner?” Justin offered.

“What does he win, though?”

“Well . . .” Justin grinned diabolically, picked up his messenger bag from the floor by his feet, rummaged around inside it for a bit, and then pulled out two items which he casually laid next to Brian’s almost empty beer bottle. “The loser has to wear these for the rest of the day. AND, just to make it interesting, he’ll also owe the winner one sexual favor - to be determined later tonight when we get back to the house.”

Brian eyed the stainless steel cock ring and the wicked-looking, bulbous, purple butt plug that his devilish blond boy just HAPPENED to have brought along, and thought he must be turning into quite the pushover in his old age. Brian fucking hated golf. He knew he was at a disadvantage here. Knowing the brat, he’d probably designed this fucking course and had played it every weekend since he was ten. But how the fuck was he going to turn down a dare like this without looking like a total pussy? Fucking smug little bastard. This had been a setup from the very start!

Well, fine. Arrogant little brat thinking he could pull one over on Brian Kinney? No fucking way. Brian might not be the next Tiger Woods, but he also knew a few things about winning. Most notably, he knew how to play dirty, and he wasn’t afraid to get his hands filthy. Justin really didn’t have a clue what he was up against when Brian set his mind to something. He’d learn though.
“Okay. You’ve got yourself a deal, Cookie. Let’s do this thing.” Brian nodded, downed the rest of his beer, and then looked around at the available men sitting in the bar, trying to decide on his potential golfing partner. “Anybody here ever play golf professionally?” he yelled out over the roar of conversation and background music. One lone mousey-looking guy sitting in the far corner tentatively raised his hand. Brian looked the guy over shrewdly. He wasn’t a total troll and he did appear to be wearing an undershirt beneath his slightly hideous red and green plaid shirt - more clothing was a definite bonus - so Brian sighed and waved the guy over. “Whatever. Arnold Palmer, you’re with me. Your turn to pick, Cookie.”

‘Arnold Palmer’

Ten minutes later, Brian and Arnold were standing at the start of the course waiting for their opponents. Justin emerged from the equipment shed with four putters and a little wire basket containing four white golf balls, four score cards and four of those stupid, stubby little pencils. The blond boy waved over his own trick/team mate - a pretty little brunet with curly hair, a scruffy beard, piercing hazel eyes and the prettiest eyelashes Brian had ever seen on a man - and let Lashes have first pick of the clubs.

‘Lashes’

Brian chose next, grabbing the longest putter available since he was the tallest of the four. When he went to grab a ball, he saw that all of them were printed on one side with the name of the establishment and on the other with some silly, suggestive saying. He had a nice chuckle reading each one before he handed the one that read, ‘Take As Many Strokes As You Like, Big Boy’ off to his partner and kept the one that said, ‘I Just Did 18 Holes . . . And I Can Barely Walk!’ for himself. He had to give it to this place for making the most out of every single dirty golf innuendo ever invented. Only on Fire Island.

The group moved over towards the start of the course and waited while the foursome in front of them played the first hole. The entire course was, naturally, covered in rainbows to the point that Brian found it blinding. Even the artificial grass that lined each hole was rainbow-hued. He got it, okay, it was a GAY mini-golf course. But did they have to be so over-the-top-obvious?

Even if you disregarded the LGBT-approved rainbow theme, though, it was pretty clear that this wasn’t your ordinary putt-putt place. To start off with, the very first hole was in the shape of two intertwined male symbols - the ‘tee’ was at the point of one arrow and you had to putt around the looped circular parts to the hole at the point of the second arrow. The decorations and hazards on each hole all featured hot-bodied, mostly-unclothed, male bodies in various sexually-suggestive positions. And, looking ahead, it seemed like the holes got raunchier the further you played through the course. If he HAD to play miniature golf, Brian figured that this place was the best venue for him.

To decide who went first, Lashes flipped a coin and Brian called tails - he always called tails, it was one of his favorite body parts - but unfortunately it came up heads anyway. Lashes putted first and
hit the ball a little too hard the first time so that it bounced off the round wall of the first loop and came almost all the way back to the tee. Brian chuckled. So much for picking the pretty boy as your partner, he thought. It took the poor kid a total of six strokes to get through the hole, which was, admittedly, a pretty tough par 4 and not the easiest first hole.

Arnold went next. He somehow managed to angle his first stroke so that the ball bounced off into the circular part and then rolled about halfway around the first loop. Brian looked over at Justin with a gloating nod but only got a smile from his blond opponent. Arnold put the ball in the hole with only three strokes. Things weren’t looking all that bad.

Justin was the next one to go. He managed the same tricky shot as Arnold, only he’d put a bit more roll on the ball and it went almost all the way around the first loop, ending up right where the two loops met between the arrows. With his second shot, Justin barely tapped the ball, aiming for the top of the second loop. What Brian hadn’t noticed before was that that part of the loop was slightly banked so that even that small force caused it to gain momentum. And there just happened to be a second banked section across from the entrance to the second arrow. When Justin’s ball rolled onto that raised berm, it curved right around, with perfect aim, and rolled directly into the hole.

Yep, Brian had been right about the little fucker knowing the course like the back of his hand.

Having gone last, Brian thought he at least had the advantage of watching the rest of them and knowing the best way to beat this hole. Unfortunately, it wasn’t that easy. It was fucking hard to gauge the amount of force you needed to hit the damn ball with. He tried to copy Justin’s move by angling the ball so it would roll all the way around the first loop. Brian apparently didn’t know his own strength though. His ball zoomed past the area where the two loops connected and didn’t stop until it was back almost to the shaft of the first arrow. He hit it again, this time with less force, but it was far too little and barely made it halfway around the loop. Brian growled low in his throat. With his third swing, he finally got the ball to go the rest of the way around the loop. He thought the fourth swing would get it done and he’d at least make par for the hole, but again he didn’t gauge the force correctly and, instead of banking nicely right into the hole, the fucking ball rolled right over the little berm and started around the top loop. Which totally pissed Brian off, causing him to lose his temper and any residual control he might have on his golf swing. After four more swings, and one threat to wrap the fucking putter around the snickering blond boy’s neck, he finally made it through the first hole.

Brian grudgingly wrote an ‘8’ on his scorecard. He ordered Arnold to take off the eyesore of a plaid shirt. He stomped over to the second hole without saying anything more. The rest of the crew followed in his angry wake, trying not to laugh too loudly.

Brian’s performance didn’t improve much over the next few holes. The only one he managed to even make par on was the zig-zag rainbow-paved triangle hole. That one had turned out to be a bitch for everyone, and nobody did better than par on it. But, other than that one hole, Brian was lagging
behind almost everyone except, maybe, sweet little Lashes. Brian was already shirtless and Arnold was down to only his shorts, having lost both shirts and one shoe.

Brian was starting to panic.

Brian was not a very good loser at the best of times, and the idea of losing in this very public situation made him almost crazy. Especially if the result of losing was that the winners could demand anything they wanted. It was one thing to have rolled over and let the talented and capable Cookie fuck him in the privacy of his own bedroom, but it was quite another thing to submit to anything like that in public. He didn’t relish being put on display like THAT. It was definitely time to get serious here.

The fifth hole was a really tricky one. The ‘green’ was shaped like the symbol you typically see on a men’s room door - a little stylistic man shape with two legs, two arms and a head. The tee was in the man’s right leg and the object was to get the ball to the hole in the man’s head. Only there were obstacles in this course that would cause most golfers problems. The first obstacle was a large, purple, rubbery, dildo-shaped protrusion that stuck up right about where the man’s crotch would be, and which prevented the putter from getting a clear shot down the leg. If you hit the dildo wrong, it would divert your ball back down the other leg and cause you to lose at least one stroke. There were also two dividers near the head that narrowed the neck entrance to where the head was and which would divert your shot into the useless arms if you weren’t careful. Very, very tricky hole, indeed.

Which only meant that Brian would have to start getting tricky himself. And what better opportunity than with the tricks already available at his disposal. Brian quickly called Arnold over to him, whispering his plan into the good-natured man’s ear and enjoying the chuckle of agreement he got from his partner in crime.

Lashes was first up this time around. While Lashes was getting into place, Arnold moved around until he was standing by the far end of the course, practically straddling the astroturf-man’s symbolic head. At Brian’s nod to begin, Arnold started stroking himself through the khaki material of his shorts and licking his lips while staring Lashes down.

Lashes was momentarily distracted and seemed to forget that he was supposed to put the golf ball down on the tee. Brian could see the way his breathing had sped up as he watched Arnold fondling himself. The guy that Brian had originally thought was a little mousy and shy seemed to have bloomed in the mere half hour or so since he’d been included in the the group with the popular semi-celebrity couple. And he was definitely enjoying himself right at that moment. He’d become the center of attention, not just for the lovely Lashes, but for quite a few of the other teams on the course, all of whom were equally enraptured by the display the young man was putting on. The sexy grin on the once-golf-pro convinced Brian that behind those thick-framed hipster glasses, Arnold was actually not half bad. He had just needed to loosen up a bit.
While Arnold was providing some eye candy, Brian sidled up behind the now hot-and-bothered Lashes. “He may be a nerd but did you get an eyeful of that package? Can you just imagine how good that will feel as he’s sliding it inside you? With all these hot, horny fags watching while you’re getting the fuck of a lifetime. You sure you don’t WANT to lose, Lashes?” Brian whispered into the ear of the pretty, younger man who was now rubbing his own groin in synch with Arnold’s motions. “Yeah. That’s what I thought. And all you have to do to get a taste of that, is hit the little white ball there in your hand out of the course with one, really, nice, HARD, STROKE!” Brian emphasized his final words by reaching around to grab hold of Lashes’ cock through his jeans and giving it one really good tug.

Lashes groaned so loudly that all the spectators chuckled. Then he dropped his golf ball down on the rainbow astroturf, smiled apologetically in Justin’s direction, and knocked the ball clear out of the park with a powerful chip shot.

After that, the rest of the first nine holes was a lost cause for poor Justin.

The ninth hole was apparently the one that gave the course its name. The hole was laid out in pretty much a straight line, with the end of the green tapering up to a ramp that led to a larger-than-life-sized fiberglass sculpture of a hot guy bent over so that all you saw from the tee was his ass. The goal, of course, was to drive all the way up the ramp into the butthole. Brian thought it was fitting and didn’t think he’d have too much trouble sinking into that particular hole. Even though he did have to get his ball past the mounds shaped like a scrotum and two large balls as well as the rubbery grass-like pubes ornamenting the course and blocking the path to the end hole.

Arnold looked the hole over, shrugged with a dismissive look, and just whacked his ball hard enough to send it barrelling over the mounds, through the grassy stuff and up the ramp in one finessed stroke. Justin followed suit and also finished in one stroke. Brian wasn’t quite as lucky. His ball seemed to enjoy hanging out amid the mounds and the astroturf pubes. He did make it through, finally, on his fourth stroke and was satisfied with that. Lashes, though, batted his beautiful eyes at Arnold and, with a very naughty grin, tapped his ball so lightly that it barely moved, and took his time with ten or so strokes before he finished the hole.

Brian was laughing his head off at the glaringly dirty looks that Justin was shooting at his partner when the pretty young brunet gleefully pulled off his shorts and trotted over towards Arnold.

“You cheat, Kinney,” Justin accused as he tossed his putter to the ground and walked over to the railing that separated the two halves of the course.

“Afraid so, Cookie,” Brian agreed and followed his blond. “See, I don’t like to lose. And besides, look how happy I’ve made lovely little Lashes.” Brian manhandled Justin around until the smaller man was facing the waist-high, wrought iron railing, standing about a meter away from where
Arnold already had Lashes naked and bent over the same structure. “Looks like a match made in heaven. I bet they’ll invite us to the wedding at the end of the summer and thank us for setting them up.”

“Fuck you, Boss,” Justin grunted after Brian had slid his board shorts down below his ass, quickly suited up and pushed inside with very little prep.

“No. I believe I’m fucking YOU right now, Cookie,” Brian chuckled and added a satisfied *mmmmmm* noise as he rammed harder into the very accommodating and surprisingly good loser.

The crowd that had gathered around the group was enthusiastically clapping in rhythm as the two pairs continued fucking. Eventually both the clapping and the thrusting became coordinated and the fuckers matched their motions to the in-unison applause. As the fucking became more animated, the tempo of the clapping increased. Before long the pace was heated, and both the fucking as well as the clapping got harder, louder, and more chaotic.

In an effort to please the masses, Brian signalled for Arnold to turn Lashes towards himself and Justin as he angled the blond to the side and anchored him almost upright against his chest. Lashes, the pretty young man being fucked by the former golf pro, was presented with Justin’s massive cock right in his face since he was still bent over, taking it up the ass. In response to Brian’s nod, Lashes immediately swallowed Justin whole, rocking in time with the man pounding into him while sucking Justin off.

Cheers erupted around them, and a few flicks of the Cookie’s nipples along with a judicious tug of Lashes’ cock by Arnold, had all the competitors yelling ‘Fore’ at the same time while shooting their loads.

Chapter Theme Music - Double Bogey Blues.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks again to The Sno for this great chapter idea . . . we’re not done with the boys’ golfing adventure yet, we were having so much fun writing this one we had to split it into two chapters. Thanks to Samcedee for research and help picking out pics and songs. Also, endless thanks to our Comma Momma - she keeps us going even when TAG and Saje are having another bad week. The Summer is definitely heating up though. Off to play another round of golf! S&T
The second half of the First Annual Fire Island Strip Mini-Golf Championship started off with a bang . . . but after Brian and Arnold were done fucking their opponents, things got relatively quiet again. The size of the crowd following their progress, though, had grown to the point that it was overflowing the other holes, and all other play seemed to be halted for the time being. Brian didn’t mind. He simply smiled at his fans as he helped Justin get re-dressed before they all moved over to the start of the second half of the course.

While Justin and Lashes - the losers so far - were given handicap t-shirts from the clubhouse gift shop so that they would have at least a bit of an advantage for the second half, Brian surveyed the upcoming holes. He noticed a definite difference in the theme for this section. Instead of the arousing and erotic male images, this part of the course seemed to be all lovey-dovey. What the hell? This half of the course looked like it was designed by some sadistic, love-sick lesbian. Brian looked back longingly at the last hole - the one shaped like an ass - and sighed. Those were the days.

By the time Brian’s attention drifted back to what was going on nearby, he discovered that everyone looked to be ready to go. He had to do a retake however when he saw the extra t-shirts that Justin and Lashes had been forced to wear. Justin was modelling the shirt he’d been given - a grey crew-neck shirt with the motto ‘I Like Big Putts And I Cannot Lie’ emblazoned on the front - for their audience. There seemed to be an equal amount of appreciation being given for his shirt as for his own ‘Big Putt’ . . . er butt. Lashes was getting his own acclaim for the shirt he’d donned that read, ‘I’d Tap That’, with a picture of a golf ball lying on the edge of a hole. Arnold seemed particularly delighted with that particular shirt. Brian just shook his head, grabbed onto the preening blond’s elbow and dragged him off to the next hole.

The tenth hole - deceptively-simple heart shape, in line with the more lesbianic theme of this part of the course - did, however, bolster Brian’s sense of well-being even further. At first glance, it looked like a relatively straightforward shot. Start at the base of the heart and putt gently toward the hole.
Easy-peasy. The shape reminded Brian a bit of Justin’s ass, so it wasn’t an entirely horrible change from what transpired back at the ninth hole. He had no difficulties penetrating that delightful, always-enticing hole, as he’d just proved to himself, a rather accommodating blond, and the horny onlookers. Things were looking up!

A big ol’ shit-eating grin covered Brian’s face as he remembered how effective his efforts at distracting lovely Lashes had been on the first half of the course. He planned to continue on with more of the same. This bet was practically a done deal in his mind.

Justin would be putting first since he’d had the best score on the ninth hole - even though he and Lashes had lost the first half. Arnold, who’d also scored a hole-in-one, was busily fondling Lashes in a post-fuck delirium and was perfectly content to wait to take his turn second. Brian would putt last after Lashes.

As Justin got ready to take his shot, Brian noticed something odd. Why was the blond so perky and happy, practically bouncing in place as he lined up for his shot? That simpering smirk on his face . . . Brian was certain that portended trouble. Granted, the Cookie should be sexually sated after what went down just a few minutes earlier, but the tall brunet didn’t think that accounted for such an abundance of glee. Maybe taking the edge off his blond’s horniness had generated a burst of nonsexual energy, Brian mused with a slight frown.

Goddammit! Brian had taken his eyes off the ball. He’d been too busy wondering about why Cookie was so perky and reminiscing about the outraged look on Cookie’s face when he realized Lashes had deliberately blown the last hole, to pay attention to the action on the green in front of him. When he realized the he’d missed out on watching Justin’s strategy for this hole, though, he was annoyed with himself.

Fuck! Justin had shot another hole-in-one. And now there was a superior, shit-eating grin on the little rascal’s face. Brian had barely caught sight of the ball as it bumped against the point at the top of the heart, rolled toward the hole, and dropped in. What had happened? Had the ball skittered across the hole only to hit the sharp protrusion, and then roll in? No biggie. Brian would watch Arnie and Lashes before taking his own easy-peasy pool-like shot.

Arnies putted around the right side of the heart - which Brian found rather strange, having missed Justin doing the same moments before - banking his shot along the left side rather than the right. Arnold hadn’t put quite enough power into his swing, however, and the ball rolled back to the base of the heart. It took the professional golfer four more tries to get the ball to bounce off the point at the top of the heart and roll into the hole. The baffled brunet waved Arnold over to consult with him as they watched Lashes take his place at the base of the heart. The golf pro described for Brian how the surface around the hole was pretty much an optical illusion; it had been designed so that the the ground sloped unevenly downward from the hole. It was nearly impossible to get the ball into the
hole without ricocheting off the point at the top of the heart with just the right bounce.

No surprise, then, that Lashes struggled, finally succeeding on his seventh attempt. So much for that easy-peasy hole, right? As Brian stepped up for his turn, he assiduously ignored the catcall from a grinning blond brat to, “Show us your putter, Boss! We all know it’s a big ‘un.”

Looking at the gorgeous, smiling blond who was cheering him on as he set his ball down in the tee area, Brian had to wonder why, exactly, he was so worried about losing. Especially when losing meant that he’d get to experience the wonder that was his Cookie’s crack axe once again. It’s not like he’d mind being fucked by his favorite blond. If he was being honest with himself, he yearned for it. That niggling itch, which had started the other night at Cherry’s while he’d watched Justin’s cock plunging into and pulling out of BrianClone’s ass, had been growing steadily stronger. If it wasn’t for his inherent need to always win, especially when the competition was so public, he would just follow Lashes’ example, let Justin win, and then enjoy letting the victor claim his spoils. But did he really care that badly about losing? Or his fucking reputation? Why?

After the consideration and concern Justin had shown him a few nights earlier, while also giving Brian the fucking of a lifetime, he trusted - yes, trusted - that his blond boy wouldn’t humiliate him in public. He knew the empathetic young man understood that Brian wasn’t ready to respond to being fucked in public with the same eagerness Justin had shown - that he still needed to maintain at least a modicum of control. Justin would never put Brian in that situation.

Yes, if Justin did win this half of the course, there would be consequences, but how bad could it be? Justin could no doubt be persuaded to settle for a Kinney blow job instead of a public fuck. Brian didn’t think he’d have a problem getting down on his knees and sucking his boy off in public, even though that wasn’t really something he would normally be comfortable with. He was Brian Fucking Kinney for fuck’s sake! He could do anything!

He’d even grudgingly submit to wearing the cock ring and butt plug. In fact, they could make an event out of Justin applying the sex toys, with Cookie stripping him, showing the audience Brian’s lithe, toned body, then having his blond dynamo insert the butt plug and attach the cock ring, all to the acclaim of the spectators - something Brian wouldn’t mind in the least! Then, once the crowd had got their fill, they could head back to the beach house, where he hoped that the sexual favor of Justin’s choice would involve Tab A - Justin’s cock - being inserted into Slot B - Brian’s ass - repeatedly. Heck, yeah!

And all it would take was Brian losing, which shouldn’t be that difficult since, even with Arnie as his team mate, Brian’s golf skills were a liability.

With that decision made, Brian’s attention returned to the green. Brian discovered that his shorts had all of a sudden become far too constricting. As he swivelled his hips, trying to ease the pressure, he
gyrated and his putter accidentally banged against the ball. Everyone watched in astonishment as the ball curved along the left edge of the heart, touched the protruding point of the heart, and spiralled gently into the hole.

Brian quickly shut his gaping mouth and shot a smug grin toward his Cookie that conveyed a childish taunt, ‘Nyah. Nyah. Anything you can do, I can do better.’ Inside, though, the stud was rather pissed off. Hadn’t he just decided that he wouldn’t mind losing? Fuck! He didn’t want to be TOO obvious, so he’d have to at least halfheartedly keep up his efforts at distraction and look like he was doing his best to win each hole. But he had to somehow convincingly contrive to lose this game by ensuring that Justin and Lashes won the second half and had a lower stroke total overall.

Justin huffed an unbelieving laugh at Brian’s unexpected performance and gestured to Lashes to remove his shirt. The next few holes, while hotly contested, swung the score in favor of the Cookie-Lashes duo. Now that he’d been thoroughly, gratifyingly fucked by Arnold, Lashes had decided he wanted a chance to reciprocate and was no longer sabotaging his golfing partner’s strategy.

When they reached the fourteenth hole, all four men turned to stare at each other in horror, suddenly suffering from the heebie-jeebies. What was a pulsating pussy doing on the golf course? Brian looked at his scorecard and groaned when he saw that the name of this hole was actually, ‘The G Spot’. He finally identified the nagging uneasiness he’d been feeling ever since the tenth hole. His earlier suspicion that this half of the course had been designed by lesbians must have been true! Hearts, flowers, and pussies. Blech! What next? Another shudder ran through the big guy. He absolutely did not want to know.

Each hole really and truly had been more difficult and challenging than the last. But how the fuck could any self-respecting fag even approach this grotesquerie? Much less decide where to hit the ball? Brian did not want any of HIS balls anywhere near a pussy. He didn’t even want to walk on the green, for fear the astroturf would be moist. He turned to look imploringly at his blond brat, asking wordlessly who would dare to take on this hole first.

Justin, face tinged a sickly greenish-gray hue, bravely stepped up to the tee, which had been positioned scarcely a foot from those less-than-luscious lips. He spread his legs, closed his eyes momentarily as if praying, lifted the club in a backswing, and brought the putter up under the ball at just the right angle. The white torpedo arced up over that horrendous female genitalia, flying through the air without even touching the green, and fell down into the hole. All four men held their breath as the ball jumped out of the hole and then dropped back in, settling into place. They then exhaled, sighing their appreciation of the masterful shot.

“Good to see you’re as averse to contact with pussy as I am, Cookie,” Brian commented. “I don’t care if it is the best trimmed pussy in the state, I wouldn’t want my balls touching it either.”
Justin smiled at the praise. “I’ve always hated this fucking hole. I know the owners wanted to try and make the course appealing to our lesbian visitors, but this is just too much. I’m gay, for fuck’s sake! I don’t want to look at THAT, and I’d rather search for a golf ball in a rat-infested sewer than for a damned g-spot. I don’t even really want to know what a fucking g-spot is! One of these days I’m gonna find out what sick fuck designed this hellhole and stake the sadistic fucker face down in the middle of this damned monstrosity.” The rest of the group, as well as most of the spectators, laughed and nodded their agreement with Justin’s sentiments.

Turning toward Arnold and Lashes, Brian declared, “I’m forfeiting on this one. I don’t want my balls on that thing. I’ll write down five strokes. What about the two of you? Want to come to a gentlemen’s agreement and avoid this hole?” Brian asked as a violent shudder racked his body.

“Fuck, yeah!” responded Arnold and Lashes in unison. “Justin, I’ll help you stake that bastard to those ludicrous lips,” Arnie asserted. “In all the tournaments I’ve played, I’ve never encountered such an offensive, vulgar hole anywhere else.”

Their shared camaraderie bolstered the men’s spirits as they fled from that shiver-inducing eyesore and played the next few holes. There was nothing else on a par with the The G Spot, thankfully. Just more hearts and flowers shit. Brian put on a good show, continuing to distract Justin with lewd gestures and catcalls, as well as fondling and humping both Arnie and Lashes on occasion, and yet still managed to lose every hole except for the tenth.

Despite having lost six straight holes, Brian was still wearing his shorts and sandals. He’d chosen to keep his sandals on so that his feet were protected from whatever crap littered the grass. Arnie, however, had been reduced to wearing only his briefs by this point, but didn’t seem too upset by the situation and was quite happily showing off the near-perfect physique that had previously been hidden by his nerdy clothing to the admiring gazes of their audience.

On the seventeenth hole, just as the bouncing, bubbly blond had raised his putter to take his second swing, Lashes spontaneously dropped to his knees and started to give the brunet stud a rather decent blow job. Brian batted his eyes at the scowling Cookie, who was more than annoyed with the ongoing distraction techniques his Boss had been employing. Arnie just watched appreciatively and approvingly as Lashes worshipped Brian’s cock, unquestionably looking forward to having Lashes bestow his polished technique on his own dick at some future time.

While stroking his own cock, his motions timed to Lashes’ bobbing head, the former golf pro couldn’t resist relaying one of his favorite jokes. “What does the sign on the outside of a gay brothel for retired golfers say? . . . Beat it. We’re closed.” Brian laughed along with the now massive horde of watching fags.
Justin was the only one who wasn’t laughing. His attention had already been effectively diverted by the way Lashes’ tongue was stroking around Brian’s velvety cockhead. As the pretty boy proceeded to deep-throat the stud’s luscious lengths, swallowing convulsively, Justin felt like he had been frozen in place. He didn’t unfreeze until a few moments later, when the blissed-out expression on the gorgeous brunet’s face, combined with his shouted, “Fuuuck! Yeahhh!” caused the the blond’s arms to fall. The putter in Justin’s hands accidentally whacked the waiting golf ball, which careened so far away from the hole that all four men had to hunt for the errant white missile before they could continue with the game. Their search was somewhat hampered, though, by the mass of onlookers scurrying around with them. Eventually, the missing ball was located and Justin was able to get back to his putting, but unfortunately his gaff over the too-distracting blow job cost them this hole and he had to lose one of his shirts.

Fuck it all! Brian fumed internally as they neared the final hole. He was very relieved that this part of the stupid, childish, lesbian-contaminated game was nearly over, but the score was nail-bitingly close. He NEEDED to make sure his Cookie would win. Ever since that blasted heart hole, he’d been daydreaming about all the ways his blond was going to fuck him. Yes, sirree!

When the big guy looked up, he let out a sigh of exasperation. It figured that the final hole was a multicolored LOVE sculpture. Conveniently ignoring his own recent ruminations on that topic in regard to a certain bold, blond brat, Brian querulously inquired, “What dickhead designed this putt-putt course? A lezzie lunatic?” A chorus of grunts from the other players and the horde of horny men indicated their puzzled agreement with the stud’s query.

But the reality of the last hole was even worse than Brian had expected. What he’d taken to be small, rolling hillocks on the rainbow-colored putting green were actually sets of breasts - yes, BREASTS - on a gay golf course. What the fuck! What next? Was a twat going open beneath their feet?

“Arnie, let’s put this shithole behind us,” suggested Brian to his partner, who’d performed the best on the seventeenth hole and was therefore putting first. “Just don’t fall over and end up manhandling one of those lezzie lumps.”

Arnold glared at his studly teammate for voicing that nausea-inducing idea. He then forced himself to turn and contemplate the ‘Lesbian LOVE Trap’. Scratching his head at the bizarre configuration of the hole, the pro player putted toward the ‘V’, where an almost hidden pipe was supposed to funnel the white bullet up along the right side of the ‘V’, then along the upper edge of the ‘E’, before looping all the way around the ‘O’, sliding down the tilted base of the ‘L’’s arm, and finally spitting out of the backside of the ‘L’. From that point, it was simply a matter of maneuvering the ball along the zigzag path that led to the hole. The entrance to the pipe was barely large enough to accommodate the ball, so it had to enter from just the right trajectory, at exactly right speed, to actually rise, turn, loop, tilt, and escape the LOVE trap. Those hideous double mounds which were placed near the entrance to the hole made it even more challenging to hit the ball toward the pipe in the ‘V’. Even though the breast hillocks didn’t directly impede the ball’s route from the tee to the pipe, the visual was enough to throw any self-respecting gay man off his game.
After his first effort hit the edge of the pipe, making the ball bounce off one set of bilious breasts and sending it skittering to the end of the sculpture near the ‘E’, Arnie had to putt the ball around two pairs of those ghastly swellings to get back to the ‘V’. That required two strokes. Then two more tries to send the damnable white blob into the ‘V’ at a sufficient velocity to get it through the sculpture and out the other side. Three more strokes to conquer the zigzag path, and the ball finally rested in the hole.

‘Oooooookay’ Brian chortled to himself. If it took Arnold Palmer ten strokes, surely it would be easy enough for him to ensure that the Cookie-Lashes team won the second half of the tournament and had the lowest stroke total. That, of course, was before Lashes needed fourteen strokes to get past the beastly, lesbian LOVE dilemma.

Shit! The brunet stud, next up, was madly running calculations through his head. Really, he needed Ted, his friend and accountant extraordinaire to keep track of this for him. Somewhere, he’d lost the count. He was just going to have to hope that Justin was as proficient on this hole as he’d been on all the rest. At the very least he would make sure that he himself needed at least ten fumbling tries to get the friggin’ ball through this breasty love bullshit. That should guarantee that even if Justin needed seven or eight strokes, his plucky blond lover - oh, fuck, the L-word was invading even his brain - would still carry the day.

Cries urging Brian on issued from the crowd. Some of the men, of course, were rooting for Team Justin, while others sided with Team Brian. The fag horde were still placing bets fast and furiously. There was so much eye candy on display between the four gorgeous guys that their supporters didn’t honestly care who won.

In response to the hoots and whistles, Brian winked and wiggled that delectable ass. The brunet seducer had long since discovered the effect his assets had on other men, both gay and ostensibly straight. He knew how to market himself, clothed or unclothed, stoned or sober, disheveled or well-groomed, cranky or charming. The self-confident brunet looked over his shoulder at the youthful blond stud to assess the response to his tactics. It had to appear as if he were doing his damnedest to get Justin all hot and bothered, trying to cause him to lose focus and, as a consequence, the golf match and their bet. By tantalizingly teasing his Cookie, Brian actually hoped to achieve the opposite. He’d instill such burning lust in the blond that Cookie would be able to overcome the handicap caused by Lashes’ erratic play.

“Hey, Blondie,” Brian yelled. “You wanna concede now? Ain’t no way you’re gonna tap this,” the brunet emphatically stated while shaking his alluring ass one more time.

“Dream on, Boss!” responded the irrepressibly-optimistic blond. Beneath the hem of his plain white tee, which proudly proclaimed, ‘Never Too Busy To Fcuk’, his gorgeous dick strained toward Brian.
Justin cocked an eyebrow, thrust out his right hip, and continued, “You and Arnie are going down in flames. You’re all mine, Mr. Kinney.”

Brian had to, yet again, disguise his admiration for Justin behind a tongue-in-cheek grin. Just who was distracting whom, the bedazzled brunet marveled. The bold blond never conceded, always seeming completely self-assured and in charge. No wonder Justin was the first man he’d met in a long time that he considered an equal.

“In your dreams, blond boy,” the big guy retorted. In his own dreams too, if he could just maneuver matters to his advantage.

Brian’s first, wild swing sent the ball skipping off the green. No maneuvering involved. Brian sent a grateful look heavenward that it hadn’t touched any of that horrid female mammalia. As Brian had been about to hit the ball, he’d seen the blond stroking that thick, tasty cock from the corner of his eye. He’d been immediately riveted and had forgotten that he was in the process of gracefully losing the game without the other players having a clue that he was doing so.

Fuck! He was lucky his swing had even connected with the ball. If the cheeky lad kept stroking, Brian wouldn’t give a flying fuck about the game, the ball, or anything except getting that cock up his ass ASAP. It took a mighty effort to wrench his eyes away from the bodacious blond, but Brian mostly managed the feat. At least Justin’s actions gave Brian the perfect excuse for the less than stellar play he intended to exhibit on this last hole.

As Brian’s ball finally disappeared down the L-hole, he smirked gleefully, having needed no less than twelve strokes to finish the game. So what if it was a bit embarrassing? Reaching his goal was what mattered, and he had his eyes firmly on that Cookie Monster prize.

Moans and groans issued from the Team Brian backers in the crowd of horny fags, but no one protested all that much. They, too, were engrossed in the hand-job demonstration Justin had been providing for their entertainment. Their protests increased in volume only when the young stud suddenly stopped jerking himself off in order to take his turn putting. All the lustful fags who’d been barely holding on, waiting to shoot with Justin, complained bitterly.

“Nooooo!” bellowed BrianClone, who’d joined the crowd of men streaming from Ocean Beach toward the mini-golf course an hour earlier. He’d been thinking about hooking up with Mr. Goatee but, upon hearing about the bet while chowing down on succulent clams at The Albatross, had abandoned those half-baked plans. He was still bummed that he’d missed the pyrotechnics of the winners fucking the losers at the end of the first nine holes. The lucky fags who’d seen the action were still gossiping about how scorching hot it had been. “Please, please don’t stop,” he begged, his voice trailing off into a whimper of dismay.
“What the fuck! You’re gonna leave me with this boner?” squawked a handsome, freckled redhead, who’d been in the group of players immediately behind the quartet and had kept a close watch on the frolicsome foursome from the start.

“I’m so fucking hard . . . my dick huuurts,” whined Braydon. He’d been hanging out with Brock at the beach when they heard the news about the match and the stakes riding on the outcome. They’d hoofed it over to the mini-golf course, arriving just as the four magnificent men began playing the eighteenth hole.

Brian, mentally rubbing his hands in glee, blithely ignored his own painfully-erect dick and prepared to join the rest in heckling the blond dynamo as he stepped up to the tee. There was no way Team Justin could lose at this point. Or, at least he hoped.

Luckily, Brian was proven correct. The crafty Cookie successfully blocked out all the noise, blinkered his eyes to the beastly breasts, and demonstrated his mastery of the course, conquering LOVE with only three strokes. The crowd went wild.

Amid all the chaos, Lovely Lashes squealed for joy, jumped into his surprised partner’s arms, wrapped his legs around Justin’s waist, gave him a lingering kiss, and then confided, “Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Arnold wants me to top him but said I had to prove I was ready by winning this match. It’s all because of you that it’s going to happen. I’ve never topped anyone before! I’m SO excited!” the deliciously-pretty little brunet babbled without stopping to take a breath.

Laughing and smiling at the brunet boy’s eagerness, Justin gently disentangled himself from the other man. “Go get him, Tiger!” Justin ordered.

The roar of adulation from the crowd of horny fags washed over the blond boy as he and Brian stood looking at each other, only a few feet separating them. With a suggestive smirk on his lips, Justin closed the distance between them. Placing a hand on Brian’s luscious backside and giving it a possessive squeeze, Justin leaned in and said quietly, “I know you wanted to lose, Boss. You weren’t quite as clever as you thought about disguising those longing looks. And I’m going to give you everything you want, Sir - and more - as soon as we get home.”

Brian almost creamed his pants at the sultry promise in Cookie’s voice. How the fuck could Justin combine dominance and submission like that in one short statement? Brian was also inordinately pleased that Justin had referred to the beach house as ‘home’. Crap! He really was turning into a loony lesbian.
“Whatever. You won and my ass is now yours. Do with it whatever you want,” the brunet responded huskily and a bit bashfully.

“I certainly will, Mr. Kinney,” the assertive blond avariciously averred. “But, first, we’d better give all these panting, horny fags a bit of a show. Otherwise, they’ll follow us home and camp outside the beach house, carousing until the sun rises tomorrow morning.” Justin stepped back a pace and eyed his foe with a huge grin. “But first, shorts off, Boss. You lost this hole so you need to strip.”

Lifting his head up high with an insouciant half-smile on his beautiful raspberry-red lips, Brian calmly popped the button on his Hugo Boss shorts and let them puddle at his feet. As Justin expected, the man had NOT been wearing any briefs. The already appreciative crowd went berserk. Brian simply held his arms out to the sides and then spun about in a circle, ensuring that everyone would get a good look at his fully-erect nine and a half inches.

With a shake of his head and a sweet but slightly salacious smile, Justin reached out for the stud’s hand, entangling the big guy’s fingers with his own, and tugged him toward the other nineteenth hole. “I propose we take this inside where we can get something to drink first. Then we’ll have some fun with that cock ring and the butt plug. And, if you’re good, I’ll let you orchestrate an orgy before we leave all these fabulous fags to their afternoon fuck-a-thon.”

Lashes and Arnie trotted alongside the two studs heading towards the clubhouse. Justin was just a bit leery of the heaps of attention they had drawn, given that his boss’ team had lost. He wasn’t sure how Brian would react to the hungry hordes demanding a public display of him donning the agreed upon accoutrements. He swept a glance at the face of the man whose arm was draped casually over his shoulder, but he couldn’t read anything except enjoyment and a carefree grin on his face.

Brian caught Justin looking at him and could tell by the boy’s expression that Justin was having some concerns now that their little game was over. Oh well, better to put him out of his misery than risk being at contretemps with him again. “I can handle it if you can, Cookie.” Brian offered, his voice low enough so that only Justin would hear. He figured if the Cookie was making allowances for some PDA, he himself could get into the groove with a little public display of his own.

By the time they entered the clubhouse, the noise was nearly deafening. They squeezed their way to the bar and, as more and more patrons took notice, a hush descended. Brian figured, in for a penny, in for a pound and ordered a double neat. Tossing it back, he braced a hand on Justin’s shoulder and, using a nearby stool, climbed onto the bar top. The silence was astounding as they all waited to see what the big stud was going to say.

“I would like to thank all of you for cheering us on, though sadly it was no help for me!”
Everyone laughed.

“Thank you, Arnold Palmer, for being a good sport and ‘putt-ing’ up with my less than stellar skills on the course.”

Brian’s golf partner blushed nicely, but raised his glass in jovial assent.

“As most of you know, cuz this IS an island of gossipy queers,” the brunet stud announced, pausing for chuckles around the room, “your resident golf hustler and I had a side bet.” Brian rolled his eyes while the crowd cheered. “Yeah, yeah, save it for later. So I gracefully accept the donning of my shame.” Brian pulled Justin up onto the bar with him, ordered another double, and tossed it back as if preparing himself with liquid bravery. Justin just beamed at him for taking the whole thing in stride and recognized Brian making it a spectacle as his way of controlling the situation.

Justin decided to roll with it and do what he could to make the display easier for Brian. Reaching into his bag, he pulled out the cockring and held it above his head so everyone could see the metal glinting in the light. Brian leered at the crowd and kicked off his sandals. Murmurs and groans of excitement rolled around the room and Brian smirked, stroking his already impressive erection. Justin put a couple drops of lube on the inside of the ring and his palm, wasting no time smearing the remainder on Brian’s shaft. Brian raised his arms above his head, letting the crowd know Cookie was in control and closed his eyes in bliss while Justin fisted his dick to complete hardness.

There was a hush as Justin slowly slid the ring over the tip of Brian’s cock, inching it gradually up the shaft until he hit the base. A sigh went up among the patrons. Justin knew the next part would be the most difficult as did most of the fags in the room. Getting down on his knees, he he used his mouth to suck one of Brian’s testicles through the ring as well and he felt more than heard Brian’s hum of pleasure over the wet slip-slapping of the patrons jerking themselves - or their neighbors - off.

The second testicle was always the toughest to get into the ring, and Justin glanced at Brian’s face to gauge his mood. Eyes still closed, hands behind his back, Brian let his head tilt back, tipping his pelvis just a little closer to Justin to let him know he should just go for it.

Justin smiled. He knew that Brian was completely aware of just how fucking hot he looked and that he was getting off on everyone watching him preen, rolling his own nipple and coating a slow hand down his torso until he reached the top of Justin’s head, twining his fingers in the tresses, and tipping his pelvis again. Justin gathered saliva in his mouth and pressed his face into Brian’s groin, smearing the saliva onto the ring and the remaining ball. Brian hummed again, starting orgasms around the room, and then he let out a contented moan when Justin sucked his ball through the ring and used his hand to make sure it was secure and comfortably in place next to his pelvic bone.

Once the deed was done, Brian used Justin’s hair to gently pull the blond up next to him, taking his
mouth in a swooping move that could only be called predatory and possessive. The men that had not already cum, most certainly did at that point, making the two gorgeous studs chuckle to themselves as they waited for the furor to die down and all the soggy napkins to be thrown away. Justin buried his face in Brian’s neck, in what appeared to be embarrassment but was in fact a way for him to get close to Brian’s ear to say, “We can leave now if you want.”

Brian’s cock dripped a long, sticky bead of pre-cum as Justin’s words tickled the spot just behind the hinge of his jaw that drove him absolutely bonkers. “No need. I’ll take care of my loss here, Cookie, then you are gonna take care of ME at home, yeah?”

Justin nodded, “bet on it, Big Guy.” Then he wrapped an arm around Brian’s waist and quickly spun the stud until he was facing away from the bar full of men. Brian bent over, with his hands braced on his own knees. Justin pulled out the large, purple silicone butt-plug, which, in reality, was not nearly the size of either himself or Brian, but which would do the job of prepping the taller man for penetration as soon as they got home. He slicked it liberally with lube, smeared what was left on his hand into Brian’s crack, then, with an ostentatious flourish of his hand, pressed the pointed tip of the bulbous plug up against the nirvana of Brian’s teeny tiny star-shaped hole. Brian sucked in a breath as the toy breached the unstretched muscles, his head arching up involuntarily but otherwise maintaining his poise. Justin went slowly. He was careful not to rush his boss. Every time Brian let out a quiet breath, Justin eased the toy in a little further, rubbing and kissing Brian’s ass as if it were all part of the show.

And what a show it was . . . Plenty of the guys in the room were wishing they had waited to whack off because watching that big purple plug disappear into that perfect ass was one of the highlights of their summer.

The process didn’t take all that long. When he was all finished, Justin kissed the straining skin right above the base of the completely seated plug, to the very vocal approval of the crowd. Then he playfully swatted that luscious ass one time - earning a grunt from the very turned-on stud - wiped his hands and quickly packed his stuff while Brian turned around and bowed to the slavering masses. “Thank you, everyone, for cuming today! I think I can honestly say, this is the most fun I’ve had just playing with anyone’s balls in years!” Brian yelled jovially, further cementing himself in the good graces of his fans. “But don’t leave just yet, boys and boys. The real fun’s only just starting and hopefully, before you leave, you’ll all get a chance to drive into your very own Hole in One.”

And, as if the outrageous sex show hadn’t been enough, once the applause had begun to taper off a bit, Brian leaned over and held a hushed conversation with the bartender, who subsequently announced a round of beer for everyone, courtesy of Mr. Kinney. “You’re fucking unbelievable, you know that, right?” Justin hollered over the roar of the crowd.
“Yeah. It’s true. But this way, maybe they’ll be too drunk and fucked out to remember they saw Brian Kinney getting a butt plug shoved up his ass,” Brian chuckled at Justin’s head shaking.

“Or, at the very least, they’ll all adore you so much they won’t give a fuck.” Justin offered.

“Or that,” Brian agreed with a grin.

While the gathering accepted their beers and offered toasts to their hero, Brian got back to the serious business of setting up the rest of the afternoon’s entertainment. From his naked perch on top of the bar, he hollered out instructions to the room, directing men right, left, and center, rapidly organizing the biggest orgy the island had ever seen. Once he felt like his job was done, and every man ‘standing’ was otherwise engaged, Brian hopped down off the bar, grabbed hold of his favorite blond stud, and tugged Justin behind him as they snuck out the back door and headed home.

Brian couldn’t wait.

Chapter Theme Music - Ace In The Hole.

Chapter End Notes

7/30/16 - Credit for the majority of this chapter goes to eureka1 - our Comma Momma - who just took the whole mini-golf idea and went crazy with it. Thank you for lending your wonderful inspiration! Samcedee gets a big thank you for her research skills - she found all the fun pics in the last two chapters and helped with song ideas. And, again, thanks to Sno for the mini-golf idea in the first place. Now, how the heck are we ever going to get this story done by the end of the summer? It’s almost August and we’re still writing about the middle of June here . . . unfortunately we keep getting distracted by all the fun sex scenes. I know you hate that. We’ll try to do better. S&T
Fever.

Chapter Notes

Anybody else out there share Justin's desire for shoegasms? LOL. You know who you are, Ladies of the LLLC. All the rest of you will probably enjoy this chapter too, though. Go, read, enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 22 - Fever.

Brian couldn’t remember how they got home. Right then, however, he didn’t care. The only thing that mattered was the burning ache he had to be filled. And not by the plug that had been deliciously rubbing his prostate and stretching his hole since they left the clubhouse. It was nice, but not what he wanted. The cockring had made sure that he stayed hard for their commute and the front of his pants was damp from its continuous leaking. Not that he cared.

He grabbed the Cookie by his neck and swung him around against the wall as soon as the door to the house was opened. Pressing his body into the smaller one as the door shut, he took that beautiful mouth again in a fierce, possessive, wetly invasive kiss, leaving no doubt in the boy’s mind who he belonged to. Rocking his hips into the smaller frame trapped Brian’s erection between them, and the flexing of his backside had the plug rubbing all the right places as he moaned into the blond’s mouth and pulled at his clothes. Pale hands ran up his ribcage and, what normally would have tickled, set off waves of desire. The desire to be stroked. The desire to be filled. The desire to be held and to have his orgasm staved off until the very last untenable moment.

Their clothes disappeared. Brian took both of the lad’s hands in one of his own, bracing them on the wall above their heads, dropping his face into the sun-warmed neck, inhaling sunshine and maleness. Licking into the whorls of a small ear and trembling at the shivers of pleasure and anticipation he caused.

Justin was on overload. Brian had been petting and kissing him the entire way home. He’d accepted the aggression when they got home and Brian slammed him into the wall to make out in a flurry of hands and mouths for what seemed like an eternity. When Brian started licking his ear, Justin knew they needed to get on with things or he would blow his load right there in the entryway. He settled a hand in the center of Brian’s chest to get him to back up and could feel the heart pounding under the tan skin in time with his own. Fuck! What this man did to him!
Brian’s hazel eyes were lust-glazed and hooded. His desire written in every line of his body as he backed towards the couch, never taking his gaze from Justin’s face. Justin tried to swallow but found his mouth was too dry to accomplish it. Brian stopped at the coffee table and Justin halted about eight feet from him, just far enough away to keep the stud’s whole naked body in his line of vision so he could look his fill. A pastime that never got boring as far as Justin was concerned. Holy Hades! The man had legs that never ended. All long and graceful, making him itch to draw.

His mouth dropped open when Brian turned away from him and placed one foot up on the coffee table, knee bent, and presented Justin with a peek of purple between his cheeks. Brian gave him a sultry look over his right shoulder, and Justin found that there was now too much moisture in his mouth and he still couldn’t swallow. In fact, he was pretty sure it was his own drool he felt streaking a line down his naked chest, but he didn’t, wouldn’t, take his eyes off of Brian in order to check.

His companion was rubbing his own ass. One tan cheek in each hand, slowly grabbing and squeezing the heavy muscles under the skin and pressing the cheeks together to make the base of the plug appear and disappear in a tantalizingly wanton display. Justin saw a rivulet of moisture run down Brian’s standing leg and realized how heavily the man’s bound cock was leaking.

“Start to take it out, but not all the way. I want to see it.” Justin said with authority he did NOT feel. His insides quivered and his heart hammered, but he had fantasized about this and now he wanted Brian to fulfill his fantasy.

Brian glanced at the blond over his shoulder again and could see the boy vibrating with anticipation, his gaze focused on the toy. Brian realized his Cookie had an agenda. Deciding it would hurt nothing to play along, he bent ever so slightly in order to give the kid a better view and gripped the base of the toy, watching Justin’s face while he did so. A breath hitched, a lower lip was licked, and sweat broke out over blond brows as Brian slid the toy halfway from his body.

Then he stopped.

Justin’s eyes flew to Brian’s and hazel eyes dared him to continue the instructions. Another lick of pink lips and Justin said, “Fuck yourself on it. Slow. So slow, you think you might die.”

Brian grinned at his devilish tormentor, but complied. Inch by inch he slid the plug back in, twisting it just a little to heighten his own as well as Justin’s arousal. When it was all the way in, he clenched his muscles around it and heard the blond pant a few breaths before he said, “Again.”
Brian groaned and Cookie came closer. Brian followed orders and kept going as Justin came close enough to run both hands down Brian’s now sweaty back and ass cheeks.

Brian wanted this to be good. Not just for himself, but for Justin too, so he stayed well away from his prostate while the boy issued instructions and he ran his hands all over Brian’s body. By the time Justin told him to stop, Brian’s standing leg felt like jelly, his cock was painful and leaking so bad that there was a puddle on the floor.

“Bedroom. All fours.” Justin panted out.

Brian complied.

Justin sidled up behind him, and it was Brian’s turn to lose his breath when he felt Justin’s erection pressing against the base of the plug as the shorter man draped himself over Brian’s back for a few minutes, doing nothing but hanging on. Oddly, Brian found it comforting and decadent. Weird, but good.

Justin slid a hand down Brian’s side and over his ass until he reached the toy, which he pulled out quickly and smoothly, making the big guy arch his back and gasp a few calming breaths. Justin tossed the toy into Brian’s line of vision so he could see it still glistening and leaned back onto his knees, suit and lubing up. He licked each dimple above Brian’s backside and finally looked at his hole. Slightly darker than the tan skin surrounding it, it was now open a small way and waiting for him to fill it. Brian’s muscles trembled while Justin lubed the hole then gripped a cheek in each hand, sticking both thumbs in and gently prying the opening wider, until he could see the soft, dark pink flesh inside. Brian rocked back, invitingly, but Justin just crooned consolingly and moved his thumbs a little farther apart. Brian hissed at the burn but rocked back again, relishing this new invasion.

Justin continued for several minutes, until the space between his thumbs was nearly the width of his cock. “I’m coming in now,” he said quietly, waiting for the brunet to acknowledge him. Brian turned his head to the side and nodded - unable to speak - and Justin pressed forward, putting the big, wet, crown of his cock at Brian’s entrance and, keeping his thumbs in place, let just the head of his cock slide in. When Brian realized the thumbs were staying, he let out a keening moan and his abs clenched. The burn was distinct and sharp, but the pleasure was deeper and more satisfying. Justin pushed in a little more, Brian’s grunt of ‘more’, urging for another inch. By the time Justin was fully seated, there was a puddle of sweat below Brian’s head and a similar one of pre-come under his dick, which was now a violent shade of red as it visibly pulsed and dripped in one continuous stream.

“I’m gonna fuck you now, Stud. Hard. So hard you are gonna beg me to let you come.”
“Yes. Do it! As hard as you can, or I will never get off with this fucking ring on.”

Thumbs still in place, Justin set up an immediately pounding pace of fast, stabbing, short strokes followed by a series of longer but faster strokes that milked the prostate. Brian moved in counterpoint, doing what he could to abet his own orgasm, and twenty minutes later he did indeed beg Justin to let him come, which the blond allowed less than two moments later. Brian came so hard, his head thrown back in rapture, that his jizz hit the wall and ran down in webby trails of satisfaction.

“Good morning, Sleeping Beauty,” Justin purred as he crawled onto the bed, leaving a trail of kisses across the expanse of beautiful tan skin on his way.

*Mmmmrrrwooooffffhhh*

“Come on, Boss. Time to rise and shine and ingest the gallon and a half of coffee that you’re gonna need to get your day started,” Justin coaxed, wafting the aromatic mug of coffee under Brian’s nose.

“Fucking morning . . . grrummmphhhh . . . damned early . . . ernnnnnermmfff . . . fucking dawn . . . szzurrreffffhhpppphh . . . back to bed,” the barely intelligible lump of man in the bed replied, right before two strong arms shot out, wrapped themselves around the blond and tried to wrestle him back into the comfort of the pillows.

“Sorry, Big Guy. I’d love to come back to bed with you but some of us aren’t yet millionaires and actually have to work for a living. And it’s not actually dawn - it’s almost ten o’clock.”

“Fuck working . . . fucking in bed.”

“I don’t think you’re up for any more fucking quite yet - in bed or out. Besides, I’d be late for work if I stayed and indulged you again. So, you’re going to have to let me go, I’m afraid.” Justin pried the octopus-like appendages that were holding him down off his arms and struggled to get back onto his feet.

“You really have to work?” Brian finally had come awake enough to complain in complete sentences. “But what if I get bored?”
“Ahhh. Poor Baby. You’ll have to make do for a few hours, Big Guy. It’s Pride Sunday - one of the busiest days of the year at The Albie. No way I can get out of working today. But, if you promise to be a good boy and stay out of trouble, I’ll bring you home some of those fried clams you’ve been craving.”

“Fine . . .” Brian grudgingly conceded, placated by the promise of clams. “But, before you go, can you help me. I need to piss,” Brian asked, looking somewhat flustered and not really meeting the younger man’s eyes.

“What? You need me to hold it for you?” Justin teased, not really sure where Brian was going with this.

“No, Twat. I . . . I don’t think I can get out of the fucking bed, let alone walk that far. You’re going to have to fucking help me,” Brian growled, his face turning a lovely shade of pink from his embarrassment and making Justin’s heart do a funny little flip-flop.

“Oops. Sorry, Big Guy. Guess we must have overdone it a tiny bit last night, huh?” Justin reached out a hand to help pull the older man into a sitting position.

*Ouch!* Brian moaned as his delicate posterior came into direct contact with the edge of the mattress. “You think?” Brian carefully inched forward a bit more and then held out his other hand to the blond as well. “What the fuck was I thinking? I should have thrown you out after the second time. That dick needs a fucking government warning label on it - ‘Hazardous To Your Health: Use Caution’.”

Justin managed, just barely, to avoid bursting out laughing. Instead, he concentrated on the task at hand. Deciding this was going to take more than a hand, though, he bent over, got a shoulder under Brian’s arm, and gingerly helped the man all the way up to his feet. Brian was definitely stiff - and not in a good way - poor guy. It took two or three minutes more for them to shuffle together all the way into the bathroom. Once Brian was planted in front of the john and seemed moderately stable, Justin let go. While Brian was taking a piss, the younger man quickly rummaged through the medicine cabinet and was relieved to find a tube of Preparation H. He left it conspicuously on the edge of the counter but didn’t comment on it out loud.

“You want help back to bed?” he did ask, a little worried by just how sore and stiff Brian seemed to be even after he was up and moving - Justin didn’t think he’d been that rough, but what if Brian really was seriously hurt?

“No. I’m fine. Now that I’m up, I’ll be good.” Brian replied curtly, as he moved to wash his hands
and noted the tube of cream waiting for him, but not remarking on it at all.

“Okay . . . But, call if you need anything.” Justin reluctantly started backing away towards the door. “I shouldn’t be late. We close early today, so I’ll be out of there by seven-thirty at the latest.”

Brian nodded, still ignoring the tube of cream and instead getting his toothbrush ready.

“I’m supposed to help my buddies out with the band tonight - I figured you’d want to come anyway, since the Drag Queen show at the Pines is pretty much the main event on the island tonight.” Justin wondered if he should maybe offer to help with the cream, but didn’t know how to broach the subject. “If you don’t mind, I was just going to get ready here. It’ll be easier than having to go all the way back to my mom’s.”

“No problem, Cookie,” Brian replied as he spit and rinsed after brushing, then lingered as if he didn’t quite know what to do next.

“Um, Brian . . . Do you want help with that too?” Justin finally just bit the bullet and said it, pointing to the offensive tube of cream that was still waiting there on the counter.

Brian closed his eyes, as if the mere sight of the embarrassing ointment was too much for him. But, ten seconds later, with a big sigh - and still not daring to actually look at the product - he picked it up and handed it to the blond boy who’d caused the problem in the first place before bending over slightly and bracing his hands on the counter.

Justin didn’t say a word. He merely applied a generous dollop of the cream and then helped his man back to bed. Once Brian was tucked in with his medicinal mug of heavily sugared coffee, Justin handed him the bottle of aspirin, kissed him goodbye, ran out the door to his bike and then pedalled like hell to get to work on time.

Brian was still lazing in bed three hours later when his phone rang for the third time in ten minutes. He decided it was probably time to actually look at the thing and see what the hell was going on that was so important. He grabbed the device off the bedside table and noticed immediately that he had 27 waiting text messages and five new voicemails. Sheesh. Did these people not understand the concept of a vacation?

When he opened the text app, it wasn’t really much of a surprise to find that almost half of the
messages were from his oldest friend, Michael Novotny. Brian made a mental note to talk to Ben about getting his husband some new hobbies. Something other than watching Brian’s life. However, since it was easier to just deal with the man than to keep avoiding him, Brian actually opened the last text message.

‘What the hell is going on up there, Brian? You’ve got to do something about this fake video going around. Call me! M’

“How? Brian’s lazy Sunday morning brain really wasn’t up to deciphering Mikey-isms. He scrolled back a few messages and found one that seemed to be a link to a YouTube video. He tapped on that and . . .

OH! That explained why Mikey had his tits in a twist. Brian groaned as he watched the video of him, first fucking Justin after the halfway point of their golf tourney and then standing on the bar in the clubhouse, letting the twink adorn him with a cockring and butt plug, and clearly enjoying the experience if the smile on his face was any indication. Yeah, that was more than enough to send his overprotective friend off the deep end, Brian figured. Although he was hard pressed to really care much. Especially not while he was still lying in bed, his sore ass pulsing pleasantly every time he thought back on what had transpired the night before. Nope. No regrets at all!

How to get the Pitts contingent to calm down, though, was the important question. Scrolling through the other texts, he saw a couple from Ted and Emmett and even one from Debbie - which was a fucking miracle since she could barely operate the new smartphone that Mikey and Ben had given her for Christmas. Brian knew he would, unfortunately, have to do something to quell their rabid curiosity, or they’d never give him any peace. But what?

It looked like he was going to have to call Michael, since a text message just wouldn’t do at this point.

Brian tapped the icon on his phone that speed dialed his best friend and waited the ten seconds until the call was picked up after only the first ring. “Brian! Thank fuck! I’ve been trying to get hold of you all morning. Somebody’s trying to fuck with your reputation. They have this video of some guy that looks kinda like you doing shit that you wouldn’t believe. You’re gonna have to get a restraining order or something. Force YouTube to take the shit down. I don’t know what, but you better get on it fast. People are already talking. You should hear the gossip flying around the Diner today!”

“Nice talking to you too, Mikey,” Brian calmly interrupted the burgeoning queen-out. “I’ve been fine. Trying to enjoy my vacation. How are you?”
“Fuck that shit, Brian. This is serious! Have you seen that video?”

“Yes, I’ve seen the video, Mikey. Thanks for sending the link, by the way. I thought the photography was terrible. The lighting is so dim that you can barely see me. Nice close up shot of my dick, though, don’t you think?” Brian replied casually, wishing he could actually see the look of shock that must be on Michael’s face right then.

“But . . . But . . . But, Brian . . . That’s really you? You let some twink do that shit to you . . . in public?” Michael fell silent, which was really a remarkable thing and quite rare in Brian’s experience - he mentally patted himself on the back for accomplishing such a feat.

“Yes, Michael. That WAS me,” Brian answered, enjoying the spluttering noises coming over the phone’s speaker. “But I don’t get why you’re freaking out. It was no big deal. I lost the fucking mini-golf game and that was the bet. I was just paying up like the gracious loser I am.”

“Fuck, Brian! First of all, putt-putt golf? Really? You must have been stoned out of your mind or you wouldn’t have been caught dead playing putt-putt golf. And secondly, I seriously cannot believe that YOU, of all people, would let some twink do that shit to you. I don’t care how great a fuck he is, the Brian Kinney I know would never let some chicken put a cock ring on him or . . . or . . . or that other thing either!” Michael was adamant about this point, apparently.

“Once again, Mikey, what I do, and who I do it with - especially while I’m on vacation - are really none of your concern. If I want to play fucking mini-golf, what the hell does it matter to you? It’s not like I plan to take it up as a hobby or anything, but I gotta say that the Fire Island version wasn’t bad at all” Brian found himself smiling at the memories of that game and its pleasurable outcome, even as he continued berating Michael. “And what? Do you think I’ve never worn a cock ring? Or had something fun shoved up my ass? I can promise you, Mikey, that I’ve done a lot of shit crazier than that in my day.”

“I’m sure you have, Brian. But not where it’s been videoed. And definitely not at the hands of some twink that looks like he’s about twelve.” Michael just didn’t seem to want to let this go. “Aren’t you worried about what people will say? Your employees? Your clients? What about all the guys on Liberty Avenue? People were talking about you . . .”

“Good. Let ‘em. I’m just happy that I’m once again providing those losers with something to brighten up their own dreary lives. If looking at my exquisite ass makes them all happy, then my job here is done,” Brian offered, really getting tired of this conversation and deciding that he should get rid of Michael sooner rather than later. “And I think this discussion is done too. I’m off to go tan that spectacular ass some more, Mikey. Ciao!”
Brian was bored.

He looked at the clock on his phone for the fifth time since he’d hung up on Mikey and caught himself just before he let out an exasperated sigh. It was still only two thirty and Justin wasn’t due back until after seven. What the fuck was he supposed to do until then? He didn’t feel much like going anywhere. The mere idea of walking any appreciable distance with his ass as sore as it was made him cringe. But lying abed all day seemed pointless.

He wished Justin would hurry the fuck up and get home.

He huffed a silent laugh at himself for that thought. Since when did he need someone else’s company to enjoy himself? . . . Practically since the moment he got to the island, came the unbidden reply. Maybe it was the air here? Or maybe something on that lesbian golf course yesterday had rubbed off on him? That was the only explanation for all these lesbianic thoughts.

Fuck this! He didn’t need some aggravating blond boy to entertain him. There had to be plenty to do around here. What did he used to do when he was bored? Brian couldn’t actually remember the last time he’d been this bored. Usually he was too busy working 24/7 to get bored. But he wasn’t supposed to be working. He was supposed to be taking a break from working. That was the whole reason for going on a vacation right? To be honest, he didn’t really want to work right then, either.

Well, maybe he would just take a nap until the boredom passed. Yeah, that sounded nice. A nap. So he could rest up for whatever the Cookie had planned for that night.

Brian’s alarm went off at seven-thirty. He figured it was high time to haul his ass out of bed, though in truth, he was loath to leave the wondrous slumber and the truly erotic dream he was having of Justin singing ‘Nothing Else Matters’ by Metallica. Which didn’t make any sense whatsoever, but there it was. Evidenced by the raging boner he sported upon waking. Why he thought that song was erotic, Brian couldn’t say. The visuals that had come with it, though, replayed over and over in his head, making him unwilling to open his eyes just to be hit with the reality of his empty bed.

So Brian kept his eyes closed and let the remnants of the dream stay with him as he stroked himself and played with the outside of his tender hole. Shit, he could still feel Justin there. It still hurt like a bitch, too. So, then, why did he want more for some reason? Brian didn’t have an answer for that. His recent actions were as surprising to him as they had apparently been to his friends back in the Pitts. None of that stopped him from continuing to stroke himself and remember the events of the previous evening though. And if he was surprised that his orgasm caught him unawares a few minutes later . . . he would never tell.
Still smiling to himself, Brian was lazily smoking a joint when, less than ten minutes later, he heard the front door open and excited chattering filled the house. He tossed on a pair of jeans, not bothering to fasten them, and hurried out to join Justin in the living room. As he neared the door, he noted, without enthusiasm, that Justin had apparently brought a few of the band members over with him.

“Seriously, I think I can do it.” Justin said, rummaging through the box of body paints and selecting the colors he needed, stashing them to the side on the table.

The woman at his side practically simpered. “Ooooo, I hope so, J. I saw that picture in the magazine and thought how cool it would be to walk around naked when all the guys on the island will be in glam dresses, all uncomfortable. And I will be free as a bird.” She gave a little twitter of laughter. Justin gave her a rundown of what she needed to do in the shower for the paint to adhere and sent her on her way.

Brian watched from the bedroom door, still unnoticed and not ready to rectify that, enjoying himself and the scene in his living room. “I’m gonna do you while she’s busy in the shower.” Justin said and Brian’s mind went straight for the gutter, thinking his Cookie was gonna fuck the male band member who bounced and clapped his hands in glee. He was quickly disabused of that idea.

“Grab that chair, Terry, and pull it here under the light.” Terry did as he was told and Justin grabbed the side table lamp, pulling off the shade and setting it as close to them as the cord would allow. He made quick work of prepping Terry’s face and started in on what Brian surmised to be makeup for the Pride celebrations. In astoundingly little time, the effeminate Terry was turned into a red and white swan that could have easily had a starring role in ‘Swan Lake’. Brian marvelled that the boy did such fantastic work in such a short amount of time. Justin helped Terry into his costume and the eager artiste beamed at his handiwork, proud of himself. Terry couldn’t stop raving.

When he was through with Terry, Justin dug out different paints and unfolded a photo obviously torn from a magazine. “Is she gonna wear shoes?” Justin asked and, in response, Terry dumped a pair of thigh-high, stiletto, platform, leather boots onto the table.

“Oh, wow! These are great!” Justin said a little enviously. “I won’t have to paint her legs and that will save a lot of time.” His hand ran down the shaft of the boot appreciatively.

“Put em on!” Terry encouraged. “You know she has huge feet for a girl and I bet they would fit you.”
Justin wavered for a moment in indecision before capitulating to his very obvious shoe envy. Surprisingly - or maybe not so - he stripped naked and made a spectacle of himself as he struggled to put them on before his female friend could catch him in the act. When Justin stood up, Brian couldn’t catch his breath. It made no sense! NO WAY should he be so turned on that he had an instant erection, and no way should he think that his Cookie in a pair of women’s shoes was one of the sexiest things on the planet!

But he was. And he did . . .

HOLY FUCK!

Justin sashayed around the room and, though Brian should have kept his arousal to himself - told himself he should not let the Cookie know about it - he could NOT stop himself from crossing the room and running both hands down the slender back and smacking the perfect ass now on full display. The boots changed his lover’s natural posture and forced the perky ass muscles into permanent flex along with the well defined thighs. Spinning his companion around none too gently, he ravished the mouth that was now conveniently level with his own. Justin let out a weird giggling moan that Brian swallowed in his haste to claim this strangely appealing version of the blond boy for himself as slim arms wrapped over his shoulders and around his neck.

“AHEM!” came a female voice from the hallway.

Brian felt Justin withdraw in shame at being caught in the act of shoe thievery, making Brian grip him harder and laugh out loud even as Justin struggled to get away - or baring that - to hide his face in Brian’s neck. What he could see of the blond was a bright blush that started on his face in vibrant red and travelled the length of his body, fading only as it neared his knees.

“Criminy, Taylor! Can’t you keep your shoe lust to yourself for five fucking minutes? I would have thought you’d grown out of this. We aren’t fifteen anymore . . .” the woman said as she came into the room. Brian laughed along with them this time as he realized that the teasing was of the long-standing kind between friends who knew your darkest secrets.

Justin pulled away and Brian let him go this time. “Marissa, Terry, this is Brian Kinney. Brian, you remember Terry from the band? And Marissa is the vocalist that took over when I left. We’re all going to be performing together tonight.” Justin gestured towards his guests as he sank to the floor to unzip the boots and pull them off. When he stood again, it was to sheepishly, blushingly, hand over the boots to a smirking, all-knowing Marissa. Something silent and interesting passed between them and, when she glanced at Brian, Justin shrugged and went on with the business at hand.
“Brian, if you don’t want to see a naked female, you’d better run and hide now!” Justin teased as he led her to the tarp laid out on the floor. Brian briefly considered doing just that - buuuut - then he would miss watching Mr. Taylor work. Hmm. . . “Marissa?” he asked, “would you mind if I used my camera to document your transformation?”

Justin snickered and Terry bounced again, saying, “as if she would care. She would spend her life naked if she could!” It was Marissa’s turn to blush wildly but, to make the point, she dropped the towel with a challenge on her face. “I’m ready for my closeup, Mr. DeMille.”

Brian smiled at the easy banter between the three of them and wished - briefly - that the relationship he had with his own friends was that easy. He retrieved the camera and moved around the pair as Justin quickly layered on a base coat of black, immediately covering the most female parts of the woman. As soon as he finished with that color, he came back and made a vee of blue, a smaller vee of green, and a diamond of yellow in between the points of her breasts, working with alcohol to blend them together. Back to the the black again, he used it to outline large scales and smaller details then moved to her hands, repeating the color and the blending technique. He gave a similar accent to the flare of her hips then picked up the brilliant white, making individual, tiny dots along the edges of color that, from a few feet away, looked like stars in the night sky.

Brian had only seen the artist look at the photograph the one time and was amazed at how quickly he worked with a medium he had only just learned and utilized one time before. But then again, it WAS his amazing Cookie. Brian shot some stills of both Terry and Marissa before going back to the video he was taking. By the time Brian was satisfied that he had all the footage he needed, Justin was already working on himself.

Justin’s makeup was much more in tune with the drag queen theme - as in overdone and not nearly as beautiful as his companions. Justin appeared to be doing it on purpose, so Brian didn’t say anything. The kid pulled on a fifties-style short blond wig and couldn’t hide the gleam in his eyes as he also donned a pair of hose and then some sexy, strappy, silver and rhinestone stilettos.

Definitely a shoe fetish there, Brian thought. He *might* be able to work with that.

Justin’s friends helped him into a variegated pink and glittery, full-length gown, giving Brian the final look. Marilyn Monroe - or rather - Drag Queen Marilyn. A parody. A look that lightly poked fun at what most drag queens would look like were they to choose that character from history to emulate. Brian caught the joke right away and had to give the kid credit for subtlety.

Besides, with the heels and the cut of the dress, Cookie’s ass looked fantastic!
Justin’s friends helped him pick up his paints and put the room to order, to Brian’s relief, before Justin came over to him, giving him a lingering kiss goodbye. “Don’t bother showing up for at least another hour. It usually doesn’t get into full swing until then.” Justin purposely exaggerated the sway of his hips as he walked away. Brian didn’t get to look long though, as his vision was filled with Terry, who took the opportunity to throw his arms around the stud’s shoulders and peck his cheek several times before bouncing off after his friend. Brian was still rubbing Terry’s ‘cooties’ from his face when his head was gripped in two coal-black hands and his mouth was assaulted. His body’s normal reactions took over in his surprise and Marissa pressed her advantage by delving her tongue into his gaping mouth.

It was brief - a couple of moments really - but Brian was a little chagrined that it was Marissa that pulled away first, just as he was recovering from his surprise and the taunts of the other two men.

“Yummy!” Marissa said, wiping Brian’s lips with her thumb. “Just couldn’t help it. Justin and I have shared almost everything since we were kids and I couldn’t resist.”

Then they were gone and Brian made a decision. He called Gabe, gave him some brief but specific instructions, and told the boy there would be a hundred dollar bill in his future if he could make it happen in less than an hour.

Chapter Theme Music - **Fever.**

Chapter End Notes

We are having SOOOOOOOO much fun writing this chapter that we just couldn’t stop ourselves. So we’re going to have to break the chapter into two again. Just too much good stuff to fit in one! Thanks again to Comma Momma, Samcdee and all our online lurkers for helping get this chapter completed. Oh, and Tag gets credit for sending the boys to the annual Pride Drag Queen party. S&T

P.S. This is another of those chapters with lots of pics that just won't post correctly here on AO3. If you want to see all the wonderful visuals, Please come check them out on our primary site: www.kinnetikdreams.com.
The Man That Got Away.

Chapter Notes

Hold onto your high heels . . . Brian's big surprise for Justin is going to blow you all away! Hehehehe! Go. Read. Laugh. Enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 23 - The Man That Got Away.

Brian’s jaw dropped in amazement when he finally made it into the ballroom of the Pines resort after squeezing his way through a throng of groping hands, clinging lips, and gossipy fags - all intent on showing off their finery, or checking out his. This was no podunk event, the brunet stud acknowledged. He’d have been proud to claim Kinnetik had done the advertising.

The ballroom at The Pines Resort had been transformed into a tropical jungle. Brightly-hued virtual birds flew underneath the roof, occasionally skimming across one of the fanciful, towering headdresses that beckoned temptingly, competing with the drag queens for the spectators’ attention. They darted around sparkling disco balls, disappearing and reappearing in the flashing strobe lights. Exotic flora and fauna twined around pillars and danced along the walls. Brian espied a bright-green anaconda in the foliage, its yellow eyes gleaming both seductively and menacingly. An obsidian Komodo dragon slithered up a pillar, tongue probing a spray of golden gardenias. A gold and black spotted jaguar peeked out from behind a cluster of yellow orchids, looking like it was about to take a bite out of a pale thigh.

Brian wondered what artists had created the exquisite paintings and made a mental note to inquire with the organizers of the event. There would almost have to have been more than one artist involved, since all the detailed painting involved in making the jungle scenes come to life would surely have taken months, if not years, to complete. Even though the scenes must have been painted on some kind of specially-treated surface that could be rolled up and stored till the next year, the initial work would have taken a long time. The paintings covered every wall and pillar in the spacious room and, from what Brian could see, flowed into the side rooms which opened up off the main room. Talent like that deserved recognition; Brian definitely wanted to offer these virtuosos some freelance advertising work. The brunet fleetingly wondered if Justin might have been one of the artists as he brushed up against the Komodo dragon, it’s overlapping, finely-wrought scales gleaming in the flashing lights and reminding him of Marissa’s body paints, but then shook his head, dismissing the notion. When would his Cookie have had the time to undertake such an endeavor?

A stage for the band had been erected against the back wall, with a semicircular runway for the drag queen models to strut their stuff starting at one end of the platform, sloping down so that the drag queens would be at almost the same level as the audience, and then looping upward to the other end
of the stage. Glittering lights lined the walkway, and a spotlight would focus on each queen showing off her fabulous costume. The backdrop for the stage itself was quite simple - a silvery-grey, glimmering color against which the band members and drag queens would stand out like glittering, radiant fireflies.

Brian made his way to the bar, the throngs of people parting like the Red Sea when they realized who was coming. Celebrity did have it’s advantages after all, he thought. The bartender gave him a huge smile and had two double shots ready for him when Brian made it to the long bar top. The celebrity stud nodded in thanks, and the bartender gestured to a red door behind the stage where the talent contest was in full swing and Stella was introducing the next act - a Cher impersonator whose voice was not even close to what it should have been in order to carry it off.

Stella, arrayed for the evening in a lovely blue silk gown caught a glimpse of Brian and hurried to meet him at the door.

“Bout time you got here, Sugar. Gabe dropped your stuff off a half hour ago. You owe me a hundred bucks, Cutie. He had to go home already. The kid snuck out of the house to help you out ya know.” Stella grumbled as she led the way into her personal dressing room. Brian pulled the hundred from his pocket and shook his head when it disappeared into Stella’s brassiere before she pointed to the large shopping bag that held Brian’s requested items. There was a note on the top and Brian quickly scanned it.

Sorry, man, the store only had your suit in mesh and the only shoes left in your size were silver not red. It IS Drag Weekend you know.

But I left something a ‘little’ extra, in case you wanted some coverage. I can’t wait to see you on YouTube tomorrow. Knock em dead, Boss.

Brian extracted the shoebox and found a pair of silver peep-toes. Not what he would have picked for himself, but beggars couldn’t be choosers. Next, was a tiny clear plastic wrapper with what looked like strings in it. He read the label and winced. ‘Mesh Catsuit’ it read. FUCK! The last item was even smaller than the one in his hand and appeared at first to be a blindfold of some kind until Stella started laughing and Brian realized it was the tiniest pair of thong underwear he had ever seen and that was saying a lot. Except, part of it seemed to be missing. Half of it in fact. Then his brain latched onto how they would stay on his body and he could have kissed Gabe for his ingenuity. The mesh suit wouldn’t be near as bad with the itty bitty drawers under it and might even be sexier with them. He was glad that he’d trimmed his pubes just that morning, cause with this outfit, not much at all was
Stella got impatient and started pulling at Brian’s clothes, urging him to hurry. “You better get moving, Dollface, there are only four acts left. You’ll go on last and we are gonna need every minute to get you ready.”

Brian frowned. How long could it possibly take to change his clothes? Stella saw the befuddlement and said, “Nuh uh uh, if you are gonna do this, you are gonna do it right. Strip and give me your feet. We will have to do them first to give them time to dry. You can’t wear peep-toes and not have your toenails painted. It just isn’t done!” Her voice had risen sharply at the end of that statement and - having enough women in his life that he knew he would never win an argument against that tone - Brian capitulated.

He got naked, ignoring Stella’s assessing and admiring gaze, then slid what passed for underwear up his left leg. His cock was too big to actually fit in the cup with his nuts, so he lay the extra length under the band that ran around his hip. The fabric barely covered its width, but made his dick look even bigger by comparison. He could live with that . . .

Stella ushered him to a seat, had him prop his feet up on the dressing table, selected a bottle of shiny silver polish, and attacked his toenails with gusto.

All things considered, they didn’t turn out too bad. Brian had always liked his feet and more than one trick had said they were drool worthy so . . . whatever. He figured Stella had more experience than he did, so he didn’t even protest when she picked up a dark eye pencil and lightly lined his eyes, telling him it would look great and be hardly noticeable on stage. She darkened his cheekbones in a shade slightly deeper than his natural tan but when she picked up a lipstick, Brian grasped her wrist, drawing the line. Stella pursed her lips but didn’t argue. Instead, she smeared some hair wax into his mane and finger combed it straight back from his face.

She checked his toes as they heard Justin introduce another performer. They appeared to have dried enough. She slapped the bottom of his foot, letting him know he could finish dressing and leaned on the table to watch him do it. Damn, that Justin was a lucky fucker!

Brian opened the plastic wrapping on the catsuit and had a moment of incredulity. How the fuck was he supposed to fit in the thing!? It looked about the size of a pair of pantyhose - and not even ones in his size. Stella laughed so hard at the look on his face that she had to use a tissue to wipe her eyes and then check to make sure her mascara hadn’t run before explaining. “It’s really stretchy, Darlin’.” She made her point by taking it from Brian and pulling it between her hands in a demonstration. Seeing his still confused expression, she sighed and started gathering the fabric in her hands like hosiery. When she reached the bottom, she instructed Brian to step into the leg and she shimmed the fishnet up his limb. She repeated the process on the other and didn’t hold back as she smoothed the
mesh up over Brian’s ass and torso allowing her hands to caress and squeeze all the best bits on the way. Yeah, Justin really was an asshole for getting this hottie!

Brian slapped her hands away playfully when the groping went on a little too long, but kept his snarky comments to himself. Without Stella’s help, he would have been screwed - and he knew it. She knelt and held out a shoe, buckling it after his foot was secure and repeating with the other one. Brian wondered if Emmett would make some Cinderella comment at this point - yeah, he probably would - but he figured he made the porniest Cinderella out there, so whatever.

Stella stood up and reviewed her handiwork. She frowned. Something was missing. Tapping her finger on her cheek, it was only a second before she grinned and rummaged through a trunk, then dropped a black rhinestone-encrusted fedora on Brian’s head.

Perfect!

There was only one more performance to go before it was Brian’s turn, and Justin was introducing her now. Apparently the most recent act had been booed off the stage. Tough crowd, Brian thought, and when Stella asked what song he wanted, he hesitated over his choice. No help for it now - he didn’t know what else to sing in this situation without looking like a complete ass - so he told her and felt mildly reassured by the pleased look in her eye.

She affixed a small microphone to his ear so he wouldn’t need a hand held and said, “I’m gonna set a chair on the stage for you and make sure all the house lights are out. Think you can make it there in the dark so you can have a big entrance?”

Brian caught on and realized it would make a big statement and would also allow him a few moments to wobble in his heels and get used to them before anyone else could see him and poke fun. Well, they probably would anyway, given the outfit he was in, but at least it wouldn’t be because of a high heeled accident. So he nodded, giving Stella the thumbs up, and tried not to puke from his anxiety.

Stella joked around with the crowd for a good ten minutes, and Brian took the time to walk around, getting used to the fact that his center of gravity was now different - damned physics - and when he felt as comfortable as he was likely to get, admired his own legs in the full length mirror on the door. Not bad, he thought, not bad at all, and he really couldn’t hide the shit eating grin that split his face and showed off the usually reluctant dimple in his right cheek - not that he tried.

“Ladies and gents, and ladies that are gents, and all you other fuckers out there . . .” Stella said, “you are some lucky bastards tonight, let me tell you.”
This was it, Brian surmised and took a deep breath, peeking out the door and trying not to focus on the crowd.

Stella continued in a very solemn tone, conveying just how momentous this last performance would be. “Right here, on this very stage, you are about to witness history in the making. The top of Tops . . .” Stella paused for effect, “the viral Internet sensation . . .” She paused again as the crowd murmured unbelievingly and the lights went full dark while Brian made his way onto the stage. “The One, the Only - damn him - Brian Kinney.” Brian’s name was said with a sultry longing, and four hundred people held their breath in reverence.

Brian found the chair and propped a foot on the rung. He draped one arm casually at his hip, covering the strap on the undies and used that hand to hide his cock. He tipped his head down, chin to his chest, hat hiding his face, as he drawled, “Music please, Maestro.”

Jazzy horns started playing, but the room stayed dark and a few bars into the tune - recognizable from that old favorite, ‘ A Star Is Born’ - the crowd generated applause and whistles. Brian sang the opening verse as the lights slowly came up but stayed cozily dim, invoking thoughts of a bedroom at night.

“The night is bitter - the stars have lost their glitter,” Brian barely rocked his pelvis to the bass as he tipped his head up and pulled off the hat with his free hand. “The winds grow colder - suddenly you’re older.” He said the last with contempt and an eyeroll. “And all because of the man - that got away.” As he held the last note, his singing capabilities were no longer in question. This wasn’t karaoke and the patrons got an earful of the smooth whisky baritone of the hottie on the stage.

Brian used the hat to cover his groin, running his hand up his cocked leg from ankle to hip, then over his belly, chest, and neck, provocatively mussing his hair as he delivered the second verse.

At the beginning of the third, he planted both feet wide apart, still hiding the goods with the hat and swaying seductively from side to side, his free hand roaming wherever it felt good. “The man that won you - has gone off and undone you!” Brian balled his fist at the crowd for emphasis. “That great beginning - has seen the final inning,” he mocked, swinging an invisible bat then quickly covering his goods and turning away from the crowd, now using the hat to cover his backside, to which the audience let out an audible, disappointed sigh. “Don’t know what happened. It’s all a crazy game!” Brian tossed the hat, baring his backside, and sang the next verse doing a long-legged, rolling, catwalk saunter - hands rubbing over his body, building to a seeming frenzy.

Then he roughly turned the chair and slammed it to the stage floor facing the audience and straddled it, holding onto the back with both hands, and sang as if he was having a casual conversation with a
good friend, conveying a bit of sadness and maybe a bit of anger too. “The road gets rougher - it’s lonelier and tougher.” He hooked the heels on the rungs, splaying his knees obscenely wide, arms now draped over the chair back. “With hope you burn up - tomorrow he may turn up.” He tilted his hips in a mime of gently humping the chair back.

Brian dropped and shook his head in dismay. “There’s just no let up the live-long night and day!” he belted, leaning all the way back in the chair, arms fully extended, neck straining, and torso fully horizontal. At the last note, he stood in resignation, gently turned the chair again, swaying, as he started the last verse, so melancholy his voice seemed to be whispering but still somehow carrying to the back of the ballroom. From nowhere a wineglass ended up in his hand as he delivered the last verse almost as if he was talking to himself. “Ever since this world began - there is nothing sadder than . . .” Brian sank slowly to the seat, positioned sideways so he was facing the crowd, and propped an arm on the back, wineglass resting on his very long crossed legs. “A one-man, MAN looking for . . .” he wagged an eyebrow, “the man that got away.”

The lights dimmed to full dark by the time Brian hit the back of the stage and the music ended.

Justin was amazed, gobsmacked, flabbergasted . . . he was completely devoid of words, speechless . . . the cat had his tongue and was never giving it back! The only remaining thought in his head was a recurring shout of ‘LEGS! SHOES! LEGS!’ and one long drawn out ‘FUUUUUUUCK!’

Stella returned to the stage just as the audience was regaining the ability to think and broke out in deafening roars of applause, catcalls, and whistling cheers. She fanned herself dramatically and said, “That man has LEGS! And he knows how to use them! Should I even bother mentioning that tight little tushie? MMMM, tasty . . .” She watched as Justin finally overcame his paralysis, hiked his long skirt into the crook of his elbow - displaying an unseemly and unladylike amount of bare, furry leg - shouldered his way through the crowd and pushed through the dressing room door without even a hint of decorum. Stella sighed, resigned to the fact that she would have to do another fifteen minutes.
of stand up improvisation before either stud would be in any shape to return to the ballroom.

Brian whirled as the door slammed and met Justin halfway across the floor, lips smashing together in haste. Justin backed to the dressing table as Brian fumbled to unleash his cock from the weird undies and stretched one of the elastic fishnet holes wide enough to free his raging boner. Justin already had the condom open, rolling it over Brian’s dick and turned to face the mirror, tossing the lube tube over his shoulder without a glance, smiling a megawatt smile when his lover caught it one handed.

Brian flipped the lid, squirted, and dropped the tube to the floor, rucking up the pink fabric of the long skirt and tossing it over the back of Justin’s head. Thirty seconds later, he was pounding into that naked ass - only just realizing the man had gone commando in a fucking ball gown - for all he was worth. The dressing table rocked with every thrust, bumping into the mirror each time, until it could no longer take the beating and fell off the wall, crashing to the floor in a tinkle of broken glass. “Harder!” his Cookie yelled, digging his way from under the sea of organza so he could look under his braced arms and see with his own eyes, Brian’s spread legs and those fuck me shoes. “OH GOD BRIAN!” he wailed, “Your legs, those shoes, shiny toes!” Justin spewed cum for what seemed like forever - and Brian would have laughed - if he wasn’t so busy spewing himself.

They had just finished putting themselves back together when Stella announced the third place winner of the night’s contest. The studly couple returned to the ballroom in time to see the second place winner collect her prize. Stella gave the studs a knowing wink upon their timely arrival and said “And, now . . . The first place prize of a one thousand dollar, couples’ spa day at the Belvedere goes to. . .” the drums rolled and she yelled excitedly, “The inestimable, Brian Kinney!”

Brian took his place on the stage and, when Stella neared to hand him his envelope, he grabbed one of her ass cheeks in each hand and pulled her to him, giving her a passionate and exaggerated kiss - full on the mouth - to the delight and obvious humor of the cheering multitudes. He dropped her back to her feet but held on a moment while she regained her cognitive functions, rearranged her off-kilter tits, and then took her hand in his, raising them in the air in a salute to his win.

Brian spent the next few hours drinking - the bartender set up a stool for him BEHIND the bar so over-enthusiastic partiers with too-touchy hands could NOT reach him - and listening to Justin’s band entertain the crowds.

The band started into its third set just a little after midnight, with an upbeat, crowd-pleasing number that had most of the club on it’s feet dancing along. As Marilyn, Swan, and Diamond belted out, “But it’s the pelvic thrust . . . that really drives you insane,” demonstrating how to do ‘The Time Warp’ to deafening cheers from all the assembled queers, a loud wail from somewhere near the ceiling suddenly interjected, “Justin, baby, gimme that pelvic thruuuuuust!” The last wailing word almost burst eardrums throughout the room, overpowering even the band’s amplifiers, as Ethan - dressed in a hideous, overlarge, khaki camouflage outfit - came flying toward the stage, clinging to a liana vine like some crazed Tarzan. The human missile swung wildly back and forth, causing
everyone on the dance floor to scramble out of the way of the whipping tail of the rope and, in the process, knocking the elaborate orange wig off a drag queen caught unawares in the center of the runway. Finally, as the arc of the swing started to decrease, Ethan let go his hold and tumbled headfirst into Marilyn, sending them both sprawling into the arms of Swan and Diamond. Diamond managed to right Marilyn fairly easily, but Ethan was too much of a handful for the delicate red swan. The crazy camo kamikaze rolled right over the poor swan, bouncing off the wall at the back of the stage before thudding down onto his bony derriere.

Everyone was so astonished by Ethan’s dramatic dive onto the stage that complete silence reigned throughout the club for several long moments. Then a screech from Brock, who moments before had been proudly wearing the elaborately coiffed and curled orange wig, drew everyone’s attention. He stopped to yank three deadly hairpins out of the ruined wig, hiked up his long, beruffled, befeathered dress, and charged toward the sniveling lump of chin rat. Brock was closely followed by two other outraged queens who had also been on the runway behind him and been forced to their knees, to the detriment of their costumes as well.

Brian, from his perch behind the bar, noted with relief that his lady love, Marilyn, hadn’t come to any real harm. However, when the loathsome Ian stretched out his hands toward Marilyn, imploring, “Baby, come with me. You know I’m the one that you want,” he jumped to his stiletto-adorned feet, ready to rush to the importuned lady’s defense. Luckily for all concerned, the feisty damsel didn’t need the protection.

Marilyn backed away from her erstwhile ex boyfriend, scorning the upraised hand and struggling not to laugh at the frumpy, pathetic suitor. His sparse chin hair looked even more ridiculous than usual - half of it painted olive green and half a bilious yellow. With the camouflage paint around his eyes, he looked like a demented, bearded raccoon. The legendary blond could barely contain herself. All she really wanted to do was to stab this little pipsqueak through the skull with the heel of her fabulously sparkly stiletto. But then she might ruin her shoes, and Ethan definitely wasn’t worth THAT.

Instead, Marilyn turned toward the angry queens that had rushed the stage in Ethan’s wake, bowed, and gasped out, “Have at him, ladies. He’s all yours.”

The entire room erupted in laughter as the drag queens harried the chin rat from the room, his squeals and squawks carrying over the boisterous cackling from Brock and the two other ladies who were repeatedly poking Ian in the ass with the hairpins. Meanwhile, Marilyn sauntered over to where Brian was waiting in his stronghold behind the bar. The tall, leggy brunet stood and claimed his doll with a passionate kiss that went on so long that they forgot the commotion going on behind them in the bar. So much for the chin rat - he was history - completely forgotten by the two reigning studs of Fire Island who clearly chose each other instead.

It wasn’t even light outside yet when Brian glanced at his softly snoring bedmate and grinned like the Cheshire cat. They had been going at it like testosterone driven fuck bunnies for hours, ever since
they’d stumbled home from the Drag Queen party. Justin was finally so totally fucked out he’d passed out in the middle of their fifth round. And, if Brian was honest with himself and caught in a moment of weakness, he would have to admit to being pretty fucked out as well.

Holy handjobs, that had been an amazing night! The thrill of performing in front of that huge crowd of fags in nothing but a mesh catsuit and heels . . . The way the entire room full of men had been fawning over him and literally drooling at his feet. Brian had always known he was attractive - that had never been in question - but he’d never experienced this level of adulation. It was probably the most intense and exhilarating night of his life. He’d loved every single, out-of-character moment. Including the way his rendition of that old Judy Garland torch song had so obviously turned Justin on. In fact, they’d been so hot and bothered when they finally made it back to the house that they’d immediately fallen into bed together, not even changing clothes first - neither ready to admit just how fucking hot they were to fuck each other in their odd yet alluring costumes. Brian couldn’t think of a single adjective that did justice to describe whatever in the hell had happened last night. And he was still beaming with happiness.

Brian rolled onto his side and pulled Justin closer to him, smelling his hair, the slightly tangy scent of cooling sweat and the distinctly sharp aroma of the previous night’s sexual marathon. He simply could NOT stop smiling. What the fuck was that about? Oh yeah. THIS was what happy felt like. Who knew? Brian curled his body closer to the smaller one in his arms, doing everything in his power to merge their physical bodies in defiance of the laws of nature.

Justin mumbled in his sleep “shoes . . .” as he wriggled his ass into Brian’s crotch. Brian’s low rumble of amusement vibrated through his chest and earned a contented sigh from the blond. Brian caught himself sighing just as contentedly.

Right as Brian was about to drift off to sleep himself, Justin’s phone signaled an incoming text. Brian ignored it, nuzzling into the warm neck and kissing an earlobe, his left hand drifting lower and lower and eventually settling on the Cookie’s flaccid cock. Brian also ignored the ringing of his phone in the kitchen two minutes later. He was more interested in whispering sleepy wake-up noises into a shell-like ear and pleased to see the happy grin spread across his lover’s face as the boy left dreamland and joined Brian in wakefulness.

Justin squirmed and stretched, thrusting his dick lazily into Brian’s accommodating fist and turning his head to catch the bigger man’s mouth with his own. Maybe they weren’t totally fucked out, after all? However, thirty seconds later both men grumbled in dismayed unison when two cell phones started ringing at the same time and refused to stop. Even then, they let the ongoing interruptions continue on for a full ten minutes before finally giving in and throwing back the covers to rise and answer them. They broke out in fits of hysterical laughter when they glanced at each other and saw that they were both still wearing their heels from the night before . . . and nothing else.

To say that Brian barking into his phone in aggravated growls while wearing fuck me shoes and
nothing else was incongruous would be a gross understatement, Justin thought, as he only half listened to Daphne squee and gush through the phone. Apparently the news about their latest escapades had already made the rounds of the island, even though it was barely six-thirty in the morning. Justin listened desultorily as his friend babbled at him. All the while, though, his attention was really focused on the events going on in the beach house. The amused blond couldn’t help the smile that spread over his face as he watched Brian restlessly prowling the kitchen, phone tucked between shoulder and ear, while he started the coffee pot and toasted a couple bagels. Brian had only just hung up from the call when his laptop signaled new mail arriving and Justin continued smiling while the brunet juggled phone, computer and knife as he buttered one bagel and smeared cream cheese on another for Justin. Daphne was still prattling in his ear when Brian shoved a plate with Justin’s breakfast under his nose adding a kiss to the top of his head in passing. Justin quickly said, “Bye Daph,” and hung up on her.

Justin’s heart felt strangely warm and full and gushy. He was probably reading way more into the situation than was warranted, or maybe he was just worn out from a long night of singing, dancing, fucking and fun, but . . . Brian had made him breakfast. It wasn’t fancy or anything, but the older man had done it without thinking about it. That, added to the unconscious caring touches, longing looks and shared intimacy that lingered after the past few, incredible, days and nights, had Justin feeling overwhelmed. It was all he could do to keep back the flood of happy tears that wanted to erupt. A few minutes later, when Brian distractedly handed Justin a cup of coffee already doctored the way he preferred with his almond creamer and sugar, he finally did lose it. Silly faggot, he chided himself, as he stealthily wiped away the three tears that managed to escape. Justin didn’t know what the hell was happening to him - let alone whether or not he wanted it to happen at all - but he seemed powerless to fight it.

Brian hung up from his second phone call and pushed his laptop towards Justin. YouTube was loaded and already playing a new video showing two familiar figures. The men turned to each other, laughing and shaking their heads over their friends and the news that had them burning up the phone lines so early on a Monday morning.

Apparently, a third video, this time of the Drag Queen party, had lit up computer screens across the country - and probably around the world. This time it was Emmett who hadn’t been able to wait any longer to call Brian, gushing over the stud’s oh-so-fabulous outfit, exclaiming, “You looked AMAZING! I want an outfit just like that, Brian! I always knew we had matching inner divas. When you get back we can unleash them together on gay Pittsburgh!” Em didn’t even pause to let his friend get in a word edgewise, continuing, “But why wait till then? We’ll have to sing a duet when the boys and I visit the island, Brian. We’ll knock them dead!”

Brian, although slightly less enthused than his flamboyant friend, was also a bit intrigued by the idea. Emmett did, after all, possess a fantastic collection of shoes fit for the finest of drag queens. And, although his clothing might not suit Brian, the flaming queen did carry it off beautifully. Brian had the feeling that Emmett and Justin were going to get along like a house on fire. He’d have to be extra-vigilant to make sure that Emmett kept his hands to himself, once they did meet. But, maybe they could all sing and strut to a song or two at Cherry’s some night. It was a definite possibility.
Justin related to Brian that Daphne, also, envisioned herself becoming part of their act, serenading the fags on the island, quite happily bookended by the two celebrity studs. She didn’t care that her bestie and his lover were gay; she’d still look remarkably striking between them on stage. She was sure they’d be an overnight sensation - maybe even launch her into an acting career. And a pair of those gemstone-studded stilettos would definitely help, she told Justin at least three times.

“Hell, Brian. We’re going to have to keep a roster of requests,” Justin suggested to the equally-bemused brunet. “Otherwise, we’ll never manage to accommodate all of our friends.”

“It’s fucking true,” Brian replied with a slightly sarcastic edge to his voice. “They all want to either be us or fuck us. All except for Mikey, who’s worried that I’m not being ‘studly’ enough and is determined to tell me what I should and shouldn’t do.” Brian seemed to drift off for a few moments, his gaze focused on the silver peep-toes he was still wearing while obviously cycling through the arguments chasing around in his head. When he’d apparently come to some kind of conclusion, he beamed happily over at the waiting blond. “Whatever. I say, fuck ‘em all! I’m on vacation, I’m having a great time, and I’m not going to stop anytime soon.”

Justin grinned back at Brian, truly glad to see his Boss so happy. The man deserved to cut loose and enjoy himself. Justin had already vowed that he would do his damnedest to make sure that was the case for at least the remainder of the summer. But he was quickly finding out that it wasn’t just about the bet anymore. He already liked this man more than he’d ever thought he would, and he wanted to make Brian happy simply because the man’s happiness somehow made his own life more pleasurable. And that, in itself, was almost as big a revelation as the fact that he was, maybe, falling a little bit for the Big Guy. In fact, he was starting to believe that Brian was the man HE shouldn’t let get away.

Chapter Theme Music - The Man That Got Away.

Fiery Nights - Working Doc

Chapter End Notes

8/2/16 - Sooooooo? What do you readers think of our wild and crazy, shoe-fetish, Brian? LOL. You can blame the whole shoe thing (as well as the mesh catsuit) on Saje! Basically, this story is now completely out of control, but we’re at least having a great time while we’re writing it! Thanks again to both eureka1 and Samcedee for assists on this chapter. We’d love to have more readers pop in on the working doc and give us some input - we’ve had a good number of lurkers visiting, but none of you are commenting. Come on! Give it a try. It’s fun. We’ll even let you write a paragraph or two if you want to try your hand at being an author! The link for the online doc (in case you lost it) it at the end of the chapter above. Now, it’s off to see what kind of havoc Gus’ visit will cause. S&T
PS - Once again, this chapter has lots of fun pics in it so if you want to see them all come check out the main website posting!
Chapter 24 - Pocketful of Sunshine.

Brian and Justin were both still exhausted, even after nibbling on bagels and inhaling coffee, and pretty quickly agreed to head back to bed. Why the hell their friends had thought it was acceptable to call at the unreasonable hour of six-thirty in the morning, Brian would never understand. They made short work of the kitchen cleanup and then dragged their tired asses back to the bedroom, desperate to get a bit of shuteye before facing the day. Before crawling under the covers, Brian reached down and unstrapped the shiny silver shoes, admiring them one last time with a chuckle before he tossed them aside.

“Hey! Careful with those,” Justin rushed to collect the discarded footwear. “These are my new favorite accessory on you, Boss. I've got big plans for these. BIG plans!” Brian just shook his head and patted the bed next to him, not even really surprised when the boy cuddled the shoes to his chest and held onto them even after he'd crawled under the covers.

When Brian woke up again a couple hours later, his whole body twinged in protest. Apparently, cavorting around all night in high heels wasn't something his muscles were prepared for. How the fuck did women manage this shit every single day? Brian’s old bones clearly needed more than just a couple hours rest to recover from both that and the shoe-induced fuck frenzy of the night before. And, from the way Justin was still sawing logs, it seemed the little blond Energizer Bunny needed to finish recharging his own batteries as well. But even tired and sore, Brian figured he'd do it all again if he had the choice. Yep, Brian and the blond shoe bunny were definitely going to have to explore that particular fetish further at a later date.

Cuddled up against Brian’s side, the blond bedwarmer in question let out a series of cute, snuffling snorts. Fuck! Did he just think of Justin as ‘cute’? That realization almost had Brian leaping out of bed in horror. Had one night of wearing women’s shoes turned him into a total pussy? But when he glanced at his Cookie again - well, cute really was the right word. That upturned nose. Those tufts of blond hair sticking out in different directions. Those little snores. Fuck it all! Brian really was turning into a lesbian, but definitely one with better taste in shoewear than any of the lezzies he knew.
Brian decided to let the Cookie sleep a little bit longer. There was still an hour or so before the kid had to get up and head to work. Justin was going to need all the rest he could get, too. On top of working a full shift, he had agreed to meet Brian at the ferry later that afternoon and help transport Gus, his mothers, and their luggage back to the beach house. Brian didn’t have to meet his son and the two women at the airport until after two, so if he needed it, he could get a nap in before he left for the city.

As Brian was contemplating Gus’ arrival with a happy grin playing across his face, his stomach let out a loud rumble. All this fresh air and exercise while on vacation must be making him hungrier than usual. There was no response from the blond boy other than a soft snore. “Damn!” grumbled Brian. If he was going to let his blond sleep a little longer, that meant he’d have to forage for food on his own.

The big guy suddenly remembered that his Cookie had promised to bring him home some fried clams the day before. They’d been too busy getting ready for the Drag Queen party to bother with dinner before they left last night, so those fucking clams had to still be around here someplace. Who cared if it wasn’t common breakfast fare? Those clams would definitely fill the growling hole in his gut.

Brian assumed that Cookie must have put the clams in the fridge to keep them as fresh as possible. He hoped they’d taste okay reheated. Although, as hungry as he was, he might not bother. While his stomach emitted ‘feed me’ growls and grumbles, Brian padded over to the refrigerator. However, when he opened the door, there were NO clams inside.

“Cookie!” bellowed the big guy, forgetting all about his decision to let the blond sleep in - he wanted those clams and he wanted them NOW.

Justin came running, rubbing his face and staggering a bit as he tried to wake up. “What’s wrong, Boss?” the young man questioned anxiously.

“My clams. Where are MY clams?” the big guy demanded cantankerously, a pout marring his handsome features.

Justin couldn’t believe that was why Brian had let out such a loud bellow. When he heard the yelling, he’d thought Brian must have injured himself or that the house was on fire. But, no. Yet again, Justin found himself struggling not to laugh at his boss during one of his queen-outs. The brunet actually looked as if he were about to stamp his feet and maybe even shed angry tears.
“I’m sorry, Boss, but there aren’t any clams.” At Brian’s mutinous scowl, Just hurriedly continued. “When I was walking home last night carrying an extra-large serving just for you, I was dive bombed by two of the island’s notoriously brazen sky rats. While I was fending off the one flapping its wings in my face, the other one snatched the entire bag of clams.”

“What the fuck is a sky rat?” Brian asked with a skeptical scowl. “It sounds like some bullshit you’re giving me to cover up the fact that you forget the fucking clams when you left The Albie.”

“Whoa, hold up there, Big Guy,” the blond replied, gesturing for his boss to calm down. “I know how much you’ve been salivating for those clams. There’s no way I’d forget them.”

“What’s with the sky rat story, then?” Brian still didn’t believe such a creature existed.

“Sky rats are what we call the seagulls that are native to the island,” the brash blond retorted, smirking just a bit. “They’re huge and they can be really aggressive.” Brian still looked doubtful, so Justin went on with his explanation. “Seriously, tourists have complained that Fire Island’s seagulls are a breed unto themselves. We call them ‘sky rats’ because they’re such fierce and clever scavengers. When they attack, you’d better just give them what they want and run away fast!”

Brian still wasn’t sure he believed in these mythical birds that he’d not yet encountered, but he decided he’d give his blond boy the benefit of the doubt - for now at least. “Okay, Blondie. I’ll wait and see if these ‘sky rats’ really exist,” Brian conceded. “But you still owe me those fucking fried clams. So what are you making me for breakfast?”

The exhausted Cookie groaned but didn’t bother to argue. Instead he turned to the refrigerator and started to pull out omelet fixings. He was too tired to be creative this morning. Brian was going to have to deal with it or make his own damn food.

Justin had to work the lunch shift on Monday which meant that he would have just barely enough time to get done at The Albatross before he had to rush off to pick up Brian and his guests from the ferry in Ocean Bay Park. Luckily, his buddy was letting him borrow the pedi-cab again. He’d also enlisted Gabe to help with a second bike and trailer for the luggage.

Justin and Gabe were just pulling up to the dock as the ferry came into sight across the Great South Bay sound. Since it was still early on a Monday evening, the ferry wasn’t very full. The weather was also perfect, so the trip should have been calm and easy. Which was all good, since Justin really wanted this trip to go well for Brian’s son.
As the Fire Island Flyer drifted up to the main dock, Justin could see two dark-haired figures standing in the bow - one tall, standing calmly, and the other short and bouncing up and down like a Mexican jumping bean while gesticulating wildly. As the boat got even closer, Justin could see the indulgent smile on his Boss’ face as the man picked his son up and hefted him onto the broad shoulders so that the little guy could get an even better view of the island. Brian pointed to where Justin and Gabe were standing, made some comment to Gus, and then waved. Gus redirected his own waving towards Justin and bounced on his Daddy’s shoulders even harder. Justin waved back almost as energetically.

It took a few minutes for Brian’s party to make their way off the boat since Gus had insisted that they stay in the bow and watch the ferry workers tying up the boat and lowering the gangway until the very last task was complete. Finally, though, the curious boy was convinced to disembark. Justin was waiting as close to the ferry terminal building as possible when Brian, Gus, and two women eventually made their way outside.

“Is that him, Daddy? Is it? Is that your Cookie? He doesn’t look like a Cookie, Daddy. Why do you call him Cookie? You can’t eat him, can you? Does he have chocolate chips?” the pint-sized replica of Brian was spitting out rapid-fire questions like bullets in a firefight as he dragged his father towards where Justin was standing.

“Yes, Sonny Boy. That’s my friend, Cookie. And I call him that because he works as a cook - so he’s a ‘Cook-ie’. Get it?” Brian was explaining with a kind, patient tone that Justin thought he probably only used with his son. “His real name, though, is Justin.”

“Jus’n? Hmm. That’s a nice name. It sounds like me, sorta. Gus. Jus. Cool, huh?” Gus asserted with almost the same self-confidence his father typically showed. “Hi, Jus! I’m Gus. My Daddy says you know all the best things about the island and are going to take us fun places while I’m here, so I guess that means we’re going to be friends. Do you really know where to do fishing?”

“Hi, Gus. It’s really nice to meet you.” Justin dropped to his knees so he was the same height as the boy, stuck out his hand, and was thrilled when Gus reciprocated and they shook hands hello. “And, yes, I know exactly where to go if you want to fish. I have a buddy who has a fishing boat, and he’ll take us way out on the ocean where we can catch really huge fish. Like tuna. Do you like tuna?”

“I love tuna fish samwishes! They’re yummy! Can you fish for those here?”

“Yes. Only here tuna doesn’t come out of little cans. It’s a little more complicated than that.” Justin chuckled at the thought of fishing for tin cans full of tuna. “But don’t worry. I make the best tuna steaks you’ve ever tasted. You’ll love my tuna even more than those sandwiches. Trust me, Gus.”
“Justin, when you’re done beguiling my son with fishing stories, I’d like to introduce you to his mothers,” Brian interrupted, smiling down at the pair of boys who already seemed to be getting along swimmingly.

Justin grinned up at Brian and quickly rose to his feet, brushing off the road dust from the knees of his jeans before turning to the other visitors.

“Justin Taylor, chef extraordinaire and Fire Island know-it-all, this is Lindsey Peterson,” Brian indicated the tall, willowy blonde with the snobbish bearing standing on his left. “And her husband, Melanie Marcus,” Brian cocked his head to the right at the shorter brunette woman who was glaring at Brian as if he was an axe murderer.

“Ladies,” Justin replied, not sure if he wanted to add the usual, polite, ‘it’s nice to meet you’, when they were both looking at him with such distaste.

Without even bothering to acknowledge the greeting, Lindsey looked over at Brian, her face pinched and splenetic. “I’d really like to get to the house as soon as possible, Brian, so we can freshen up and relax. I’m sure we can do the small talk and all later? Where’s the car?”

“There’re no cars on Fire Island, ma’am,” Justin informed the woman in the same clipped tone she’d just used when speaking to Brian. “Only bikes or your own two feet.”

“Oh. That’s . . . quaint,” Lindsey didn’t look at all pleased with the idea that she’d have to pedal her way to her accommodations and, looking down at the stylish linen pant suit and wedge sandals she was wearing, Justin could understand why. “I hope it’s not too far, Brian.”

“Don’t get your panties in a wad, Lindz,” Brian shook his head in exasperation at his finicky friend. “Justin borrowed his friend’s pedi-cab over there.” Brian pointed to the bright yellow conveyance waiting a couple meters away. “And Gabe has a trailer for the luggage. You won’t have to muss up a single hair on your perfectly coiffed head.”

“That’s a relief. Thank you, Brian.” The blonde seemed mollified but still didn’t even look at Justin or extend her gratitude in his direction. “So, if you can just send these two inside to get our bags, then, I guess we can be on our way.”

Justin wanted to slap the entitled look off the bitch’s face right then and there. What did she think he
was - a glorified luggage monkey? The only thing holding him back from actually taking a swing at
the harpy was the fact that Gus was standing there next to him watching the entire conversation.
Well, that and the fact that Brian had moved around so that he was standing next to Justin and had
surreptitiously put a restraining hand on the younger man’s shoulder.

“Justin isn’t a fucking skycap, Lindz,” Brian interjected before Justin could speak his own mind.
“He’s only helping me out because I asked him, and you’re lucky he agreed or you’d be toting your
luggage behind you in a little red wagon for the three or four miles over to the house. You guys will
have to schlep your own shit onto the trailer. Besides, Smelly Melly is more butch than anybody else
here, so if anybody’s going to lug around all those bags you guys brought, it should be her.”

“Always the gentleman, eh, Kinney?” Melanie smiled mirthlessly and then turned on her heel to
march back into the ferry building in search of their bags.

Gabe and Justin exchanged a quick, meaningful glance before the pre-teen shrugged and followed in
Mel’s tracks. The three adults that remained outside stood quietly, nobody knowing what to say.
Justin sensed that there was more than just the average amount of animosity percolating between
Brian and Lindsey, but he had no idea what had caused it. No way was he going to step into the
middle of it either.

Thankfully, Gus broke the ice, tugging on the leg of Brian’s shorts to get his attention and asking
another multitude of questions about everything they were going to be doing during his stay. Gus
kept them all distracted until Mel and Gabe came out of the terminal with the girls’ three large bags
and two smaller totes in hand.

“Wow . . . that’s a lot of luggage,” Justin blurted out as soon as he saw the heavy pile growing on the
compact trailer hitched up behind Gabe’s bike. “I didn’t expect quite that much.”

Brian and Justin both scanned the now overloaded bike and then looked at Gabe’s relatively small
frame. Physics was definitely against them. Brian had already been concerned about how they were
going to get just the people transported, but now with all the extra weight, it just didn’t seem
possible. Not in one trip at any rate. And not with Gabe at the pedals.

“Oh, fuck it!” Brian cursed under his breath, quietly enough that he hoped his son hadn’t heard.
“Cookie, you think you can handle the girls and Gus in the pedi-cab?”

“Sure. But what about you?” Justin was still not seeing how it was all going to work.
“Gabe, you okay getting home from here on foot by yourself?” Brian asked, concerned because he didn’t really know where the kid actually lived - he just always seemed to be wherever Justin needed him to be.

“No problem, man,” the easy-going lad answered readily, tossing his mop of hair.

“Thanks. Here. Take this and get yourself dinner first.” Brian handed the kid a fifty dollar bill and then moved over towards the trailer. “Okay, ladies. Which of these can you live without for the next two days, cause I’m not going to be giving myself a hernia just so you can cart the fucking kitchen sink around with you.”

“You can’t just leave our bags here.” Lindsey seemed shocked by the very idea of breaking up the matched set of luggage.

“I can and I will. So pick quickly or I’ll do it for you,” Brian insisted, his hand hovering over the handle of the largest bag.

“Not that one. That has our swimwear in it.” Lindsey batted Brian’s hand away from the big bag. “If you have to leave one, take the one on the end there. But what are you going to do with it?”

“Gabe, one more thing before you go.” Brian waved the boy back and handed him another large bill. “Take this back inside and ask . . . Cookie, what’s the name of the lady with the million and one earrings?”

“Lucinda.”

“Lucinda . . . Right. Gabe, take this back inside and ask Lucinda to store it for us until Wednesday. Give her that for her troubles.” Gabe nodded, hoisted the ridiculously heavy bag off the cart and set off to wheel it back into the terminal building. “Okay, I think I can manage the rest. But it better not mess up my pedicure. If I chip a toenail in the process, you guys are going to be sorry. I really liked this silver color and I don’t think there’s enough left to redo all of my toes.” Brian turned his back to the girls and grinned playfully at Justin.

Justin was still chortling as both Brian and he climbed aboard their respective bikes and set off with their loads in the direction of the beach house.
By the time they got to the house, Gus was almost in tears he had to pee so bad. Brian and Justin were dripping sweat because they had pedalled that much faster when Gus had refused to pee in the bushes. Brian had scowled at the girls when he realized that all the times they had taken his son camping or to the park, they had neglected to teach him that time honored tradition.

They did make it home in record time though, skidding to a jarring stop amid a cloud of road dust in front of the house. Brian said nothing, simply grabbed his son and all but ran into the building and the bathroom, leaving the girls to handle their own bags.

Justin, polite boy that he was, started unloading the trailer and setting the luggage on the ground, assuming the girls would each come and take a piece to carry in with them. He was wrong. Seeing him unloading, the women figured it was being taken care of and wandered into the house with just their purses. Justin fumed. Making a hasty decision, he put all the luggage back into the trailer and walked around the house to enter from the deck into the bedroom. He could hear man and boy talking while Gus took care of his problem.

“That was fun, Daddy! We were going so fast! I really don’t wanna peepee my pants cuz my friends at school made fun of Tommy when he pee-peed his pants.”

“I’m glad you didn’t pee your pants, too. But if you had, it would have been okay, Gus. Sometimes accidents happen.”

“Do you have accidents, Daddy?”

“Everyone has accidents sometimes.”

Justin peeked through the open door. Gus was sitting on the toilet, legs swinging, looking like he didn’t have a care in the world, babbling kid stuff while Brian leaned on the sink, pulling his sweat soaked shirt away from his skin and glancing longingly at the shower. Justin quickly gathered some clean clothes for Brian and held them through the doorway, where they were snatched from him and a grateful ‘thanks’ was tossed his way. A moment later, he heard the shower turn on and the conversation resume.

“Why you takin’ a shower, Daddy?”

“Because I got hot and sweaty making sure you didn’t pee your pants.”
“Oh. Did I do something to make me hot and sweaty, too?”

Brian chuckled, knowing where the conversation was heading and said, “Sure. You want to take a shower with me?”

“Yes! Can I please? It looks so fun in there. It is way bigger and has that hosey thing. We don’t have a hosey thing at home and Mommy makes me take baths like a baby. I’m not a baby, Daddy.” Gus puffed out his chest.

“Stick your head out the door there and ask for some dry clothes after you flush and wash your hands. Then you can come in here.” Brian instructed.

Justin went down the hall into the living room as Gus hollered, “I’m gonna shower with my Daddy! I gotta have some clothes!” before slamming the door again.

Both women looked around for their luggage. Justin pulled his cellphone from his pocket and pretended to talk while the girls came to the realization that he had left the luggage outside. When they glanced his way he shrugged and said, “Sorry, I got a call,” before he turned around and went back to the bedroom and the relative safety it represented. He could hear Gus and Brian in the bathroom and the women struggling with their luggage in the living room. He knew he shouldn’t have been so rude to them, but they had treated him like a hired hand and he was anything but. Oh well. He was glad his mother hadn’t seen him act that way.

In an effort to make amends, he made a light snack and had iced tea ready when the women were finished. The blond, Lindsey, had taken a clean outfit out for Gus and Justin noticed the keen edge of lust in her eye as she started walking to the bathroom. Justin did NOT like that look one bit, and he would be damned before he let her get a look at Brian in the shower.

“Lindsey! Why don’t you and Mel come eat. You probably want to get off your feet. You’ve been travelling with a small child all day. Take a few minutes and relax. I’ll take those clothes in to Gus for you.” he offered, not really giving her a chance to object when he snatched the clothes from her hands and made a beeline for the bathroom. Inside the steam-filled room, Gus was still chattering away the way kids do, moving from subject to subject, glad to have his Dad’s full attention, not even noticing Justin’s quick entrance and exit.

He returned to the living room where the girls had made themselves at home on the big sectional couch, both sipping at glasses of wine, having opened the pricey bottle Brian had bought that time Justin blew him in the grocery store. Brian was not going to be happy about that. Brian had already
commented that he was saving that bottle for a special occasion.

Justin set the plate of snacks he’d made down on the coffee table and took a seat on the other side of the sectional, determined to hold his tongue and do his best not to embarrass Brian, no matter the provocation. He figured silence was golden and, so long as they didn’t feel the need to talk, neither would he. Unfortunately, he wasn’t so lucky.

“So, Justin, Brian said you were ‘friends’. I thought I knew all of his friends. How long have you known him?” Lindsay asked while not really looking at him.

“Since his first day here on the island,” Justin answered tersely and without elaboration even though he could tell the women were waiting for more.

Lindsay appeared a little shocked by the fact that they had known one another for such a short time, so he followed with a question of his own. “That surprises you?”

She gave him a tight smile and waved a hand dismissively. “In a way. Nearly all of Brian’s friends have known him for a long time, decades really. He isn’t exactly known for his personable ways.”

Justin didn’t like the way Lindsey made it sound like Brian wasn’t allowed to make new friends. “Well, he and I hit it off right from the start and have been hanging out ever since.” He was not going to tell her that they had a business arrangement over and above their friendship. “I find him plenty ‘personable’. Besides, Brian’s a lot of fun. And he’s made tons of friends already around here.”

“I’ll bet.” Melanie snarked. “Brian’s always been popular in the backroom of any club.”

Changing topics, Lindsay asked, “So when do you start back to school?”

Justin frowned. The WASP was fishing for his age and implying that he was too young for Brian. “Art school starts the last week of August, but I won’t be going this term due to family obligations.” Take that, you bitch!

“College? I’m a little surprised. I didn’t think you were old enough for college. Forgive me.” Lindsay’s tone sounded anything but sorry - in fact, she seemed to be gloating over the information she’d ferreted out.
Justin shrugged dismissively.

“So, art school? What school are you attending, Justin?” Lindsey continued to pry, interested despite herself when she heard that Justin was also an artist.

“I was accepted at the Pratt Institute, SVA, and the New York Academy of Art here in New York. I was also accepted at SAIC in Chicago, SFAI in California, and PIFA in Pittsburgh. Unfortunately I had to defer my enrollment,” Justin found himself bragging just a little, enjoying the envious look that Lindsey shot his way as he went through the prestigious list of schools.

“That’s quite the compilation of schools. You must be pretty talented to have been accepted so many places. I’ve never heard of anyone being accepted to all of those at one time,” Lindsey’s condescending smile clearly conveyed the fact that she didn’t believe the boy sitting in front of her had actually been accepted to so many of the top-rated art schools in the country. When Justin didn’t lower himself to argue or defend his claims, Lindsey tried another tack. “It’s probably for the best that you aren’t attending yet anyway. You’re so young - you should probably give yourself a few more years to prepare. I hear the professors at those schools can be very demanding. It takes a lot of hard work and dedication to the craft. Not many people make it. Most can’t handle the pressure.”

Justin immediately caught the notes of jealousy and resentment and fired back, “Like you?”

Mel snorted wine and started coughing, so Justin leaned over and thumped her back solicitously.

Lindsay fluttered a hand as if batting away a fly. “I left art school to raise a family. Children take a lot of time and dedication too. You might find that out if you ever have a family of your own someday.”

Justin went back to his food. “Oh? Seems like you had a much later start with family planning, or is Gus not your first child? I myself don’t plan on settling down and having a family. You are absolutely right - it IS a lot of work and a lot of headache. I’m not sure I’m ready to make those kinds of... sacrifices. Besides, at this point in my life I’m having too much fun to settle down. I don’t want to ruin my youth by shackling myself to someone else for a false sense of security and making my partner miserable because we leapt before we looked. As you pointed out, I am still pretty young and I plan to enjoy myself while I can.”

“Spoken like a true disciple of Brian,” Mel said, pouring a second glass of wine.
“Actually, Mel, I thought that way long before I met Brian.” Justin had had just about enough of this shit. He didn’t like the way they were implying he was too young for Brian in one breath and suggesting that he settle down with the next. Or that Brian was not the one to do it with. AS IF! “I like fucking, and sucking, and men, and fun, and singing, and anything else that makes me feel good - including Brian. He’s smart, funny, and driven. Sure he gets cranky and can be deliberately obtuse sometimes, but he likes to have a good time too, and if I can be a part of that, then I will count myself grateful.”

Brian and Gus chose that moment to come into the living room, both now dressed and smelling good enough to eat. “Did I hear you saying you’re grateful for something, Cookie?” Brian asked, intentionally walking over to leave a kiss on the top of the blond mop of hair and then standing beside the poor boy getting the third degree from his friends.

Justin grinned and answered while staring Lindsey in the eye. “I’m grateful that you have invited me to share in your vacation and have agreed to allow me to escort you and your son on your adventures.”

It was at THAT moment that Lindsey realized that A) Justin was no pushover, B) Brian kept him around for more than a quick fuck, and C) Justin was going to be around HER son for the duration of his stay on the island. Not to mention the fact that he was too impertinent by half. She managed to keep her mouth shut while Gus - who had plopped down next to her on the couch and immediately grabbed two handfuls of the delicious looking edibles - ate his snack but vowed to get Brian alone so she could tell him exactly what she thought about his little “Cookie”.

“Okay, everyone, let’s get ready to head to the beach,” suggested Brian, partly in an effort to prevent an escalation of Lindsey’s cutting snobbery, but mainly because he wanted to make every minute of Gus’ visit loads of fun for the little boy.

“Yay!” enthused Gus. “Let’s go now. I wanna find sheshells to start my clecshun. And a big, sparky pink one for J.R.”

Brian grinned indulgently at his excited son, who was tugging on his hand. “Whoa there, Sonny Boy. Let’s give your mothers a chance to get ready.”

Brian turned to the two equally sour-faced women, who looked like they’d just bitten into lemons, and asked, “Lindz, Mel, did you want to refresh yourselves and change into casual clothes before we go?”

“Oh, Brian,” responded Lindz with a simpering giggle. “Surely there’s a boardwalk which you and I
can stroll along while the young ones dig their toes into the sand and dip them into the water.”

“There’s no boardwalk, Lindz. This isn’t a fucking resort. Didn’t you look at any of the brochures about Fire Island that I gave you?” With a smirk, Brian carried on, “And what about your hubby? I don’t think Mel qualifies as one of the younguns.” The brunet knew damned well that his friend was trying to corner him so that she could give him a piece of her mind. No way would he allow that, at least not yet. He wanted to enjoy the afternoon with his son. “If you two ladies,” Brian intoned, with a sarcastic edge to the word ‘ladies’, “don’t want to join us, you’re welcome to stay here or you can head back into the village. It’s not a long walk.”

The two women exchanged a quick glance before Lindsey responded, “I don’t want to get all sandy right now, Brian, so maybe we will head into town. Are you sure you don’t want to come with us and show us around? It would be nice to have you as our escort. In fact, why don’t you and Gus both join us? You can always go to the beach tomorrow. And besides, either Mel or I should probably be there the first time Gus heads to the beach. We want to make sure he’s safe and that he stays away from the water unless one of us is there.”

“If you two want to go to town, fine, but Gus has already said he wants to head to the beach so that’s where we’re going,” Brian insisted.

“You will be careful, though. Won’t you, Brian?” Lindsey pursed her lips and warned, “Gus is just a little boy and he’s never been to the ocean before. Are you sure you’ll be okay with him down there? You have to keep an eye on him at all times. You can’t let him wander. And don’t let him go near the water on his own. He’s not a very strong swimmer, you know. Is there an undertow on this beach? What about rip tides?”

As Lindsey started to get a bit hysterical about whether Brian was capable of watching Gus, sounding as though she expected their son to get sucked into the ocean and drown, both men had to swallow their laughter. Lindsey was behaving ridiculously. Brian couldn’t keep from rolling his eyes at her dramatics.

“Of course I’ll keep an eye on him. What did you think, I’d throw him in and then walk away?” A bit of irritation crept into Brian voice as he continued, “I’d never endanger my son, Lindz, and you know that. Besides, we’ll have an island native with us,” Brian winked in Justin’s direction, “who will let us know if there are any ‘perils’ we need to look out for.” Neither of the women could possibly have missed his sarcastic emphasis on ‘perils’. Brian was satisfied that, although Lindz spluttered a little, she didn’t say another word.

After Mel and Lindz finally departed, with Lindz still casting worried looks over her shoulder in her son’s direction, the menfolk headed toward the beach.
Their trip to the beach was a short one. It was already late by the time they’d made it to the house and, despite his excitement, Gus was yawning before they’d spent more than a half hour playing in the sand. The two older boys reluctantly toted a sleepyheaded child back up to the house where Brian settled him in the bed made up in the office that would be his ‘room’ for the duration of Gus’ stay.

As Brian turned around, he caught the lustful eye of the Cookie. Brian quirked a brow. Justin shrugged. Brian stopped his retreat with a hand on a pale, warm arm in the hallway. “What were you thinking?”

Cookie whispered, “Is it too weird that I want to fuck your brains out after watching you with your kid?”

Brian smiled and teased, “But his moms could come back at aaannnnyyyyy moment.”

Justin nodded emphatically, “I know. We would have to be really quick. Like, super duper quick. Like, lightning fast.” He licked his lips in anticipation. A habit that Brian was beginning to love.

“So why aren’t you naked yet, Speedy Gonzales?” Brian asked while shucking his shorts. “You watch the front. I’ll watch the kid. Slap my leg if you see them and I’ll do the same.”

Justin dropped his pants and together they quickly got Brian suited and Justin lubed. Justin was bent over, hands braced on his knees, watching the front of the house while Brian pounded away, keeping his eyes on his son should he wake up and catch them en flagrante. It felt sooo good. They had gone almost all of their waking hours today without a good fuck . . . or a bad fuck, or any fuck at all! If this was what the next two weeks had in store for them, they had to come up with a better plan.

“Fuck!” Brian whispered loudly, “I can’t fuck you while looking at my kid! It is too weird.” He kept pumping though as he maneuvered them around, effectively trading places, but then he had to twist his head at a painful angle to see down the hall to the front rooms . . .

“I can’t do this looking at your kid either! This is totally not fair!” Justin covered his eyes with one hand and stroked his cock really fast with the other. Which probably would have been okay, except that Brian was not expecting to lose the resistance of Justin’s braced arms and they both went sprawling to the floor. Brian landed flat on top of Justin and, since he was still balls deep in the man under him, thought “Fuck it!” nailing the kid to the floor amid his flailing limbs and grunting laughter until they both climaxed.
The Cookie was probably gonna have some major carpet burn on his chest and hips, but Brian figured he had a cure for that too.

Chapter Theme Music - Pocketful of Sunshine.

Chapter End Notes

8/3/16 - I know, I know . . . all that annoying plot and only a little tiny bit of fun stuff at the end. What can I say . . . after 24 chapters we finally had to break down and do some real plot development. So sorry. We’ll try not to make too big a habit of it though. Thanks to all our wonderful readers and those who leave comments - if we haven’t answered your comment/review yet, it’s not because we don’t appreciate them, it’s just because we’re too caught up in writing. Please keep em coming. Thanks also to Comma Momma and Shari for their wonderful input. Now, let’s see what kind of fun we can write up for the boys and Gus! S&T
As it was, Brian and Justin probably hadn’t needed to hurry quite that much since the girls took their good sweet time getting back from their jaunt to Ocean Beach Village. By the time they wobbled back into the beach house, Brian and Justin had moved their post-carpetburn makeout session to the couch. They had maintained enough decorum to have put their shorts back on, but that was as good as it got. And, since they’d had quite a bit of time on their hands while they were waiting, the tentative caresses had already progressed to the hot and heavy groping stage.

The girls were already rather tipsy, and not very observant, giggling and teasing each other as they bumbled in through the door and tried to make their way through the darkened living room. Lindsey had tugged Mel after her and was slowly backing up towards the sectional, the two trading kisses as they went. Just as the ladies were about to topple over the back of the sofa, the men already occupying that space realized they were in imminent danger of being enveloped in a freaky lesbian love pile and rushed to take defensive action.

“Starting in on your vacation a little early, aren’t you?” Brian spoke up, his loud voice startling the two unaware women and causing them to jump about a foot back from the couch. “If you two were planning on engaging in any activities that might result in the exchange of female juices anywhere near my couch, think again. I won’t have you traumatizing poor Justin that way. Either keep it to your guest room or take it outside to the beach like the rest of us, but do NOT contaminate my furniture.”

“Darn it, Brian! Why are you sitting in the dark? You scared me,” Lindsey gasped, pulling her shirt back over a bare shoulder to cover her exposed breast.

“Yeah, well, the thought of you and your naked tits on my couch scared me first!” Brian sat up and, in the process, dislodged a disgruntled Cookie, who quickly reached down to adjust the briefs that were only just barely covering his generous and highly aroused endowment. “It looks like you ladies found something to do to pass the time. How are the lezzie bars around here? Come across any new
pussy to play with? Fondle any foreign tits?”

“Oh, Brian!” Lindsey giggled, seating herself on the couch as near to Brian as she could get without crawling into his lap, while Mel looked on with a disgusted frown. “You haven’t changed a bit since college. Always going for the shock value.”

Justin watched, intrigued by the way Lindsey simpered and smiled coquettishly at Brian, laying her hand on his shoulder and then lightly rubbing her fingers in small circular motions in an almost erotic fashion while she blatantly ignored Melanie. The unhappy scowl on Mel’s face confirmed that she’d seen the same thing. Brian, on the other hand, didn’t seem to be paying Lindz any attention at all. He was already scooting away from Lindz and closer to Justin, his left arm snaking around the younger man’s creamy white shoulders and his right hand inching towards a bare thigh. Yep, the interactions here were definitely interesting, not to mention uncomfortable in the extreme, Justin decided.

“I’d say, if he was going for shock value, he’s hit his mark with those fucking obscene videos,” Mel growled, the sound of her angry voice seeming to suddenly remind Lindsey of the existence of her partner.

“That’s true. Maybe even overshot it a bit, don’t you think, Bri?” While Mel continued to glare at Brian as if what he’d done was so reprehensible and abhorrent that he should be henceforth banned from the human race, Lindsey smiled at the ne’er-do-well indulgently. “I was so shocked when Michael called and told me that you were all over the Internet. I didn’t even believe it at first. And when I saw . . . What WERE you thinking Brian?”

“He wasn’t thinking,” Mel insisted adamantly. “At least not with the head on his shoulders.”

“Hell, it’s not like I was posing for the losers who took those videos, Lindz,” Brian protested. “You know how it is these days - everyone’s got a smartphone and thinks they’re an amateur Alfred Hitchcock. I can’t help it if some drooling troll has nothing better to do than follow me around the island and video everything I fucking do.”

“Yeah, well, if you’re fucking everything that moves with three legs all over the fucking island in broad daylight, what exactly did you expect, Brian?” Mel was so fed up by this point that she couldn’t sit still. She bounded up to her feet, stomping off towards the kitchen, where she was heard slamming things around and rummaging through the fridge.

“Mel . . .” Lindsey gently chided her retreating partner before turning her attention back to Brian. “You really SHOULD know better, Brian. After all, they were so horribly explicit. There wasn’t
“Anything you didn’t show . . .” Lindsey made a production of laying her hand on her forehead as if to ward off the headache of it all. “What are all your clients and employees going to say when they see them? And what about Gus? What if he were to see them? Or, if not Gus himself, his teachers and the parents of his friends? I don’t know what I’ll say if anyone approaches ME about the subject. Didn’t you think about how embarrassing it would be for all of us? Every time I see them, I’m mortified all over again.”

“Frankly, no. Amazingly enough, when I’m about to fuck a hot trick, you and your cunty husband are the last thing on my mind, Lindz,” Brian shot back, exasperated by the fact that his friend had the gall to criticize and judge his lifestyle. “Besides, how the fuck would Gus’ teachers or your lesbo friends - assuming they troll the Internet for hot gay porn - even know who I was? You and your husband have always been quick to point out to anyone who asked that I was merely a sperm donor and you two are his ‘parents’. Hell, most of the time you barely even acknowledge that I’m Gus’s father. Well, except when you need my money . . . then I’m Daddy Warbucks.”

Justin reached out his left hand and let it rest on Brian’s abdomen, hoping to infuse the beleaguered man with his quiet support. He could feel Brian’s pulse beating a million miles an hour and the tension of the confrontation vibrating through his skin. Meanwhile, Lindsey was looking over at Brian with this annoyingly condescending little smile, like an amused mother hen who was entertained by the naughty antics of her chick at the same time she thought it was her duty to reprimand him. That smug, disdainful, haughty expression on the woman’s face was making Justin’s blood boil. He longed to physically wipe it off her face - the stupid, judgmental cow.

Justin didn’t really know much about Brian’s business, but he was sure he hadn’t become as rich as he appeared to be by playing it safe or pandering to his clients. He just could NOT see Brian doing anything so - normal or predictable. He did understand why Brian would be loath to put the bitch in her place, given the relationship with his son, but he himself held no such insecurities or inhibitions.

“Just how many times HAVE you watched those videos Lindsey? Because, you know, despite how mortified you are by them, you seem to have gotten a good eyeful.” Brian tensed and Justin stood, forgetting he was only in his skivvies as anger fueled his disdain. “For a lesbian, you certainly have quite an interest in Brian’s GAY sex life. Not to mention, you are awfully touchy-feely with his person.”

Lindsey bristled at Justin’s tone and insinuations of impropriety, causing Brian to hide a smirk behind a cough. She did pull her hand away from his arm, though.

“If you ask me, I thought the videos were great,” Justin added gloatingly, reveling in the way Lindsey’s face got tighter and tighter as he continued to rally to Brian’s defence. “Both Brian and I look fucking hot in all of them. I really liked the first one - the one with both of us fucking a whole line up of guys on the deck. Did you see that one? The way Brian got all six of his guys off was magnificent. The looks on their faces. They all loved it so much. Too bad the photography on the
second one really wasn’t the best, since Brian really did look tasty in that cock ring.” Lindsey’s offended gasp sounded forced, Justin thought, but he had to give her points for playing the outraged prude to the very end. “Of course, my favorite was last night’s. Have you seen that one yet? Fuck! Brian was so damned sexy in that outfit! I was so turned on, we fucked for HOURS after I finally dragged him home. I bet there are guys whacking off to that video on every fucking continent in the world right as we speak. Maybe even a few women - who knows?”

When Lindsey stood up, facing him, and looked like she was going to interrupt and voice her outrage, Justin simply spoke over her, not even close to being ready to lay off her yet.

“You see, ladies - and I use that term only honorarily since so far you haven’t acted like ladies - Brian and I are out and proud, unapologetic gay men. We’re both hot. We both love to fuck. And neither of us is going to hide that fact. If you don’t like it, I suggest you not watch the clearly fascinating videos you purport to dislike so much,” Justin continued as he crowded into her personal space, unfazed by her superior height even though he was only in his underwear and she was fully dressed.

“By the way, Lindsey, you may want to focus a little more on your own spouse instead of obsessing over Brian, since she seems a bit upset and I would hate for you to spend your all-expense-paid Paris dream vacation in the doghouse trying to explain why you lust after something you purport to hate and most certainly will never get. Brian doesn’t need two blonds in his life and I’m afraid you’ve already fulfilled your purpose. So just drop it. What’s done is done and Brian does NOT need to answer to you or anyone else.”

“Who the hell do you think you are?” Lindsey seethed when Justin finally stopped long enough for her to get a word in edgewise.

Before she could continue, Justin squared his shoulders and crossed his arms over his chest. “I’ll tell you who I am. I am Justin Fucking Taylor. Son, brother, friend, artist, and - currently - short order cook. I’m honest, loyal, smart, and I take care of my own family instead of expecting others to do it for me. I’ve worked more or less full-time since my deadbeat daddy left when I was twelve, and I haven’t regretted a day since because he was a worthless piece of shit and we’re better off without him . . . Who am I? I am Brian Kinney’s friend. His lover. His daily companion. And, apparently, the only one in this house aside from his son who isn’t putting him down or denigrating him. So, my question is, who the fuck are you?” Justin had said all this with a deadly calm and quiet poise, his voice barely raised above a whisper. When he finished, still looking at Lindsay, he addressed Brian. “I’m going to bed, Brian. You can join me after you’re finished here.”

“Wait up, Cookie. I think we’re done for tonight,” Brian announced, grabbing the younger man’s hand before he could get more than a step away. “Mel, can you lock up and turn off the lights before you head to bed? Oh, and, if you brought ear plugs, I’d put them in now, since I’m about to fuck Cookie through the mattress and he DOES tend to be a bit of a screamer. Night, ladies!”
The bedroom door hadn’t even closed all the way when Brian shoved his champion against the wall and claimed his mouth roughly. Justin braced his elbows on Brian’s shoulders and used them to leverage himself up and wrap his legs around the taller man’s waist, his weight suspended in mid air and their hips compelled together merely by the force of gravity. The recent confrontation was fuelling emotions that were unfamiliar and unexplainable but still driving them both on nonetheless.

Justin was pissed, not at Brian, but at the man’s friends for being so selfish and wrapped up in their own agendas that they couldn’t see how they were hurting this kind-hearted man, and he used that anger to dig his fingers into Brian’s scalp and take the mouth that was only recently ravaging his own. Brian swallowed Justin’s ire and in return gave him back thanks and humor, grinning while he squeezed the lovely plump ass. No one, not even Mikey, had ever done such a complete and thorough job of defending him. Watching Justin stand toe to toe with the one person he always gave in to was exhilarating - not to mention, hot as hell - and his Cookie had never even raised his voice. It was amazing!

Within seconds they were naked on the bed, a flurry of hands and lips seeking whatever bits of flesh they could find until Brian muttered “I need you now.” Dropping his forehead to Justin’s, Brian breathed in the intoxicating scent that he was rapidly becoming addicted to. Justin gulped air, spreading his knees wider in silent acquiescence and Brian sank into him not a minute later. It was rough, rhythmless, and frantic. It felt like Brian wanted to crawl inside his lover and live there in the warmth.

Justin recognized Brian’s behavior. He was being controlling and domineering because he felt powerless and abused. Justin didn’t care - if that’s what Brian needed, that’s what he would get. Before long, Brian got even rougher, trapping Justin’s hands over his head and biting the muscles of his neck and shoulder. The hot hard length of Brian’s cock invaded Justin’s core, filling him and dispersing the pounding, pulsing outrage through their connection. It was so fucking primal. The very friction of their flesh rasping against each other adding infinitesimally to the cresting waves of passion, building each successive breaker up, higher and higher, until there was no physical way they could come down without crashing. And when that crash came, it was exquisite. The surge of sensation hit so hard that it sent both men into convulsions of pleasure, making both of them cum in a flood of rapid jolts and twitching limbs.

Brian immediately rolled away, reclaiming his personal space, obviously reacting to the height of intimacy they’d just shared. But Justin wasn’t about to let the girls win that way. Not his Brian. His Brian would know not just what it sounded like when someone cared, but by the time Justin was through, Brian would know what it FELT like too. He rolled closer to Brian, taking his lips in a slow, light kiss. Brian tried a couple of times to deepen it, make it more passionate, but Justin would retreat, then come slowly back until Brian capitulated. When he did, Justin treated him to long, slow, soothing caresses down his torso and belly that had nothing whatsoever to do with sex. When Brian raised a brow in question, Justin cocked his head and shrugged, his expression carefully neutral.
Justin poured every ounce of caring and acceptance he could muster into each touch, each kiss, hoping it was enough so that Brian would never feel empty again - Justin now certain that was exactly how Brian felt most of the time. Sure, Brian was proud and gifted, sexy and confident, but he was also alone. The girls had just categorically proven that. So Justin rubbed, and stroked, and kissed, until his lover completely relaxed under his slighter frame and then Justin faced him and filled him. Filled him with his tongue and his fingers and his cock and finally with his love. He never said it, probably would deny it if asked and would never actually voice the word, but he couldn’t help it. How could you not offer love to someone so desperately seeking it? How indeed.

Brian was a little miffed the next morning when he woke up to an empty, cold bed. Even in the short time he’d been on the island, he had already become accustomed to waking up with an armload of warm, playful blond. He found he no longer liked the alternative very much, which was shocking in its own way, since he used to hate waking up and finding a trick who’d overstay his welcome still stinking up the sheets. Of course, Cookie was different.

After a quick trip to the john, Brian shuffled out of the bedroom and down the hallway. It was really fucking early, and his brain wasn’t actually working yet - that was the downside of going to bed as early as they had last night, although, since the alternative would have been staying up with the girls, he was glad they’d cut the evening short - so he didn’t have an actual destination in mind. He just let his feet follow his ears, homing in on the happy chatter coming from the direction of the kitchen.

“Wow, Jus! I never seen pancakes that are fish. How’d you do that?” Gus’ voice sounded awestruck, and Brian smiled even through his lack of caffeine.

“It’s not that hard. You just have to know what the fish you want to make look like, see them in your mind, and then swirl the batter around in the right way. See . . . like this . . .” Justin was explaining, and even though Brian couldn’t see the actual pancake making, he was sure that Gus was wearing the same inquisitive, wrinkled-nose look that Cookie sometimes had.

“You are the coolest, Jus! You can do anything! Can I try, too?” Gus begged enthusiastically.

Brian rounded the corner of the kitchen and found the scene his brain had already envisioned. Both his boys were adorned in aprons - Gus’ doubled up a couple times but still dragging on the seat of the chair he was standing on so that he was tall enough to see the stovetop - with smears of pancake batter decorating both noses and chins. The kitchen was a total disaster, but after looking at the happy smiles on both faces, he found he couldn’t care less. Justin was leaning over Gus’ back, his hand gripping onto the child’s wrist in order to guide the boy’s tentative motions as he ladled out a thin stream of drippy yellow batter.
“The trick is to get the pan hot enough to cook but not so hot that it cooks too fast. You don’t want your pancake to burn before you can get all the fish pieces on there. See . . .” Justin tutored the budding sous chef. “That’s great, Gus. Now, dribble just a tiny little bit along here . . . See, that’s how you make the tentacles . . . Right! You’ve got it! Just keep going like that!” Brian thought that his Cookie sounded almost as excited by the process as his son.

“What smells so good in here?” Brian asked, as soon as he saw the cooks setting down their implements of cooking destruction.

“Daddy! NO! You can’t be in here!” Gus screamed, jumping off the chair he’d been standing on and pushing Brian back out of the kitchen as hard as his little muscles could. “You hafta go back to bed, Daddy. Me an Jus is making you Breffast in Bed! So you hafta go now!”

“Breakfast in bed? Really? I don’t think I’ve ever had breakfast brought to me in bed before.” Brian let himself be pushed backwards by the little fireball.

“You’ve NEVER had breakfast in bed, Boss?” Justin asked incredulously. “You’re kidding, right?”

“Nope. This will be a first for Brian Kinney.” Brian assured them both. “So, I’m really looking forward to it. What are you making me, Sonny Boy?”

“Is sa sprise, Daddy, so I can’t tell you now!” Gus changed tactics, giving up pushing at the larger body in favor of pulling Brian away by the hand. “Come ON, Daddy. You hafta get back in bed and wait. Cause if you don’t it won’t be right!”

Brian capitulated easily, allowing his son to tow him back down the hall and deposit him in bed. Gus even went so far as to force him to squirm down under the covers so that he could tuck him in. Then he told his father he needed to go back to sleep so he could be sprised. Brian obliged him by obediently closing his eyes and pretending to snore as loudly as he could. Gus laughed, bent to kiss his father’s nose, and then went trotting off back to his gustatory creations.

Gus entered the kitchen, called out excitedly, “Daddy’s sleepin’ ‘gain, Jus. But, he said he needs coffee soon, so we hafta get breffast to him fast.”

“Okay, we can do that. Want to help me make a big octopus?” asked the blond pancake specialist. “That’ll give him lots of arms and legs to bite off.”
"Yeah! Show me whatta do," his eager little helper replied, clearly enthralled at the idea of eating pancake octopus limbs.

Justin once more guided Gus’ hands in scooping up the batter, ladling a big dollop into the center of the pan, and then scalloping the edges so that they formed the limbs. He also showed him how to scrape off some of the batter so that the sea creature’s head and limbs were raised up a little bit. Then they added streaks of a lighter colored batter that Justin had made up by adding coconut milk to the recipe, creating a more variegated surface. On top, they added tiny slices of cut up banana for more decoration and so that the pancake fish would have eyes, of course.

“Ooh, Daddy’s gonna love these, Jus. Do they taste as good as they look? They smell yummy!” The brunet boy was bouncing up and down in paroxysms of ecstasy. Justin made sure to hold on to him firmly so that he wouldn’t fall off the chair or accidentally touch the hot pan with his hands.

“I think we’d better have a taste test, don’t you? That’s what all experienced chefs do before they’ll serve a dish to their customers.” Justin looked down at Gus with a big grin. “And your Daddy’s our favorite customer, right?”

“Yes, Jus, he IS! So we gotta make ‘em perfect for Daddy. When we gonna taste ‘em? I’s ready now, Jus!” Gus spewed out, all in one anticipatory breath.

“Here, Gus. I poured some syrup on the last pancake we made. What do you think?” Justin asked, handing Gus the fork with a dripping piece of pancake attached.

“Yummmmmy, Jus,” mumbled Gus around the mouthful of dough. “I think they’re just right! Let’s finish fast. Then we can join Daddy in bed and eat ‘cakes!”

“Okay, Gus, why don’t you carry this silverware into the bedroom. Then you can take in some plates. Set everything on the nightstands. But be careful, you don’t want to wake up your Daddy. We want to be sure to surprise him.”

The two conspirators exchanged identical, gleeful grins. Justin quickly finished making the rest of the pancakes, which included more squid and octopi for all three of them and an odd, curled-up crustacean creature. He made sure to make one special ‘Wellington Flying Squid’ for Brian, sure that the man wouldn’t be able to resist making a comment about how it looked a lot like a dick. Then he poured coffees for himself and Brian - adding almost more sugar than coffee for the big guy - and...
“Okay, Gus, let’s carry in the rest of this stuff, and then you can wake up your Daddy,” the chef extraordinaire said as soon as Gus returned from his latest trip to the bedroom, laughing at the way the little boy’s eyes opened wide with ardent anticipation. Justin prepared a large tray and placed three plates with their three best pancake creations on it and let the little boy carry it proudly down the hallway. He brought along a second tray with everything else, including everything that was spillable, following closely on Gus’ heels in case the little one needed help.

Once they had tiptoed into the bedroom and set all their trays down, Gus jumped up onto the bed, placed a big smooch on his Daddy’s forehead, and called out “Daddy! Daddy! Wake up! Me ‘n Jus. We have a sprise for you!”

Brian, who had been obediently feigning sleep while listening to the cheerful voices in the kitchen and the sounds of dishware being delivered, scooped Gus up in a big bear hug, and exclaimed, “What? You have a surprise for me. What is it?”

Gus crowed and giggled in delight as Brian briefly tickled his ribcage before setting his son down on the bed.

“Jus an me made ‘cakes for you, Daddy! They’re really good!” the budding chef stated confidently. “An we gots s’rup to go on ‘em. An fruit too. An we dinn’t forget your coffee, Daddy!” the boy babbled on, wriggling in happiness. “See! See! The ‘cakes are fish! Innit the coolest thing you ever seed!”

Brian looked down at the tray that Gus was shoving into his chest and really was pretty amazed. It WAS the coolest breakfast he’d ever seen. Each of the plates on the tray contained one of the most realistic sea creatures he’d ever seen - made out of pancake batter, no less! There was a squid, an octopus, and even some shell-like creature with nasty-looking tentacles. They were truly remarkable. Brian looked over Gus’ head at his Cookie and grinned back at the amazingly creative chef.

“Wow, Gus! Just . . . wow! These are the most beautiful pancakes I’ve ever seen. Did you really make these?” Gus eagerly nodded, his smile now so wide it practically split his face in half. “Are you sure you’re only five?” Brian asked. “Because I don’t think a five year old could make anything this amazing. You must be at least twenty-five, right? And you’re just short for your age?”

“No, Daddy! I’m only five! But I did make ‘em. Jus helped a little though.”
“Well, I’m still impressed, Gus. I hope they taste as good as they look.” Brian declared, as he reached over to the nightstand and grabbed the syrup waiting there. “Now, what do you recommend? Syrup only? Or butter too? I’m new at this whole pancake breakfast in bed thing, so you’ll have to show me what to do.”

The rest of the meal was spent in the same joking and happy manner, with Gus snuggled up on one side of Brian and his Cookie on the other. They all gobbled down as many pancakes as they could - even Brian, who didn’t grumble once about the number of calories he was ingesting. There was syrup spilled on the sheets a couple of times and even a little orange juice dribbled, but nobody cared. By the end, the surprise breakfast in bed was declared a total success.

But the best part of the whole thing wasn’t the delicious, artistic food. It was the joyful company. And the fact that Brian’s very first breakfast in bed was being shared with two incredibly special young men.

Chapter Theme Music - Banana Pancakes.

Chapter End Notes

8/4/16 - The readers have spoken . . . apparently you actually LIKE plot? Who knew? Sheesh. Well, we put our little writer heads together and came up with some lovely plotty goodness for you. What did you think? We even managed to sneak in some Justin backstory for you! Nifty, huh? Of course, we still had to throw in the one gratuitous sex scene because . . . duh! Hope you enjoyed it though. Thanks as always to our helpers: Comma Momma, Samcedee, Sandra, Sno . . . as well as all the lurkers spurring us on to write more while they watched. If you haven’t yet checked out the online doc and played with us while we write, you should. FN is more than just a story - it’s an interactive event! LOL. Now, more plotiness . . . S&T
Chapter Notes

More Brian, Justin and Gus Beach fun . . . Enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 26 - When I Grow Up To Be A Man.

All the giggling and cheerful babbling in the master bedroom brought the other inhabitants of the beach house looking to investigate what they were missing. The boys were just wrapping up their breakfast feast when they heard a knocking at the door and looked up to find Lindsey poking her head around the jamb. She didn't look pleased to find all of them in bed together looking so comfy. Or maybe it was just that she felt that she'd been left out of the fun.

“Mommy. Mommy. Come see what Jus showeded me how to make. It's fish 'cakes! See! Aren't they cool?” Gus hollered before Lindsey could say anything, holding up the plate he was working on which still contained most of one large octopus pancake. “He can make ANYTHING! He showeded me how to make tentatles and squid eyes and they're so yummy, too! And we sprized Daddy with breffast in bed. It's so fun here. I don ever wanna go home. Never!”

“Don't be silly, Lambskin. Of course we all have to go home sometime. Vacations are fun, but I bet you're going to be missing your room and your toys and even your sister before too long,” Lindsey chided, sitting herself down on the foot of the bed and making herself comfortable without having been invited. “I hope you’d also, maybe miss me and your Mama, too?”

“Yeah, I guess I would miss Jenny,” Gus replied, totally dismissing the question about whether or not he’d miss his mothers. “Maybe she can come here and live with me and Daddy and Jus,” Gus proposed without taking into account the disapproving look on his mother's face. “She’s prolly too little to learn how to make 'cakes jes yet, but she can play in the sand wif me and Daddy and Jus and find sheshells. Then I won’t hafta miss her and I can still have fun.”

“Gus, honey, we have fun at home too, you know,” Lindsey asserted, while Brian and Justin exchanged amused glances.
“Nuh uh . . . Not like here,” Gus insisted stubbornly. “You never let me do nuffin at home. You said I was too little to help you cook. And you never make fish ‘cakes, ony helfy stuff that tastes like doo doo. And you yelled at me for eating in my bed, but Daddy and Jus said it was okay and they din’t even get mad when I spilled my orange juice. And there’s no beach at home. And I never get to see Daddy hardly at all. So I fink I wanna stay here instead.”

“Now, Gus. I don’t think that’s fair, sweetie. We do fun stuff all the time. We go to the park and you play with your friends. But life isn’t all about having fun. We have to be responsible sometimes too. That’s part of growing up and being a big boy.” Lindsey tried to rationally explain, only to be met with a small intractable copy of Brian crossing his arms and looking at her mutinously.

“Enough, Lindz,” Brian interrupted just as she was about to try again. “Gus, we’re having fun here because we’re on vacation. That’s what vacations are for. But even I will have to go home eventually and go back to work. So I don’t think you can live here forever. But I promise that you and I are going to start doing more fun things together even after we get back to Pittsburgh. Okay?”

“Really?” Gus looked at his father searchingly as if to gauge his commitment to this new ‘fun plan’. When he seemed reassured that Brian wasn’t just trying to placate him the way his mothers tended to do, he easily capitulated. “Okay, Daddy. If you promise to come see me more and do fun stuff, then I guess I’ll go home. But not yet, right? I still get to stay here wif you for our vacation and play and find sheshells and Jus will take us fishin’ and teach me more cookin’, right?”

“Definitely!” Brian and Justin said in unison.

“Yay!” Gus cheered, leaning over to give his father a big hug and then crawling over Brian’s body to make sure he hugged Justin too. “Good. Cause I’m not ready to stop havin’ fun yet and go home to the doo-doo food and the no-fun house.”

Lindsey took a breath, looking like she was going to continue to argue with her son. Brian shot her a gimlet stare, hoping to shut her up before she started up again with the whole ‘big boy’ shit. He really hated when parents did that to their kids. Gus was only five for fuck’s sake. He had a long time before he needed to grow up and be a big boy. Couldn’t he just be a fucking kid and enjoy himself for a while - especially when he was on vacation? Brian still remembered all the times his parents had used that line on him - why don’t you grow up already and stop acting like a baby - and he resented it even more when it was directed at his son. Without even thinking about it, he held out his hand to his Sonny Boy, unconsciously wanting to shelter him from the need to grow up too fast.

Gus smiled at his father’s open arms and proceeded to worm his way in between Brian and Justin, unfortunately kneeling Brian in the boy parts in the process. Brian convulsed in reaction, kicking out his legs and tipping over the tray with the remains of their breakfast in the process. Most of the dregs of the pancakes landed on the bed or Brian, but some landed on Lindsey’s pajama pant leg, causing...
her to jump up and grab for a napkin. Justin concentrated on picking up the contents of the tray, while giving Gus a towel so he too could help out with the mop up.

“That’s just a little game Cookie and I were playing the other night, Gus. It’s nothing,” Brian tried to explain succinctly.

“I don’t think so, Gus. Nail polish is really only for girls,” Lindsey intervened. “I’m sure your Daddy will want to take that off as soon as he gets up. And then we can all go check out the beach.”

Despite the fact that that was precisely what Brian had intended to do, Lindsey’s use of such a blatant gender stereotype really rubbed him the wrong way. Where was all this coming from? First the ‘big boy’ comment and now she was harping on what was inappropriate for boys versus girls to do? What the hell? She was hardly one to talk - raging carpet muncher that she was and married to one of the biggest bull dykes Brian had ever met. Even with all her political correctness, Lindsey was still brainwashing his son with that kind of shit? Fuck that.

“You know what, Gus,” Brian answered quickly before he changed his mind, “I think that’s a great idea. But you don’t have to do silver. I think Justin probably has some other colors you could choose from too. Maybe blue? Or green? What do you say, Cookie?”

“Sure thing, Boss,” Justin readily agreed, his mind already spinning with ways to artistically
elaborate on the idea. “I think I can rustle up a few more colors for us. But only if I get to paint my toenails too. I like blue myself. With a silver and green flower on the big toe, maybe? What do you say?”

“Yay! That would be so cool! Can we, Daddy?”

“Of course, Gus. We can do anything you want while you’re here,” Brian assured, looking pointedly at Lindsey while he said it. “Because when you’re with me, Gus, we don’t care about what’s girl stuff or boy stuff. Or acting like ‘big boys’. While we’re on vacation, we can do whatever we want as long as it’s fun for everyone. Right, mom?”

“Brian . . .”

“Right, Lindsey?”

“Whatever, Brian,” Lindsey capitulated.

“Lindsey, I’d be happy to paint your toenails this evening too,” Justin offered after glancing at her bare feet. “I’d have to give you a pedicure first, though. It looks like you haven’t had one in a while. Bet you want to look nice from head to toe when you arrive in Paris.” Justin was rewarded with a quickly-stifled gasp and an insulted, squinty-eyed glare.

“That won’t be necessary,” the blonde responded, sticking her nose up even further. “We have appointments at Les Petits Soins the morning after we arrive. They’re top-of-the-line professionals. We know that polish won’t wear off within a day or two.”

With that, Lindsay glanced disparagingly at Brian’s toes as if she were expecting the polish to start flaking off at any moment. When Brian just stared her down, she turned and flounced off to the guest bedroom to get dressed for their beach outing. Brian huffed a mirthless laugh at her retreating backside and then reached over to pull Justin close enough to kiss.

“You are evil . . . you know that, right?” Brian commented.

“I’m not evil. I’m sweet,” Justin giggled and kissed Brian back. Then the blond turned to include the boy currently being squished between them. “Right, Gus? You and I are the two sweetest boys on the island. We’re so sweet, we’d cause cavities if you ate us!”
Brian thought that Gus’ resulting giggles were even sweeter and probably the best sound in the whole world.

At last, everyone was ready to head to the beach. Lindsey had taken her revenge on Brian for not listening to her advice about the YouTube videos by being particularly finicky in choosing what she was going to wear over her swimsuit and taking her good sweet time getting dressed. She was also fuming, albeit silently, about Justin’s not cooking enough pancakes for her and Mel - resulting in them having to fall back on toast and coffee - as well as Gus’ comments that his mommies weren’t any fun. Not to mention Justin’s proposal to have a toenail painting party later that afternoon. The nerve of that bratty boy! First he dared to conjecture that she didn’t have Brian’s best interests at heart. Then, to add insult to injury, he suggested that her feet looked as though she hadn’t had a pedi in ages?

While the women lagged behind, neither looking particularly enthused about the expedition to the beach, Gus galloped ahead. He quickly caught up to his Daddy and Justin and insinuated himself between the two men, holding both his Daddy and his Jus’ hands. As they walked, he squealed with joy every time they’d lift him up, swing him, and then lower him back to the ground.

“Daddy. Jus. This is so much fun!” the happy boy called out. “Daddy, Daddy! Can I puts my feets in the water? When will I see a sheshell? I dinn’t find any good ones last night.” The little tyke rambled on nonstop, so excited to be with his Daddy - on a beach, no less - at last.

The little boy’s happiness was infectious, causing the two men to grin in delight. As soon as they found a spot Brian deemed acceptable, Justin started to unpack the large bag of supplies he’d brought with him, handing things to Gus as he went so the boy felt included. Brian watched in awe, wondering how, exactly, the Cookie got so much stuff in that one relatively little bag. Out came a sketchpad. Then pencils. Two buckets. Scoops for gathering sand. A collapsible blue shovel. Finally, a blanket and a few small cushions. Brian’s eyebrows had risen further as each item was revealed. Holy fuck! The bag must have been bespelled to allow the bearer to put in everything except the kitchen sink. Mary Poppins had nothing on his Cookie!

As the brunet stud stood there shaking his head in bemusement, Justin proposed,“Okay, Gus, let’s spread out our special sand-repelling blanket that I got just for your dad. We can leave the cooler with our drinks and snacks next to this driftwood log. Then, after we’re all set up, we can go wading in the ocean and look for seashells. If we find enough, we can even use a few of them to decorate the castle we’re going to build. How does that sound?” Justin received the exuberant agreement that he anticipated, with Gus jumping up and down in excitement.
With a wicked smirk, Justin shook out the large blue beach blanket while looking directly at Brian. “No more sand extraction needed, Boss. Satisfied?” Brian looked at him askance, making Justin wonder if his new purchase was a mistake or not - but no worries, he could always find other ways to to get Brian nice and sandy, if need be.

A snooty voice interjected, “Why would you need a special blanket, Brian? What is your hired help talking about?” Lindz minced over to the blanket and added, “This looks like an ordinary old blanket to me.” She sneered down at the blanket, stating emphatically, “We managed just fine with my old plaid blanket all those times we went to the beach together back in college.” An evocative tilt to her eyebrow suggested they’d done more than swim and sprawl out in the sun on that blanket.

“What the hell are you talking about, Lindz? We visited the beach exactly once while we were in college. And we didn’t go to the ocean. It was a fucking lakeside beach!” Brian let out a scornful guffaw. “And if I remember correctly, that particular outing didn’t end all that well. Have you forgotten that you unhooked your bikini top while you were sunbathing? Then, when you stood up an hour later, I remember you shrieking and running off into the trees after you realized you were flashing your tits at all those horny college kids. You didn’t even have the sense to reach down and grab your top. Hell, at least your tits didn’t sag back then. If you ask me, you should have just flaunted them while you had them. I wasn’t at all interested, but you might have caught a better husband.” Brian couldn’t stop chuckling at the looks of outrage on both women’s faces.

Sputtering incoherent noises, Lindsey completely lost her cool. Luckily, it seemed that she could find any words to express her outrage. Instead, she stamped her foot, glared at Justin - who was struggling not to laugh hysterically - as though he were responsible for Brian telling that tale, turned on her heel, and stormed away in the direction of town.

“You don’t have to be so fucking cruel, Brian!” For some reason, Mel found herself defending her wife, despite the fact that Lindz had once again been too busy flirting with Brian to pay HER any attention. It probably had something to do with Brian’s assertion that Lindsey might have found a better ‘husband’ if she had just shown some gumption and pride in her body during the ‘bikini incident’. The thing that got to Mel worse than anything was the way Brian seemed to know just how to push everyone’s buttons, and that was definitely one of hers. She couldn’t say that she was at all sorry to turn and hurry after her wife, glad that they wouldn’t have to spend more time with Brian even if she missed out on beach time with her son.

‘Good fucking riddance’, was the thought in both Brian and Justin’s minds.

Brian snorted to himself. He figured the girls were probably off to drink away all thoughts of ‘Big Bad Brian’ and his sarcastic, blond boy sidekick. He wished he could put them on the plane to Paris right that minute.
“So much for Lindsey’s protestations that they did fun stuff with Gus all the time. If this is any indication, I’d say Gus’ complaints are pretty well founded. Wasn’t she just going on and on about how she wanted to play with him on the beach today? And then, at the first little thing, she throws a tantrum and stomps off? Remind me - which one of them is the five year old?” Justin commented wryly, keeping his voice low enough so that Gus wouldn’t hear the derogatory remark.

Brian shook his head. He felt a little guilty for chasing Lindsey off. He HAD been goading her. But then again, she made it so easy. And he was getting a little fed up with her pawing at him all the time. Thankfully the girls were leaving tomorrow. He really could NOT handle having them as his guests for even a day more. Not if they kept up like this.

The women had almost disappeared into the distance, when Gus ran back to them, his hands full of sticks and some dried seaweed he’d found and wanted to show to his Daddy. Looking around, the boy immediately noted that the girls weren’t there. “Where’s Mommy? And Momma? Mommy said we could all go wayded in the water together and get our feets wet. Where’d they go?”

Fucking cunts! Brian snarled silently. It was one thing for him to be treated shabbily by his so-called friend but another thing entirely for Lindsey to disappoint her son. Couldn’t she have held off with her snit until after their time on the beach?

“They forgot their cover-ups at the beach house, Sonny Boy. Your Mommy has be be careful that she doesn’t burn in the sun. Maybe they’ll rejoin us later.” Brian prevaricated, hating to lie but wanting his son to enjoy their outing and not worry about his flighty mothers.

“Okay. They can wayded with us later, I guess,” Gus seemed content with the explanation he was given - probably too excited to worry about his missing mothers. “I wanna go to the water now though, Daddy. We don’t hafta wait for the moms, do we? Can we go now? Please!”

“Of course we don’t have to wait, Sonny Boy,” Brian smiled down on his enthusiastic offspring.

“Come on, Gus,” Justin intervened, hoping to lighten the mood a bit. “Race you to the water. Last one there is a smelly sea urchin!”

Gus laughed exuberantly and took off running pell mell towards the surf. Justin and Brian followed a heartbeat later. All three of them were whooping like cranes and goofing off for the next twenty minutes or so, their cares and the erstwhile lesbians easily forgotten.
“That water was so cold at first, Jus! It sprised me,” the little boy exclaimed as they all settled down on the blanket once they were through in the water. Brian tossed their wet towels to the side while Justin helped Gus spread out his seashells. “I dinn’t know there were so many kinds a sheshells, Daddy. I think Jenny will like this one,” the eager little boy rambled on, pointing to a whorled snail shell that was tinged a delicate, pearly pink.

“I have a shell for you, too, Daddy! And one for you, Jus! I member you like the fish thassa star, Daddy. An you are my hero, Daddy, jus’ like Woody in ‘Toy Story’, so you gotsa ‘ave a star.” Gus’ words tumbled over one another as they escaped his mouth. He was so proud of himself for picking out the right sheshells for his Jus and his daddy.

Brian reached down and accepted the small dried out starfish that Gus had found on the beach. He had to clear his throat and blink his eyes rapidly before he could speak. “Thanks, Sonny Boy. I’ll keep this star right next to my bed and will think of you every time I look at it.”

Gus’ face radiated joy at his Daddy’s comment. He really had chosen exactly the right sheshell. “Jus, this un’s for you.” Gus handed over a grey-blue, semicircular clam shell half that had bits of blue mica embedded in it, marking it sparkle in the sun. “Our blue toeneels are gonna be so pretty, Jus! Jus’ like this sheshell. See, it’s blue too!” Gus enthused.

Justin smiled his thanks at the adorable little boy, having to blink away yet more moisture. There’d already been a lump in his throat over the starfish Gus gave Brian. “Thanks for selecting this shell just for me Gus. You’re right - by the time we’re done, everyone’s going to envy our colorful blue toenails!” Including the two bitches masquerading as Brian’s friends, Justin vowed to himself.

Gus beamed even brighter when his Daddy said, “You chose the right seashell for J.R. too. She’ll really like that pink one, especially since her big brother picked it out for her.”

Brian seated himself on the big blue blanket and reached over to open the cooler. He didn’t know about the others, but he was thirsty after all that splashing around in the sun and surf. After popping it open, Brian handed his son a a can of Coca-Cola.

Gus’ eyes got really big. “I get to drink this, Daddy?! Mommy always says it’s bad for me, that I shouldn’t have so much sugar.”

Brian had to choke back a laugh before replying, “Well, you probably shouldn’t drink it all the time, but once in awhile, especially when you’re on vacation, is fine. Right, Cookie?” Brian queried, lifting an eyebrow while turning to their blond companion.

Justin chuckled at the obvious ploy to coerce his agreement. “It’s fine to drink the occasional soda,
Gus. We all like a bit of sweetness in our life, right, Mr. Kinney?” Rather than the beer Brian had been anticipating, the mischievous blond handed him a can of Coke, too.

Brian grunted, sent his Cookie a look that promised retribution later on, and took a sip of his overly-sweet drink. Sugar in coffee was one thing, but this soda crap was entirely another. Blech! he thought to himself, suppressing a moue of distaste. Justin had the cheek to wink at him, sporting a devilish smirk as he took a pull from his bottle of beer.

“Okay, Gus! Are you ready to create our first sand castle masterpiece?” Justin’s own eyes gleamed with excitement at the prospect.

“Yes, please, Jus! What we gotta do first?” The little boy was practically vibrating with eagerness to start his and Jus’ latest endeavor.

Justin showed Gus how to secure his soda can in the sand, digging a shallow hole to keep it from toppling over, and then suggested, “Why don’t you and your Daddy collect some sand in those pails, Gus, and pile it up on this side of the driftwood log?” We’ll need lots of sand for our castle - the ramparts, towers, and all the sea creatures surrounding it.

Gus immediately jumped up, grabbed the pails, and tugged at Brian’s hand. “C’mon, Daddy! We gots to get lotsa sand!”

Well, shit. Who could refuse two such adorable boys - couldn’t call them anything else, ‘cause they WERE adorable. One set of hazel eyes and one of bright blue, two upturned noses, both mouths slightly agape, the shared vision of inventing a turreted masterpiece infusing them with energy. After Brian stood up and stretched his lanky frame - all under the admiring gaze of his Cookie - he took one of the buckets from Gus, looking over his shoulder at the Cookie, and winking. “You’d better be ready for more sand extraction tonight, boy. Expect to work long, hard hours . . .deep into the night.”

“It’ll be a pleasure to work under you - and to work over you - Boss,” the grinning blond replied saucily. Brian just rolled his eyes and followed Gus.

The Kinney men heaped up piles of sand, Gus using his sunny yellow bucket decorated with squid and octopuses, and Brian the red one emblazoned with Minnie Mouse wearing a pair of bright yellow pumps. Brian muttered under his breath about getting stuck with a lezzie bucket. But, then again, with those shoes . . . no wonder Justin had picked that one.
While Brian and Gus industriously piled up sand, Justin drew a large circle in the sand with the edge of a bright blue plastic shovel. “I’m making a pad for our castle to sit on,” Justin explained as he built up the sand inside the circle, sloping the sides upward so that he ended up with a shallow cone.

Even though it involved that ever-intrusive sand, Brian admitted to himself that he was becoming as intrigued as Gus about the art of castle-building. “Time for the next step!” announced the blond.

“Could you two big strong men fill your buckets with water and carry them back to me?”

Gus giggled deliriously at being called a big, strong man. “I can do it! I can do it, Jus!” he boasted, grabbing his pail and running toward the surf.

“Whoa! there Sonny Boy!” Brian called, quickly moving to intercept his son and crouching down in front of the little boy. “What did we agree on about going into the water?”

Gus, with a sweetly repentant look on his face, glanced down at the ground. “Sorry, Daddy. I’ll wait for you or Jus nex . . .” the tyke trailed off, clearly worried that he was going to be punished. “I can still hep build the cass’l, right, Daddy? I’ll be good. I pwomise,” the little boy begged, tears swimming in his eyes as he looked at his father.

Brian felt his heart breaking as he took in the woeful, teary expression on his son’s face. What had the loathsome lesbians been doing that his son was so worried his playtime would be halted over such a minor infraction? Setting aside those concerns, which he was going to have to address with Lindsey after the girls returned from their Paris trip, he grinned broadly at his son and gave him a big hug. “Of course we’re still going to build the castle, Sonny Boy. Just remember to wait for me or Cookie before you head toward the ocean. It can be dangerous if you’re not careful. I want you around for a really long time. And I won’t see you for years if a whale carries you off to its island getaway.” Brian finished, “So stay close to me and Jus, okay?”

“I will, Daddy! I love you so much! I don’t wanna go live with a stinky whale,” the boy cried out, wrapping his arms tightly around his Daddy’s neck.

When the water-bearers returned with their pails, Justin had them pour the water into the center of the shallow cone and fetch water two more times. “Wow! Great job, guys!” the blond enthused.

“All comes the fun part! First we need to push the dry sand into the water ‘cause we have to get it really wet,” the blond architect instructed. All three men pushed the walls of the cone into the pond
that had formed in the middle, mixing the sand and water together.

Brian looked at his muddy hands dubiously, but then decided, ‘Fuck it all!’ Who cared about a little sand? He wasn’t about to be left out of erecting a castle with his boys, both of whom had smears of sand across their faces, arms, and legs.

“What now, Jus?” piped up the excited five-year-old. “This is so much fun!”

“We’re gonna do a sand dance to compact the sand so it’ll stick together. Otherwise the walls will come tumbling down, and we don’t want that, do we?” the artiste asked his avid assistants.

“We want the walls stay up, Jus!” The little boy voiced the opinion of both father and son, identical happy expressions on both their faces, the corners of their hazel eyes crinkling in the bright sunlight.

“Okay, then! Jump on up boys, and stamp your feet. This is what I call the ‘Taylor Stomperoo’. It’s a specially designed dance for castle creation.” With that, Justin tucked his thumbs into his armpits, lifted his feet exaggeratedly high and brought them down firmly while flapping his ‘wings’. Both Kinneys burst out in giggles before imitating Justin.

Once Justin declared the sand sufficiently compacted, the three boys collapsed on the pedestal for their castle, giggling and snorting. “Are you ready to make a tower?” Justin asked once they all finally calmed down. At their eager nods of agreement, Justin showed them how to remove the bottom from the special red Minnie Mouse pail. Gus pointed to where he wanted the first tower to go, and Justin upended the bucket in that spot. Then they ladled in more sand, added water, and tamped it down.

Justin took a mental picture of Gus performing the Taylor Stomp inside the bucket. He planned to draw a series of sketches to commemorate their days at the beach. This one of Gus would be the best of all, he thought.

The blond put his hands over the little boy’s and showed him how to quickly transfer a soft mixture of water and sand to the top of their tower and shape it into an angular blob of sand. “These are the tools we’re going to use to build the castle turrets,” Justin said, pulling yet more items out of his magical, bottomless bag. A spoon. Two palette knives. A fork. He then showed Gus and Brian how to release the water seal securing the bucket to the sand, by cleaning the sand away from around the bottom with one of the palette knives.
After banging on the sides to get the bucket to let go of the sand, Justin showed Gus how to place his fingers under the edge of the bucket and carefully lift it up. All three boys smiled brilliantly at each other when a conical tower was revealed. Justin then demonstrated how to carve away the sand at the top of the tower to create a peaked roof. He cut down and across to create a set of stairs and a window and then handed that palette knife to Brian so he could guide Gus in creating more openings to the tower-top rooms. While father and son were occupied with their endeavors, Justin cut away the rounded sides that the bucket had left behind, creating an octagon, and designed a set of stairs leading up from the base of the tower.

Next, the Cookie showed his assistant chef how to add crenellations by cutting out bricks and placing them along the wall at the top of the tower. They even baked round decorations for the castle walls, which involved shaping the balls, squeezing them into an ‘oven’ - i.e, covering them with hot, dry sand to harden - before finally sticking the decorations into the castle walls along with some of the seashells Gus had collected.

The industrious builders created two more towers before Brian’s stomach let out a loud rumble, causing his son to break out in a fresh spate of giggling. Brian’s face flushed beet red with embarrassment. It really must be all the unaccustomed outdoor activity - and maybe all the indoor activity involved in fucking the blond all night - that was causing his voracious appetite, the brunet decided. Up till this vacation, a turkey sandwich, no mayo, had been his standard lunch for years and had more than sufficed.

“I think it’s time for a break,” Justin commented between a few giggles of his own. “Gotta feed the beast, Boss. I know I’m ready for a snack. How about you, Gus?”

“Yep. I’s really hungy, Jus! Whatta we eatin’?” asked the curious little boy. Justin turned to the cooler and pulled out sandwiches and potato chips.

“While we eat, we can discuss what sea creatures we want to have swimming around our castle,” Justin said, handing out the food.

“Yum! I like these samwishes, Jus! What’s in the middle?” Gus asked, eyes rounded in wonder at the delicious taste. “Mommy never makes anything like this,” he confided.

“It’s cucumber and feta, an extra-tasty cheese I like to use in lots of dishes. These sandwiches are prepared according to a secret recipe, Gus, one that has been handed down through generations of my family.” Justin leaned closer to the wide-eyed little boy and whispered, “But I’ll share it with you, and we’ll make some more together another time. Then you can surprise your mothers by making the sandwiches for them after you get back home.” Justin grinned and added, “When they praise your sandwich-making skills, you can tell them that you learned it all from me.” See how you like them apples, you bitches! Justin thought with satisfaction.
After they satisfied the worst of their hunger pangs, the boys began their deliberations about the critters that would surround their castle. “Jus, can there be a whale? If it’s here, then it can’t take me ‘way from you, right, Daddy?”

“Don’t worry, Sonny Boy. I won’t let that whale get you. As long as you don’t go in the water by yourself, you’ll be safe,” Brian responded, reaching out to run a hand through his son’s hair. Peering over at his Cookie, Brian asked a bit diffidently, “Do you think we could have a sea dragon?” The brunet obviously had fond memories of the body painting and its aftermath.

“We can have whatever we want! We’ll have a sea dragon, a whale, and at least one octopus as well as some smaller fish. We’re building our castle safely above the high water mark, so we don’t have to worry that our fortifications will be washed away and we can come out and finish it up tomorrow. But let’s get at least one octopus started today, okay?”

Justin pointed to a pile of sand in front of the three towers. “We’ll start here. Let’s use your yellow bucket to create the octopus’ head, Gus. We’ll proceed just like we did with the towers.”

The boys were all tower experts by that point. They created a shallow pond, poured in water, danced to tamp down the sand, and then released the water seal around the bucket. Following, Justin’s example, Brian and Gus used the second palette knife to carefully carve out a roughly spherical head. Justin then used the knife in combination with the spoon to fashion the eyes so that it looked as if the octopus were winking at them and saying, “Hello, boys! Have you come to play with me?”

“Jus, whatta ‘bout the ocpus’ arms? How’s it gonna play wif us?” Gus asked, furrowing his brow a bit in concern.

“Don’t worry. Our octopus is going to have plenty of arms and legs. That’s the next step. Let’s see if we can create one arm to start. That way our friendly octopus can shake our hands.” With that, Justin showed the Kinney boys how to roll up a mixture of sand and water and shape it into a curved, tapering tube, so that they ended up with a tentacle rising out of the sand near the octopus’ head, curving downward, and tapering off to a point. Justin then used the wide-pronged fork to dig some curving striations in the sand, as if the suckers on the tentacle might be reaching out and searching for one of the other tentacles.

“What do you want to name our octopus door warden - the one who’s responsible for guarding the castle entryway - Gus? It needs to be a name worthy of such an important position,” Justin advised.
“I know! I know! It’s Squidward! ‘Cause he’s guarding the castle for us while we’re not here, right, Daddy? Right, Jus?” the delighted boy asked while bouncing up and down next to his squid.

“That sounds just right to me, Sonny Boy!” said Brian, who was almost bouncing himself at seeing his son so flushed with happiness, even though he had no idea who the fuck ‘Squidward’ was.

Justin nodded his agreement, wiped his brow as if relieved, and added, “Thank goodness! Now we don’t have to worry that our fortress is secure until we can come back tomorrow. Why don’t we all shake farewell with Squidward and head back home?”

They all shook Squidward’s tentacle, with Gus calling over his shoulder to their friend to, “be sure to scare ‘way any robbers!”

Then the happy trio, more than satisfied with their accomplishments that afternoon, agreed to head back to the beach house. Gus was getting drowsy - worn out from playing in the sun, sand, and water, so it was clearly time for a nap. Brian hoisted him up into his arms to carry him, while Justin gathered together the rest of their beach gear. With a contented little sigh, Gus snuggled his face into his father’s neck and fell deeply asleep before they were even a dozen yards away.

Justin was feeling almost as sleepy as the little boy and was dragging a bit, overburdened as he was with the huge bag of sand tools, the cooler and the pails full of Gus’ seashell collection. Brian, on the other hand, was practically jogging across the sandy expanse. Justin couldn’t figure it out. Brian had to be just as worn out as he was, right?

“Hurry up, Cookie. We only have about an hour . . . maybe an hour and a half tops before Gus wakes up,” Brian yelled over his shoulder as he raced towards the beach house looming in the distance.

“What’s your hurry, Boss?” Justin hollered back, a little curtly. “I’m a little weighed down here, so if it’s all the same to you, I’m not gonna kill myself doing the hundred yard dash just so I can beat you to the shower.”

“Yeah, well, you may want to rethink that statement, Mr. Sandman,” Brian turned so that he was now trotting backwards and able to leer suggestively at the plodding blond. “Cause, I’m all sandy . . . Again. And I’m pretty sure I’m going to need your expert sand removal services. Unless you’re no longer interested . . .” Even at the distance of several meters, Justin could see the saucy grin and that wicked wink directed his way.
“Fuck!” Justin popped an instant boner and forthwith picked up his pace.

Ten minutes later, they were in the shower of the master bath, with Brian leaning against the tile surround and Justin on his knees licking away every single naughty grain of sand that he could find on that luscious well-toned ass. Brian closed his eyes, letting himself get lost in the pleasure of that talented tongue, and assiduously fighting off any lingering doubts about why exactly he was once again on the verge of begging the bodacious blond stud to hurry up and take him. The kid’s tongue work was, as always, exquisite, but he still wanted more. Fuck it! What the hell was with the air on this island anyway? He was always hungry these days. Both for food and for other things as well.

There was no use fighting it though - if he didn’t get this craving satisfied, and soon, it would only get worse. Better to just get it over with. Right?

“Cookie, you have exactly fifteen seconds to get your cock inside me before this limited-time offer expires,” Brian announced, hoping that it didn’t sound too much like begging.

“Hmmmnnn. I don’t know, Boss. That sounds like an interesting offer, but, well, I’m just not sure. What are my other options?” Justin teased, while he rose to his feet, grabbed a condom out of the soap dish and proceeded to kick Brian’s feet as far apart as was needed to make this work.

“Fuck you, Cookie,” Brian growled, not amused with the delay, although he didn’t really think Justin was likely to actually turn him down.

“I think you’ve got that backwards, Stud. It’s me fucking . . . YOU.” And Justin slid inside Brian’s freshly rimmed hole with one long steady stroke, causing Brian to gasp at the rapid intrusion.

After that there was very little conversation. There were a few grunts, some moaning, and even a muffled curse or two, but they didn’t need words. All they needed, they were getting, along with the rapidly escalating ecstasy that swirled around them in the steamy shower and eventually exploded in sticky white runes of passion that decorated the tile walls and then followed the runnels of water down the drain.

“I think I got all the sand, Boss,” Justin assured as he pulled out and tied off the full condom.

“You’re good to go until after tomorrow’s sand castle building session.”

Brian didn’t even comment on the proprietary slap that Justin delivered to his ass as he left the shower and blithely skipped out the door towards the bedroom for his own nap.
Chapter Theme Music - *When I Grow Up To Be A Man.*

How To Build A Sandcastle.

Chapter End Notes

8/5/16 - Are all our plot pigs happy? So much fun plot in this one. And Gus moment. And happy, silly, doting Brian time. And fun Justin time . . . That should keep you all satisfied for a bit at least. Thank you to eureka1 for the sandcastle building scenes. She spent a lot of time working on that and researching it. If you want to know more check out the video. Thanks also to all our online helpers - we’ve had quite a fun crew in here the past couple of days - Love all the input. Keep it coming. Now, we’re off to go figure out other ways to annoy Lindsey. TTFN. S&T
Justin stretched tiredly as he woke up from his nap. He hadn’t realized how tired he was until after he and Brian had finished up with their shower fun, but all that time on the beach with Gus had worn him out. Brian, ever-energetic, had even been willing to take a quick nap - and not just the type of ‘nap’ that usually involved energetic horizontal activities, either. They’d both fallen into bed and been asleep almost before their heads hit the pillows.

Now that he was awake, though, Justin’s thoughts drifted back over the day’s fun and the man he’d been having fun with. He automatically rolled over, thinking to bury his face in Brian’s warm neck, but was surprised to find the bed empty. Damn. So much for a little more fun before ‘naptime’ was officially over.

It didn’t take him long to find out where his boys were – all he needed to do was follow the giggles that led him to the bathroom. He grinned at the sight in front of him and knew immediately that he’d want to sketch this scene later. Both Brian and Gus were standing there with towels wrapped around their waists, looking like they’d just got out of another shower. While he watched quietly from the doorway, the two Kinney men continued inspecting their faces in the mirror. Brian had placed Gus next to him on the closed toilet seat lid, so that he was high enough to see his reflection clearly.
“Am I doin’ it right, Daddy?” Gus asked excitedly, as he dragged a razor with the protective plastic cover still over the blade down his shaving-foam-covered face.

Sucking in his lips, Brian carefully shaved under his nose. “You’re doing a great job, Sonny Boy.”

“Daddy,” Gus giggled loudly. “Why are you makin’ sucha silly face?”

Justin laughed from his spot by the door. “What are you boys up to?”

“I’m shavin’ like my Daddy,” Gus exclaimed proudly as he tried his best to mimic the faces Brian was pulling.

“Mind if I join you?,” Justin asked, as he reached for the can of shaving foam and covered his face liberally.

“You don’t hafta shave, Jus. You’re not prickly like my Daddy.”

Brian snorted at his observant little Sonny Boy. “He’s right, Cookie. Can you even grow facial hair?”

“Hey, I have . . . some beard,” Justin laughed, as he ran the razor lightly over his top lip – the only part of his face that really grew any hair. “We’re going to be so good-looking with our clean shaves,
our styled hair, our snazzy outfits, and - especially - our painted toenails. I bet we’ll be even prettier than your moms, Gus. I’ll have to make an extra-special dinner to celebrate all our handsome selves.”

“What’s all this noise about?” Lindsey asked as she pushed through the closed bathroom door without a care in the world as to what she might find behind it.

“Thanks for knocking,” Justin mumbled quietly into his face towel, glad he was wearing at least some briefs. He figured Lindz hadn’t overheard his comment, though, since she didn’t immediately shoot daggers at him with her eyes.

“What’s it look like,” Brian replied curtly as he rinsed off his blade and went back to the delicate task at hand. Making even more ridiculous faces just to watch Gus studiously try to mimic them.

Lindsey laughed as she swatted Brian’s behind with the hand towel she’d just pulled from the rail. “Sheesh. I was just asking.”

Brian jumped when the towel snapped against a patch of bare skin and then checked his face to make sure he’d not cut himself. “Jesus, watch it, Linds. I don’t need to be permanently disfigured here.”

“Mommy, lookit me,” Gus called out excitedly.

Lindsey turned around to look at her son, and her mouth fell open dramatically. She quickly pulled him off of the toilet seat and snatched the razor out of his hand.

“What the fuck, Brian?”
Gus gasped. “Mommy, you said a bad word.”

Lindsey closed her eyes, “You’re right, sweetie. I did. I’m sorry,” she apologised and then used the hand towel to wipe at his face.

“Why don’t you go and see what Mama is up to?”

Gus wrapped his arm tightly around Brian’s leg. “I wanna stay wif Daddy,” he whined as Brian grabbed for the now precariously slipping towel before he lost it completely.

“Gus, I will not ask you again. Go into the other room with your Mama right now while I talk to your Daddy.”

Gus’s bottom lip began to wobble.

Justin looked at Brian. Brian nodded. They both knew they needed to get Gus out of there.

“Hey, Gus. You wanna help me pick out a shirt to wear for dinner?” Justin asked softly, his hand already reaching out to Gus.

“Okay,” he sniffed. “Are you gonna be okay, Daddy?”

Brian leaned down and placed a kiss on Gus’s forehead. “I’ll be fine, Sonny Boy. I’m almost done,
anyway. I’ll be there in a minute, and you can help me pick a shirt too. Okay?”

Lindsey watched as her son walked out of the room with Justin, their hands swinging together happily now that he’d been reassured by his father.

“So, what do you have a problem with now?” Brian asked bitterly as soon as Gus was out of earshot.

Lindsey crossed her arms over her chest angrily. “The fact you even have to ask me that is worrying, Brian.”

“How about you enlighten me then,” Brian scoffed. He’d had enough of her superior WASPy bullshit. All he wanted to do was get ready for dinner and enjoy some more fun time with his son. Why was she turning this into something?

“We all know you won’t be winning any ‘Father of the Year’ contest any time soon, but I really thought you were smarter than THIS.”

“What the fuck are you talking about, Lindz?”

She scoffed haughtily. “Do you really think it was a good idea to give my five-year-old son a razor blade?”

“Your son?” he repeated, eerily calm.

“Oh that’s it; focus on that why don’t you. Make me look like the bad one here.”
Brian smacked his head gently against the tile wall. “Fucking hell, Lindsey. Do you really think I am that shitty of a father?”

“...”

“Well, thanks a lot. Your silence says it all. But, if you actually looked at the razor in your hand, you’d see that the fucking plastic cover is still on the blade, Linds. It’s completely safe.”

“Oh...”

“Oh is right. Now why don’t you leave me the fuck alone so I can finish getting ready.”

“Brian, I’m sorry,” Lindsey began apologizing.

“Save it, Lindz. You made yourself perfectly clear. I promise I’ll try my best to not fuck up YOUR kid while he’s here.”

Lindsey wisely left without saying anything more, slinking out with a worried look on her face - she clearly knew she had been fucking things up this weekend but was unsure how to patch things up with her son’s father. Every time she tried to even talk to her old friend that bitchy little blond kept interfering. But, no matter. She would just have to find some time to sit down with Brian alone. They needed to catch up with each other, reconnect, and hopefully get some things straightened out. She was sure that, once they found a chance to really talk, everything would be back to the way it had always been.

It only took Brian a few minutes after Lindsey’s departure to finish shaving and take care of the rest of his pre-dinner preparations. He was still pissed off at Lindsey and her never-ending judgmental
meddling, though, so he dawdled. He wanted to completely cool off before he went in to talk to his son - he never wanted to put the kid in the middle between fighting parents the way he'd been all through his own childhood. When he finally thought he was calm enough, Brian took a deep breath and headed into the bedroom.

The scene Brian found there was more than enough to cleanse away any lingering anger he was feeling.

Justin was dressed in a pair of jeans and a nice button-down shirt but was still sitting on the bed, propped up against the headboard. Gus was curled up next to him on Justin’s left, hanging onto the blond’s arm as if permanently attached. The attention of both was fixed on the large sketchpad that was resting against the artist’s knees. Both faces were covered by big grins as Justin scribbled and smudged and scratched at the paper.

As soon as Gus heard his father’s footsteps, he looked up with such joy on his face that Brian felt his heart squeeze uncomfortably. “Daddy! Did you know that Jus was a drawerer? He’s soooooo good. He can draw more better’n he can make ‘cakes even. Come see. Come see. He drawded you and me shavin’.”

Brian climbed aboard the bed with the happy pair and scooted up till he could look over the right side of Justin’s pad. And he had to agree with Gus - Justin really was sooooooo good! The picture he had sketched out in just the few minutes since they’d left the bathroom was remarkable. It was a perfect rendition of himself and Gus, their faces covered with foam and his son laughing as they played at shaving together. Brian fell instantly in love with it.

“How much?” were the first words out of his mouth.

“How much?”, Brian asked again. “I have to have it. Tell me your price.”
“Well . . . my work has been selling in the high six figures lately so, I guess . . .” Justin screwed his face up, tilting his head to the side as if contemplating the value of this work of art in depth. “It’s not going to be cheap, Boss.”

“How do you want to put it, twat?”

“How do you want to put it, twat?”

“Whatever. Just tell me how much, twat.”

“Okay. You can have this picture, but the price will be . . . one kiss. Right here on my cheek. And it better be a good one or else I’ll take back the picture.” Justin demanded, sitting up and presenting the cheek in question for its payment.

Instead of kissing the offered cheek, however, Brian pulled the sketchpad out of the unsuspecting artist’s hand, threw it onto the foot of the bed, grabbed hold of the young man’s shoulders and picked him up bodily off the bed so that he was held high enough that Brian could claim his lips in an all-out steamy assault.

*hehehehe* “Daddy! You ‘apposed to kiss Jus’ cheek, silly!” The laughing boy pulled on Justin’s arm to try and pry him away from his father’s over-exuberant embrace, and Brian reluctantly let the blond go.

“Is that sufficient payment, brat?” Brian asked as he sensuously wiped a little drop of saliva from the corner of his mouth and tipped his hips into Justin’s, letting him know something else had his attention too.

“Yeah. That’ll do, Boss,” Justin replied, somehow managing to make the word ‘Boss’ sound like the dirtiest word in the English language and causing Brian’s towel to tent up in the front to an embarrassing degree.

“You gotsa get dressed, Daddy!” Gus interrupted the intimate moment - thankfully - with his importuning. “Hurry, Daddy. I wanna get my toes painted but Jus said we hafta wait for you. So, hurry up. Get dressed. Please, Daddy!”

“Okay, Gus. I promise to hurry. Did you guys already decide what colors you’re going to use?”
Brian asked while he pulled on a pair of jeans and a clean shirt.

“Yep. Blue. Cause Jus said that’s his favorite color. But, Daddy, did you know there’s soooooo many shadesa blue!” Gus proclaimed. “Lookit alla these!” he said, staring up at his dad in wonderment and gesturing to a huge array of glittering nail polish bottles that Justin had apparently assembled out of thin air. “You gots to help us pick the right one!”

“Why don’t we carry the bottles of polish out to the living room in this box, Gus?” Justin suggested. “The light will be better out there, and we’ll be able to narrow down our choices. Then we’ll let your daddy make the final decision as to the right shade of blue to best show off the silver and green flowers we’re going to add to our big toes.”

“Okay, Jus. Come join us quick, Daddy!” Gus called out as he carefully carried the box full of sparkly bottles out to the living room. Brian sent a glance of thanks in Justin’s direction as the blond exited the room.

When Brian observed his boys from the entryway to the living room a few moments later, he felt his mood lift even more. Blond and brunet heads were nearly touching as the two boys closely examined five different vials of blue polish that they’d separated out from all the other bottles. “Whatta ‘bout this one, Jus?” Gus asked contemplatively as he held it up to the green and silver polish that would be used for the flowers.

“You know what, Gus?” Justin responded in an equally-serious tone. “I think we need a trial run to see which blue complements the other colors the best. Let me grab the ‘dummy’ foot I have stashed in the bedroom. Then we can test these out.”

“Oh, thassa good idea, Jus! That’ll make it easier for Daddy, too!” Gus clapped in approbation of Justin’s brainstorm.

What the fuck?! thought the stunned brunet. They had a ‘foot dummy’ in the bedroom? Creepy. What tomfoolery would the blond come up with next? And where did all this stuff come from? Did Justin have a troop of helpful island fairies that supplied his every need from a panoply of polish choices to sand castle utensils to foot dummies?
“Okay. Here we go,” Justin scampered back into the room with a mannequin foot in hand. “Now, which polish shall we test first, Gus?” he queried, taking a seat at the end of the coffee table and, to Brian’s dismay, placing the foot dummy directly on top of the table. Almost as an afterthought, the artiste placed a cloth under the dummy to protect the tabletop from any drips and spills.

“This one, Jus!” his eager assistant replied. “It’s such a pretty shade a blue.” Brian cocked an eyebrow at the blue bottle his son had pushed toward Justin. He really couldn’t see any difference between that blue and the blues in the other four vials. Brian ruminated that, while he could always distinguish between the ten sleeveless black shirts in his closet, the same didn’t hold true for these vials of identical blue paint.

“Good choice, Gus,” the blond praised. “Why don’t you switch places with your Daddy so you can help me?” As Brian watched in bemusement, Justin guided Gus in applying supposedly different shades of blue paint to each of the toes. Justin then quickly painted a green and silver floral design on top of each of the blue toenails.

“Jus, theys all bootiful,” Gus sighed. “Daddy, we need help! You have to ‘cide for us.” The blond nodded his earnest agreement with that statement.

Shit. Brian was going to have to pretend that there was a difference and act as if he were making a life-or-death determination. Brian frowned in a semblance of concentration, looking closely at each toe. Fuck it all! There was no difference! Rather than give himself a headache from staring at painted toes - on a foot dummy, no less - Brian reached out and tapped the second toe. “This one. That’s the best.” he opined.

The blond and brunet heads leaned together again, studying Brian’s selection. The furrow in the blond’s brow indicated he wasn’t entirely sure Brian was correct, but he capitulated after Gus turned to his father and stated emphatically, “You’re right, Daddy! That one’s best!” When Gus beamed at the blond, he quickly nodded his agreement.

Thank fuck! The big guy sagged back against the sofa in relief. The decision had been made and the two finicky boys were finally ready to apply the paint to their own toenails.
“What if I paint your toenails, Gus, and then you can help me with mine? Justin asked the squirming little boy. “You have to sit still, though, otherwise the paint will end up on your nose instead of your toes,” Justin teased.

“I’ll be good, Jus! Pwomise! I’s jus so ‘cited!” The tyke bounced a bit in place before sitting as still as he could.

Brian looked on through half-lidded eyes as Justin sat on the coffee table, pushed back the foot dummy, put the cloth that had been under the foot across his lap, and had Gus place his right foot on his leg. “You can move your arms, Gus. Just be careful not to move your legs or your feet.” Chattering away with Gus about how pretty their toesies were going to look, Justin quickly applied the blue paint to the toenails of Gus’ right foot before switching to the left. The painter then returned his attention to Gus’ right foot, adding a blue and green flower to the big toe, before doing the same with the left foot.

“So pwetty, Jus! Thank you!” the little boy gushed as he admired his toes. “Can I help you now?”

“You bet, Gus! I need someone to assist me to make sure my toes look just as beautiful as yours.” The blond moved back to the sofa and had Gus sit down in his lap. After putting one drop cloth over the coffee table and another across his legs, Justin propped a foot up on the edge of the table and guided Gus’ hand in applying the blue paint to the toenails of each of his feet. Once they were done, and Justin had added his own flowers, he thanked Gus profusely as they admired their handiwork. Even Brian, who wasn’t really a fan, had to admire the artistry of Justin’s toenail work.

“Wow! Are you sure you’re not a professional manicurist, Gus? I’d swear you’ve been doing this for years.”

Gus’ smile lit up the room as he replied, “You’re silly, Jus! It’s my first time.”

“Shall we let your dad rest a bit while we put on our chef hats and get started on dinner?” Justin questioned after standing up.
“Hold up, Blondie! Aren’t you forgetting something?” Brian queried, pointing at his feet. “You need to touch up my silver polish after it took a beating at the beach. That sand is dangerous in more than one way, ya know,” the brunet drawled while looking innocently at his Cookie. He intended, of course, to get his Cookie all hot and bothered - the way he liked the young artist best.

The blond just smirked at his boss knowingly and shot back, “Don’t worry, Boss. I’ll make sure to search out any leftover granules of sand later tonight. In the meantime, Gus and I will refresh your toenail paint.”

“Yes, Daddy! We’ll take good care a you,” Gus assured his father.

Two heads were soon bent over Brian’s toes, not only touching up the metallic silver but also adding a fresh top coat of transparent silvery glitter, so that the stud’s toes sparkled like miniature stars when they were finished. Gus seemed to be really getting into the act, too, hunkered over Brian’s feet with a determined look of concentration on his face as he fastidiously painted on the top coat. Huh! Justin was right. His son was becoming a pro at toenail painting. Wouldn’t that make Lindz happy, Brian mused to himself with an evil grin.

“Beautiful!” Justin pronounced when they were finally done. “We are going to be the three spiffiest boys on the island with these toes.” Gus beamed at him happily, and Brian beamed because Gus was beaming. “Now it’s time to head to the kitchen. Right, buddy?” Justin remarked to his assistant. At Gus’ fervent nod, he added, “We’d better put on our aprons, too. We want to eat the food, not wear it on our clothes.” With that, the two giggling cooks kissed Brian’s cheeks and headed toward the kitchen to whip up a feast.

Brian waited patiently while the kitchen staff - otherwise known as Justin and Gus - slaved over their soon-to-be magnificent creation. He had tried to offer a hand a couple of times, only to be shooed out of the room by both chefs. Fine. If that’s how they wanted it, he would happily retreat to the living room with his laptop and spend the time going through his emails. It wasn’t like he actually WANTED to cook anyway.

It was either that or join the Carpet Munchers outside on the deck. *shudder* After wasting the entire day doing fuck knew what while they could have been enjoying the time with their son on the beach, the lezzies had finally decided they wanted to spend some time in the sun and had taken over the beach house’s deck. Brian wasn’t at all in the mood to see the exposed breasts that would no doubt accompany their topless sunbathing, so he really didn’t have a choice but to stay inside.
It was a little aggravating that he was being excluded from all the giggling fun in the kitchen, though. It sounded like the boys were enjoying themselves. It didn’t help matters much that every single time he heard Justin’s tenor peals, he got a little more aroused. It HAD been more than two hours since their showertime escapades, so it wasn’t entirely unreasonable that Brian was ready for a little more personal Cookie consideration. Was it?

As soon as Brian heard the oven door clanking shut, he quickly logged out of his email account and pulled up PBSkids.org - the one website he knew of that Gus’ mothers routinely let him visit - and got a video pre-loaded. Glancing down at the runtime on the video, he grimaced at the numbers displayed: ‘21:49’. Okay, so it wasn’t that long, but he’d worked with less.

Gus came bounding out of the kitchen, all smiles and childish enthusiasm for the new ‘sprise he and Justin had worked up together. Brian hugged his son and then promptly clicked ‘play’ on the video. Gus, predictably, was instantly riveted on the screen as the Kratt Brothers started explaining something about freaky, weird jungle animals that Brian couldn’t give a crap about. Brian was only happy that Gus would be distracted for at least the next twenty-one minutes.

As soon as that was all set, he leaped off the couch and grappled his Cookie to his side as he passed by the entrance to the kitchen. Except for a brief yelp of surprise, Justin didn’t offer any comment, let alone any resistance. Less than ten seconds later, Brian had pulled the unresisting blond boy into the guest bath and had him pressed face first up against the small pedestal sink.

Brian made such quick work of Justin’s jeans that the boy didn’t even have time to catch his breath before they were simply gone. Brian performed his own kind of magic, making a condom appear in his hand almost as if the sex supply fairies visited him regularly, even stopping to hand him condoms and lube out of thin air.

When Brian’s rectum rooter nudged against the tightly puckered folds of muscle surrounding the boy’s sweet little star-shaped hole, Justin couldn’t help but groan out loud. Really loud, actually. Loud enough that Brian was sure the sound could be heard through the thin hollow-core door on the guest bath. With Gus right outside, that really would not do. So Brian quickly slapped his hand across the kid’s kisser, hoping to muffle as much of the moaning as possible.

That only worked so well . . . Brian found that he was far too horny to hold back and, the harder he fucked his accommodating lover, the louder Cookie’s protestations of passion became. A hand across his mouth simply wasn’t going to cut it any longer.
Brian made an executive decision. He pulled out - without any warning and causing them both a significant amount of discomfort, but really, it had to be done - spun the smaller framed man around and then manhandled him up until he was perched on the front edge of the sink. It wasn’t the most stable arrangement, but Brian figured it would do for the time being. It also allowed him access to Cookie’s mouth, which he latched onto with almost as much gusto as he slammed back into the boy’s ass.

The benefit to this position was that he was able to swallow all of Cookie’s spirited vocalizations. The downside was that the pedestal sink was really not all that stable. With every single thrust, the damn thing plonked loudly against the wall. So much for trying to fuck silently, Brian thought. And really, what fucking shoddy workmanship - did the owners of this place really NOT get that people would be fucking in here on this very sink? Get real, people. Brian would have to call the rental agency first thing in the morning and get them to send someone out here to fix this. It was just unacceptable.

Luckily, only a very small portion of Brian’s brain was needed to worry about the possible plumbing issues involved with the rickety sink. All the rest of his brain was totally focused on fucking the living shit out of his giggling blond chef as hard and fast as he could with as little sound involved as possible. And, hopefully, doing it without coming to the attention of his son who was watching children’s television in the next room.

The only hope for this to turn out well was for Brian to ramp up his game. The sooner he got both himself and his Cookie off, the better. So be it! Brian tilted his hips about ten degrees and slammed into that welcoming hole with all he had, hitting the younger man’s prostate dead on and causing yet another yelp that he had to smother with a kiss. Good enough. A half dozen more like that and they were both good to go.

Brian threaded his fingers through the short blond hair at the back of Justin’s neck and pulled the boy’s face so tightly to his own that their lips were suctioned tighter than a tupperware seal. No sound could possible escape. Then he pummelled that fucking prostate as hard and fast as he could for three more silent thrusts until the Cookie’s body exploded with uncontrollable trembling and thick streams of viscous white erupted between their stomachs.

But not a sound was heard in the process.
Brian slowly released his suction grip on the pouty pink lips of his lover. Justin was too busy trying to catch his breath to say anything more. Job well done, Brian figured as he tossed his full condom into the trash.

Gus was using both hands to work a pair of tongs carefully and, with his tongue sticking out in concentration, using them to transfer vegetables to plates under Justin’s supervision and Brian’s adoring gaze.

“Am I doin’ good, Daddy?” Gus asked, fishing for praise.

“The best, Sonny Boy. Justin will turn you into a five-star chef in no time.” he replied, sneaking a piece of raw celery from the salad and munching on it while he watched the boys work. Justin had commandeered a tall stool, kid-sized apron, and chef hat from somewhere. Gus was now sporting the latter two and standing on the former so he could help Justin plate up their dinner.

“Presentation is everything, Gus. No one wants to eat or buy something that looks unappealing no matter how good it tastes, so we have to make sure everything is pretty for your mommies. They are gonna be so surprised you made dinner for them.” Gus beamed under Justin’s support and praise, excited to have done something so grown up that his moms would never even consider letting him do.

Justin handed him the ladle next and, with his hand directing Gus’, they put Au Jus into little ramekins on each plate. When they were finished, he told Gus to call his mothers in from the beach and go wash up while he and Brian moved all the food to the dining table. Gus took off, hollered for his moms from the deck, then ran to the bathroom.

Brian and Justin, plates in each hand, set the table and transferred the salad, drinks, and napkins. Gus ran in from the bathroom and said, “I wanna sit by you and Jus, Daddy! Can I please?”

“Sure.” The men answered at the same time then grinned at each other while moving three chairs to one side of the table and leaving two on the other. Brian moved the extra chair to the far corner of the
room to make sure the women did not have any other options but to sit next to one another. It went over Gus’ head, but Justin chuckled and then choked it back as the girls came in from the deck, laughing and seeming to be having a good time.

Gus seated himself in the middle chair of the three and, so there would be no mistakes, Brian and Justin each stood behind and held out a chair for the ladies on the other side of the table - very chivalrous and gentlemanly. They then took their own places on either side of Gus, who was already happily munching away on a candied carrot and swinging his legs.

“Very fancy, Brian.” Melanie said while pouring herself some red wine and then filling Lindsey’s glass too.

“Yeah, Bri, this looks really nice. Where did you order Beef Wellington from in this backwater village? Or did you have it sent by helicopter all the way from Long Island?” Lindsey and Mel shared a chuckle at that idea.

Brian set Gus’ napkin in the boy’s lap and followed with his own. “Justin and Gus made dinner while you were outside. No takeout for us. Cookie is a great chef and together they made a great team.”

“OH? I thought he said he was a short order cook?” Lindsey said, shooting her arrowed barb while keeping an innocent and confused look on her face.

“You are absolutely right, Lindsey.” Justin jumped in and forced her to acknowledge that he was sitting at the table too and refused to be talked around. “I am a short order cook by trade, but I see no reason not to broaden my horizons by teaching myself how to make something more than . . . Gus? What did you say your mom makes ALL the time? Oh, right . . . black fishsticks.” Then he stuffed his mouth with a big bite of salad and quirked a brow at the woman, daring her to say something else about his skills.

In the end, it was Gus that shut her the fuck up by innocently gushing, “Do you like it, Mommies? Me and Jus made it special just for you. He showeded me how to roll dough and chop vegables and be careful by the stove. He said we hadda makes it pwetty for my pwetty moms cuz nobodies likes ugly foods. He says presentation is evrythin’ wif food - jus like wif peoples.”
Looking at Lindsey’s plate, Gus rattled on, “You mus’ really like the food, Mommy. You cleanded your plate, jus’ like you always tolded me to do. Do you wants more? Daddy? Give Mommy summore. We cooked it real good, dinnit we, Mommy?” Gus then jumped up and moved over to the girls’ side of the table. “Mommy! Mama! Lookit! This is more pesentation Jus’ showded me. He tolded me we gotta look as good as the food we serve.” Pointing towards the toes on his bare feet, Gus rambled on passionately, “Innit pwetty? Jus an me have matchin’ piggies.” Gus giggled at his own joke. “Daddy even has pwetty pigs too, ony they’re all silver. We’re all lookin’ good from head to toe, jus’ like Jus taught me.”

Linds glared at Justin but didn’t say anything further. Melanie chuckled, not really caring if her son painted his toenails or not, thinking her wife might just have met her match. Lindsey shot her a death glare, though, that quickly shut her up.

“So, Brian,” Melanie started, hoping not to cause any more waves. “Who’s watching Gus while we go out tonight?”

Brian waved his fork as if it was no big deal and answered. “A friend of mine named Gabe. He’ll be here in about an hour, so you two will need to hurry to get ready as soon as dinner’s over. Cookie promised his friends to sing with them tonight, and we don’t want him to be late. He’s got a pretty big following on the island, and we wouldn’t want to deprive his groupies of his talents.”

“You’re going to have one of your tricks watch my son?” Lindsey squeaked, appalled by the thought.

“No, Lindsey, Gabe is the young boy that helped at the dock, remember?” Brian said, sure that she did and was just taking the opportunity to get in another barb and practice her acting skills.

“He seemed too young to be babysitting if you ask me.” she said, looking pointedly at Justin.

Brian sighed, resigned to explaining his actions again. “He’s twelve. Older than you were when your parents started letting you watch the neighbor kids for spending money, Lindz.” he pointed out, letting her know that he knew her just as well as she claimed to know him and giving her a look that
told her to knock off the theatrics. “Besides, Justin said his mother is available if Gabe needs help, and if there is some freak reason we need to come home, I do have a cell phone and we’ll only be a few minutes away.” Brian made it very clear through his tone that they would not be changing plans and that it was the end of that discussion.

Lindsey silently ate a third helping, vowing to get the pwetty wittle blond alone and let him know the score.

Chapter Theme Music - She Only Bitches When She Breathes.

Chapter End Notes

Our writing team is growing. And we’re all being very plotty. More Gus and Brian. More fun with the boys. All sorts of art - culinary, drawing, and toenails. Kudos to SunshineSally for the shaving scene, and thanks to eureka1 for the toenail painting. As always, much gratitude to samcdee for graphics and editing. All you lurkers - keep peeking in and inspiring us! Stay tuned for an ode from Justin! Congratulations, Lorie, for spotting the ‘Princess Bride’ bit and mentioning it in the comments. Your requested reward - the silent f**king - is done and we hope it meets your expectations. S&T

PS - LOVE the amazing bonus banner made for us by Samcdee!
Chapter 28 - The Penis Song

Justin smirked when the two women came out of their room dressed as if they were going to the country club in not quite matching sheath dresses, sheer shawls and lovely strappy sandals. He swallowed his niggling shoe envy and glanced at Brian, who was wondering why they had decided to go so formal for a night out at a local island bar. Neither said anything about it though, not wanting to incite another bitchfest. They just ushered the girls to the pedicab, where Brian lost the toss and had to pedal them while Justin rode Brian’s bike.

At the Sip ‘N Twirl, the owner had set up speakers on the deck outside so everyone that couldn’t get in the door could still be entertained. He had also recognized the potential for greater profits and hired a couple temporary waiters for the night to serve them food and drinks at the hastily set up tables and chairs wherever they would fit around the outside of the building.
Seeing the new arrangement, Justin laughed out loud and Brian smirked. Gabe must have given the owner a heads-up that they were coming in tonight when they had called yesterday to ask him to babysit. Brian hoped Gabe was smart enough to bargain for a percentage of the house profits for that tidbit of information. He had to hand it to the kid, he was a sly one.

The four of them moved towards the thickest part of the crowd near the door and, as had happened before when they were recognized, people moved out of the way to let them pass - not quite - unmolested. Heads bobbed in greeting, fist bumps were exchanged, and slaps on the back - and occasionally the ass - taken in stride. Their notoriety and small town celebrity cleared a path all the way into the bar and the same reserved table Brian had used the first time he watched Justin sing. The waiter was taking their order before they were even sitting down at the high-top table. Justin gave Brian a sloppy kiss - watched by many - before going to the side of the stage and waiting to be introduced.

At the table, drinks were just being delivered when Marissa announced Justin and pandemonium ensued. The noise was so loud it vibrated the windows and knocked a couple of wine glasses from the bar. Brian added to the noise level by putting his fingers in his mouth and letting go with an ear-splitting whistle.

Justin raised his hands for quiet, his face so red he could have passed for a baboon’s ass. Brian grinned shamelessly, obviously proud of his lover’s reception. All the commotion had Lindsey watching the proceedings even more carefully, trying to find anything she could use as ammunition against the annoying blond.

When the hullabaloo finally calmed to a dull roar, Justin said into the mic, “Well I guess I won’t be doing any more undercover work now that I’ve become so recognizable.” The expected laughter was easy and heartfelt. “You can work under MY cover any time you like Sweetie!” someone yelled and Brian stood, pretending to be angry and pointing a finger in the general direction of the perpetrator as if to tell the man off, and being good-naturedly heckled for it until he sat back down and swigged his beer. Brian was hardly the jealous type - at least not in this type of situation - but he didn’t mind playing the part, especially knowing how his little act would further annoy Lindsey. Both women goggled at him hamming it up, but Brian merely smiled, not wanting to give them a reason to be nasty considering how many cell phones and cameras were probably trained on them already.

“Come talk to me later and I’ll see if I can’t talk the Boss into it . . .” Justin teased the man who’d called out. Brian narrowed his eyes in Justin’s direction, but then gave it up and grinned even more foolishly, if that were possible.
The band started playing ‘**I Want To Hold Your Hand**,’ and Justin danced around the stage, goofing off and having a good time, swinging his hand with Marissa’s and grinning merrily at Brian, while he sang the lyrics. Lindsey shook her head, not really understanding why everyone was cheering and smiling. To her mind, Justin was an okay singer, but his performance left a little to be desired. He was certainly no Paul McCartney.

At the reappearance of their waiter, Brian ordered a couple of shots and a beer chaser, whispering something into his ear before he left. “Ah . . .” thought Linds, “there’s the Brian Kinney I know and love.” She assumed he was making arrangements to fuck the guy later, and she couldn’t have been more pleased by the turn of events, thinking that it would mean the blond nightingale would be cut out of the picture very soon.

The next song was ‘**Up Around the Bend**,’ which had everyone singing along in raucous and rowdy chorus. The entire bar was standing room only, and people shifted and squeezed together in deference to those still trying to get inside, in complete disregard of the fire codes. Brian figured he’d better save his empty beer bottle in case he had to pee because there was no way he would ever make it to the bathroom, let alone find a urinal not in use by at least three men at a time.

When the second song ended, Justin gulped water and announced he needed a break. Then the little shit wagged his eyebrows - and his hips - in Brian’s direction. “Maybe with a little encouragement and some small town love, we can convince the notorious Mr. Kinney to give us a tune while I’m catching my breath?”

The entire bar started hollering, catcalling, and all but begging Brian to sing. He pretended that he didn’t want to do it and, when Justin pouted, Brian mimed that he’d not had enough to drink to inspire a performance, but then the girls gave him knowing looks, like they thought it was merely their presence that kept him from doing what he wanted. Fuck that! No way was he going to let them dictate his actions no matter how ridiculous. In fact, the more ridiculous the better, he thought. Maybe that would finally prove his point that he could do whatever he wanted. So he tossed up his hands in mock surrender and waded, squeezed, and ultimately climbed his way to the stage where he bent, hoisted the Cookie over his shoulder, smacked him hard on the ass, then let the boy slide down his front and kissed his mouth with voracious abandon.

Smart phones were already filming and that oh-so-clever owner of the bar hit the record button on the video camera he was holding. Brian made his selection on the karaoke machine and started to sing ‘**Animals**’ by Maroon 5 while Justin made his way back to the table.
As soon as Brian got to the end of the first verse’s chorus, Lindsey stood up and moved a step to the side so that she intentionally blocked Justin’s path back to the table, determined to have her say while Brian was occupied and wouldn’t overhear.

“Let’s get something straight, ‘Cookie’,” she sneered, grabbing hold of the younger man’s arm when he tried to shoulder past her. “I don’t know how much Brian is paying you, but you’d best understand something right now. He will drop you in a New York minute the second he is done with you, so don’t go getting your hopes up that you mean something to him. Brian Kinney doesn’t care about anyone but himself. Best you be warned now and get out while you can.” She said the last as if she was imparting well-meaning advice to someone with the mental capacity of a rutabaga, so intent on her ‘prey’ that she didn’t even hear Brian’s whiskey-smooth baritone as he belted out the rest of the sexy song.

It just pissed Justin the fuck off. He tried not to say anything in deference to the fact that she was Brian’s baby mama. He really did. But after fuming for a few moments, watching her smirk like she had gotten the best of him, he was having none of it.

“Let me tell YOU something, Lindz . . . I am a gay man, so I won’t be getting anything ‘straight’ in the near future and, just so we are very clear, Brian isn’t paying me a red cent for anything. I’m a slut, not a whore. There IS a difference.” Justin finished off Brian’s beer right as Brian wrapped up his song.

“You’re probably too young to understand that there is more to life than following your betters around like a pathetic puppy - waiting for him to toss you a few scraps of attention while you salivate over his . . . his penis.” She almost stuttered the word but managed to get it out, coating it with venom.

It was at that point Brian had made his way back to the table, mic in hand, with the intention of passing it to Lindsey who, if he remembered correctly, had a decent singing voice. He was hoping that might get her away from Justin and curtail the look of disgust she had so clearly put on the youth’s face. Unfortunately for Lindz, Brian had just lifted the mic towards the vicinity of her mouth when she uttered the word ‘penis’ in that prudish, little girl manner she used whenever she had to speak of things that were detestable to her - or rather, things her parents had taught her should be detestable to her.
In effect, the entire patronage of the bar heard the word ‘penis’ loud and clear, falling into shocked and confused silence. Justin merely grinned. Brian saw it and figured the girls were leaving the next day anyway and, whatever Lindz had said to his Cookie to put the evil glint in his eye, Justin had every right to do as he saw fit. Knowing his pushy friend, Lindz probably had it coming.

Justin didn’t even look at him, never taking his eyes from Lindsey as he held out his hand for the mic. Brian grinned like a fool, handed it over, and resumed his seat, knocking back a shot and handing the other to Justin who did the same. Everyone in the bar held their collective breath, waiting for what was sure to be the highlight of the evening if Justin’s rigid posture and evil grin was anything to go by.

Lindsey swallowed hard now that all eyes were fixed on them and more than a few camera phones were pointed in her direction.

“You think I want his ‘penis’?” Justin mocked, giving the word the same little girl tone she had used. “Oh no. What I want is so much more than that.”

The waiter dropped off another round of drinks and ended up stuck there as the crowd pushed closer in order to see better.

Justin sent an apologetic look to Brian who merely shrugged and waved a hand for his Cookie to continue. Melanie sat back in her chair, trying to stay out of the spotlight herself, effectively leaving Lindsey and her big mouth to the wolves.

“I don’t just want Brian’s ‘penis’ . . . I want his dick, his cock, his bed snake, and his knee-knockin’ ankle spanker. I want to feel his rod, his ram, his pole, slamming into me. I want to lick his lizard, taste his torpedo, kiss his canon, gag on his mallet, slob his knob, and stroke his schlong. Jiggle his johnson, cuddle his cum shooter, make whoopee with his wondrous whacker. Because Brian Kinney doesn’t have anything so tame as a mere ‘penis’,” Justin air quoted the word. “He has an ace in my hole, an anaconda, a butt basher, a big beef truncheon, a bologna pony.” He mimed riding a horse around the table, making Brian and the others laugh out loud.
“Or, if you prefer, you could call it a crack axe, a cum gun, a dagger, a dragon, or Excalibur.” He placed enough emphasis on the last two that Brian actually blushed at the memory his words inspired, making the big guy hard as a rock and horny as all get out.

Justin’s voice got louder in order to outshout the boisterous crowd, underscoring his words with graphic gestures and lewd expressions. “He has a Tower! A Tool! A WEAPON OF MASS - make that - ASS DESTRUCTION! And I - personally - will make sure that he uses it to the very best of his abilities because we are ass pirates, butthole divers, easy riders,” he drolled, rolling his hips suggestively. “We are dick-tators with spitting pythons, Jedi Knights with lightsabers whose ‘force’ cannot be resisted.” He groped his cock. “We are faggots, fairies, and fey. Cocksuckers, cum guzzlers, and queens. We are butt munchers, boy diddlers, and butthole crusaders.”

“But just in case you still aren’t getting my drift here, I’m NOT with Brian for anything so trivial as money.” Justin sneered as if the very word left a foul taste in his mouth. “I am with him because he has the most perfect cock I have ever seen. I love to hold it in my hand and stroke the long, firm length of it.” Justin’s voice had gone from fervent to sweetly adoring. “It’s velvet-covered steel that could drive nails when it’s hard for me. It has its own rich, musky aroma, and I can’t wait to bury my nose in it every chance I get. I love its ridges and veins, and its huge, mushroom crown, especially when it leaks just for me. I love the ever-so-slight upward curve that hits all the right spots, while it’s driving into me . . . and when it’s gliding out. I tell you, that battering ram is a sight to behold! That hairless hambone is a natural wonder of this world - and most likely the next as well.”

“It is a DIVINE rod and I bow before its beauty! I pray at the altar of its magnificence and willingly make sacrifice of my ass to its GLORY!” Justin shouted like a religious zealot and, maybe, that was what he was - in that moment.

“Don’t even get me started on his balls . . .” Justin tipped his head back and closed his eyes as if soaking up the heavenly word from on high.

“Tell us!”

“Get started!”

“Oh, please do!”
The patrons around the room begged for more.

Justin opened his eyes, saying with no small amount of awe. “Perfectly matched, the pair of them, and just the right size. Not too big, not too small, but juuust right. Smooth and silky and tight and so perfect in my hand. I love the way their weight slaps at my sac when he takes me from behind, and I can’t get enough of the way they slide around in my mouth when I suck on them.” Justin paused while the crowd cheered and egged him on for more.

“In fact, I don’t think I like Brian at all. I think I just like his dick. His fire hose, his flesh flute, his dong. I think I love it so much I can taste it in my mouth right now.” Justin purred, licking his lips, savoring the imaginary flavors, and Brian almost swallowed his own tongue at the look of bliss on his lover’s face. Justin purred, “His jizz oozing down my throat like a manmilk-shake. It’s ssssooo gooood! Mmmmm.” Justin rubbed a hand down his neck and over his chest, dropping it even lower until he was slowly rutting into his own hand.

Brian’s eyes almost bugged out, and he twisted in his seat, trying to reposition his boner just like most of the other men in the bar. He took a moment to take stock of the women - noting the look of absolute shock on his old friend’s face. When Lindsey saw him glancing her way, she tried to leave, wanting to make a statement about how disgusted she was by this display, but she was just as trapped by the press of people as everyone else and couldn’t even stand up from her chair, let alone move towards the exit. She became even more frustrated as she realized she had just as little hope of salvaging her pride, what with everyone glaring at her. Melanie was too busy staring at Justin, assessing him, and even laughing slightly when he came up with a particularly outrageous statement. By the end, Mel appeared to be just as entertained by her wife’s predicament as the rest of the crowd.

Brian focused back on Justin and almost choked when the blond said, “Nope, I’m sure of it now. I don’t like Brian; I only like his Longfellow. I like it so much, I think I will marry it. Yes! That is exactly what I will do! I will MARRY Brian Kinney’s Love Muscle! We can have the ceremony right here and you are all invited. We’ll have music and dancing! I can wear a tuxedo and fancy shoes! We’ll even have CAKE! A huge cake, a giant chocolate cake! Then we’ll buy a mansion! Where the One-eyed Jack can ride me in the stables, the Big Louganis can dive into me in the pool, and McEnroe can slam me on the tennis court!”

Justin waited for the laughter to die down before he leaned into Brian and said solemnly, “I’m sorry Brian, but I have to end our relationship. See, it’s not really you I want. I want your best friend.” He pointed to Brian’s crotch then gave the man a consoling look. “I think it would be really awkward for you to come to the wedding, though, so you’re not invited. But remember . . . we will always
have Paris.”

The crowd burst out screaming with laughter. Brian grabbed his Cookie’s waist, hauled him onto his lap, and fell into fits of giggles while kissing the boy senseless. They were both laughing so hard they ended in a heap on the floor when they fell off the stool.

‘Just his penis,’ Brian thought with another peal of laughter. Over his dead body.

Meanwhile, Lindsey was sputtering, chest heaving in outrage, eyes begging Brian and then Mel to defend her from the wordy and impertinent little shit agitator. When Justin finally came up for air, Lindsey stood, getting right in the younger man’s face and poking him in the chest with a pointy, jaggedly-nailed finger badly in need of a manicure. “Now that you’re done, I have something to say to you, you little . . . freeloader!” she screeched so loud, the audience was silenced in a heartbeat.

Justin grinned and held the mic close to his lips so that his own words would easily drown out anything further Lindsey might try to say. “Oh, I’m not done with you yet, Honey.” he drolled and, before she could interrupt him, he started singing ‘Fuck You’ by Lily Allen, in the highest octave he could reach, prancing around the table, shaking his ass, and wagging his finger in her face, telling her what he REALLY thought about her and her stupid opinions.

The tune was catchy and, before long, the entire bar was singing ‘Fuck You’ along with him and pointing at her too - until Lindsey finally managed to shove her way out the door, stealing Brian’s bike and riding it back to the beach house, grateful they were leaving the damned faggoty island the next day and vowing never, ever, to return.

Nobody at the bar bothered to go after the fuming cow. Brian was too busy being overwhelmed by Justin’s mouthwatering descriptions of his pecker and the hilarious cutting down of the WASPy blonde. He wasn’t sure if he should fuck the boy or spank him. Justin took control of the situation before Brian could settle on a course of action by shoving him bodily up onto the table and urging him to stand so that all in the bar would be able to easily see him. When Justin knelt on the table in front of him, releasing Brian’s wonderful wang, the older man just went with it. He went with it while Justin played it up for the crowd. And he went with it when Justin literally worshipped his ‘big dick and the twins’ for the next half of an hour before letting Brian cum with a shout of thanks to the queer gods for his Cookie having the most proficient fucking mouth in the world.
By the time Brian was back to rights and they had climbed down off the table, Mel was nowhere to be seen. Brian assumed that she’d followed her wife back to the beach house, probably having heard enough about Brian’s dick to last her well into the next decade. It was a good thing that the Munchers were leaving the next day for Paris. As far as Brian was concerned, their departure couldn’t come soon enough.

Brian looked at his phone to check the time. It was still ridiculously early, but even after that phenomenal blow job, he was still horny as fuck - Justin’s little soliloquy about his cock had given him all sorts of splendid ideas about just exactly how his ‘pleasure pump’ would like to be further worshiped. He hoped the band wouldn’t be too pissed off if he dragged his Cookie home, because he really wanted to get started on his plans immediately. His dick twitched at the mere idea of Cookie. Fuck it all! Screw what the band wanted. Brian grabbed hold of Cookie’s hand to tow him along in his wake as he headed towards the nearest exit.

They had just made it out the door when someone called Justin’s name. Brian ignored it, but when the Cookie said he would only be a minute, Brian sighed and dropped his hand. He supposed he could wait ONE minute. Brian kept going to where the pedicab was waiting a few meters away, intending to give Justin some privacy while he continued to put together his plans for what would happen once they got to a bed.

Justin turned, seeing his friend Norah waving her hands above her head to get his attention from the middle of the crowd on the deck outside the club. Justin waited for her to catch up to him and, once she was next to him, she pressed a folded piece of paper into his hand. “You had some sales this week, Justin. I didn’t know when you would be into the gallery again and, when I heard you’d be here tonight, I thought it would be just as easy to touch base with you here. Of course, I wasn’t planning on the standing room only crowd. *hahaha* Anyway, that’s your payment.” She took the paper back from his hand and shoved it into his pocket. “It was good to see you having some fun again, Justin. Keep it up; I know more than one person has missed this side of you lately.” She smiled like any proud mama would - even though she wasn’t his - kissed his cheek, and disappeared back into the crowd.

Over at the pedicab, Brian was standing to the side, with Mel - who apparently hadn’t wanted to walk all the way to the house in her good shoes - waiting for them already in her seat. Justin kissed Brian full on the lips as soon as he was near enough to reach. Their renewed makeout session going on long enough that Mel took to ostentatiously clearing her throat - repeatedly - until they finally broke apart. Fuck, the damn lesbians sure were annoying, Brian thought. Oh well, at least they would be lesbian-free by this time the next evening and then he could fuck the Cookie to his heart’s content without their interference. He finally broke off the kiss, swatted Justin’s rear and ordered him into the back of the pedicab next to Mel before Brian himself climbed onto the front and started pedalling back to the beach house.
Chapter Theme Music - *The Penis Song.*

Chapter End Notes

8/8/16 - Did you enjoy the ‘Battle of the Blonds’? All of us who worked so ‘hard’ on this chapter are salivating and laughing ourselves silly. TAG germinated this idea and Saje went to town. Wow! Did Saje do Brian’s cock justice or what? We’re still discovering ‘penis’ euphemisms. Pop into the Google Doc and add yours to the list at the end of the doc. Or email them to us. Or add them to a Fiery Nights’ FB post. You never know when your favorite euphemism might appear! Many thanks to our coterie of online readers and helpers, including our Comma Momma, cookiebun, mamaduck, Glo, and, especially, samcdee - who, as usual, helped with song selection and designed the fantastic mini-banner for this chapter. Now to get the girls off the island . . . S&T
Scratching Things Is Fun.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, but we just can't seem to get past all the fun we're having torturing poor Lindsey. Please don't hate us or yell at us for being too Anti-Lindsey. We're just having fun here and every story needs an antagonist (or two). But, for what it's worth, this was really fun to write. So, read on, if you dare! LOL Enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 29 - Scratching Things is Fun.

Lindsey was lost and now she knew it. In the dark, everything looked the same and there were no convenient street lights to give her an inkling of where the fuck she was. She could admit, to herself, that her sense of direction was usually not very good, and in a place she was unfamiliar with, it was astoundingly bad. But that was the least of her worries at the moment.

After riding off on Brian’s bike in a huff, she had somehow lost the road and ended up on a dirt track in a forested area. She had been so humiliated that she had not even noticed the trees at first, only how much harder it had been to pedal through the increasingly deep sand. Her anger had fueled her to stand on the pedals, though it had been years since she last rode a bike. The new position had allowed her beautiful shawl to slip from her shoulder and get tangled in the front wheel, stopping the bike instantly and tossing her over the handlebars to land in the dirt and smack her head on an exposed tree root. She wasn’t thrown far, given that the other end of her shawl was still wrapped around her other arm and acted as a tether.

When she stood, anxiously ripping the offending garment off her arm, she felt blood trickling down from her forehead to the bridge of her nose. Feeling the goose egg carefully with her fingers, then wiping at the blood, she decided enough was enough. She would just call Brian and have him come pick her up, thinking that once he saw she was injured, he would show some remorse and offer abject apologies for his behavior - and the behavior of his bratty blond boy toy - towards her in the
Making that decision, she looked around in the dark for her purse with her phone inside, only to realize, too late, that she had left it at the table when she had stormed out. Kicking the tire on the bike, she stormed off down what appeared to be a trail between the trees, hoping to find something that looked familiar and would give her a better idea of where the sam hell she was.

Just as she was wondering if there were wild animals to be worried about, she began to hear things. Weird things. Things moving in the bushes. She hurried along, trying to quietly put them behind her, only to travel deeper into the thickening trees. She stubbed her toe. So she kicked off her heels. She was about to lean down and pick them up when the sounds from the bushes got louder and more menacing, so she abandoned the shoes and ran. The bushes tore at her dress, snagged her hose, scraped against her cheek, and pulled at her hair. It seemed the faster she ran, the worse everything became until she was crying, sweating, and bleeding so profusely she had to stop or be blinded. She crouched in the sand, wiping at her face with the hem of her dress, dragging in air, and trying to see ANYTHING. Then she felt it. A stinging pinch on her leg, followed immediately by another and another. She stood, swatting at her legs and arms, doing her best to defend herself from the biting pests of sand and air. When nothing seemed to fend them off, she let out a screaming wail, making the forest go eerily silent. Then the bush in front of her rustled again and she froze in fear.

What the hell lived in these woods anyway? Bears? Oh God, hopefully not bears! But, as she stared, the bush rustled some more. It was a big bush, so whatever was moving in it had to be big too, she surmised, slowly standing so as not to startle whatever lurked inside. When no more movement happened for a couple of moments, her mind had wound itself into a web of fear that left her shaking but paralyzed.

Her eyes went huge and round as the foliage quivered again and something big stepped out. Bigger than her by at least half a foot and outweighing her by a hundred pounds. Covered head to toe in black leather and wielding a nasty looking flailed flogger in its right hand. Lindsey screamed for all she was worth and took off running as fast as her bare feet and chewed-up legs could manage.

“What do you suppose that was all about?” said a cute little twink as he stepped out from behind his big bear, leather daddy.

“Some fucking idiot woman, if you can believe it. What the fuck did she EXPECT to find wandering through the Meat Rack in the middle of the night for Crissakes?” The bear answered as he directed his sub back into their hideaway to finish the fun the blonde had interrupted.

“Hey Joe!” Police Chief Collier hollered to get his deputy’s attention. “Just got a call about a woman gone nutters down by the Sullivan place. Go check it out.”
Joe Taggart glanced at his watch, lamenting the fact that he would have been off shift in less than ten minutes had he been able to make himself scarce when the call came in. Now he would probably be getting home late. He set down his lunch cooler, picked up the walkie-talkie he had already put away for the night, and grabbed the keys for the department’s golf cart. The Sullivan place was too far to walk and, if truth be told, he was no longer as fit as he used to be, so he took every opportunity he could to use the cart instead of physically exerting himself. With a last glance around the small police station, he couldn’t help but notice the smirks of his fellow deputies for being the one chosen for the last-minute call.

The Sullivan residence was one of the oldest houses on the island. It had survived floods, hurricanes, and the decades of encroaching commercialism. It was also the home of the island’s oldest couple, Ira and Erma Sullivan - the most cantankerous busybodies known to man.

Taggart heard the yelling and screaming almost a half mile from his destination and was not looking forward to what he would find. From what the Chief had said before sending him off, the Sullivans were holed up in their house refusing to let a crazy woman in, and said crazy woman was refusing to leave before using the phone. Knowing Ira and Erma, this could get rather messy.

When Joe pulled up outside the beautiful wrap-around porch of the old house, he could see a tall, bedraggled-looking woman stomping around in front of the door. She was obviously the one who’d been screeching so loudly that he’d heard her from down the road. He had to hand it to Ira - this one did indeed LOOK crazy. Her blond hair was flying all over the place, ratted up on one side and with small bits of twigs and leaves sticking out in the back. The dress she was wearing was torn and dirty, mud smeared all down the right side and the top barely staying in place over her heaving bosom. She was shoeless, and the hosiery she was wearing was snagged and full of holes.

“Evening, ma’am. Can I be of assistance here?” Taggart asked as politely as possible as he approached her cautiously.

“FINALLY! I’m lost and hurt and these people,” she pointed angrily to the two faces peering around the curtain covering the window in the top of the porch door, “refused to even let me in to use their damn phone. What if something serious happened to me while I was waiting here? What if I passed out? I’d sue their asses off for failure to help me. I’ve got friends and family that could make that happen, you know . . .”

“Ma’am, please calm down. Nobody’s going to help you if you keep screaming like an hysterical nut job,” Joe ordered, holding his one hand out in a ‘stop’ gesture, but keeping the heavy mag flashlight ready in his other hand just in case the woman didn’t listen and got even more out of control. “Now, what seems to be the problem?”
“The problem is that I was just almost attacked by some kind of wild animals back there in the woods,” Lindsey shrieked pointing off to the deepest, darkest stretch of trees “I can't believe that nobody cares that innocent people on their way home aren't even warned how dangerous this island is! You should, at the very least, have signs posted. I could have been killed!”

“Um . . . Wild animals?” Taggart asked, a little confused.

“Yes! Think it was a bear! I didn't get a good look in the dark, but it was huge and it came right at me from behind some bushes. Growling! I was scared to death!” Lindsey broke down into tears, thinking she was finally talking to someone who sympathized with her plight. “The authorities should probably get out there and hunt it down or something. Before someone gets even more hurt.”

“Have you been drinking or doing any drugs, ma'am?” Taggart asked, bringing his flashlight up and shining it into the frenzied woman's face so he could get a good look at her eyes.

“No! Well, yes . . . I mean, I may have had a couple of drinks at that skanky bar before I left, but if you're implying that I'm intoxicated or anything, you're wrong. I know what I saw. I was attacked by a vicious bear in the woods. You have to do something about it!”

“There aren't any wild animals on Fire Island, ma'am. Certainly not any bears. Except for the human variety, that is.” Officer Taggart chuckled a bit at his joke, which only caused the crazy hysterical lady in front of him to stomp her bare foot and frown at him more angrily.

“I do NOT appreciate being made fun of by some lowlife civil servant from Bumfucked Hicksville! Especially one who can't even seem to do his job right!” Lindsey was all set to throw her weight around even more when the unimpressed officer interrupted her.

“Be that as it may, ma'am, you're still trespassing on private property, so this lowlife civil servant is about to arrest you and throw your crazy highfalutin bitch ass in the lockup for the night. Ira, Erma, you guys do wanna press charges, right?” Joe looked over at the two faces still watching avidly from inside the house.

When both nodded emphatically at him, Joe unhooked the handcuffs from his belt and promptly slapped one end on an unprepared Lindsey’s wrist.

“What are you doing?” Lindsey screeched in alarm, trying to snatch her arm back from the man.
“You’re under arrest for trespassing. You have the right to remain silent . . .” Taggart began to recite the standard Miranda Warning as he reached around to grab the woman’s other hand.

Lindsey, though, was not at all resigned to this unthinkable fate. “No! You can’t arrest me. I wasn’t trespassing. I just came here asking for help. Stop! Stop it! Get your hands off me!” Lindsey twisted her body around abruptly, causing the flying handcuff to whack poor Joe in the head and thereby managing to free herself. Officer Taggart stood there for a moment, rubbing at the sore place on his noggin, allowing Lindsey enough time to take off running down the porch steps in a headlong dash back into the bear-infested woods.

“Oh, fuck me!” Taggart muttered to himself before he took off running after the fugitive.

Unfortunately for her, a barefoot Lindsey, hampered by the tight skirt of her once lovely dress, wasn’t exactly the fleetest of outlaws. The large tree root that happened to be hiding in the shadows just a few meters beyond the treeline, didn’t help matters. When Lindsey’s foot connected with the root, she went flying through the air like an ungraceful dodo bird, landing in a heap, not quite right-side-up in a leafy pile of greenery off the side of the pathway.

Joe Taggart came loping up a few seconds later and hoisted a spluttering, even more bruised and unhappy Lindsey to her feet. Another second later, he had her hands behind her back and the cuffs firmly locked. Lindsey, who was too thoroughly disgusted by the night’s proceedings and still in shock a little from her latest fall, didn’t put up any more resistance. She let herself be hauled back to the officer’s golf cart, loaded onto the passenger seat, and sat meekly for the rest of the ride back to the police station.

Meanwhile, back at the beach house, Mel was hissing frantically about the fact that her wife was still missing. The three of them had arrived home about twenty minutes earlier, expecting to find Lindsey waiting for them. When Brian entered the house, all he found was Gabe stretched out on the couch, watching the Cartoon Network, drinking what appeared to be the last of a six-pack of Dr. Pepper’s and wrist-deep in a giant-sized bowl of popcorn. Gus was sound asleep in his room. And there was no sign whatsoever of their missing Muncher.

So much for Brian’s plans to whisk Justin home for some emergency penis relief. Now he was delayed looking for a lost lesbian. NOT how he wanted to spend his night.

“You KNOW Lindsey’s always had a terrible sense of direction, Brian. Even back home, I’m the one who always has to navigate our way after a night out drinking. Shit! Lindz couldn’t find her way out of a wet paper bag with GPS and a police escort. I shouldn’t have let her leave by herself like that.” Mel was working herself up into a real tizzy, much to Brian and Justin’s consternation, both
men having had more than enough of the dizzy lezzies already for one night.

“Mel, I’m sure she’ll be fine. It’s not like we’re in the middle of nowhere here. Hell, we’re on a fucking island. She can’t get THAT far. Besides, she’ll call if she gets lost,” Brian said in an attempt to get Mel to calm down.

“Wrong, Asshole!” Mel held up Lindsey’s forgotten purse, which she’d brought home with her from the bar. “She was so pissed off at your little attack blond there, she stormed off without taking her bag, which means she doesn’t have her cell phone on her either. Shit. Where the hell can she be?”

Justin happened to be sitting on a stool at the bar when Brian’s cell phone - which had been dumped on the counter along with his wallet as soon as he’d paid Gabe for the babysitting services - started ringing. He noted the number on the caller ID with a frown - it probably wasn’t a good sign that the Cherry Grove Police Department was calling. He handed the phone over to Brian, who answered without even looking at the display.

“Kinney . . . Arrested? What the hell was she arrested for? . . . Trespassing, resisting arrest, and assaulting a police officer? . . . She decked a police officer? Lindsey Peterson? Are you sure we’re talking about the same woman? . . . *hahahaha* . . . Okay. Okay, I’m on my way to the station . . . Yes. Of course. I’ll be right there.” Brian ended the call and turned to look at the waiting menagerie. “So, who’s up for a late-night jaunt to go bail Lindz out of jail for deckig a cop?”

Justin was elected to stay home with Gus while Brian and Mel loaded back up into the pedicab. It was less than five miles to the Cherry Grove police station, so it didn’t take Brian very long to pedal them there. The building itself was an unassuming little shack smooshed in between the ferry building and an ice cream parlor. Brian was amused by this, but Mel punched him in the arm - hard - for laughing at such a serious moment.

They could hear the pissed off screaming threats even before they opened the door. A look passed between fag and dyke, asking each other if maybe they wouldn’t be better off leaving Lindsey there for the night. Mel finally rolled her eyes and opened the door, immediately closing it again when she spied an overweight, middle-aged, hairy behemoth in just his jockeys, water dripping from his hair.

Brian pushed past her and asked for the Chief, as the wet, drippy behemoth made a beeline for the bathroom. The could hear Lindz threatening every kind of lawsuit she could think of from behind a closed door at the back of the building. Everyone else in the building seemed to be ignoring all the ruckus.

“Mr. Kinney, I presume.” the Chief said as he stood up from behind his desk and adjusted his girth
over his utility belt.

Brian nodded, gesturing with a hand at Mel. “This is Ms. Marcus. Ms. Peterson’s wife and attorney.”

The Chief tipped his hat at Mel. “If I could speak to you for a minute before showing you back?”

They sat in the uncomfortable chairs in front of the Chief’s desk while the Chief resumed his much more comfortable seat and shuffled some papers, clearly experiencing some difficulty starting the conversation.

“So, she was arrested for trespassing?” Mel prompted.

“Yes’m” he replied. “It seems she was lost and wandered onto private property. I can maybe get the Sullivans to drop the charges for that and, provided Officer Taggart doesn’t need stitches, I might even be able to talk him out of the assault charges, but . . .”

“Buuuut?” Brian urged.

The Chief blushed a bit, unsure how to proceed, then just blurted, “We had to hose her down.”

“Excuse me?” Brian and Mel said at the same time.

“Seems she fell in some poison sumac while trying to flee arrest. She was already breaking out in hives on the way here and bitching about it at the top of her lungs. My deputy, the guy you saw running through here all wet as you were coming in, also came into contact with the plants and hosed off out back as soon as he got here and, when she wouldn’t shut up, well . . . he turned the garden sprayer on her too. Now, I will admit, he probably shouldn’t have done it without permission, nor should he have done it for quite so long, but the department is willing to overlook her resisting arrest and hitting my officer, if Ms. Peterson could be convinced to overlook the dousing?”

Brian and Mel looked at each other. The noises of crying and screeching coming from the other room continued unabated. Brian tried not to laugh. He really did. It was impossible though. The whole scenario was just too ludicrous.
Mel growled at Brian, but was, herself, trying to stifle a smile as well. However, she was apparently better able to control the reaction. Squeezing her eyes closed and taking a deep breath, Melanie nodded to the Chief.

“I’ll do my best,” Mel promised, just as an even louder squeal of outrage percolated through the door of the retaining cell. “You do know this is going to take a while, right?”

“You’re welcome to use our conference room,” Chief Collier gestured to the small, windowed room off to the side. “Take however long you need. But, just keep in mind that the longer she’s in here without some attention to that rash, the worse it’s going to get. She’d be much better off at home in a bath and out of those clothes that are probably contaminated too . . .”

Mel rolled her eyes but got the implication that the officer was making. They all stood up, and Collier waved over another officer who had a large bunch of keys in his fist. He looked at his boss as if to ask, ‘You sure about this?’ Chief Collier merely nodded and sighed.

The key turned in the lock, the door opened, and Lindsey came flying out. For about ten seconds it looked like she was going to run straight to Mel, hoping for some loving attention. Melanie backed away almost as fast, holding up her hands to keep Lindsey as far away from her as possible.

Lindsey was quite the sight. She had a nasty cut on her forehead that looked like it had only just stopped bleeding. The entire right side of her face was covered in an angry vermillion rash and her right eye was swollen shut. Every few centimeters, there was a patch of more intense, blotchy, crimson red. In a few places, the rash was so bad that pea-sized blisters had already erupted, each of these spots was surrounded by pus-filled splotches of yellowish-white. Even the skin around the affected areas was puffy-looking and bloated. And that was just her face . . . There were patches of rash on her arms and legs as well. The ones that Brian could see on her legs, through the tears in her ruined stockings, seemed the worst. One large section on her calf was covered not only with the carmine rash, but with dime-sized, greenish-yellow, oozing, crusty pustules.

Brian backed further away from the apparition, not wanting to get within ten feet of her, if even that close.

By this point, Mel had managed to herd Lindsey into the small conference room. The door was closed but the place wasn’t completely soundproof. Brian, Collier, and the other officer could all hear the offended wailing as they watched the drama taking place through the big glass windows. Lindsey was gesticulating wildly - in between breaks for scratching and rubbing at her limbs or stomach or face - clearly not yet ready to give up on her complaints about the treatment she’d received at the hands of the Fire Island police.
When the ranting had gone on for more than fifteen minutes, and Brian was starting to think about moving back over to the chairs so he could at least be comfortable while he waited, the noise level from the room all of a sudden escalated to epic proportions.

“Damn it, Lindsey! Sit the fuck down and listen to me already, ‘cause I’m tired and want to get the fuck out of here!” Melanie out-screamed her wife for a moment, causing Lindsey to fall silent. “You can bitch and moan about all this shit later. But the bottom line is that if you don’t agree to drop your complaints about the police department, they’re going to keep you here and, trust me, you don’t want that. What you want to do is come home so we can get you out of those clothes and into a bath and then get you some treatment for that fucking rash before it gets any worse. Or, maybe you like looking like an escapee from a leper colony?”

That seemed to curtail the discussion. There was no more yelling heard from the conference room. Lindsey collapsed into a chair, leaning her head on her crossed arms, and commenced bawling. Mel talked to her a bit more, getting grudging nods of Lindsey’s still-bowed head. Finally, Mel opened the door and let herself out.

“You’ve got a deal,” she informed Chief Collier. “She’s ready to get the hell out of here. What do you need her to sign?”

Brian was grateful for Lindsey’s silence on the way back to the beach house. Of course, that may have had something to do with the fact that her lips and tongue were starting to swell. Brian called his Cookie and asked him to request the services of the hottie nurse he had sent to doctor Brian’s ankle when he sprained it.

Brian pulled the pedicab around the back and insisted Lindz strip on the deck, refusing to let her contaminated clothes into his space. By that point she was so miserable, she didn’t even care. Brian and Mel used broom handles to fork the tatters of her garments into the barbeque pit where they were coated liberally with lighter fluid and set ablaze while Lindz clawed at her itchy spots and whined pitifully when she touched a sore one instead.

Mel ushered her inside, keeping to the uncarpeted areas on the way, as Brian sprayed every surface she neared with Lysol. Vowing to mop the floor with bleach as soon as he bought some. Twenty minutes later, he answered the door to McStud while Justin made himself scarce. Mel and Brian had decided it would be best for everyone if Lindz didn’t see him, reminding her of how her predicament had started in the first place. Justin merely laughed and shrugged, then hid out in Brian’s bedroom, sketching a picture of Lindz as a disease ridden villain from some antiquated fairy tale.

It took another hour to get Lindsey bathed, dotted all over with calamine lotion, doped up on Benadryl and Prednisone, and put to bed. Mel opted to sleep with Gus, just in case there were any sumac oils still on her wife’s body that hadn’t been washed off. The prognosis was NOT good -
according to McStud, Lindsey’s rash was pretty severe. She had obviously been exposed for quite a while over a large portion of her body. It was going to take upwards of three weeks before it was completely gone. Brian and Mel agreed that they would not tell Lindsey this, or at least not until after they left the next day.

After the girls were tucked away, Brian wandered into the living room, where McStud was gathering together all his paraphernalia. He offered to pay the man for his house call, but the nurse refused, claiming he was doing it as a favor to Justin. Brian looked the ruggedly handsome brunet man up and down. This was the second ‘favor’ that the hottie nurse had done for him and he really wanted to pay him back. But, if he wouldn’t take monetary compensation, maybe he’d take a tip instead . . .

Right as McStud zipped up the small canvas duffle where he kept all his stuff, Brian reached a conclusion. This guy was far too nice to let him walk out of here without Brian showing him some appreciation. In fact, he’d like to appreciate the man all over. Starting by stripping off those blue scrubs and whatever he might find underneath. Decision made, Brian reached out, took the straps of the dufflebag out of McStud’s hand and set the bag aside.

“Even if you won’t let me pay you, I’ve still got a big tip for you . . . it’s in my bedroom,” Brian announced, hooking his fingers in the waistband of the loosely tied scrub pants and slowly backing away down the hall.

McStud didn’t put up even a token resistance.

“Oh, Cooooookieeee! I brought take out!” Brian announced as he made his way into the bedroom, dragging his studly midnight snack after him. “Hope you’re hungry."

Justin looked up from his sketchpad, blinked his sleepy eyes, and then broke into a long, slow smile that lit up his whole face. The precious sketchpad was tossed aside without a second thought. Justin jumped out of bed and came bounding over to the pair enthusiastically.

“Oh, Boss, sometimes you have the BEST ideas!” Justin purred, kissing Brian’s raspberry-red lips and then moving over to the blush-pink lips of the man in scrubs. “I love a man in uniform,” he stated in a lusty whisper, as he pulled the stethoscope from where it had been resting around Scrubs’ neck. “Of course, I love a man OUT of uniform even more.”

Brian, who vehemently agreed, moved around behind Scrubs and obliged his randy twink by pulling the scrub shirt off over McStud’s head. Oh yeah, that was exactly what Brian had been hoping for - the washboard abs and well toned pecs under the scrub shirt were exactly what the doctor ordered! Brian reached around from behind and ran his big hands over those chiseled features, letting his
fingertips get better acquainted with this handy healthcare professional. Justin, pressed up against the front side of the dedicated nurse, followed along behind Brian’s fingers with his lips and tongue.

Several minutes of rutting, moaning, and generalized foreplay and Brian was ready to move on and give this guy the big tip he’d earned for all his good work, so he reached down to spread his ass cheeks and bumped into something hard. “Someone came here with a purpose . . .” Brian grinned and bit the man’s earlobe.

Scrubs sucked in a breath and let it out with a sigh, “Just hoping. After the look you gave me the last time I was here . . . Thought I would come prepared, just in case.”

Brian slipped his forefinger around the base of the very expensive Raging Stallion Helmet Head glass buttplug and teased it from the already prepped hole. Seeing the size of the plug, Brian figured the man could take Justin with no problem. He refused to admit that he didn’t want anyone inside his Cookie but himself.

So . . . how to work this? He gave it just a few moments of contemplation before piling three pillows on the edge of the bed and draping Justin on his back, ass propped on top of them, legs spread wide. Justin got where he was going with this, entertained by the thought that Brian wanted his ass for himself. That was good though, because he really wanted Brian to have it too.

Scrubs stroked his cock, watching Brian prepare Justin’s ass, kissing and rubbing him, and when Justin was ready, Brian put condoms on them both, inviting their guest to mount Justin’s cock. Even after wearing the plug, Scrubs still eased himself carefully onto Justin’s very large girth. Scrubs leaned forward to kiss the blond while Brian used one of his Cookie’s tricks and placed each of his thumbs inside Justin’s hole, spreading it open, and leaving them there as he buried his dick between them. The blond hummed his delight. Brian knew he would lose some depth in this position, so having his thumbs in place would make for a tighter passage and therefore more pleasure for both himself and his Cookie.

Brian nodded to the blond, letting Justin know that the younger man would be setting the pace for this threesome, and the Cookie got right down to it. A slow thrust up into Scrubs as Brian pushed forward into his Cookie had Brian’s head rolling back in unadulterated ecstasy. What he lost in depth, Brian now found was made up for in tightness. When Justin pushed up, all of his muscles from the waist down constricted, making his passage even tighter. Add in the thumbs and Brian was lost in deliciously restricting torture almost as soon as they started. Each paired movement created a tug on his cock that felt like he was fucking AND being stroked off at the same time and, though Brian’s sexual experiences were legion, this was an entirely new sensation. He fucking LOVED it!

Justin sped up the pace incrementally, pulling Scrubs closer to his chest so Brian could watch his pale pink dick disappear into that dark ring while Brian’s darker cock did the same to Justin’s pink
pucker. Every few strokes, the three of them would glance to the windows and see themselves reflected there, getting more and more turned on by the display they made. The three beautiful men made quite a spectacle. If only those drooling fans and their camera phones could see THIS!

Eventually, Brian felt the incremental ratcheting of the tension in his balls mounting high enough that he couldn’t take it anymore. He leaned down, covering Scrubs’ back with his own body and bent his head over the man’s shoulder so that he could reach his Cookie’s lips. For some unknown reason, he just couldn’t climax until he’d caressed those inviting bubblegum-pink lips. With the burly McStud in the middle, it was tough. Luckily, Cookie seemed to want Brian’s lips just as much and strained upward at the same instant.

The kiss was barely there. But it was enough. The instant their mouths touched, a spark of . . . something . . . zapped through both of them, electrifying every nerve synapse throughout both straining bodies. Brian felt his muscles convulsing as he thrust deeply into Justin’s hole one last time, jabbing with all his might at the man’s sweet spot on the way. Cookie’s body took up the trembling transmitted from his lover and he relayed the impulse into the body of the naughty nurse hovering above him, cumming a heartbeat after Brian. Scrubs received the one-two punch as both his companions climaxed and let his own orgasm rip, decorating both Justin and the bed in ropes of sticky white passion.

Brian only just barely managed to stay upright long enough afterwards to pull Scrubs off Cookie’s dick and then shove the man to the side. Then he collapsed on top of his blond, smearing both of them with McStud’s cum as they fell into another long, deep, and even more satisfying kiss. Several kisses later, Justin broke out laughing, sliding Brian off of him using the gooey cream in the middle of them as lubrication.

“Nice one, Jorge,” Justin said, looking over his right shoulder at their guest. “You’re welcome to ‘cum’ by anytime.” He and Scrubs fist bumped triumphantly while laughing together at the horrible pun.

“Definitely,” Brian seconded, smiling over at the friendly gesture. “Have I mentioned how much I just love your healthcare system here on the island, Cookie? Where else would a nurse come over for a house call and let us give HIM a prostate check? Only on Fire Island.” More laughter ensued from the occupants of the bed. “But, as great as your bedside manner is, Cookie, I think our friend here could probably use a second opinion? How about we take this little get-together to the shower where I can do a more thorough job . . .”

Chapter Theme Music - Scratching Things is Fun.

Fiery Nights - Working Doc
Chapter End Notes

Do you think we have tortured poor Lindsey enough? No? We didn’t think so either. You didn’t think we would forget about Scrubs too? This chapter was inspired by eureka1, brought to life by Saje and, as usual, prettied up and made coherent by TAG when she was supposed to be doing real work. Oh, and Samcdee piped up with lots of facts about poison sumac! LOL.

Do you want to offer a suggestion for a future chapter? Drop by the doc and suggest away! We can take the smallest little tidbit and run with it, as proven by this silly chapter. Hope you had fun, we sure did. T&S

PS - We were having some technical difficulties with the online working doc so we had to move our work in progress. Sorry if this causes confusion. The new link to our online doc is at the end of this chapter.
Brian was so relieved to finally get rid of the bitching, moaning, scratching, whining, pock-marked mass of complaining that was Lindsey Peterson that he actually knelt and kissed the ground as soon as he and Gus disembarked from the ferry onto the shores of Fire Island. Gus giggled at his Daddy’s silliness and then got down on his knees too, copying Brian’s actions. The rest of the passengers getting off with them laughed as they edged around the crazy pair.

Lindsey had been - literally - impossible all day. Admittedly, she was in a lot of pain. But that excuse only went so far with Brian. The woman had expected to be waited on, hand and foot, by everyone in the house all day. It was exhausting. And disgusting. The ugly scarlet rash and repulsive, pus-filled blisters all over her body totally grossed Brian out. Gus was so scared when he first saw his mother that the boy broke out in hysterical tears, adding to the mayhem in the house. All in all, it was a totally miserable morning.

Thankfully, a stubborn Lindsey refused to give up on her trip to Paris, no matter how horrible she looked or how uncomfortable she was. Mel finally conceded that her wife was not going to be deterred and decided they’d just dope the woman up with sleeping pills for the flight - hoping that would get them through the worst of it. Brian didn’t care where the two went, as long as they left his house.
So, after much ado, the women were packed up and bustled off, back to the airport in New York City. Brian and Gus accompanied them - mostly because Gus said he wanted to and not because Lindsey had demanded that Brian come. If it got them gone, Brian didn’t mind helping them with transporting all their luggage, including the extra one they picked up at the ferry terminal from Lucinda. Gus seemed just as excited as Brian was to be rid of his mothers when they dropped the pair off at the Departures entrance of the airport. The trip back to the island was much quieter and calmer.

By the time they got back, it was already after six which meant that Justin should be just finishing up with his shift at the Albatross. It was also dinner time. Perfect timing, if he did say so himself. So the two Kinney men ambled over to meet their favorite Cookie and hopefully grab some fried clams for dinner.

Brian knew the sign on the door of the pub was a bad omen before he even read it. The older gay couple that had been in front of them as they walked up paused before entering, read the sign, looked at each other with disappointment evident on their faces, then turned around and left. Brian stepped up to the sign and was not at all surprised to read the caption: Sorry, No Clams Today!

“What the hell, Cookie!” Brian demanded as soon as he barged through the doorway and pushed past the bashful register clerk as he barrelled into the kitchen. “You’re doing this on purpose, aren’t you? You must think it’s funny or something - no clams for Brian? What’s your excuse this time, Justin? More fucking ‘Sky Rats’? Run out? What?”

“It’s not some conspiracy or something, Brian,” Justin dumped a pile of cut up potatoes into the deep fryer before turning around to look at the irascible kitchen invader. “We just didn’t get our regular order of clams delivered today. I’m sorry. Hey, Gus.”

Yeah, right! You just don’t want me to ever get my fucking clams!” Brian was irate. He’d had more than enough and simply did not believe that fate could be so cruel. It had to be intentional. “So, what exactly happened to my fucking clams this time? Huh? Is there a clam shortage on the entire East Coast? The shipment was hijacked by clam pirates? Or maybe there was a robbery at the clam bank?” Brian’s raving only caused Justin to laugh harder at the man’s outrageousness. “No? Well, then, maybe there’s an island wide infestation of clam-eating snakes? Or maybe the bear Lindsey claims attacked her in the woods took all the clams? What else could it be, Cookie? What? Tell me?”

By that point, all the Albatross’ employees were circled around the order window, watching the drama taking place in the kitchen. There was a significant of amount of laughter going on in the audience. Justin wasn’t helping matters much as he was laughing almost as hard. Gus was just hanging onto Justin’s apron, looking at his father as if Brian was crazy. Granted, he’d just spent the morning with a crazy, bitching mother, and he wasn’t exactly thrilled to have to deal with his father
acting in a similar fashion, but Gus was a pretty easy-going kid . . . for the most part.

“This time it’s really not my fault, Brian,” Justin insisted, reaching out with one hand to pat the incensed man on the shoulder in a comforting manner. “In fact, it’s sorta your fault, Big Guy.” Brian continued to scoff at him, so Justin carried on with his explanation. “See, Gary, the guy who we get our daily clam delivery from, was at the Sip ‘N Twirl last night and, after you and I left, there was a bit of an uproar. It seems that the crowd was a little pissed off that we bugged out so early. There was a rush on the stage when Marissa announced that I wasn’t coming back. Poor Gary got knocked over in the melee and broke his arm, which meant he wasn’t able to make the delivery today. No Gary, no clams. See?”

“Fuck!” Brian instantly deflated, sagging back against the dishwasher in defeat. Trapped in a web of his own making.

“Daddy! You said so many bad words! If Mommy was here you’d be in biiiiiiigggggg trouble!” Gus admonished his father.

“It’s okay, Gus,” Justin reassured the tyke. “Your Daddy’s had a hard day. We’ll let him slide this once. Okay?”

“Okay. But I’m still hungry, Jus. Can we eat even if you don’ have no clams?” Gus asked ingenuously.

“Of course, Gus. How about I make you the best fish and chips you’ve ever eaten?” Justin proposed as he lifted the basket of golden brown fries out of the deep fryer. “I promise not to make them black like your Mommy. I guarantee you’ll love my fish . . . maybe even more than my clams!” Gus grinned happily up at his idol, reassured by the promise of dinner. “And, for you, Boss, how about some of my best shrimp bisque and my finest crab cakes. They’re so delicious, they will literally melt in your mouth. You’ll forget all about those silly clams. Trust me.”

Brian was somewhat propitiated by this proposal - enough so that he was talked into leaving the kitchen and taking a seat out on the patio, with a complimentary beer in hand, to await this culinary masterpiece. Gus, who was fascinated by the cooking process, was allowed to stay and watch Justin cooking, provided he remained on the stool that was brought in for him and placed in the corner furthest from the stove.

Once dinner was served, Justin handed off his apron to the relief chef and joined his men on the patio. Gus wolfed down his fish and chips, exclaiming repeatedly that this was the best food he’d ever eaten. Brian, while not quite so profusely appreciative, had to agree with his son. The bisque
was deliciously creamy and just spicy enough. And the crab cakes really DID melt in his mouth. It was, as he’d come to expect from all Justin’s food creations, exquisite. Even if it wasn’t the fried clams he was still longing for.

As soon as the men were done with their meal, Gus pulled them off to look at a colorful shop he’d seen on the walk over. Brian was more than happy to indulge his son’s desire to shop. However, once he saw the stores that Gus was interested in, he started to have second thoughts. The child was, predictably, drawn to the bright colors and flash of the most tawdry tourist traps in town - not at all Brian’s idea of shopping. After the third store Brian grumbled his way through, Justin shook his head and sent the grouchy bear of a man off towards the more upscale shops further down the street, while he stayed with Gus.

Justin and Gus were actually glad to get rid of Brian for awhile. Not only was he still a bit on the grouchy side after having to deal with Lindsey all day, but the boys had some very important shopping to do that Brian’s presence would hamper. Justin and Gus had already discussed the fact that Father’s Day was coming up that weekend and, thus, they were in need of some serious gift shopping. The only problem being that the boys couldn’t quite agree on exactly what would make the perfect Father’s Day gift.

In the third shop they wandered through, however, Gus found precisely what he was looking for. Justin had to bite his tongue to keep from laughing out loud at Gus’ selection. Oh, brother! Brian was going to completely queen out. But then he’d end up loving the gift anyway because it was chosen by his son. Justin happily coughed up the dough to buy the present for Gus. This was going to be fun.

On top of the big Father’s Day purchase, Justin also pulled together a selection of kid-friendly craft supplies. Sure, they would be messy and Brian would probably not approve, but they were something that would no doubt come in handy when the need to keep a five year old entertained and busy overcame the neatfreak’s hatred of clutter - an occurrence that Justin knew was inevitable at some point in the next two weeks. The young artist would be more than happy to help out with that part of Gus’ visit since he very rarely got a chance to play with crayons or glitter these days, and the boy’s stay on Fire Island would give him the perfect excuse to indulge in a little craftiness.

Once they were well stocked up, Justin and Gus moseyed on down the street, looking for their wayward paterfamilias. At first they thought they might have lost him since Brian was nowhere to be seen, then, another block down, they caught a glimpse of the tall, auburn head through the window of a familiar storefront. Justin was surprised to find Brian browsing in Norah’s gallery.

While the younglings continued to peruse the crap emporiums for fuck-knew-what, Brian wandered back over to the gallery where he’d purchased the great postcards and the three paintings the week before. He decided to go in and see if anything new piqued his interest. He quickly passed by some artwork that was unappealing, to his standards at least, and found more of the art that had grabbed his attention last week. He was still intrigued with the anonymous artist and the work he was seeing. Now that he had a bit more time, he could appraise it with a little more depth.
Brian was lost in thought looking at a couple of these paintings - both particularly interesting pieces that he didn’t remember seeing before but that were almost certainly by the same artist - when Norah approached him and asked if she could be of any service. Remembering his taste in artwork and the size of his wallet, Norah definitely wanted to make sure she kept Mr. Kinney as happy as possible. “Thinking of adding to your collection, Mr. Kinney?” Norah asked.

Brian decided he did indeed want to add these pieces to his previous purchases. The first was an abstract rendering of a man’s torso that reminded him vaguely of Da Vinci in a lighthearted and whimsical way. He was intrigued that the artist could make a routine human study humorous and interesting at the same time. The use of bright and unusual colors was particularly appealing.

The second painting was very obviously part of the same series as the other large abstract he had already purchased. It had the same notes of whimsy but made him think of dreaming and wishes. It was hopeful and active. The swirling multi-hued array made the viewer think of some nebula in the far reaches of space, but at the same time, for some inexplicable reason, it was also evocative of a particularly passionate bedroom scene. And because of the the rainbow effect, Brian was almost sure it was created by a gay artist. Altogether, the painting was a paradox - but a pleasing one.

Both of these paintings called out to Brian’s aesthetic sense. He knew he had to have them. If only he could find out more about this anonymous artist - JRT.

Norah was thrilled that she’d thought to bring out some of her pet artist’s older works that she’d been keeping in storage - apparently just in time for Mr. Kinney to make a reappearance in her gallery. The man seemed fixated on the two new paintings and more than likely to buy. This was going to end up being a very, VERY, good month for her.

Once he was sure about his selections, Brian let Norah lead him back to her desk in order to prepare a bill of sale for these additional works of art. Norah assured him that she would have them delivered to the same address as before. Brian reminded himself to call Cynthia, again, and warn her to make room in the Kinnetik offices for his most recent investment pieces.

Just as they were finishing up the paperwork, the door opened, and in walked Cookie and Gus wearing matching smiles.

Justin walked up to Brian, bent over with a kiss to the man’s cheek and asked inquisitively, “Have a sudden urge to buy some art?”
Justin really wasn’t sure if he was pleased by the idea of Brian spending his time in this particular store. Now, if Brian had been in here the week before, when Justin had still had a couple of pieces on display in this gallery, it might have been different. Then he would have loved to see Brian browsing at Norah’s gallery. But, since Justin’s work was gone, the idea of Brian acquiring new artwork for his personal collection had a lot less merit. Justin wanted Brian to be enraptured with HIS art, not just any old random pieces. Brian looked at Justin in confusion, not sure why the boy was using that particular tone. Norah, however, had quite a pleased smile on her face once she realized what was transpiring right in front of her.

“Daddy, dere’s alotta paintins in here. I bet dere’s nuffin as good as Jus would do, though. You sawed how good he made my toes.” All three adults smiled, looked down at the toes in question peeking out of the boy’s sandals, and enjoyed the lighthearted mood brought on by the little guy’s adorable hero worship of his older friend.

Norah cleared her throat and both men looked at her. She could tell that there was a decided lack of disclosure going on here and thought it seemed like a good time to ‘reveal’ what was happening to all interested parties. While all eyes were on her, Norah took out the gallery checkbook and cut Justin a check, putting the names of the recently purchased paintings on the memo line. Then she ostentatiously handed the check to the blond man standing in front of her desk. It really didn’t take long after that for both men to put two and two together.

“What’s this for?” Justin asked. “I thought you sold all my stuff last week?”

“Did you forget that I had these two in storage from last fall?” Norah pointed to the names she’d listed on the check. “I just pulled them out and hung them yesterday. And I’m really glad I did, seeing as we have such an avid collector right here with us.” She turned and bestowed her glowing smile on Brian.

“You?” asked Brian, smiling at Justin with bewilderment. “You made those phenomenal paintings? I couldn’t stop looking at them. There was just so much to see in each one. They made me feel . . . I’m not quite sure, but I had to have them.”

As Brian thought about it more, he realized that the paintings he’d bought on his previous visit had to be Justin’s as well. On a couple, the styles were similar, but it was the overall feelings they invoked that made him sure his Cookie was indeed THE artist he’d been so taken with. He was inordinately pleased by that and weirdly proud of himself for picking his lover’s paintings out of the masses simply by the way they made him FEEL . . . and he said as much to Justin. Norah, who’d been standing there smiling at the pair, bobbed her head in agreement, understanding completely.
Justin blushed as he heard the praise coming from Brian’s lips. He’d never met anyone who seemed to GET his art in quite the way he meant it. Sure he’d been told his work was good, but it wasn’t the same as hearing someone talk about how it made them feel. The fact that Brian couldn’t put into words how the art made him feel almost was better. It meant he was really into the work, not just glancing at it and only seeing the superficial depictions.

As Justin was soaking up Brian’s flattering comments about his paintings, he suddenly heard a familiar voice call out, “Jester! I told Mom it was you! We saw you coming in here with the cutest little auburn-haired boy a few minutes ago.” Justin’s sister, Molly, who was a younger, strawberry blonde version of the artist, ran across the expanse of the gallery and wrapped her arms around her brother’s waist, gave him a hug, and babbled on, not giving ‘Jester’ a chance to say anything in response. “We haven’t seen you in DAYS! When are you coming home? And where’s that boy? Is he the boy you said was coming to visit your friend?”

Stepping back from her brother’s embrace, Molly turned away and spotted Gus. “Oh! You must be Gus! I’ve been dying to meet . . .” the young girl trailed off, noticing Brian for the first time, and becoming completely tongue-tied as her gaze traveled upward along the lanky frame until she reached that chiseled face and those expressive hazel eyes. Her mouth hung open and she gasped for air, frozen in place, riveted by the gorgeous man looking at her quizzically, one eyebrow raised as if questioning who she might be.

A warm, feminine laugh rang out. “Cat got your tongue, Molly? That’s a first,” remarked an elegant blond woman wearing pleated white linen shorts, a sleeveless navy blue blouse, and dark blue wedge sandals as she approached the group. She, too, was briefly stunned by the handsome brunet’s appearance, but recovered more quickly than her daughter, holding out her hand and saying, “You must be Brian. I’m Jennifer Taylor. It’s a pleasure to meet you. I must say, though, that Justin didn’t do you justice when he was describing you.”

The brunet replied with a chuckle, “It IS difficult to find the words to convey how handsome I am. Maybe the Cookie had better stick to painting and drawing and leave the wordsmithing up to me. He can concentrate on creating portraits for my legions of fans. That should provide him with enough commissions to live high on the hog.”

Both Brian and Jennifer turned toward Justin, whose face was now bright red from embarrassment, and who was apparently as speechless as his sister. Gus, fortunately, came to his rescue, reaching up to tug at his hand. “Jus! Why’s that girl starin’ at Daddy? Who’s she? An’ what’s a jetser? Why she callin’ you that?”

“That’s my tomboy sister, Molly. I call her ‘The Mollusk’, though, mostly because it drives her crazy and that’s what big brothers are supposed to do,” Justin teased, getting even with Molly for calling him Jester. “She’s actually a lot of fun once you get to know her. Well, for a girl, at least. *hehehe* We nicknamed her Mollusk ‘cause, just like you and me, she likes to collect seashells. The first shell she discovered was from a giant sea snail, also known as a mollusk. You’ll have to ask her to show it to you sometime. Plus, the first four letters of her real name and her nickname are the same.”
“But what’s a jetser?” Gus repeated, not at all sure about the ‘Mollusk’ who hadn’t spoken or moved since exuberantly greeting HIS Jus.

“I really don’t know, Gus.” Justin glared at his sister, who was still imitating a petrified tree. “A ‘Jester’ is someone who’s always joking around and pulling tricks. Mollusk, for some reason, thinks I’m a bit of a joker. But that obviously isn’t true - I’m always serious,” the blond proclaimed while winking at the little boy. “And ‘Jester’ sounds a little bit like ‘Justin’. Although I think I did much better with her nickname, than she did with mine. Don’t you?”

“You’s silly, Jus. I like playin’ and jokin’ wif you, so I guess you are kinda a Jetser. You’s still my Cookie, though? And Daddy’s Cookie, too, right?” Gus questioned, an anxious look on his face.

“I’ll always be your Cookie, Gus,” Justin reassured the little boy. “We’re friends and you can call me Cookie as long as you like. But I bet Molly and my mom would love to be your friends, too. We’d better wake Mollusk up and ask her, before she turns into a statue for display here in the gallery.”

Justin flexed his fingers demonstratively before advancing on his little sister in an all-out tickle attack.

“Juh, Juh . . . Jester! Stop! Stop tickling me!” Molly protested, paralysis broken as she squealed and wriggled away from Justin’s tormenting fingers.

“We were afraid Norah was going to use you as a display rack for scarves and ties, Mollusk,” Justin joked. “You’ve been standing there, arms out to your sides, gaping at Brian for the past hour,” Molly’s brother gleefully exaggerated.

“Have not, Jester!” Mollusk retorted, face red as a tomato, looking everywhere except at Brian.

Justin thought to himself that if any more worshippers joined the Church of Brian, there wouldn’t be enough space on Fire Island for all of them. Taking pity on his sister, Justin leaned over and whispered into her ear, “Relax. Brian has that effect on almost everyone, Molls.” Then, so that everyone could hear, he said, “Brian, Gus, this gorgeous gal is my sister, Molly Taylor. Molly, these are, indeed, the friends I was telling you about, Brian Kinney and his son, Gus Peterson-Marcus.”

Jennifer beamed at her son for being so polite, not to mention so kind and understanding toward his younger sister. She credited herself for somehow raising them right. The eight years between the siblings was a big age difference, but Molly and Justin had always been close, especially since her deadbeat husband had skipped out on the family.
“Molsk?” Gus piped up. “Is it okay if I use your nik-name? It’s the coolest! Jus says you c’lect sheshells, too. Wanna help me find some more?” Gus rambled on, becoming rapidly enamored of his potential playmate.

“Sure, Gus! We’ll plan a beachcombing expedition,” Molly responded eagerly. She DID have a rather cool nickname and liked the cute way Gus pronounced it. “Hey, do you want to get some ice cream? The soda fountain next door has the best cake batter ice cream I’ve ever tasted. The adults can stay here and talk about Jester’s paintings.”

“Daddy! Can I go with Molsk an’ have ice cream? Please, Daddy!” Gus begged, imploring his father with wistful hazel eyes. Gus finally had another kid to confide in about his loose tooth and didn’t want to miss the opportunity. He needed advice!

Brian, of course, couldn’t resist his son’s request. He was glad that Gus had found a playmate nearer to his own age, although there were times when the Cookie didn’t act much older than his son. “Since we’ve already had our dinner, that’s fine with me. But be sure to stay with Molly at the soda fountain. We’ll meet you there in a little while, Sonny Boy.”

Brian reached for his wallet to give Molly some money, but Jennifer swiftly interjected, “No, Brian. This is my treat. Molly invited Gus.” She handed Molly ten dollars before the brunet could object, shooing the youngsters out the door and instructing Molly to keep a close eye on Gus.

Norah watched it all from the sidelines, happy that Mr. Kinney seemed to take the Taylor family at face value. They’d had a tough time of it in the last few years, but his recent purchases would go a long way towards ensuring the family’s well being.

Justin stepped away from Brian, and under the guise of hugging his mother, he slipped the check Norah had given him into her purse and asked her to deposit it. Jen smiled in answer, and Brian held his tongue, not letting on that he was privy to the entire exchange. It would seem that his Cookie did his share of supporting their household, and Brian was even more proud that he didn’t feel the need to crow about it. And why did that make him want to fuck the guy into the mattress?

“I wanna choco-chip mush-mellow and lemon zinger with strawbury sauce please!” Gus nearly hollered while pulling on Molly’s hand. “Can they make that one?”

Molly nodded, “I’ve lived here all my life and I haven’t found a flavor they CAN’T make yet.” She
pinched Gus’ cute little nose and relayed his order, adding her cake batter flavor and moving to the end of the line to pay and pick up their ice cream.

Two bowls of ice cream in hand, she ushered Gus to the bar seating by the window and helped him climb into the seat. She tucked a napkin into his collar like a bib and handed over his triple scoop and a spoon.

“Are you having fun on your vacation so far?” She asked.

Gus’ head bobbed, syrup dripping down his chin. “My Daddy takes me places and Jus makes me laugh. He teached me to cook too and how to make my Daddy smile.”

“Your Dad didn’t smile before?” Molly’s brow furrowed.

“Sure, sometimes, but only at me. Now me and Jus boths makes him smile an laugh too.”

Molly waited to see if he would elaborate and, when he didn’t, she let it go. “Are you in school yet?”

“Yeah, but I don’t fink I wanna go back. I wanna stay wif my Daddy instead.” Gus ate another bite and brightened a bit. “I fink I have a loose toof . . . wanna see?”

Molly grinned at him and watched as he pushed his upper front tooth with his tongue. “Mmmm, it does look a little bit loose,” she said, “but it may take a while to come out. When I was your age, I lost all four of my front teeth in the same week! I was so excited ‘cause I got so much money from the Tooth Fairy.”

Gus’ eyes opened really wide at the suggestion that his loose tooth might earn him some cash. He was glad he’d hooked up with Mollusk. Apparently he had a lot to learn about this Tooth Fairy stuff.

Gus was already yawning before they started walking back to the beach house. Apparently the tyke was not used to all the sun and activity yet. Or maybe just dealing with his grouchy mother all morning had worn him out. Either way, he was totally bushed. After stumbling a second time, Brian hoisted the boy up, rested the little head against his shoulder and carried him the rest of the way. Gus was asleep ten yards later and Brian pulled Justin’s hand, urging him to a quicker pace.
Justin didn’t get it at first. At least not until Brian shot him a slutty look over his shoulder when the younger man continued to drag his feet. When the light finally dawned, Justin grinned and took the lead, pulling Brian along for several paces but then running ahead into the house so he could getting Gus’ bed ready. Brian followed, laid the slumbering bundle down, double checked to make sure he would stay asleep, and quickly closed the door.

The Cookie was nowhere in sight, but his shoes were right there in the hallway, followed a few feet away by his shorts, then his shirt just outside the door to the bedroom. Brian traversed the trail of clothing and eventually found Justin already prepping himself as he leaned over the side of the bed, making sure that the first thing Brian saw when he walked into the room was his ass.

Brian growled and stripped, roughly taking Justin’s hips in his hands and rutting against his buttocks. Justin groaned loudly and lustily. Brian realized neither of them would get through a thorough fucking in this position quietly enough not to waken his son. So - after suiting and lubing up - he flipped them around. Brian sat on the edge of the bed, knees splayed, and tugged Justin onto his lap, facing away from him. This way, Brian would have his hands free, just in case. Justin didn’t seem to object to the change, he was just glad that Brian was creative enough that their sex life wouldn’t be unnecessarily curtailed during Gus’ visit.

Brian leaned back on one arm and, between them, they wasted no time getting tab A into slot B. Justin draped his legs over the outside of Brian’s thighs and set up a punishing and ruthless pace. It was hot and hard, driving both men to perspire after only moments. As Brian had expected, it didn’t take long for Justin to become increasingly vocal. Brian reached up his free hand - glad that he’d had the forethought to prepare himself for this precise move - and adeptly used it to cover that too tempting mouth. Gratified that he’d managed to stifle the worst of the moaning, he let himself continue on, thrusting upwards with every downstroke the Cookie made, and barely holding back his own cries of pleasure.

Justin braced his hands on Brian’s knees and sped up the pace even more, until neither of them could contain their noise level. Taking the only action that he could think of that might save the moment, Justin opted to end this fun sooner rather than later. Biting into the soft, fleshy part of his lover’s palm and squeezing the monster dick buried inside him as tightly as he could, he intentionally incited the big stud to blow his load. Brian grunted out his release, thrusting upwards as deeply as possible, and pulled Justin over the edge of orgasm with him.

“Shit! This silent fucking while Gus is here . . . it’s going to be a long two weeks,” Brian huffed out as they fell backwards on the bed while catching their breath. “Oh, and if you fucking bite me again, I’ll spank you,” Brian added, pretending to be angry. “And not the kind of spanking I know you’d like, little boy.” When Justin simply laughed and rolled away, Brian shook his head, “Or, I could just gag you all the time from here on out. That way I could make sure you’d stay quiet and we’d avoid all the giggling, stupid Twat.”
The renewed peals of glee proved what little respect the brat had for him, but all Brian did was pull over a pillow, smash it down on the rolling, giggling brat’s face, and grin himself once he knew the boy couldn’t see him.

Chapter Theme Music - Andy Warhol.

Chapter End Notes

So, who’s glad we finally got rid of the girls? Me! Me! Me! Even if we did have to kinda thrown them out the door! LOL. Time to move this story along! Many, many people helped out on this chapter. Cookiebun, eureka1, Brynn_Jones, plus a bunch of lurkers egging us on. Also, another great chapter banner by Samcdee. Thank you so much. We love our readers, writers, lurkers and pretty much anyone else who participates in any fashion. Don’t forget to come by the online doc and check us out or chat or try your hand at writing a few paragraphs. Whatever floats your boat! Now, let’s see what other mischief we can get the boys into. S&T.
Finally, on Thursday morning, the boys made it back out to the beach to follow up on their sand castle construction.

“Whee!” squealed the excited little boy as he ran toward their castle, which was still standing, well guarded by the big sand octopus. “Daddy! Jus! Squid’ard guarded good!”

“He sure did, Sonny Boy,” wheezed Brian as they caught up with Gus.

Brian and Justin had followed closely behind to ensure the youngster didn’t come to any harm, although Brian was panting with the effort. The blond brat had insisted on carrying the cooler with their drinks and snacks this time, claiming that the bag of supplies would be more than Brian could handle. At first, the brunet hadn’t bought that line of baloney - he was, after all, a lean, mean, man machine. But he was starting to believe now, after wading through ankle-deep sand with a bag that seemed to weigh more with each step. He wondered, briefly, how the fuck Justin had juggled all the different accoutrements he’d deemed necessary during their last expedition.

“Fuck!” Brian complained, dropping the bag onto the sand and placing his hands on his thighs as he leaned forward, heaving in air. That fucking little bag that the helpful island fairies had magically loaded up weighed a ton. Brian had insisted on carrying the bag this time because he wanted to figure out how the damned thing worked. He dropped the bag onto the sand and conceded to himself that he didn’t have a clue. It LOOKED like no more than a sketchpad, pencils, and - maybe - the castle-carving implements would fit inside.
“Daddy! Is you okay? Your face is all red, Daddy!” Gus exclaimed as he turned from admiring the castle and came to help his Jus unpack.

More panting before Brian rasped out, “I’m fine, Sonny Boy.”

Justin, who was trying to stifle a spate of giggles at the big guy’s predicament, intervened. “Gus, can you help me unfold the blanket and arrange our supplies?” With a wicked grin in Brian’s direction, he added, “Then your daddy can sit down and rest for a bit. You’re a really fast runner, Gus. Next time, you may have to slow down so your daddy can keep up. He’s getting kind of old.”

Due to the proximity of the five-year-old, Brian swallowed the ‘fuck you, Cookie’ that he wanted to voice.

With rounded eyes and a slightly worried expression, Gus promised, “Don’ worry none, Daddy. I’ll go reeaal slow next time.”

Brian gritted his teeth and watched the boys unpack. Yep, it was just as he’d thought. Magic was the only explanation. Out came the blanket, which his boys again spread out in front of the driftwood log. The cushions. Then all those castle-making and decorating implements, including the collapsible blue shovel. And there were towels. The sketchpad and pencils, which Brian was coming to realize were ubiquitous accessories for his Cookie. Lotion to protect their skin. And then some brightly-colored plastic blobs. And an air pump? Giving up on determining the properties of the magical bag, Brian tried to figure out what his mischievous blond was up to.

“Daddy, lemme help you siddown,” Gus solicitously offered, while snorts and giggles escaped from the blond artist.

The blond reached over, stretched out a hand, and suggested, “Here. Take my hand too, Boss. We don’t want you to fall over and hurt yourself.” *hehehehehe*

Once all three guys were situated on the blanket, Justin handed out cans of Coke to the Kinney men and helped himself to a bottle of beer. At Brian’s raised eyebrow, Justin teased with an admirably straight face, “Alcohol might slow you down even more, Boss. You don’t want to chance that happening.”

Gus vigorously nodded his agreement. “Yeah, Daddy. An’ we both like Coke.”
Brian resigned himself to drinking another overly-sweet can of soda. Truthfully, he didn’t mind. Not when it brought that equally-sweet smile to his Sonny Boy’s face.

“Hey, Gus, do you want to show me how well you can swim?” Justin proposed. “We can show your daddy how much fun it is to swim in the ocean while he rests and watches us. And then we can relax and float for a bit. Look at these cool inner tubes I found for us to show off in!” the blond boy enthused as he grabbed a couple of the deflated blobs of plastic and the air pump. “We just need to inflate them by pumping in air.” Justin showed Gus how to place his hands on the air pump’s handles and then put his hands on top of Gus’. In just a few minutes, they had frog and turtle swim rings ready to use.

“They’re soooo cool, Jus! Where’d you find ‘em?” Gus’ face radiated joy as he looked admiringly at his Jus.

“They were at my mom’s house, waiting for us,” Justin replied. “They belong to me and my sister, Molly.”

Brian grunted, “Probably hasn’t been long since you last used them, right, Cookie?” Damn, but the beaming blond, who didn’t seem in the least perturbed by Brian’s snarky remark, must have been an adorable little towhead.

“Which one do you want, Gus?” Justin inquired, head tilted toward the frog and the turtle, clearly considering the choice to be a difficult one.

“I wants Kermit, Jus!” Gus announced. He and Justin promptly proceed to make ribbiting noises while hopping around on the sand.

“Good choice!” Justin praised. “And I’ll be Cecil Turtle. He can outrace Bugs Bunny, you know. If there are any dangerous sharks about, I’ll pull you and Kermit into my shell for protection. The sharks won’t be able to touch us!”

Gus shrieked in delight as the blond boy ribbited some more and tickled his toes. “But, Jus. What ‘bout Daddy? He might wanna get inna water later.”

“No worries, Gus. I have the perfect inner tube for your daddy when he’s ready to join us and swim with the fishes.” Justin replied with a gleam of mischief in his eyes while snatching up a bright
yellow piece of plastic. Justin might have provided a way for Brian to avoid the spermy, germy ocean, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t still have a bit of fun with the big guy.

“Can I help you ‘flate it, Jus?” Gus asked eagerly.

“Sure can, Gus.” With that, the two boys pumped away, shortly producing a large, bright yellow ducky.

“Daddy, it’s Tweety! You getta swim with Tweety! You gonna have so much fun, Daddy!” Gus babbled, enraptured by the idea of Tweety Bird and Daddy together.

“That I will, Sonny Boy,” Brian drawled with feigned enthusiasm, scooping Gus up into a hug. Over Gus’ head, his eyes shot daggers at the blond, who’d collapsed into a giggling heap at Brian’s response to Tweety.

“Hands off the beer, Boss,” Justin warned as he and Gus settled their drinks into the sand in the shade of the driftwood log, before grabbing Kermit and Cecil and trotting toward the water.

Half an hour later, Brian, who’d been dozing in the sun after applauding his boys’ swimming skills from the safety of the sand-repelling blanket, was jerked awake when a snickering, dripping body landed on top of him. More snickering sounded from beside the blanket.

Brian promptly flipped Justin using a wrestling hold so that the blond ended up trapped underneath him. “C’mon Sonny Boy. Let’s show our Cookie how the Kinney men take care of misbehaving blond boys. You take his feet while I get his ribs.” The two brunets proceeded to mercilessly search out every ticklish spot on the blond’s body. Once Justin had been reduced to a flushed, writhing, begging, laughing mess, Brian’s right hand drifted provocatively to the edge of his swim shorts, and he leaned over to whisper huskily into Justin’s ear, “More later, Cookie. I’m not done with you or YOUR ‘penis’ yet.” Both men laughed at the reference to Lindsey, not really missing her prudish presence at all.

As he eased up on the tickling torture, Brian cocked his head at Gus. “Shall we let our Cookie go? Then he can serve us our afternoon tea.” Brian pursed his lips, tilted his nose up in the air, and held up an imaginary teacup, pinkie finger extended outward. That sent both his boys into more gales of laughter.

“Yes, my queen. And my prince.” Justin uttered in a servile tone, knuckling his forehead. “Your
wish is my command. I have a royal snack for you today.” The Cookie extracted the splendid feast from the cooler, holding his hand out palm upward, as though balancing a large platter. “On these plates of white gold and in these bowls of purest celadon china, behold the finest of Alaskan salmon pita wraps, darkest red ruby fruit, the tastiest emerald spears, and the exceedingly-rare orange lancets.” With a flourish, the chef extraordinaire presented plastic Tupperware containers filled with strawberries and watermelon cubes as well as broccoli and carrot sticks.

“Does that suit your noble palate, my lady?” the royal chef inquired obsequiously. “You queens CAN be notoriously difficult to please.”

“If it’s not up to par, I’ll find another way for you to ‘please’ me later, Blondie,” Brian ventured as he waggled his eyebrows.

Gus, who’d already tucked into his beachside repast, hummed in approval before proclaiming, “You make the bes’ samwiches, Jus. Can you teached me these too, so I can make ‘em for my mommies? This ‘nother secret fambly resapee?”

“Why, yes it is Gus. At least one family member in every generation is a culinary wizard.” Justin leaned down and imparted this secret to the expectant little boy in a hushed voice, “Island lore has it that my family is descended from the fairies who originally inhabited this island and that we can work all sorts of artistic magic.” The Cookie wizard further confided, “If that generation’s magician is lucky enough to find a protege who isn’t a family member, he can share the secret recipes and the best way to prepare them. But he can only do that with one person in his lifetime.”

Gus stared at his Jus with his mouth wide open. “But you teached me, Jus. Whatta that mean? Am I your pro-jay? What’s a pro-jay, Jus?” the boy rattled on, not pausing for breath.

“It means you’re very talented, Gus,” Justin responded solemnly. “And because you’re already so good at preparing food and at presenting it favorably, I’m going to help you sharpen your skills even further. Would you like that?”

“Oh, yes! Please, Jus! Please!” Gus bounced in place, turned to look at the elder Kinney, and pleaded, “Can Jus help me, Daddy? Can he?”

“I don’t see why not, Sonny Boy. These salmon wraps aren’t bad, Cookie,” Brian flattered. “I might want to keep both you and Sonny Boy around to cook for me.”
Secretly, Brian was more than satisfied by the notion. He was beginning to think that he didn’t want to be separated from his Cookie at all. In that case, their ‘bet’ was definitely going to work out in his favor. If he lost - as seemed likely at this point - he wouldn’t have to give up any of his blond boy’s attributes, in bed or out. And even if he won, he figured he could find some way to keep the kid around. After realizing that the artwork he’d purchased was Justin’s, he was determined to find a way to get him on Kinnetik’s payroll somehow. This kid’s talent was clearly wasted out here in the obscurity of the tiny vacation haven.

Brian’s deeper contemplations, however, were quickly chased away by the ongoing fun of the picnic lunch with his boys. And it was easy to be distracted when Gus and Justin ganged up on him and insisted on feeding him more watermelon with their own hands. It was a messy, fun experience, and definitely something completely out of character for the fastidious Brian Kinney that most of Pittsburgh knew. Here, though, he was perfectly happy to get dirty with his two favorite guys, and he didn’t give a flying fart what anyone around them thought.

When every last bit of their picnic had been consumed, Justin pulled one more item, a digital camera, out of his bottomless fairy satchel.

“Okay, men. We have to finish planning our castle and the deep sea creatures that will surround and guard it. Squidward is doing an amazing job, but he needs some help. He deserves to sleep occasionally. Right?”

With their ‘ayes’ of approval echoing across the beach, Justin scooted over to sit between Brian and Gus. Both Kinneys observed the blond boy eagerly as he turned on the camera and flipped through his photos. He showed them some different pictures of castles, including one that appeared to be populated solely by a family of sharks. Then came a photo of a giant, sandy sperm whale. “These are pictures of some of the sand sculptures I’ve worked on in the past. I’ve got some friends that are really amazing at this stuff, you know. So, what else do you want to make, Gus?” Justin scrolled through all the pictures, each one more amazing than the one before.

“We talked about having Squidward keep watch over Moby Dick so that the whale couldn’t carry you away.” Justin said in a soothing voice to Gus, who was squirming backward, away from the camera. Justin acknowledged to himself that the Big Dick did look rather ferocious. Was that supposed to be a smile, or was the whale about to chomp on his human creators? the blond wondered.

“Don’t worry, Gus, the whale won’t come anywhere near you. Your daddy and Mr. Dick already had a contest. Your daddy proved that he’s the bigger man *hahaha* and the whale swam away, vows never to return.” Justin finally managed to smother his own chuckles, although he still heard choking noises from the brunet on his other side, and hurried to reassure Gus further. “Besides, we’ll have lots of castle guardians who will patrol constantly to make sure that Big Bad Moby Dick turns tail and swims away if he dares to come anywhere near our beach.”
Justin held up an arm and Gus snuggled into the Cookie’s side, still needing a bit of comfort. The blond lad flipped to the next photo, commenting, “So, Boss, here’s one with a sea dragon warden. That one’s pretty complicated to create and will take quite a bit of time, so maybe we can add him later on this week. In the meantime, he’ll leave his lair to fly patrol above our fortress, protecting Squidward and all the other castle inhabitants from an attack by air.” the blond architect suggested.

“Does that sound okay, Boss?” Justin inquired when Brian didn’t say anything, aware that the big guy really was enamored of the dragon concept, even if he wouldn’t be so petulant as to insist on it in front of his son. Justin had already formulated plans for later in the week to body paint Brian and Gus, and then take them to Fort Squid to provide ‘protection’ for an afternoon. He couldn’t wait to draw the ferocious father and son lizards as they paraded around the battlements.

Justin realized, as he came out of his musings to Brian’s somewhat-reluctant nod of agreement to delaying dragon creation for now, that they hadn’t yet named their castle, even if he privately referred to it as Fort Squid. “My queen. My prince. We’ve neglected an important step in the process of erecting our castle.”

Two pairs of hazel eyes cast concerned looks at the somber blond. “Don’t worry, men. We just need to name our fortress and christen it before we leave this afternoon. Let’s decide on a name now. We’ll christen the walls with this magical salt-water elixir before we leave.” With that, the blond pulled yet another item from his satchel. This time it was a small, clear bottle with rose-tinted contents, sparkly blue and green flecks glistening in the sun.

“So . . . Squidtress?” Justin suggested.

When that caused a round of giggles, the blond offered, “Squidstle?”

Groans answered that recommendation.

“No? Well then, how about Fort Squid?”

“Yay! That’s it, Jus! Squidward’s a guardin’ Fort Squid.” Gus almost punched the blond in the nose with his exuberant response, throwing his clenched fists up into the air like a victorious, pint-sized prizefighter.

“Well played, Cookie,” Brian murmured into Justin’s ear. “You’d make a decent ad man,” the brunet
averred, without explaining why he was so certain of that.

Setting aside his boss’ remark for future consideration, the Cookie stood, turned to face his audience, bowed, and said, “Your majesties, I give you Fort Squid!”

Queen Brian acknowledged the royal architect with a blasé wave, rolling the back of his hand toward Justin a few times. Prince Gus copied his daddy’s royal wave, although his was accompanied by a beaming grin and a giggle.

“Jus, why you keep callin’ Daddy a queen? He’s a boy, don’ that make him a king? Ek-speshly when I’s a pwince?” the curious little imp piped up suddenly. He’d obviously been considering that throughout their meal.

“Well, Gus, a queen is a very special individual,” Justin responded in a deliberate, earnest tone. “It’s like in chess - have you ever played chess?” Gus shook his head in denial. “Well, you see, in chess, like in life, the Queen is actually more important than the King. The Queen has more power and is much wiser. The King might THINK he rules the kingdom, but the Queen has the real power.”

Justin noticed Brian watching him intently as he went on with his explanation, giving his tacit approval by maintaining his silence, so he continued. “Here on Fire Island, we love Queens. But, like your Daddy told you earlier, we don’t worry about what people think should only be girl-stuff or boy-stuff. We just say that anyone who’s smart and wise and powerful is a true Queen - even if that person is a man. Which is why, here on the island, our Queens can dress like women, or paint their toenails, or do anything else they want as long as they’re enjoying themselves. And it’s also why I call your Daddy a Queen, because he’s one of the smartest men I know, and he understands all about having fun and being true to himself. That makes him one of the most powerful Queens our island has ever seen.” Justin beamed his approving smile over at his Boss and got an answering smile for his efforts. “Only a man who’s not afraid to show the world who he really is inside is worthy of being called a Queen, Gus.”

Proud tears swam in Gus’ eyes. “Can I be a qween too, Jus? I don’ wanna be a pwince. I wanna be pow-ful, too. An I awready know how to have fun!”

“That’s true. But I think you’re a little too young to be a Queen yet, Gus. However you could be a princess and maybe, someday, grow up to be a Queen just like your Daddy. How does that sound?”

“Okay! Thas good! I’ll be a pwincess! And when I’m all growed up I’ll be a Queen just like my Daddy!” Gus looked over at his father with adoring eyes, earning himself an approving nod from the object of his adulation.
“Very well! You are henceforth our princess,” declared the repentant Cookie. “But that means I’ve been addressing you with the wrong title. How remiss of me! From now on you will be known as Princess Gus. You already have perfectly-painted, glittery toenails, one of the hallmarks of a princess or a queen. And, if you’re good, your daddy and I can teach you to wear high heels, another identifier of a princess.” Justin stood up and pretended he was wearing heels, teetering about comically in the sand, accompanied by gusts of laughter from his royal audience. Inwardly, the blond boy was chortling, imagining the dismayed, agitated reaction from Gus’ mommies, particularly Lindsey, when she discovered her son had become even more ‘girly’.

“Yay! I’s Pwincess Gus!” the tyke shouted, grinning from ear to ear. “Daddy, can I stay here and live wif you and Jus? I’s havin’ so much fun! I tolded Molly I don’ wanna go back to Pissburg.”

The brunet chuckled at his son’s mispronunciation of Pittsburgh. That city really was the Pitts, especially during the sweltering, humid summers and the bitingly-cold, snowy winters. But, in spite of the drawbacks, it was his home. Plus, the former steel town was undergoing a revival, spurred on in part by Kinnetik’s advertising. “Your mommies would miss you way too much if you stayed here, Sonny Boy. And remember, I’m only here for the summer myself. Then I’ll be returning to Pittsburgh, too, so I can earn more money for another Fire Island vacation.” At Gus’ crestfallen look, Brian added, “Besides, the Cookie and I have been discussing whether I might have a job for him back home. So, it’s likely that we’ll all be in the Pitts after the summer ends. You don’t want to stay here without us, do you?”

Gus’ sunny, ebullient smile had increased once his Daddy mentioned that his Jus’ would probably be moving to Pittsburgh. “Hoo-way, Jus! We’ll be in Pissburg together! We’ll have so much fun! I’ll showed you all the cool places to play. An I knows Mommy and Mamma will lets me stay overnight wif you at Daddy’s loft.” The little boy innocently assumed that his Daddy and his Jus would continue living together in the Pitts.

Justin froze, ceasing his prancing and mincing about in the sand. The child’s assumption that he had moved in with Brian and that he and Brian were a ‘couple’ really disturbed him. He’d have to talk to Brian later and make sure that the Boss didn’t think Justin was infringing on his space at the beach house - or that he had any silly, romantic expectations. For now, though, it was time to get away from such a touchy topic.

“Righto, boys! Enough of this lollygagging!” the architect called out. “Time to get back to work on our castle. You know the drill. Let’s create an octopus friend for Squidward.” Under Justin’s direction, the boys formed a shallow depression next to Squidward, added water, performed the Taylor Stomperoo, used a bucket to mold the octopus’ head, danced some more, rounded the head into an oblong silhouette, and then carefully shaped the tentacles, using the utensils Justin had pulled out of his bag earlier that afternoon. They even included a couple of fish for the octopuses’ dinner.
Next, the three men extended the castle’s ramparts. Justin straightened, brushed some of the sand off his hands, essayed a few more steps of the Stomperoo, and declared, “We’ve built a very fine castle, Your Highnesses.”

Gus hollered, clapped, and jumped up and down. Brian barely stopped himself from doing the same.

“Since our castle can’t possibly have too much protection, I think we should construct some sand angels for a bit of divine safeguarding,” the blond continued.

“Mmmraargh,” Brian groaned, not sure he wanted to humor his Cookie quite THAT far.

The blond sported a devilish grin at Brian’s protest. “This’ll be easy, Boss.” Brushing up against Brian as he moved past the squid guarding the castle entrance, Justin insinuated, “And, never fear . . . I’ll handle the sand removal for you later on, Big Guy.”

Justin called out, “Follow me, boys!” He stopped when they reached an angle of the fortress wall where the sand was untouched, loose, and powdery. Once there, he flopped down onto his back with his arms and legs outstretched, and proceeded to move his limbs back and forth as if he were doing jumping jacks. Then he pressed his head back into the sand to leave a firm indentation. Finally, he reached out for Brian’s hand, stood up with the brunet’s assistance, stepped carefully out of the angel silhouette he’d devised, and beamed a megawatt smile at the Kinney men.

“Cool! Lemme try! I wanna be an angel, too!” Gus shouted. “I want my angel right next to yours, Jus! And, Daddy, your angel gots to be on my other side.”

Laughing, Justin said, “Let’s make your angel first, Gus. When I let you go, fall back onto the sand with your arms stretched out to the side. Then move your arms and legs back and forth like you’re doing jumping jacks. I bet you’re really good at jumping jacks!”

“It’s twue! I know jus’ how to do ‘em, Jus.” Really excited, Gus followed the blond’s instructions, letting Justin help him up when he was finished and standing back to admire his angel.

“Your turn, Daddy!” Gus tugged at his father’s hand to position him correctly next to the Gus angel.

Justin couldn’t completely stifle a laugh at the momentarily mutinous look on Brian’s face. It clearly announced, ‘All that sand all over my body can’t be healthy!’ Gus wasn’t about to let his dad off the
hook, though. Brian muttered something about brats and blonds and sand removal that was, thankfully, largely indecipherable, before he let his son push him over onto his back. Still scowling slightly, he twitched his limbs around a bit, grudgingly creating a Brian angel. Both boys helped him up when he was done, and then they all stood back a ways to view the results.

“Daddy! I’s a matterpiss!” Gus lisped.

“You’re right Sonny Boy. It IS a masterpiece. We make a heckuvan angel family.” Brian concurred. To the bratty blond, he whined, “Of course, now I itch all over! How the fuck are you gonna get this much sand off me?”

Grinning hard enough to almost split his face in two, Justin grabbed Gus’ hand and took off, yelling, “Let’s go rinse off in the ocean. Last one in, is a rotten whale egg!”

Brian followed unenthusiastically. When they emerged from the ocean, dripping and shaking off water, Brian snorted to himself.

Damn Cookie and his stories about the sea creatures they were constructing around the castle. Despite the one about him winning that pissing contest with Moby Dick, he rather thought the big whale had gotten his revenge in end considering Brian had been forced to swim in more of his sperm.

They all dried off with the towels that had been pulled out of the mysterious, expanding bag earlier that afternoon. Justin then picked up a plastic spray bottle full of a special mixture of cornstarch, food coloring, glitter, and water - something his mother had always referred to as ‘magical sand elixir’ - and gestured for the Kinney men to follow him back to the castle. “We - Queen Brian, Princess Gus, and Queen Justin - hereby dub thee Fort Squid,” the blond boy intoned solemnly. He showed Gus how to spray some of the magical potion onto the entranceway turning the sand a pretty sparkly pink color. They then circled the castle, taking turns spritzing a few drops on every section of the curtain walls and parapets. Justin brought out a couple more spray bottles with different colors and they sprayed a few drops on their angels, Squidward, and the friendly octopus companion for good measure. The castle slowly changed color in response to the magical properties of the potions, creating a sparkly rainbow effect that made it gleam in the bright sunlight.

Brian was just as entranced by the whole process as his Sonny Boy and his Cookie. Who knew a day at the beach could be so much fun and so magical? Apparently Justin could make anything into an enchanting artistic event - from toenails to lunch to sand castles. Even swimming in that icky seawater *shudder* hadn’t been too awful, when Brian had his boys with him to share the fun. And, judging by the look of delight on his son’s face, Gus was having the time of his life, which made it all worth it.
A bit later, Queen ‘Rotten Whale Egg’ Brian led the way back to the beach house. He didn’t even mind his new nickname. He was happy because his boys were happy.

As soon as they made it back to the house, Justin and Gus started in on dinner preparations. The little boy was ecstatic about his appointment as Justin’s protege and took the job very seriously. He wanted to learn everything Justin could possibly teach him.

Brian was bewildered by how quickly the outgoing townie had charmed his son. It shouldn’t have surprised him though, considering the fact that the younger man had won Brian over just as fast. In fact, it was hard to believe that he’d only known Justin for a mere three weeks himself. Could it really have been that short a time?

Brian, who was seated on a stool looking over the bar into the kitchen while the two busy little chefs puttered around, shook his head. It didn’t seem possible that Justin had only been a part of his life for such a short time. He seemed to fit right in with Brian’s world so well that it was hard to even remember what it was like before Justin. And, strangely enough, Brian didn’t mind the way the boy had ingrained himself into his life and his family at all. In fact, looking on at the happy rapport between the young artist and his son, Brian found himself thrilled that they got along so well. Yeah, it was a ridiculously domestic scene, and not one Brian Kinney would normally sanction, but it just felt so right. So comfortable. Like something Brian had been missing for a long time and hadn’t even known he’d wanted until he stumbled upon it by accident.

While he’d been daydreaming, the cooks had assembled something that looked like a pizza only with some odd ingredients. Who put shrimp, scallops, chopped clams, anchovies and grated parmigiano cheese on a fucking pizza? Brian wasn’t sure about this creation, but so far every single thing Cookie had made had been delicious, so he’d at least give it a try. Plus, since Gus had worked so hard on it, he knew he would rave about it no matter what - he always encouraged his Sonny Boy whenever he could.

As soon as the pizza was assembled, Gus was shunted off to take a bath. Justin eyed Brian as he passed, suggestively waggling his brows and tilting his head towards the bedroom. Brian kissed the perfect pink lips but shook his head, no. They probably wouldn’t have enough time to do anything until Gus was in bed. Or, at least, not enough time to do what Brian had in mind for his Cookie tonight.

Gus’ bath didn’t take long. The pizza turned out to be delectable - savory and rich and unlike any pizza that Brian had ever eaten before. Even the notoriously finicky five year old seemed to love it. The conversation between the three of them over dinner was pleasant and very homey. Again, Brian was overwhelmed by just how comfortable he felt with Justin around. Comfortable, just like his first and favorite pair of Prada loafers that he still couldn’t bring himself to part with. After dinner, they all piled onto the couch and watched ‘Finding Nemo’ together, continuing with the seaside theme of the day. And Brian didn’t balk even for a moment at the idea of watching some fishy animated movie
with his son and his . . . whatever. He felt too relaxed and serene to put up even a token resistance.

Finally, when Gus had been tucked into his bed and the lights turned out, Brian managed to make his way back to his own bedroom. He felt like he was floating on air as he walked down the hallway. It had been one of the most easygoing and carefree days of Brian’s entire life. It was almost surreal. Brian Kinney just wasn’t used to having days like this. Days when he felt so happy and laid back. So content. He really didn’t want it to end.

The sound of the shower running in the large master bath drew his attention as soon as he entered the room. It also put an even bigger smile on his lips. Now that Gus was off to dreamland, Gus’ Daddy was going to get to spend some one-on-one time with the fascinating blond that had swept both Kinney men off their feet.

Justin looked over his shoulder as soon as the click of the shower door opening interrupted his soaping. Brian felt warmed by the huge, glowing smile aimed his way. Fuck! How did the kid do that? Make Brian feel so happy and accepted and desired with just a fucking smile? He was seriously dick-whipped already and he’d known the kid for less than a month. Brian reached down and briefly grabbed hold of his dick just to make sure it hadn’t fallen off - there really wasn’t any other excuse for all these lesbianic feelings he’d been having all day. But, no - thankfully, his equipment was still all intact.

Brian moved until he was under the shower head too, stepping closer to the enticing pale boy until his chest was flush against the slender back. Taking the soap out of the blond’s hand, he took over the sudsing duties, rubbing the slippery bar over chest, abs, and slim hips, while Justin melted back against him. It was such an intimate experience. There seemed to be no need to rush. There wasn’t anything to hurry them along. And even Brian’s infamous libido seemed to be on low simmer for the moment, allowing him to simply enjoy the languid pleasure of running his hands all over the planes of that beautiful, taut, ivory skin.

After who knew how long, Justin finally turned around in Brian’s embrace, facing the taller man, and allowing the soaping to continue along his backside. Brian’s hands seemed to have a mind of their own by this point, indulging in the delicious sensation of touching every centimeter of skin they could reach. When the soap inevitably drifted down to that tempting, deep crack between the two plump rounds of his Cookie’s butt cheeks, Brian was almost surprised by the gut-wrenching groan that leaked out of him. Massaging those full cheeks, his fingers continually dipping into the crevice, was almost more erotic than most of the more overt sexual acts Brian had done in his life. He felt like he could stand there, dripping wet and groping this boy’s hot little ass, forever without even needing more. Seriously, if he didn’t feel his dick, hot, hard, and leaking, as it was sandwiched between their slick bodies, he might have been tempted again to ensure it was still attached.

It was Justin who finally took matters in hand; otherwise Brian truly might have stayed in the shower all night. The younger man took the bar of soap away, quickly soaped and rinsed Brian’s body and
then shut off the water. Then he led the older man out of the enclosure, towelled them both off and towed Brian towards the comfort of the bed. Brian followed behind compliantly, feeling too complaisant to resist.

The attentive blond seemed cognizant of the same overwhelming intimacy that Brian was feeling. He gently laid Brian back against the pillows of the bed before crawling up next to the supine form and curling into the longer frame. Their eyes seemed locked together, conveying something deep, communicating without the necessity of words, and yet still saying everything that Brian would have said if he could.

What followed was probably the most intensely personal experience of Brian’s entire life. There were soft hands touching everywhere. Mouths nuzzling and fingers rubbing intricate patterns of familiarity. It was slow and leisurely and even lazy but still somehow thrilling. Every moment protracted, every kiss impassioned, every sensation heightened. And when they finally did connect, Brian’s hungry cock sliding peacefully into Justin’s body, there was an instant of pure, unadulterated tranquility that was impossible to describe but also impossible to resist. It was almost as if Brian couldn’t get enough of the younger man in his arms, couldn’t get close enough, wanting almost to crawl inside and stay there forever.

Their joining seemed to last indefinitely. The slow rocking motions carried them along on an easygoing tide of gradually increasing waves of delight. There was no hurry. No pressure to reach the climax that they both knew they would get to eventually. It was just good. Just right. Just perfect. And when the waves finally did break over them, Brian felt a rush of pleasure radiating out from his core that he’d never even realized was possible.

Brian was so surprised by his own emotional reaction that he didn’t even notice that he’d quietly whispered a tender ‘I think I might love you, Cookie’ before falling asleep, still buried to the root in the man that seemed to be upending his carefully isolated and formerly listless world.

Chapter Theme Music - Turn Me On.

Chapter End Notes

8/13/16 - How to make Sandcastle paint: Sand Paint. Awwww! How sweet was that? I think we can all agree that Brian is falling hard - now, we just need to work on this Justin. Credit for basically the entire beach scene goes out to our very own eureka! - Excellent writing, Comma Momma. Love all our other helpers that we’ve had lately, too. Especially our London contingent - Cookiebun & Brynn Jones. More coming from those two soon. Another great chapter banner by Samcdee! Anyone else out there want to take a stab at writing, should pop on in and join us. We’ve got quite the party going on lately and the more the merrier! Now, off to write more fun with Gus! S&T.
PS - Lots of pics in this chapter. To see them all, go to www.Kinnetikdreams.com
Chapter Notes

Gus is so fun to have around . . . except when you need some time with your man! We got this! Enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 32 - Alone At Last.

Justin had to work again that Friday, which Gus found to be almost devastating. He was so upset that he actually cried over his ‘Bird In A Nest’ French Toast at breakfast. The only thing that saved the day was Justin’s suggestion that Brian take his son to the Long Island Aquarium for the day. Brian gave in easily - anything so that his Sonny Boy wouldn’t cry. With that resolved, though, Gus cheered up enough to help his Cookie make Brian’s breakfast - wielding the heart-shaped cookie cutter to make the hole in the bread before Justin put it in the pan and added the egg to the middle.

Once breakfast was finished and Gus was situated happily in front of the television, Justin dragged Brian off to help him shower for work. They didn’t have much time, but the resourceful blond figured that there was always time for a blow job, right? Brian was more than game.

Unfortunately, they were only just getting started, when the door that they’d neglected to lock creaked open and a little head poked through the opening.

“Daddy, can I get cleanded wif you and Jus?” Gus asked innocently, already pulling his pajama shirt off over his head as he padded into the room.

Justin sighed and got up off his knees. It didn’t look like this was going to happen. It was a good thing that he really liked Gus so much, though, or he would have been a little more pissed off. As it was, he only had time to wash off quickly, kiss both the Kinney boys, and then hurry off to The Albatross.
Eight hours later Brian and Gus straggled off the ferry back in Ocean Beach. Gus was bubbly and grinning, happy as a lark after his exciting day at the aquarium. Brian, however, was exhausted. Running after a five-year-old all over the more than three full acres of the Long Island Aquarium all day had completely worn the man out. The only time Brian had actually had a chance to sit for any appreciable amount of time was during the seal & sea lion show and then again while Gus was participating in the Swim With A Mermaid event. He supposed it was worth it. He’d never seen Gus with a bigger smile than when he got out of the pool after swimming with Arianna the Mermaid.

As the two of them were walking home from the ferry terminal, they passed by The Palms Hotel where Jennifer and Molly Taylor just happened to be exiting the building. Gus screamed ‘Mollusk’ so loudly that the ladies heard him even from across the street. Without cars or traffic to worry about, it took no time at all for Molly to dart across the small ‘walkway’ street and envelop Gus in a big, friendly hug. Jennifer followed a little more sedately, looking almost as tired as Brian felt.

While Gus regaled Molly with a complete and highly detailed description of his day, Brian and Jennifer listened indulgently.

“My, it sounds like you boys had quite the day,” Jennifer commented with a small smile directed at the two chattering children. “They didn’t do that mermaid swim back when mine were little or I’m sure we would have had to be there even more often than we were. Justin was totally in love with that place when he was about Gus’ age. We must have gone six or seven times a year until he got old enough to think it was beneath him. But even then, he would almost always find an excuse to join us whenever I took his sister.”

“Gus was in seventh heaven,” Brian affirmed. “I’m really glad that Justin suggested we go there today. But now Cookie’s going to have his work cut out for him - I’m almost certain that Gus will demand Justin make him a mermaid to go with the other creatures at our sand castle.”

The adults chuckled and listened in for a while longer on the kids’ conversation. Eventually, though, Jennifer interrupted saying that she really needed to go. She’d worked a double shift that day at the hotel restaurant and her feet were killing her. Plus, she still needed to get home and make dinner for Molly.

“I can cook dinner for ya!” Gus insisted as soon as he heard this. “My Cookie has teacheded me to cook. I’m his pro’jay. You should come over to our house and Jus and I’ll make you som’thin yummy.” Gus looked imploringly up at his father. “Can they, Daddy? Can Mollusk and her Mommy
come for dinner? Please?"

“Oh, Gus, I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Jennifer tried to politely back out. “Justin had to work today too, didn’t he? He’ll probably be too tired to cook for all of us. Maybe we can do this some other time, Sweetie.”

“My Cookie won’t be tired! He can do anythin’. An even if he is tired, I’m gonna helped him! I’m a good cooker.” Gus insisted again. “Please, Ms. Mollusk. You gotsa come and see all my sheshells. And Ft. Squid! Please! Please!”

Brian shook his head, stifling a groan at the idea of having guests over after such a long day, but he just couldn’t say no to that pleading face. “Let me call Cookie and ask if he feels up to making dinner, Gus,” Brian offered in the hopes of preventing more begging. “If he says okay, then it’s fine with me. But if he’s too tired, then that’s it. Okay? I promise we can have Molly and her mother over another day.”

Gus grumbled a petulant ‘okay’ but then demanded that he be allowed to make the call to Cookie. The adults could only hear Gus’ end of the call, but from the sounds of it, Justin was as much unable to disappoint Gus as his father. After only a few minutes, it was all decided - Molly and Jennifer were going home with Brian and Gus, and Justin would be along in about twenty minutes as soon as he got done with his shift.

Gus and Molly skipped ahead gleefully, satisfied that they’d managed their adults with aplomb, while Brian and Jennifer plodded along behind with as much enthusiasm as they could muster.

“This looks delicious, Gus. You’re becoming quite the chef,” Jennifer praised as the two Cookies placed a savory chicken platter and a side dish of mushrooms on the table. The chefs added a roasted squash and a basket of garlic bread on their second trip from the kitchen. “What culinary delights have you prepared for us to eat, boys?”

“It’s chicken ma-slaw, Ms. Taylor,” the beaming assistant Cookie replied. “An sot-teed ‘shrooms. Wif squash an garlic bread. Jus tolded me it’s an easy resapee to make for compny that aw-ways looks an tastes good.”

“I remember my brother Jerome teaching you how to make this when you were about as old as Gus is now, Justin,” Jennifer reminisced. “The two of you had flour all over the kitchen. And I remember
you sliding on a mushroom slice that had fallen to the floor, ending up on your keister. You didn’t
cry, but you did snatch that offending piece of mushroom and cram it into your mouth before anyone
could stop you.”

Everyone burst out laughing, although Justin was rather red-faced and his chuckles somewhat
embarrassed. Brian tried to cajole Jennifer into relating more tales of Justin’s childhood escapades but
Jennifer demurred, “I’d better hold off till tomorrow at least, especially if we want both our Cookies
to prepare our brunch as promised.”

“But, Mom. How about the story of when Jester and Daph were in the sandbox together and . . .”
Molly broke off when her mother shook her head in warning.

Brian, quite intrigued and definitely wanting to hear more about ‘little Justin,’ asked disingenuously,
“Will Daphne be joining us tomorrow? I bet she’d like to share that tale with us.”

Justin gave up and joined in the hilarity at his expense. Without providing a clue as to whether or not
Daphne would be able to join them, the Cookie conceded, “If she’s there, Big Guy, you can be sure
she’ll tell the story to all and sundry. It’s one of her favorites.”

Gus jumped in, eager to regale the two women with the tale of his own sandy adventures. “I love
pwaying in da sand. We had so much fun at at beach, Molsk,” the little boy gushed. “You gotta come
meet Squid’ard! An see Fort Squid! An our angels! We usused a magic pow-shun an’ the fort looks
like a rainbow! It’s so pwetty!”

Molly, who’d seen the magical castles Justin and his friends had created in the past, was just as keen
as Gus to see her brother’s latest marvel. “I can’t wait, Gus!” the young girl enthused. “Mom picked
up an extra shift catering a wedding at The Palms Hotel earlier today, and I got to help out with
carrying food from the kitchen to the buffet table. It was great to earn a little spending money, but I’d
rather have been at the beach or at the aquarium with you guys.”

Jennifer nodded in agreement. “Me, too. A day at the beach is always fun. We’ll have to make plans
to be there next time!”

The rest of dinner passed with everyone serving themselves second helpings, convivial chatter, and
lots of laughter. Finally, Jennifer pushed her chair back from the table, claiming, “I can’t eat another
bite. It was absolutely delicious, Justin. You and Gus really outdid yourselves. Thank you for
inviting us over, Brian.”
“Any time, Jennifer,” Brian demurred, flashing his most charming smile at both his guests.

“Gosh, Jester, you must love living here.” Molly sighed dreamily, entranced once more by Brian’s perfect visage.

“Although, we would like you to come home occasionally. And not just to bring me your dirty laundry every couple weeks,” Jennifer added dryly, causing Justin to blush.

“Gee, Mom! If I got to live here with Brian, I’d never come home. Ever!” Molly added, still looking at Brian with unbridled infatuation.

Jennifer sighed, sympathizing with her daughter’s sentiments. Damned if she hadn’t caught herself almost mooning over the brunet after they’d arrived that evening. It was no wonder both her children seemed enamored of the handsome older brunet.

“Justin, I expected you to at least be making more use of the studio you converted our old garden shed into. You haven’t been in there in weeks. And after you and your friends spent months fixing it up till it met your specifications . . .” Jennifer continued, “I would think you’d have lots of inspiration these days,” unintentionally emphasizing her statement when her gaze focused on the lanky brunet, whose well-toned biceps were perfectly displayed by his sleeveless red shirt.

Justin shifted uncomfortably, wondering why everyone he encountered - Molly, his mom, Daphne, even the ‘B’ twins, who he’d run into earlier in the day and who had made a similar comment - thought he’d moved in with Brian and that he must be deliriously happy with his studly boss. It’s not like they were a couple or anything. Where were people getting that crazy idea? He glanced over at his boss, surprised that Brian didn’t seem the least bit fazed or irritated by the speculation about their living arrangements.

“I like working under - uh, I mean for - Brian,” Justin stammered, his face now a bright crimson. “But I don’t actually LIVE here, Mollusk. It’s just easier to stay here most nights since we usually don’t get done with . . . uh . . . the events we have to attend, until late.” Justin struggled to explain without actually explaining exactly what it was he was doing for Brian. He was grateful when Jennifer stood and reached for the dishes to help clear the table, giving him an excuse to talk about something else. “Sit, Mom. You and Molly are Brian’s guests. You don’t have to clean up. Especially since you’re helping out by taking Gus for the night. I’ll take care of the dishes later.”
“Okay, then. Thank you, Honey. But having Gus over is really no trouble. I think Molly and Gus will have so much fun together that they won’t even notice I’m in the same house.” Jennifer stood and smiled proudly at her son before turning her attention back to the two youngsters. “So, Gus, are you ready to head over to our house?” There was a chorus of cheering that seemed to indicate that the boy was, indeed, more than ready for his promised sleepover. “Okay. Go grab your PJ’s and a tooth brush. I don’t think you’ll need anything else. We’ll get you set up in Justin’s room, and you’ll have everything you need,” Jennifer told the little boy.

“Yay! I gets to sleep in my Jus’ bed! An I’m ready. Jus an me packed a bag ‘fore dinner,” a very excited Gus replied, bouncing up and down in his chair.

A bit later, having exchanged a round of farewell hugs, the trio departed.

Justin had already shelved the annoying gossip about his business arrangement with Brian. He didn’t want to think about that right now. They finally had the house to themselves, and there was no fucking way was he going to waste this opportunity!

Almost before the door had closed behind his mother, sister, and Gus, the Cookie had kicked off his sandals and shorts and stripped off his shirt. He leapt into the arms of an equally-naked Brian, who was advancing on Justin with a greedy glint in his eyes. Justin’s legs wrapped around Brian’s waist, the brunet helping steady the blond by placing his hands firmly on those juicy, rounded globes. Lips locked together, tongues delved into warm, wet, welcoming caverns while their hips thrust against each other. Justin’s arms were twined around Brian’s neck, his hands carding through and then fist ing Brian’s hair. Their lips would break apart briefly, lungs dragging in air, before they’d mesh again, as if it were unbearable to part for even a few seconds.

While they were kissing, Brian had staggered backward a couple of steps and had ended up with his legs braced against the back of the sofa. Before either knew what was happening, they suddenly toppled over the back, landing in an inelegant sprawl halfway onto the seat, laughing as they tumbled. One of Brian’s legs was sticking up in the air, his other foot flat on the floor. One of Justin’s feet was wedged between a cushion and the back of the couch, and he’d almost kneed Brian in the balls when he landed atop the brunet. Brian had never let go of those luscious cheeks, only squeezing tighter as they went tumbling onto the couch. He was quite sure that his boy would have lovely red fingerprints embedded in his flesh the next day. Justin’s arms had tightened around Brian’s head, pressing the brunet’s face into his sternum. The big guy took advantage, nipping at the flesh and licking his way along his Cookie’s neck.

“Mnmrrgluumfph,” growled Justin, lifting his head so that he was no longer swallowing Brian’s hair, erupting in peals of laughter at their predicament, while he tried to free his wedged foot. His frantic wriggling caused one of his knees to push against Brian’s balls again, this time threatening to mash them into Brian ball pancakes.
“Stop, Justin! Do NOT move that knee,” ordered the brunet with a rather shrill shout. “I need my nuts!”

“Sorry, Boss,” responded the flushed blond in a muffled voice. “Don’t wanna damage your sperm factory. But if I don’t unstick my foot, the damned thing is gonna be crooked for the rest of my life.”

“Better a twisted foot than permanently flattened family jewels, Cookie,” the brunet retorted, exaggerating only a little as far as he was concerned.

“Much as I like having your hands on my ass, Big Guy, I could probably sit back and free my foot if you’d let go. And I wouldn’t be as likely to knee you in the nuts in the process,” the blond boy suggested.

“I think they’re glued to your ass, Blondie. They don’t wanna let go,” Brian grumbled. “And you should thank me for having such a good grip - you only had a safe landing on the sofa rather than hitting the floor because I didn’t let go,” he claimed.

In spite of the discomfort from his wedged foot - and how the fuck did his foot get stuck in such a ridiculous position on a couch for fuck’s sake - Justin burst into laughter once more at the brunet’s reasoning. “Okay, Big Guy, you’re my superhero, saving me from the fearsome divan demon,” Justin conceded. “Now, do you think you could let me sit up and free my foot so that I can swoon into the arms of my heroic savior? And then, after you resuscitate me, could we please FUCK already? We haven’t had a fast and furious fuck since our threesome with Jorge, and that’s simply NOT acceptable. Ever since Lindsey’s run in with blisters, pustules, and other disgusting itchy sores, it feels like we’ve barely had a moment alone! Last night was wonderful, Big Guy, but I need more!” Justin’s voice had risen to an almost-hysterical shout, the restraints put on his freedom to fuck nearly undoing him.

“I know, Cookie! Trust me, I know. I haven’t even had a coupla minutes alone with my hand yet today” Brian groused. “Gus was with me all day, practically every fucking minute.”

“I didn’t have a chance to jerk off today either, Boss! It was way too fucking busy at The Albatross. Hell, some of the customers were so impatient for their food that they followed me into the men’s room when I went to take a piss. And not just men either!” The blond chuckled, shaking his head in stunned disbelief. “Can you imagine having a two-hundred pound woman with a dark, hairy mole on her double chin staring at you, stomping her foot, while you try to take a leak? It was a fucking madhouse!”
“Shit, Justin,” Brian croaked, his chuckles finally tapering off, wiping away tears of laughter with his fingers at the absurd vision his Cookie’s tale had engendered. “That really happened?”

“Scout’s honor, Boss,” the blond responded, finally able to sit back and free his foot. But I don’t give a rat’s ass about that female gorilla. I definitely don’t want to be thinking about that when I’ve got you alone for the first time in days. Let’s fuck! NOW!”

“I’m all yours, Blondie,” the brunet replied, looking up at the blond that was still mostly draped over the top of him. He didn’t rush to action though. He knew what it was he wanted tonight, but he had to figure out a way to get it without actually asking for it. Unfortunately, he didn’t have the excuse of needing Cookie’s expert sand removal services this time. So, how to work this?

Brian could see the sexual frustration he felt mirrored in Cookie’s eyes. He dug around under the cushions for a condom and when he produced it, held the edge of the foil tightly between his teeth.

“Come and get it.” he taunted, throwing his arms wide in invitation.

Justin saw the glimmer of competition in his lover’s gaze and couldn’t resist. He reached for the packet, only to have his hand batted away. He didn’t miss the barely there roll of Brian’s hips either. His eyes narrowed and he made to take the packet again. Brian rebuffed him again, this time slightly harder, as his expression became serious. Again, the hip roll.

Justin quickly tossed a couple of the large, upright cushions from the back of the divan onto the floor to create more room on the couch, then threw himself bodily on top of the bigger man, only to have his hands caught and pulled over his head. Brian leaned in, twitching his lips so that the condom in his mouth wagged against Justin’s lips as well. Justin squirmed and twisted, trying to gain purchase on Brian or the couch so he would have more leverage, but Brian locked his legs around the blond’s waist and held on for dear life as they continued to struggle together.

The lust in the blue eyes climbed higher and Brian rolled his hips again, bringing their lower bodies into the alignment he wanted, silently gloating as an avid, hungry look came over Justin’s face.

‘There we go.’ he thought and released the smaller hands. Justin immediately made to grab the condom, but Brian still had him locked at the waist, relishing the contact that their full on wrestling match was creating. Finally, he relented and let his Cookie grab the foil packet with a resounding kiss, saying, “Guess I was more tired than I thought after chasing Gus around today.” Then he rolled over onto his front, under Justin.
Justin, who wasn’t fooled for a minute that he’d actually won the wrestling contest, grinned as he propped a couple of throw pillows under Brian’s hips, pulled Brian up onto his knees, spread the stud’s legs as far apart as possible on the sofa, and buried his face in Brian’s balls, inhaling the deliciously musky, manly aroma. He circled each ball with his tongue as best he could from the slightly awkward angle, before running his tongue along Brian’s crease to the itsy-bitsy hole that was winking at him, as if to say ‘hurry up and climb in’. Damn! Had the brunet’s hole gotten even smaller? Justin speculated. Was that even possible? Perhaps only for Brian’s asshole. He was going to have to go really slowly and be extra gentle, or he’d hurt his favorite stud. Which wasn’t going to be easy since his cock was leaking profusely and he was about to come just from looking at that tempting ring of muscle.

“Whatcha doin’ back there, Cookie? Get a move on already,” the impatient stud whined, pushing back toward Justin.

“Easy, Big Guy,” Justin soothed, rubbing his hands over Brian’s ass cheeks and fondling the taut musculature. “Looks like your hole has closed up tighter than a fresh clam. I’m gonna be lucky to fit the tip of my tongue into that miniscule opening.”

“Shit, Justin! Can’t. Wait. I’m practically coming now.” Brian moaned and shifted on his knees, searching for some relief for his throbbing, engorged dick.

“Shhh. Don’t worry, Boss. I’ll get us off quickly this first go round, and then we can take our time. We DO have all night.” With that, Justin draped himself over Brian’s back, his cock rutting downward against the brunet’s balls. Justin reached around for Brian’s dick with his right hand, wrapped it around that perfect cock, and stroked in time with his thrusts. All it took was three strokes in three seconds. Both men grunted and groaned through their neverending release, as ropes of come splattered onto the sofa, Brian’s stomach, a few drops even decorating the brunet’s chin.

“Not enough, Cookie. More.” Brian pleaded, continuing to push backward, not bothered in the least by the blond’s weight across his back.

“As always, your wish is my command, My Queen,” Justin replied teasingly. ”First, though, let me get a little snack.” Justin reached out, using his fingers to collect the come from Brian’s stomach and chest, and slurped up the tasty treat. “Mmm. Delicious.” he mumbled. Justin leaned further forward, and the brunet twisted his head so that their lips could meet and share that delectable creamy delight.

A smug, satisfied smile spread across Justin’s face as he let himself slither down Brian’s back and return to that most-enticing hole. Gently pushing Brian’s cheeks apart with his hands, Justin circled Brian’s opening with his tongue, wetting the folds as he stabbed inward. He circled, stabbed, and nipped lightly at the insistent stud’s pucker, again and again, savoring Brian’s special flavor. Better
than any ice cream concoction at the soda fountain.

“Uuhngh. So good. Don’t stop, Cookie. So fuckin’ good. Never stop,” the blissed-out, writhing brunet beseeched. Brian was so thoroughly relishing every moment under the ministrations of Justin’s talented tongue that he wasn’t even aware of what he was saying by that point.

Both men were rock-hard again, their dicks dripping precome onto the already-drenched divan. But neither the blond nor the brunet wanted the rimming to end. Justin kept slurping away at that perfect pucker, slowly easing in his thumbs on either side of his delving tongue. Thirty minutes later, he asserted, “I think I’ve just about stretched you far enough that there’s room for me inside. Are you ready, Big Guy?”

“Fuck! Yes! Now! Stick that thick fucking dick into me!” Brian demanded forcefully. Justin quickly squirted lube onto Brian’s pucker, rolled on the condom, covered it with lube, positioned his lubed thumbs at the edges of the brunet’s still slightly too-small opening - and sank into those heavenly depths with one steady, smooth stroke.

Moving in tandem, Justin thrust forward while Brian pushed back. He pulled out and thrust in, again and again, gradually speeding up until their loud moans and groans and the slap of flesh on flesh filled the room. When the blond reached for the brunet’s cock, Brian shook his head, grunting, “No. No need. Gonna . . . Gonna . . .”

Brian turned his head to the side, tilting it backward as far as possible. With a herculean effort, Justin strained forward to meet Brian’s lips. That’s all it took. Their lips brushed and their cocks gushed. They came and came and came. Neither one of them could believe they’d built up such a reservoir of come in such a short time.

After what seemed like eons, Brian’s legs gave out and his body settled onto the sofa, his face smushed into the cushion, his hips cocked at an awkward angle because of the throw pillows. Justin sagged onto Brian before pulling out as gently as he could, carefully grasping the nearly overflowing condom, tossing it aside, and tugging the throw pillows out from under the brunet. Finally, squirming into place between Brian and the back of the couch, Justin wrapped an arm and a leg over the brunet, and let himself be lulled to sleep by the big guy’s wheezing, sexy, little snores.

And that’s where they stayed for the rest of the night, glued together, too fucked out to consider moving to the bedroom.

Chapter Theme Music - Alone At Last.
Chapter End Notes

Ahhhh! Isn’t that better - no matter how adorable Gus is, I think the boys really need some child-free time. Credit for the steamy sex scene goes out to eureka1 - yummy! Again, we had tons of help with this chapter, so we have to send thanks to many visitors, Cookiebun, Brynn_Jones, Samcdee, and lots of lurkers. Just love writing like this - we LITERALLY keep finishing each other’s sentences as upwards of five of us are writing at a time. Definitely some fun times here in FN! Feel free to join us anytime! Or just leave us a comment and tell us what you want us to write next! S&T
After a long night spent thoroughly enjoying their child-free time, Brian and Justin rolled out of bed around nine a.m. and opted for one final round in the shower before Justin was forced to cut Brian off and head into the kitchen. He was halfway through the prep work for the mini lobster pies he was planning to serve when there was a knock on the door, and seconds later Gus barrelled into the kitchen ready to help. Brian made himself useful mixing up a pitcher of mimosas for himself and Jenn to enjoy while Justin, Molly and Gus handled the brunch work. Brian was almost sad that he didn’t get to help out - the three cooks made it look like so much fun - but there wasn’t nearly enough room in the kitchen for another body. Instead, he ushered Jenn out to the deck where they could sit and sip their drinks in peace while enjoying the sun and refreshing breeze.

They hadn’t even finished with the usual pleasantries before another invitee showed up. Daphne, whom Brian recognized from that first morning after he met Justin, strolled up to the door, her hands filled with a large bag from the bakery where she worked. Brian offered to help her with the scrumptious-smelling parcel, but she shooed him away and let herself into the house. Apparently she wasn’t needed in the kitchen either, though, since she was back outside with her own glass of mimosa less than five minutes later.

Which meant that Brian Kinney found himself adrift in a sea of estrogen alone with the mother and best friend of his employee/lover/whatever and he had absolutely no clue what to say.

This was definitely not a situation Brian had ever imagined himself in. First of all, he’d never even contemplated having a boyfriend - or even a repeat lover - long enough to have to meet his family. What the fuck did you say to the mother of the teenaged guy you’d just spent the prior ten hours fucking in every possible position imaginable in every room of your rented beach house? ‘So, your son really is a fucking fireball in bed, huh?’ really didn’t seem like appropriate brunch conversation.

Secondly, this whole ‘meet the family’ thing seemed like it was happening a little fast. Granted, Brian had already told himself that he wasn’t going to worry about how out of character he was acting for the duration of this vacation, but even so, he didn’t think that even serious couples
progressed this fast. He’d only known Cookie for three fucking weeks. Was it really okay that Brian was already sitting around having drinks with his mother while Jenn and Daphne told stories about Justin’s precocious childhood? It was totally surreal.

Fine. Okay. Brian sighed. He could do this. He just had to remind himself, again, that while he was here, it was okay for him to do things that might be considered outside the norm for him.

Even if he felt like some romantic fool as he listened to - and found himself actually enjoying - the little stories about Justin’s past.

So he did the chatting thing with the women and smiled at the small talk. Even though it sometimes felt forced and uncomfortable. Just when Brian’s resolve to try and make nice with the women seemed to be at risk of crumbling, though, Justin and his helpers came outside, bearing the first offerings for their pending feast. Gus was carrying a large bowl full of cut fruit. Molly had a large tray heaped with pastries, covered by a towel to keep the bugs away until they were ready to eat. And Justin had a large carafe of delicious smelling coffee in hand along with mugs for all. The kitchen contingent left their contributions on the table and then hurried back inside to their work. Justin lingered long enough to fill three coffee mugs, handing Brian his last and adding a hurried kiss on the older man’s forehead before he followed his helpers.

“Sheesh! That’s so adorable!” Daphne tittered as soon as Justin had vanished back inside. “You two make such a cute couple! I think it’s great, too. I didn’t think Justin would ever want to do the relationship thing again after that horrible experience he had with Ethan. I’m so glad you decided to come here for your vacation, Brian. Without you, he’d still be stuck in that same old rut he’s been in for the past year and a half.”

Brian really didn’t know what to say to that. He hadn’t really thought about how other people looked at whatever it was he had going with Cookie. Of course they hadn’t told anyone about their little bet, so he imagined that, to outside eyes, it WOULD look like they were together. They did spend pretty much all their time in each other’s pockets these days. And he DID enjoy being with Justin - far more than he’d ever expected. Plus, there was that OTHER dimension to the thing with Cookie - the one he’d indulged in just the night before but wasn’t ready to acknowledge even to himself without serious reservation. Brian hadn’t been with anyone that he’d wanted to share THAT with in fucking years. Did that make them a ‘couple’ though? Fuck if he knew. Maybe?

“... Justin does seem so much happier lately.” Brian clued back into the conversation between Jennifer and Daphne, wondering how much he’d missed while he was lost in thought about his supposed relationship. “He’s still working far more than I think is healthy for him, though. I DO appreciate how much he helps Molly and me out, but I’m worried that he’s going to wear himself out with all the hours at the pub and everything else he does. At least his art has started selling enough so that he’s no longer forced to drive the pedicab for money. Last summer he lost so much weight from all that exercise with the cab that I was afraid he was going to evaporate.”
“What do you mean, everything else?” Brian heard himself asking before he realized how intrusive that question was.

“What hasn’t he done?” Daphne laughed as she started to count off on her fingers all of Justin’s past jobs. “Back in high school he worked as a pool cleaner. He’s done landscaping, babysitting . . .”

“Housekeeping staff at The Palms and The Pines,” Jenn added in. “Then there was that time he tried to work on a commercial fishing boat, but he really doesn’t have the build for that kind of strenuous physical work.”

“Remember when he painted houses that one summer. Shit! He was so tired when he’d get home in the evening; I remember him falling asleep one time while we were eating a pizza,” Daphne piped up. “He’s even walked dogs and done grocery shopping for people during the winter months when there wasn’t anything else out there. Anything to bring in a little more money.”

“Justin really is a great son. I don’t know what I would have done without him,” Jennifer continued wistfully. “If only Craig wasn’t such a shitbag and actually kept up with his support payments, poor Justin could finally take it a bit easier. I still feel horrible that he turned down that scholarship to NYU in order to stay here and take care of us when I got too sick to work right before he turned eighteen.”

Brian was flabbergasted. Of course, most teens worked a plethora of odd jobs for spending money; he was no exception, but to find out that Justin had done so from such a young age to help his family was - in a word - humbling. Brian himself had worked like a dog all through high school and college to support himself so he didn’t have to rely on his parents for anything, but he would have cut off his own arm before handing over anything he worked so hard for, just to have it squandered on booze or horses.

It was just one more thing that he felt made HIS Cookie such an extraordinary person. Then he wondered . . . was he keeping Justin from earning enough money to support his family? The guilt hit him like a suckerpunch, and he faked a cough to cover the quick intake of breath it caused. Was Justin’s family suffering unduly because he was too selfish to entertain himself? Is that why they were really here? To get Brian to let him go back to work? He watched the women over the rim of his drink. They didn’t seem to be upset at the situation. Both were relaxed, happily carrying on conversation around his silence.

Maybe he should offer to pay Justin for his time? Brian shook his head before the thought was even finished. Justin would never go for that, he was sure. Hadn’t he told Lindz he was a slut not a whore? Justin would certainly see it as Brian paying him for use of his body, so that idea was out.
Before he could come to any reasonable solution, the cooks announced it was time to eat, and he put the puzzle aside for a later time. Justin carried out a tray filled with little white ramekins, each containing a perfect golden-brown pie. The aroma was mouth-watering. Gus had another bowl filled with baby field greens, slivered almonds, and crumbled blue cheese with what appeared to be a poppyseed dressing. Molly had a wicker basket with all the plates and utensils they would need. It looked like a meal fit for royalty rather than a simple brunch that someone had thrown together in less than an hour.

Brian looked up at the ultra-talented chef and realized that he had the answer to the question he’d asked himself before - the reason Justin was wasting himself here in relative obscurity was the family now seated around this very table. They were so close-knit. They obviously cared for each other. They teased one another but it was never in a harsh or mean way. They just loved each other and took care of each other. It made Brian a little jealous to watch them interact. He’d never had anything like that, but now that he saw what a true family was supposed to be, he wished that he could someday find that too.

"A playground?" asked Brian with a distrustful raise of his eyebrows, when Justin led the two brunets towards the colourful entrance of a children's park. It was a reasonable reaction, considering the entrance was a hand painted, frumpy looking archway depicting a tropical scene with a pale-as-death mermaid and a pillar-looking palm tree. Brian really wasn’t sure he wanted to spend his Saturday afternoon running around this kiddie park. Hadn’t he already done the domesticated thing by having brunch with Justin’s family? A whole afternoon amidst families and kids seemed like too much to ask. But now that Gus had seen it, he didn’t imagine he had much choice.

"Don’t you worry, Boss,” exclaimed the cheerful blond, “I assure you that after an afternoon playing on the swings and slides with all the other kids in there, Gus will be so knackered by evening that we’d be able to shoot off a cannon next to his bed and he won’t wake up."

Brian sized his Cookie up thoughtfully, imagining all the mischief the two of them could get into once Gus was successfully knocked out. He wasn’t sure if the younger man was a genius for thinking of a way to tire the little lad so the adults could have a bit of fun that night, or a first class tormentor for managing to persuade Brian to enter such a horrid place.

“Come on, Daddy. Let’s go in!” demanded his son, tugging insistently at Brian’s designer shirt.

The stud let out a slow breath, glaring at the grinning blond that was already making his way through the archway. “Sure thing, Sonny Boy,” he said, letting himself be tugged after Justin, “let’s show the other kids how it’s done.”

“Yay!” squealed the little bundle of energy, his bright eyes taking in all the colourful decorations that infested the large playground, “look at all those slides, Daddy. Do you fink they have a Squid’ard
Brian shrugged his shoulders helplessly, his eyes searching out the Cookie who’d managed to disappear on them in the few seconds it took the Kinney men to get their bearings. “I’m not sure, Gus,” he told the little boy carefully, hoping not to disappoint him, “let’s find Justin and ask.”

“Where IS Jus?” questioned Gus with wide eyes when he noticed his favorite new playmate was missing, “did he dis’peer?”

Before Brian could answer his son’s queries, a sound like a herd of stomping rhinos came from behind him and, the next thing he knew, a shiny fair head popped up next to them.

“Here I am!” Justin informed them unnecessarily as his loud arrival couldn’t have been missed by either the deaf or the dead, “and I come bearing gifts!”

Brian watched as the Cookie waved three red tickets in front of their faces.

“What is it, Jus?” yelled Gus, completely hyped up on the blond’s behavior.

“These are three very special tickets for a kiddie train ride that goes round this whole park, Gus. There’s even a several meter long tunnel made of glass that has various tropical fish in it, isn’t that brill?”

Gus was nodding his little noggin enthusiastically, but Brian didn’t share in his son’s glee for he’d picked up on something that was bothering him. “Three tickets? Why would he want to go round three times?” he asked, subconsciously knowing his question was naive.

Justin gave him a cheeky look. “He wouldn’t.”

“Oh, Daddy! We’re all goin’ together, silly!” cheered Gus, trying to grab one of the tickets out of Justin’s hand. “Can we go now? Please. I wants ta see the fishes! Please, Daddy!”

Brian knew when he was beat and had to accept his fate, so he acquiesced to the ride with a nod of his head and snatched his own ticket from the Cookie. As the trio made their way to the pretend train
station, he leaned down to whisper in Justin’s ear: “Your ass is mine once we get home - you get that, right? You lost any right to call the shots tonight when you bought that ticket.” Justin merely grinned back at him saucily. “Oh, and if you ever tell anyone I went for a ride on a kiddie train, I’ll tie your balls so tight you won’t be able to sit down for a week.”

Justin gave him a sideways glance and a sly smile. “This is punishment, Boss?” When Brian glared at him, he chuckled quietly. “Whatever you say, Big Guy,” he promised in a hushed voice, before continuing on at a normal volume: “Now, stop your mithering and get cracking, we have a train to catch!”

“Yes, Daddy,” joined Gus, “stop my-dring and come on!”

As they approached the queue of parents and their children waiting for a turn on the train, Brian noticed that their tickets had a different colour than those the other parents were clutching. “What’s with the red, Cookie?”

Justin smirked. “The red tickets are for what they call ‘priority customers’, which basically means we get to skip the queue. Come on Gus, the train is about to leave!”

“Hurry, Daddy, or we’ll miss it!” the little boy insisted as Brian dragged his feet. “You don’t wanna miss it, do ya?” he continued suspiciously.

Brian pretended to look offended. “Of course not, Sonny Boy. I’m dying to see those fish I’ve been promised.”

“Good,” pronounced Gus resolutely with a nod of his dark head.

Half a minute later - which was all too soon for Brian - they were sitting on a little wooden bench in the last car of the kiddie train. The stud’s long legs had to be uncomfortably bent in order to fit in the limited space between the seats, while his side suffered continuous attacks from Justin’s elbow as they sat pressed against each other, giving Gus enough wiggle room so he could observe his surroundings in comfort.

“Look, Daddy!” cried out the five-year-old, “you can see the beach. Do ya fink we’ll see our sandcastle?”
“Sorry, Gus, but we can’t see Fort Squid from here,” Justin tried to quell the boy’s eagerness. “It’s on the other side of the island.”

“Oh,” pouted Gus, “and we can’t see ta other side of the island?”

The blond shook his head. “I’m afraid not. Now you better stop pouting or you’ll trip up over that bottom lip of yours. Besides, we’re too busy to pout. You need to keep a look out for the Dolphin Rock. It’s a rock that peeks out of the water and looks exactly like a dolphin. I bet you I’ll find it sooner than you.”

Gus immediately turned his focus to the passing scenery. “I bet not, Jus. I’m a good looker!”

Justin laughed at the intent look on the tyke’s face as he scanned the horizon before turning to the silently suffering Brian. “The train stops for a while in the fish tunnel, Boss. I’m sure we can sneak in a make-out session if you lose that sourpuss expression.”

Brian sat up straighter in his seat and made sure to wipe the look of misery from his face. “How long is a while exactly?” he inquired suggestively, his right hand trailing down his Cookie’s thigh.

“Long enough.” The towheaded man laughed quietly and slapped Brian’s curious appendage lightly. “Hands off the goods for now, Chief. There will be time for that yet.”

“I founded it, Jus! I founded it!” came the gleeful exclamation from their left, interrupting their flirting and causing both men to turn and look at what the youngling was pointing at.

“It’s a daw-fin! See it, Daddy? See?”

Brian stared at the conveniently-shaped rock and couldn’t help but smile as he noted how much his son was enjoying himself. Maybe this children’s park wasn’t that bad of an idea after all. Just seeing the unadulterated joy on Gus’ face, as well as the content look in his Cookie’s eyes, was making this little visit worth his while. He looked around at the other families that sat in the train cars, noticing for the first time that the majority of them were happy-looking same-sex couples with jabbering children. In fact, Brian and his boys fit right in as they looked exactly like the rest of them - a proper little family.

Brian wasn’t sure how he should feel about that, but considering the warm sensation that spread
through his chest as he watched his boys, he didn’t exactly seem to mind. He seemed to be having these kinds of thoughts a lot today. So far they hadn’t killed him, but he still wasn’t all that comfortable with them either. It had just been that kind of day, though. All this ‘family’ time was just so unfamiliar.

Brian was brought out of his musings by the feeling of deceleration as the train neared a blue-lit glass tunnel. Once the train came to a halt, Brian realized that the train was going through a huge fish tank that surrounded them on all sides. And it was exactly as Justin had promised it would be - full of gaily colored tropical fish.

The adman turned to his son who was completely quiet for once, his young face clearly displaying the awe he felt at seeing such a wonderful exhibit.

“You like it, Gus?” asked Cookie in a hushed tone, clearly unnerved by the silence.

“It’s boo-tiful,” whispered the lad, eyes shining.

Brian was also mesmerized as he stared at all the colours around him - though he wouldn’t admit to it without being subjected to serious torture first. Right off the bat, his attention was grabbed by a pincushion of a fish dawdling in the water behind the glass wall right next to him, whose orange tinted fins swayed elegantly in the almost non-existent current. A few moments later, Brian watched it get startled by a black and white triangular terror that shot right past the glass. The prickly animal changed direction a few times before almost bumping into what Brian had considered to be a blue marble stone until then, but which turned out to be another very richly patterned fish. It lingered in front of the stud’s face for a bit, as if observing him, before slowly swimming away when it deemed the human to be boring.

“I founded Nemo,” announced Gus matter-of-factly, which broke the awed silence in the tunnel and caused all the other children to start blathering on about whether it was truly possible for Gus to find Nemo, when the elusive fish had already been found in the movie.

It was safe to say that Brian was seriously entertained by the sights. He was too busy admiring all the aquatic creatures himself to notice he wasn’t bored. He was even a little sorry when the train started moving again, leaving the tropical fish tunnel behind. And it didn’t take long for them to reach the train station after that.
“That was neat!” Gus informed him after they alighted.

“It was,” agreed Brian, who didn’t even register that he’d forgotten to take Justin up on his offer of a make-out session. He had been too busy admiring all the different fish to even think about kissing - which would have surely led to Brian getting his head tested, had he realized it.

“Can I go on the swings, Daddy?” pleaded Gus, pointing towards the row of five classic chain swings that hung to their left. The boy’s eyes gained such a puppy-like quality that it left Brian with no other option than to agree.

“Sure,” he said with a nonchalant shrug, “fill your boots.”

“Yay!” cried the energetic nipper as he ran towards the last free swing, managing to snatch it right before a wheezing chubby girl could get her hands on it.

“Go, Gus,” murmured Brian as he watched the girl whinge and stomp her sandal-clad feet. She would benefit more from doing just that, than she would from sitting her behind down on a swing anyway, thought the brunet.

“You want something to drink? I’m spitting feathers,” complained Justin.

“Sure, Cookie,” agreed Brian, “guava juice would be great.”

“On it, Boss,” reported Private Cookie with a clumsy salute before doing a sassy about-face and trotting away.

Brian tried his best not to laugh, but in the end he couldn’t manage it as a few chuckles made their way out of his throat. Not showing amusement at the blond’s antics was like juggling soot - impossible.

A thrilled squeal moved Brian’s focus back to his son, who was kicking out his feet vehemently, trying to out-swing the other children.

“Careful, Gus,” Brian chided, when he noticed the tyke’s swing starting to jerk every now and then


in a short free fall.

“I’m careful, Daddeeee!” whooped his little acrobat, swinging his legs back and tilting his torso forward in order to catch up with the redheaded girl next to him. She was older than Gus, being at least ten years old, and clearly more experienced as her movements were fluid and seemed more practiced. Just as she was at the highest point of her upswing, she let go of the chains and jumped off the wooden seat only to land smoothly down in the sand.

“Wow!” said an astonished Gus, watching the ginger lass intently as she returned to her own swing so that the chubby, sandalled, girl couldn’t steal it away.

“Here’s your juice, Boss,” announced the Cookie, having returned to where Brian was standing with two plastic cups full of the healthy drink.

“Thanks,” mumbled the dark-haired man, taking a hearty sip from his cup.

Justin’s next sentence was interrupted by a bloodcurdling shriek coming from the direction of the swings. Brian swung his head around just in time to watch his son fly through the air uncoordinatedly, his arms flapping around awkwardly in a useless attempt to gain balance, before he landed heavily on his knees, tipping forward onto his face.

There was a beat of complete silence, not a single soul daring to let out a peep in case they missed something, before the most heart-wrenching sob made its way out of Gus’ heaving little body.

Brian quickly dropped his half empty cup of juice to the ground and hurried to the scringing boy’s side. He picked him up tenderly, checking for injuries.

“Where are you hurt, Gus?” Brian demanded to know, trying his best to calm the nipper down with a soft rocking of his body and a soothing hand rubbing his little back.

“Oh, Gus!” exclaimed a horrified Justin upon seeing the child’s face.

Brian’s eyes widened in apprehension. “What?” he barked at the blond before turning Gus’ face to inspect it for himself. What he saw almost made him blanch. There was blood all over his lad’s mouth, mixing together with saliva and tears and running down his chin, before it finally dripped down, staining his white shirt.
“Mommy? Is that boy a vampire?” came a hesitant question from somewhere behind Brian. A little girl with pigtails was sucking on her thumb fearfully, while pointing her free hand at Gus.

“Mind your own business,” growled Brian in the brat’s direction, throwing the mother a death glare for good measure. The girl’s mother huffed and quickly bundled her child off, but Brian didn’t give a toss about her delicate sensibilities.

“Did you bite your tongue?” he asked his son in a calm voice, trying not to frighten him.

Gus shook his head before sticking a closed fist in front of his dad’s face. “My boof,” the boy mumbled, blood bubbling in his mouth.

Brian carefully opened the little fist to find out what the child was clutching so determinedly. There in the small, quivering palm was a little pearl white tooth, swimming in a pool of spit and blood.

“Your tooth fell out?” asked Justin unnecessarily, brushing Gus’ matted hair from his eyes.

Gus nodded. “It was wiggly b’fore,” he assured his Cookie, and Brian finally let himself breathe out a sigh of relief. It seemed his son was mostly all right, more shaken up than anything else, and that all that blood had come merely from a fallen out tooth and not a fatal injury. Still, he couldn’t help but feel upset with himself for not paying more attention to his son. Brian stood up, hefting Gus with him, and carried the boy over to the concession stand, looking around for the condiments they usually carried. Finding the shelf on the side of the little kiosk, he picked up a pack of sugar and set Gus on the shelf in front of him, bracing him with his bigger body while he dumped the sugar packet’s contents into his palm. Justin stayed quiet, unsure what the fuck Brian was doing, but not wanting to cause either Kinney any more stress as both paled at the amount of blood in Gus’ hand and dripping from his mouth.

“Open up Sonny Boy.” Brian said. When Gus complied, Brian closed his eyes for a second then pinched some sugar between his fingers and pressed it to the now empty gum in his son’s mouth. Gus squirmed and whimpered, and Brian hummed soothingly but repeated the action with more and more sugar until it created a solid, red lump and the bleeding stopped. Brian dusted off his hand and grabbed his son into a hug saying, “It’s always gonna bleed a little when you lose a tooth, but the sugar makes the bleeding stop, so it’s all better now, okay?”

Justin handed Gus a tiny cup of water and Brian showed him how to swish and spit. When the water came out clear on the second try, Brian knew the worst was over but, more importantly, so did Gus.
The kid threw him the most grateful, gap-toothed, smile, and Brian could tell his son thought he was a hero in that moment. Gus hugged him back with all his might then said, “I wanna go back on da swings, Daddy! I fink I can get it right dis time!”

Justin kept a weather eye on Brian the rest of the day. He was being even more quiet than usual and remarkably withdrawn since the accident at the park. He still spoke when spoken to, but replied with the minimum number of words. Justin didn’t understand the withdrawal; the tooth had already been loose and accidents happened all the time with kids. It really wasn’t that big of a deal. Right?

Later, when Justin had offered to take care of Gus’ bath time, Brian had only nodded and retreated to his bedroom. Gus chattered all through his shower about how rich he was going to be when the ‘toof hairy’ took the baby tooth away and left him money under his pillow tonight. Justin simply nodded and let the boy natter on.

“What if my toof falls off the bed?! Then I won’t get no money!” Gus panicked, eyes wild with dismay.

Justin chuckled. “Don’t worry, Buddy, we’ll decorate an envelope and make it special so the Tooth Fairy will have no trouble finding it, Okay?”

“Wow, can we do it right now?” Gus pleaded.

“Get washed up really quickly and we can do it as soon as you have your PJ’s on.

Gus started scrubbing so fast Justin couldn’t help but laugh at him. The boy paused and glared at him with the same exact expression his father used. Justin laughed harder. When Gus put his soapy hands on his skinny little hips and demanded that Justin go get the decorations ready, the blond had all he could do to keep it together as he left the bathroom. The boy was just as hard-headed and demanding as his Dad.

Ten minutes later, Justin had colors, glitter glue, and stickers lined up on the coffee table with a stack of envelopes and Gus’ pink milk. It was a good thing they’d made that trip to the craft supply store a few days before. When the boy emerged from the bathroom, it was apparent that he hadn’t done a very good job drying himself off before putting on his pajamas because they were stuck to him like a second skin and so twisted it was a wonder the boy could move in them at all.

But he puffed his chest in pride for doing it himself, so Justin praised what a good job he’d done
combing his hair and patted the floor next to himself. Rather than take that seat though, Gus plopped into Justin’s lap and started asking all kinds of questions about how to decorate the envelope for his very special tooth.

Brian watched from the doorway, a huge lump in his throat as Justin helped his son make a memory. He wanted to join them, he really did, but his feet were rooted and his body refused to obey. He was trapped by the image the man and boy made. The boy obviously worshipped the man, and it was readily ascertained that the man found the boy equally enchanting if the gentle strokes of hair or words of encouragement were anything to go by. Brian could see their profiles, and though no blood existed between them, the twin looks of sweet wonder and enchantment almost brought him to his knees.

He didn’t know how long he watched them, but when Gus mentioned letting his Daddy pick which envelope to use, Brian pulled himself together and closed the distance between them. He sat on the couch and pulled his boy into his lap then tugged Justin up next to them. Gus showed him four different envelopes, explaining the scenes they had created on them, and told his Dad he got to pick. When Brian chose the one showing them at the park, where Gus had fallen and lost the tooth in the first place, Gus frowned. “But why that one, Daddy? The udder one has pwetty flowers and dis one even has a rainbow. . .”

Brian cleared his throat. “You did a good job on all of them, and you are right - they are pretty. But I like this one.”

“But why?”

“Well, because . . . when you fell, you were hurt . . . and you got scared when you saw the blood remember?”

“Uh huh, but you huggeded me and tolded me that it was sposed to bleeded a little. An you huggeded me again and put some sugar on it so it stopped. You made it all better.”

“Mm hmm, and that is when you hugged me back. It was the best hug ever.” Brian said, kissing the top of his son’s head. “And that is why I want to use this one. See, you even drew the hug.”

Gus eyed the much prettier and sparklier envelopes but finally lay them aside in favor of his father’s choice. “Daddy?”
“Yeah?”

“Do you fink it would be okay if Jus tucks me in tonight?” Gus looked a little scared that his request would make his Dad mad, but Brian smiled to put him at ease, even though his heart was hurting from it. “Sure son. Kiss me goodnight then go brush your teeth. I’ll put your baby tooth in the envelope for the Tooth Fairy, and then I’ll see you in the morning.”

Gus gave his Dad a big squeeze and a sloppy kiss, “Nite, Daddy. Love you.” he said before scampering off to the bathroom.

Justin didn’t say a word, just silently started picking up the decorations and the rejected envelopes while Brian put the baby tooth into the one he’d picked and sealed it tight before laying it on the table and going back to his room.

Justin saw Gus peek around the corner. Then the boy mimed a sneaky thief creeping across the room. “Jus? We gotsa write a letter for the toof hairy. My Daddy liked that pikshor so much, he should get to keep it. You fink if I tell her she can keep the money she would let my Dad have the en-vlope?”

Justin pulled his lips in, stifling the urge to weep, and pulled the sweet, adorable, little boy into a tight hug. “Yeah, Gus, I think we can work something out.”

Gus beamed up at his Jus. He knew Jus would figure out a way to make his Daddy happy.

“What the fuck do you want, J? It’s late and I have to work in the morning.” Marissa grumbled.

“Yeah, I know, but I need a favor. A big one. Please?”

“Your place or mine?” she sighed, resigned to doing whatever their friendship called for even though she had been heading to bed.

“My place, uh, I mean, Brian’s house? And I need you to bring some stuff with you.”

Brian dozed fitfully until he heard hushed voices in the other room. At first, his fuzzy brain thought
Justin might be on the phone, but then he heard a distinctively feminine giggle. He rolled from the bed and pulled on some lounge pants, glancing at the clock, about to berate the Cookie for not coming to bed before four in the morning. He padded silently down the hall until he could peek around the corner and see just what was going on in his living room.

“One more time and then I really have to go, J. I am supposed to be at work in two hours.”

“But it was so worth it, don’t you think?” he whispered and grinned the happiest smile Brian had ever seen as they sat hunched together over his camera.

“Just what ARE you two up to at four in the morning?” Brian grousched.

“Up to?” said Justin.

“Up to?” said Marissa.

The looks of guilt and embarrassment could not be missed. Marissa gave Justin a peck on the cheek and beat a hasty exit carrying a large, black garment bag. Brian was still too sleepy to wonder at her being there in the first place, so he plopped on the sofa next to Justin and started kissing his ear letting his hand drift over the younger man’s thigh.

Then he shot up like he was on fire and started turning circles looking for something. “Shit!” he swore, “Where’s my wallet? I gotta do the fairy thing before Gus wakes up. Fuck! I really do suck as a Dad . . .” he mumbled. He hurried to the bedroom and came back digging bills from his wallet. “Can you break a twenty? Twenty is too much, right? Maybe not . . . it IS his first tooth and all . . . No, you’re right, twenty is too much, you got something smaller on you, Cookie?”

Justin didn’t know whether to laugh or cry, the Big Guy was so flustered, so fucking cute, and so fucking scared he was gonna mess up his kid.

“Brian?”

“Not now, I gotta fix this. I can’t let him wake up and not find what he’s expecting.” Brian’s eyes had a slightly wild and panicked look, not unlike his son’s earlier.
“Brian? I need you to sit down. Gus isn’t going to wake up any time soon, and I have to tell you something. Or show you something really.”

Brian looked at his son’s door, then at Justin, then back at the door again before sitting next to Justin on the couch. “Make it fast, Cookie.”

“I did something. I know he’s your kid and all, but he asked me for something and . . . well . . . I just kinda stepped in, you know, and maybe I went too far, but he seemed really happy, so . . .”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

Justin handed him the letter Gus had asked him to write.

_Dear Toof Hairy,_

_My Daddy reely likes the pikshor on the nvlop. Can he pleeez keep it? You can keep the munnee if he can keep the pikshor._

_Luv GUS_

Brian read it twice, touched that his son would think to make a bargain with a magical entity so he could give his Dad something he wanted. He didn’t know what to say. Justin saw his confusion and his love and pressed on.

“I thought, maybe . . . well, it doesn’t matter. Just watch.”

Justin held up the camera so Brian could see the screen and turned on the video; the point of view was obviously from a shelf in Gus’ room and pointed at the bed. A few seconds in, a beautiful blue fairy came into the room and rustled under the boy’s pillow with just enough vigor to wake him. Rubbing bleary eyes, Gus saw who was in his room and shot straight up, babbling a mile a minute.

“Please don’t take my Daddy’s pikshor, he loves it and he loves me and you can keeps the money, if you leave the pikshor. You can have my toof too, I have lots more. So go way and leave me alone!”
The blue fairy read the note and opened the corner of the envelope, tipping the tooth out into her palm, inspected it, and put it in a little velvet bag at her waist, then studied the drawing.

“This is a very special gift you want to give your Daddy, and I understand he is a very special man. So I will make an exception this time. I’ll pay you for your tooth and then deliver the envelope to him myself.”

Gus’ eyes went wide with wonder. “You gonna put it under his pillow? Even though he’s big?”

The blue fairy nodded and Gus threw his arms around her neck and kissed her cheek. “Thank you, thank you, thank you!” he squealed.

She laid two dollar bills on the nightstand and tucked him back into the bed saying, “Go right back to sleep now, or the magic won’t work for your Daddy, okay?”

Gus nodded emphatically and turned over as the Blue Fairy rubbed his back and sang an *Irish lullaby*. Brian remembered his Great Gran singing to him as a child. When it was over and the woman was assured the boy had returned to sleep, she gathered the envelope, the note, and turned to the camera. She pressed a finger to her lips for quiet, winked conspiratorially, and drifted from the room. Then the screen went dark.

Brian stared at the black screen. Justin waited. Brian stared some more and Justin held his breath. It came out in a big whoosh when Brian took the envelope, with the tooth safely tucked back inside, and went back to the bedroom not bothering to say anything.

Justin slumped. It was as he had feared. He had gone too far. Gus was Brian’s son and Brian should have been the one to replace the tooth with the money and been the one to see his happy son in the morning. Brian had been so excited and panicked to do this one fatherly thing right and Justin had fucked it up for him. He had stepped in where he shouldn’t have and now Brian was pissed, or hurt, or both and the only thing Justin could do was apologize and offer what feeble explanations he could. It wouldn’t make it better, but maybe if Brian understood why he did it?

Justin put the camera back on the bookshelf by Brian’s laptop and wiped off the kitchen counters. He prepped the coffee pot for the morning and checked to make sure there was something Gus would eat for breakfast. Not that it mattered, no stores were open yet if there wasn’t. Then he sighed and came to the conclusion that he had stalled long enough and went into the bedroom. At first, he thought Brian to be asleep since he was lying on his side facing away from the door, but when Justin took off his pants, Brian started talking. It seemed like he was talking to himself, but . . .
“The Tooth Fairy didn’t visit my house. Ever.”

Justin crawled into the bed, giving Brian every opportunity to tell him to leave.

“Shitty thing to do to a kid when all their friends get visits from her.” he said so low, Justin barely heard him as he curled up behind him and draped an arm over the bigger man’s waist.

Brian rolled over, pushing Justin onto his back and settling his own head into the crook of the younger man’s shoulder, putting the hand holding the envelope on the slim chest. They lay that way for a while, and Justin thought Brian might have gone to sleep when Brian tipped the envelope until the tooth came out of the torn corner and he picked it up. “It’s so tiny. I don’t know why that surprises me.” he whispered, and Justin didn’t know what to say.

Brian held it delicately between his strong fingers and gently rolled it back and forth like a tiny, precious, gem. “I saw him take his first steps.” he breathed. “I didn’t realize how important it was at the time.”

Justin rubbed his fingers in Brian’s hair and kissed the top of his head, understanding now that Brian wasn’t angry. Brian needed comfort.

“I missed his first word, his first real food, his first day of school, his first . . . well, a lot of firsts.” His big body trembled, and Justin instinctively wrapped an arm around him and hugged him closer, rubbing the shoulder he could reach.

“But I was here for this one.” he sighed happily. “They can’t take that away from me. They couldn’t keep it from me. Couldn’t tell me to stay away this time. They can’t make him take back that hug or the smile he gave me when I made the hurt go away.”

The tears were flowing from under Justin’s closed lids into the hair at his temple, and he could feel Brian’s drip onto his chest and slide into his armpit.

“I’m not mad at what you did, Justin. I’m . . .” Brian’s breath hitched and he took a couple of breaths until he could speak again without losing it completely. “I’m grateful. That you cared enough about us to make it special. For both of us.”

Brian put the tooth back into the envelope and lay Justin’s hand over it on his chest, covering both
with his much bigger one before allowing himself to go back to sleep.

Justin lay awake for a long time. Wishing he had had a father that cared as much as Brian so obviously did and falling a little bit further in love with the oh-so-guarded man and his oh-so-charming son.

Chapter Theme Music - Beautiful Boy.

Chapter End Notes

8/15/16 - This chapter has been in the works for more than a week now. It was written in little pieces by many people and then, miraculously, all the pieces came together in this absolutely perfect way. We are so proud of it. Saje wrote most of the tooth fairy scene. Brynn_Jones wrote the park scene. TAG and eureka1 wrote the brunch scene with cooking advice from Samcdee. And it all worked together so well . . . Sorry about the decided lack of smut, but we just couldn’t break up the sweetness of the rest of the chapter. You’ll have to be satisfied with the cuddling at the end of the chapter - just this once. We promise to get back to our regularly scheduled orgies as soon as Gus leaves the island. In the meantime, we hope you enjoyed it! S&T
Chapter 34 - My Father’s Eyes.

Brian awoke to the most amazing smells he had experienced in quite some time, and that was saying a lot since Cookie had been cooking for him several weeks now. He heard the most wondrous melody as well - the laughter and enjoyment of his two favorite boys. As much as he didn’t like waking up to an empty bed, he decided to revel in the sounds he heard emanating from the kitchen.

He looked over at the clock, noting it was far earlier than a Sunday morning should be allowed to start. He couldn’t figure out why the boys were up so early. Luckily, he didn’t have to wait long for the rowdy, happy boys to appear with a finely decorated tray abounding with more of those divine smells. Everything looked beautiful - as was to be expected from his two perfectionist chefs - but it was the sentiment conveyed by the meal that had Brian blinking rapidly so that he didn’t lose it altogether.

As soon as the tray with his breakfast was lowered onto the bed Gus yelled, “Happy Father’s Day, Daddy! I was the cook today and Jus was my ass-tistant. He let me make all the important a’cisions and I thinkded about it real hard. We made you cimanon pancakes that says sumfin’ spekshul. I member you said you really liked the cimanon rolls we had yesterday, so I maded you some more. Only, Jus hadda hep me with the words so it says, ‘I Dad’.”

Brian thought the sight of his breakfast was gonna make him lose it, but it was hearing his son explain the meal that broke through his walls. He hadn’t even realized today was Father’s Day - it would be the very first time he’d ever celebrated it, since he had never cared enough for his own father to bother with the holiday. Which was probably why he was so touched that Gus, and in part Justin, thought enough to make it a special occasion for him. Brian’s eyes actually teared up and he had to look away before any moisture escaped. Gus saw and got nervous. “Did I do it wrong, Daddy?”

Brian’s heart broke a little bit. He never wanted his son to worry about showing how much he loved his dad. Brian knew all too well what it was like to have an overture of affection rebuffed and never
wanted his son to feel THAT way. He pinched the bridge of his nose to quell the incipient tears and put on a HUGE smile before looking at his boys again. “Of course not, Sonny Boy. This is the best breakfast anyone has ever made for me. It looks and smells wonderful AND I love both the message and the messenger! You’d make a great adman, Sonny Boy. You’ve even sold me on cinnamon pancakes - which isn’t easy to do.”

Gus smiled so brightly, you would think all the lights in New York City were turned on at the same time. Any praise from his father was enough to make the little man’s day. Now that he knew how happy he’d made his daddy, Gus climbed up on the bed and snuggled in next to Brian so that the Father’s Day breakfast could be devoured. All three of them enjoyed the food so much that nary a word was spoken until almost every bite had been consumed.

Gus was finished first and looked right as Justin, “Now, Jus? Can I get it now?”

Justin looked at the tray and realized that Brian was almost finished with his food, so he nodded, “Sure. Can you handle it by yourself?” He wanted to let Gus do it on his own, but offer help if he needed it.

Gus launched himself off the bed and went running out of the room. He quickly returned with a very nicely wrapped box, decorated with Gus-sized handprints modified to depict all sorts of different animals. Brian didn’t care what was in the box. He was so enamoured of the wrapping paper that he didn’t want to open it for fear of tearing the paper. As if reading his mind, Justin said, “No need to worry about how to open it, Boss. It was wrapped in such a way that, if you just lift the flaps on the sides and the front, the paper will be preserved intact.”

Brian flashed a smile to rival Cookie’s biggest sunshine smile. He quickly opened his present, unabashedly proud of the decorations done by Gus. “These are some of the nicest decorations I’ve ever seen, Gus. I think I’ll keep the box just as it is. I don’t even care about the contents. This is already the best present I’ve ever received.”

Gus beamed at the approbation from his father. Justin was also smiling with pride. When Brian finally opened the gift, Justin could tell he was trying to hide his confusion. Gus didn’t notice because he was so extremely excited.

“Do you like it Daddy? I pickeded it out all by myself. An the bestest part is we can wear ‘em togedder. See! We getta be twins, ‘cause there’s one for bof of us. Innit cool, Daddy? I can’t wait for us to go to Fort Squid lookin’ like each udder.”
Brian pulled out the pile of bright, turquoise-blue fabric and unfurled not one, but two sets of swim trunks. The long, board short-style trunks were printed all over with multicolored turtles. And both pairs were, indeed, identical. Definitely NOT something Brian Kinney would ever choose for himself. Turtles on his tush were not his idea of sexy. But, once Brian realized the main impetus behind the gift was his son’s desire to be just like his father, his face softened.

“I absolutely love these Gus. They’re perfect. And you’re right, we will look like twins when we put them on. Thank you so much for my present, Sonny Boy. C’mere . . . ” Brian opened his arms, waiting for an armful of his mini me.

As he hugged Gus, Brian looked over the boy’s shoulder right at Justin and mouthed ‘thank you’. He knew that Justin must have been behind this whole Father’s Day thing. It meant a lot to him that Cookie had made sure Gus had everything he needed to make this all happen.

As he thought over the last couple of days, he realized that Justin had played a big part in how he was interacting with his son. He probably wouldn’t have done as well on his own, had he not had the younger man’s guidance. For someone that hadn’t had a father in his own life, Justin was remarkably good at being one.

Brian thought he was actually doing alright at the father thing this week. Without the girls around to tell him that everything he was doing was always wrong, Brian was pretty sure he was managing to get it mostly right. Just one more reason Brian was reassured that he could, and more importantly that he WANTED, to do the whole Dad thing with Gus. In fact, the more time he spent around the tyke, the more he wanted to have a bigger part in his life. And having Justin around had made it so much easier. He would have to think of an appropriate way to thank his bold and thoughtful artist for helping to make so many happy memories for both his son and himself.

“I hate to leave this delightful celebration, guys,” Justin spoke up as soon as they’d finished putting a serious dent in the cinnamon pancakes. “I’m sure you two have a lot more Father’s Day fun planned, but I usually like to spend some time with my mom on Father’s Day too. She’s been both mom and dad to me for most of my life, so I think she deserves to celebrate both days. I thought I’d drop in to see her before my shift at The Albie just to make sure she knows how much I love and appreciate her.”

Brian was immediately taken with the idea. He himself had never thought of either of his parents in such a way, but after experiencing the joy of celebrating this special moment for the first time with his own son, he thought it was appropriate that Justin wanted to share the same with Jennifer. After spending time with the Taylor family the day before, Brian could easily see why Justin would want to acknowledge how hard his mother had worked to make sure he didn’t miss his deadbeat excuse for a father.
Which is when Brian had a brilliant idea.

“Justin, I think it’s great that you want to spend some time with your mom. Do you think it would be okay if Gus and I horned in on it? I know Gus would never pass up the chance to spend more time with your Mollusk.” Brian snickered.

Justin couldn’t figure out why Brian wanted to go with him, but didn’t see any reason to refuse his request. It seemed a bit too . . . ‘couply’ for his taste, but he didn’t want to bring that subject up in front of Gus. So he just nodded and watched the wheels turning in Brian’s head.

“But rather than going with you now, I think I have an even better idea. How about we take your mom and Molly out this evening to a nice restaurant? Maybe a place that offers dinner and dancing? That way nobody would need to cook or clean up and we could all just relax while we eat. Afterward, we could twirl the ladies around the dance floor. Isn’t the point of a day like Father’s Day - to indulge in doing something special? Why don’t you talk to your mom and then set it up? I already have a few other things I arranged to do today because I forgot it was Father’s Day, but it won’t take me that long and we can still do dinner together,” Brian said as he grabbed his phone and got started on his laptop.

Justin acceded, calling his mom forthwith, glad that Jennifer seemed so delighted by the idea of a night out. As he rushed off to work, he made a reservation for a table at one of the island’s best restaurants and then called to give Brian the green light. Justin had no idea what Brian was up to but, knowing Brian, it was undoubtedly something special. He wondered if he should try and extract the information from his favorite stud before they went out that night. Why did Brian all of a sudden want to do all this family stuff? It would be much more in character for Brian to want to go out tricking while he had the chance. Surely Brian knew that Justin would watch Gus if he wanted to go out for a while. But with no way to really bring the subject up - and not wanting to wipe away the happy, mischievous look that had so recently transformed his lover’s face - Justin decided to keep quiet. Still, he couldn’t stop wondering where the world-weary Stud had gone and who the hell this ‘pod’ person Brian was.

As soon as he thought that, Justin mentally back-tracked from the sentiment. He wasn’t ready for the guilt he felt at that unflattering thought and had to sit down for a minute on the front deck of The Albie. Is that really all he thought Brian was? Or was capable of? Just a fuck machine with no thoughts or feelings about anything except sex? Of course he didn’t. Did he? He had been attracted to Brian from the first, but seeing him in the day to day with his son opened up whole new facets of Brian’s character to view. His Boss seemed more of a mystery with every passing day. What else didn’t he know about Brian? And why was he even interested? This was a business arrangement, not a relationship, he reminded himself, shaking his head as if to clear the wayward questions.
It was too bad he couldn’t clear away the memory of their quiet, out of character, lovemaking the other day just as easily. He tried not to think too deeply about the situation. Well, at least if they were doing dinner with his mother that evening, he wouldn’t have time for more of this uncomfortable introspection.

After Justin left for work, Brian played with Gus on the giant tic-tac-toe game for a while then set him up with the new Xbox and an age-appropriate video game. Gus seemed intent and happy so Brian took the opportunity to finish going over his emails and make some business calls that could not be handled by anyone else. That handled, he started researching body paint artists and the varying products they used. He’d had no idea that it was such a wide trade. There were at least three subcategories that he could find and a dozen different retailers for the supplies. Most artists did it as a hobby at or for various conventions. Others did it by commission for special events, but the most rare - and lucrative - were the artists that were employed by the Hollywood production companies. There was very little he could find out about that particular set though, as it seemed to be a close-knit and secretive association. He did come across a cable TV series named ‘Face Off’ specifically geared to special effects and found himself caught up in it. He carried his laptop to the couch so he could keep an eye on Gus and began binge watching the series. He couldn’t help shaking his head, though, when he realized that his Cookie could do twice as well as most of the contestants in half the time.

Hmmm. Something to think about.

Gus was bored by lunchtime and told Brian he was ready to eat. When Brian set a plate of dino nuggets and microwaved french fries in front of him, Brian could swear he saw the boy’s nose turn up in distaste.

“What? You told me you like dino nuggets and fries when we talked before you got here.” Brian defended his food preparation.

Gus squirmed, not making eye contact with his dad. “I know, and I do, but . . .” he trailed off, not wanting to upset his father.

“But what?”

“I jus . . . I like cookin’ wif Cookie.”

“Ahh, you thought we would make lunch together?”
Gus nodded, still looking at his plate. Brian really didn’t feel like cooking but couldn’t handle the dejected look on his son’s face. Making a decision before thinking it through, he offered, “How about you eat this for lunch while I look up a cookie recipe and, if it doesn’t seem too hard, we can make some when you’re done.”

Gus lit up like a Christmas tree and climbed over the island to hug his dad. “Hurry, Daddy! Ima gonna eat so fast, jus like the Flash! Can we make the penabudder cookies? They’re my fave-rit-est!” Gus gushed.

Brian carried him back around the island and set him on the stool, scooting the kid’s plate closer. “Eat your lunch and I’ll look up a recipe for peanut butter cookies.”

Gus shovelled his food in so fast, Brian hoped he didn’t get a stomach ache and hurl it all back up.

Justin could NOT believe the sheer volume of destruction in the once beautiful kitchen of the beach house when he got home. Every surface was coated in flour, and the dual smells of baked goods and burnt goods assailed his nostrils. He was a little pissed that there would be so much to clean up, until he saw the happy, giggling duo as Brian tossed his son in the air and caught a squealing Gus on the way down, then slapped some more flour on his face before blowing raspberries in his neck. Neither yet aware of his presence.

The lump that formed in his throat was slick with tears and hard with emotion, refusing to be swallowed or ignored. He saw the smiles on both brunets and realized they were reserved for each other. No one else would ever get those smiles. Just as it should be, but gut wrenching just the same. No way could he interrupt that without feeling like a complete cad. He backed away. All the way back to the door, where he pretended to come in again, yelling out his hellos and giving himself a chance to banish his heart back to chest where it belonged.

At six-thirty, the three men arrived at the Taylor household, where Jennifer and Molly were waiting to be escorted to dinner. Jennifer looked absolutely stunning in a sleek, aqua-blue sheath dress that stopped just above her knees. Brain bit back his standard compliment, ‘I’d fuck you,’ just in time. “You’re going to outshine everyone, Jennifer. All the men will trip over themselves requesting a dance with the belle of the ball,” the brunet stud declared.

Justin whistled his approval, bussed his mom on the cheek, and whispered into Jennifer’s ear, “Happy Father’s Day to the best ‘Dad’ ever!” Justin then turned to his sister and said, “You look very glam, too, Molly. Save me a dance, will you?”
Gus, meanwhile, had been looking at the two women in awe. To him, they looked as pretty as the Tooth Fairy who had been so very helpful after he knocked out his loose tooth. “You’s both sooooo bootiful!” the little boy exclaimed.

Jennifer flushed a delicate shade of pink, her eyes sparkling at all the unaccustomed praise. She rarely had the opportunity to dress up and go out on the town, and was glad to know that her appearance could still elicit so much appreciation. “Thank you, gentlemen. You’re all looking awfully handsome, too. Molly, we’re going to be the envy of every other woman on Fire Island.”

Brian and Justin each looped a hand through through one of Jennifer’s arms to escort her to the pedicab chariots that awaited the ladies. Gus, closely observing his dad’s and Jus’ actions, reached up to do the same with Molly. Brian climbed onto the bicycle for the cab in which Molly and Gus were riding, while Justin steered his mother’s vehicle.

Twenty minutes later, they pulled up in front of ‘Top of the Bay’ and both women gasped in surprise. “Justin, Honey, this is too much,” Jennifer commented, worrying at her lip with her teeth. “I don’t want you to spend all your hard-earned money treating me so lavishly.” She glanced wistfully at the upscale restaurant, from which music and laughter spilled out into the street. “Maybe we should all go back to our house, put on some music, and dance there.”

Brian, who had already parked his pedicab, intervened before Jennifer fretted even more. He reached out a hand to help the blonde out of her seat, “This is my treat, Jennifer. We fathers have to look out for each other.”

The group sashayed into the restaurant and was seated at a table with a prime view of the bay. Their server, a toned and tanned dirty blond, couldn’t take his eyes off of Jennifer. “Good evening, folks. I’m Tucker. What can I get for you folks this evening? Can I recommend some Sex on the Beach for you, ma’am?” the hottie asked with a special smile aimed in Jenn’s direction.

Brian cleared his throat to get Tucker’s attention. The brunet stud was bemused that the good-looking waiter hadn’t even glanced at him. Gay or straight, men always checked out his physique, admired his sense of style, and envied his business acumen. Even if they didn’t want him, they almost always wanted to BE him. Granted, no one here on Fire Island knew about Kinnetik or Brian’s advertising awards, but those weren’t the main reason men - and women too - usually drooled over him.

Tucker finally managed to tear his eyes away from the blonde who’d captivated him, turned to Brian, and asked, “What can I get for you, Sir?” His behavior was very professional, but his disinterest
toward the stud was clear, to Brian’s chagrin. Tucker took Brian’s order for a bottle of Moët and a half carafe of orange juice for Molly and Gus. “I’ll be right back with your drinks and to tell you about our specials of the day.” Jenn was apparently as smitten as Tucker, her eyes firmly fixed on Tucker’s backside as the cutie headed toward the Top of the Bay’s kitchen.

Everyone had received their drinks - with both a champagne flute and a glass brimming with Sex on the Beach for Jen - and had just placed their meal orders, when Justin proposed a toast. “To the two most splendid, heroic fathers on Fire Island!”

Molly raised her glass and shouted, “Hear, hear!” before taking a sip of her orange juice. Gus copied his playmate.

“Mollsk, why we saided ‘hear’? I heared everyone jus’ fine.” Gus questioned with a puzzled frown on his face.

“It means we hear and agree with what the speaker has said, Gus,” Molly replied with a broad grin on her face, “and we have the best daddies ever, don’t we?”

“You’s right, Mollsk!” Gus squirmed out of his chair, into his daddy’s lap, and wrapped his arms around the startled stud’s neck. “I love you, Daddy. You’s the bestest daddy ever!”

Justin snapped a quick photo of the Kinney father and son embracing before he and Molly stood up so they could kiss their mother on both cheeks and wrap their arms around her. “You really are my hero, Mom,” Justin whispered, “Thanks for always being there for me.”

“Same here, Mom. I love you,” Molly choked out.

All three Taylors shed a few tears before embracing each other more tightly. Jennifer wasn’t sure how she’d been so lucky as to be blessed with such a wonderful son and daughter. Brian, with Gus firmly ensconced in his lap, teased, “Okay, enough with the Taylor waterworks,” while waving Tucker back to their table. “I think a decadent dessert will be in order for all of this crew after our meal. I’ll be back shortly. And you guys can consider your options while I’m gone.” Jen didn’t miss the loaded look that passed between Brian and Justin, which was obviously the brunet’s signal for the blond to join him. She smirked at the brunet and picked up her menu, distracting the children as first Brian and then Justin left the table.

As they passed Tucker, Brian gave him a short list of instructions and then tugged his blond after
him. Tucker grinned, happy he had a reason to spend a little bit more time with the effervescent older woman at table ten, and put the envelope Brian had discreetly given him in his apron pocket. Jennifer openly smiled at his approach and helped the children make their selections, adding her own with a shy grin for the handsome waiter. Gus tugged the waiter’s pant leg, deciding to change his mind, and Tucker knelt next to him under the guise of hearing him better, using the diversion to also covertly slip the envelope Brian had handed him into the top of Jennifer’s purse. Mission accomplished, he went back to the kitchen to place their dessert orders. Tucker spoke to the chef, ensuring the desserts would be prepared and ready for him to deliver as soon as the main course had been consumed, and then returned to the table with some extra linen napkins to entertain the kids by making animals out of them.

Meanwhile, in the bathroom, Brian tipped the attendant heavily, suggesting strongly that he disappear and give them fifteen minutes of privacy. The retiree nodded and made himself scarce, smirking at his good fortune to be filling in for the regular attendant. Although, he rather wished he had a good excuse to linger in the room with the two handsome young men . . .

No sooner had the door closed than Justin yanked at Brian’s belt and Brian buried his hands in the silky blond mop. Mouths met in crashing need, tongues duelled for dominance, and hands bared the essential parts. Justin rolled the condom on Brian, while Brian quickly lubed a couple of fingers and shoved them into Justin’s ass. Neither was willing to wait any longer, even if they’d had time to dally, so Brian swung the smaller body around, shuffling his trouser-encumbered feet to the counter, and bending his Cookie over its surface, not unlike the first time.

Their eyes locked on one another’s in the mirror, both acknowledging the memory and, with eyes still locked, Brian rammed home, Justin bracing his arms so none of the force was lost and both sighing when the union was complete.

Brian fisted his hands in Justin’s hair again, tugging his head back, and latching his mouth onto the side of the pale neck. Justin’s moan was deep and loud. It was a satisfied sound of completion that Brian distractedly figured he wouldn’t mind hearing over and over again - maybe even for the rest of his life. Rather than think through that thought, though, he concentrated on his business. With renewed vigor, Brian thrust again, just as forcefully, bent Justin further over the counter, and - having removed his hands from the blond’s hair - grasped one of Justin’s hips in each hand.

Justin knew what was coming and was ready for it. Needed it. Craved it more than he needed his next breath and braced for it. He was not disappointed. Brian rammed him so hard, had those big hands not been on his slender hips already, Justin would have had bruises from where his hipbones would have met the countertop.

From then on, it was fast, furious, freaky fucking as they tried harder and harder to get even closer, even deeper, knocking over soap bottles and stacks of towels, the automatic sinks turning on and off every time a limb came near enough to trigger them. Their shoes squeaked on the tile as they sought
better purchase. They could no longer be quiet. Groans of frustration, moans of pleasure, and grunts of exertion echoed in the otherwise empty room until Justin’s yell of “Fuck yes!” and Brian’s “Ahhhhhh!” had them coming together and sagging against the wall, with no idea how they got there.

Though both were well experienced with the concept of fuck and run, neither could find it within themselves to hurry too much as they rearranged clothing and put themselves back together, laughing and teasing each other the whole time. Even so, the boys made it back to the table in less than fifteen minutes. They were both smiling and relaxed-looking as they resumed their seats, which conveniently happened just before the first course was served. The entire table eagerly tucked into the wonderfully prepared meal without any mention being made of the boys’ brief disappearance.

Dinner was delicious and the conversation flowed freely, along with the Moët that Brian kept pouring into all the adults’ glasses. As soon as the main course was over, dessert was promptly served. Molly had convinced Gus to join her in having a bowlful of the restaurant’s best vanilla bean ice cream. “You’ll love the ice cream here, Gus. It’s even better than the shop we were at the other day,” the young lady assured her young friend.

At the first spoonful of creamy, icy-cold goodness, Gus’ eyes half closed, a blissful expression stealing across his face. “Ooh! Dis is so yummy, Mollsk. Daddy, you gots to try sum.” The excited tyke eagerly agreed that this ice cream was far and away better than even the wonderful treat they’d shared the day he and Molly had met. Remembering that occasion and the confidences he and Molly had shared that afternoon, however, brought to mind Gus’s other news - news he was just dying to impart. “I forgotta tell you, Mollsk. The Toof Hairy visted me last night! I falled outta the swing atta park yestiddy, an knockded my toof out. I bleeded all over, but my Daddy made it better when he sugarded it. See?” Gus asked, smiling wide and pointing to the gap between his front teeth. “The Toof Hairy was so nice to me. She was real pwetty, too. She gived Daddy the envlop pikshor he liked. An she still leaved me two dollars. I’s rich!”

Jennifer, who’d managed to follow the little boy’s non-stop effusion, smiled warmly at Gus, then looked over at her son and Brian approvingly. “Sounds to me as if you’re very lucky to have such a loving father who knows just how to take care of you, Gus. No wonder you want to grow up to be just like your daddy.”

Justin and Molly chimed in with, “Hear, hear,” once more raising their glasses in salute to Brian. Gus and Jennifer quickly lifted their glasses in a toast as well, grinning in approval at the flustered stud.

Brian didn’t know how to respond. He wasn’t used to being lauded like this. And he really hated to be put on the spot. Unfortunately, he couldn’t just run away, like he was previously wont to do in similar situations. Trying to avoid the awkwardness, he ignored all the smiles directed at him from around the table and simply said, “Love you too, Sonny Boy,” then reached out to ruffle his son’s hair.
Brian really didn’t think he’d done anything special in taking care of his son the way he had. Even though Jack hadn’t provided an example for him to follow, he’d instinctively known what to do when Gus had been hurt and had been prompt in taking action to stop the bleeding. Truly, it wasn’t Gus who was lucky to have him for a father. Brian was the one who was grateful that his son loved him wholeheartedly, especially since he’d initially planned to be no more than a drop-in dad. All that had changed, of course, when he held Gus in his arms, shortly after his son’s birth. If he’d done something right when Gus had fallen and lost his tooth, it was only out of pure instinct, and Brian really didn’t think he was entitled to the heaps of praise being directed his way.

Luckily, before Brian could get truly distressed, Justin expeditiously redirected the conversation onto some other topic, taking the spotlight off him and his parenting skills.

Jennifer spent much of the evening watching not only Brian’s interplay with Gus but also her son’s interactions with this newcomer who was treating them all to dinner. This was only her third opportunity to observe them together, but she was already beginning to see a pattern of behavior between the two men. Her first thought on meeting Brian had been that he was too old for her son. Aside from his age though, she really couldn’t find any objection to Brian. He had to be well off financially, or he wouldn’t be able to afford that beach house for the entire summer. He was polite, perceptive, and respectful of her and every member of her family. He took the time to converse with Molly just as he did with Gus so they would feel included in the group. He was also incredibly witty and charming. From what she could see, there really didn’t seem to be much about Brian Kinney not to like.

Well, except for the whole issue of the man’s promiscuity.

Several people had made a point of telling Jenn about the videos of the pair’s exploits - those videos had been THE primary topic of discussion pretty much everywhere she’d gone on the island for the past week. She had even - very briefly - glanced at one of them, unable to curb her curiosity. It’s not like she hadn’t heard the rumors about Justin’s own wild ways, either. So far, though, Justin had managed to keep his exploits off the Internet. Which was why Jennifer had been prepared to have lots of reservations about meeting Brian Kinney.

But the duo’s sexual shenanigans notwithstanding, she couldn’t help but notice that the connection between these two was much deeper than she would have expected. She quickly picked up on all the casual touches and intimate looks that Brian was constantly directing towards her son. Brian obviously had some softer feelings towards the younger man - feelings that she thought Justin might actually return. The fact that he wasn’t outright rebelling against all those little gestures already made Jennifer think that Justin didn’t exactly dislike the man making them. She wondered if her son realized that he was already starting to fall for this strangely enigmatic man. Not that SHE would say anything to him, though, for fear that would cause Justin to fight all the harder against the burgeoning relationship.
She did hope though. She hoped while she danced with her son, her daughter, Gus, and finally with Brian. She hoped that Justin would realize a good thing was happening here. And she hoped that Brian would prove patient enough to wait for Justin to come around.

As the group was leaving the restaurant, Tucker slipped her a card with his name and phone number. “I hope you don’t mind me addressing you by your first name, Jennifer; I heard the tall guy call you that during dinner. Please give me a call. I’d really like to get to know you.”

It had been a long time since another man had been interested in Jennifer, especially one that she, too, would like to get to know better. So, Jennifer hoped for herself as well as for the boys.

Chapter Theme Music - My Father's Eyes.

Chapter End Notes

8/17/16 - Too much introspection? Hope not. Yes, we are hopelessly bogged down in plot here, people. We desperately need your help to get us back onto the right track with more smut, more fun porn and more exciting fiery nights. Come check out the online working doc if you haven’t already and give us your input. In the meantime, we need to thank Cookiebun for writing most of the father’s day scene, eureka1 for the idea of the dinner & dancing. And a host of others for input and editing help. Thanks to all. Only a few more Gus chapters now. Hope you can keep up! S&T.
Chapter Notes

Gus takes his dad out for a day of fishing on the High Seas - Enjoy! S&T

*****Chapter dedicated to my drinking buddies from Gigantic - Shibley & Joe - who inspired the fish fight idea*****

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 35 Banner

Chapter 35 - I'm Going Fishin!

Gus tugged at Justin’s hand as they approached the Ocean Beach harbor. “Jus, is that our boat? The pwetty green one?”

“That’s right, Gus. How’d you guess?” the blond islander queried, surprised by Gus’ perspicacity.

There were several other fishing boats tied up at the dock. And the green boat’s hull wasn’t in the best condition. The former skipper had misjudged the distance from the pier after consuming one too many brews and had scraped it along the side of the docking ramp one night not too long ago. However the boat still motored along perfectly. It just looked a tad shabby. Justin reminded himself that he needed to recreate the emblem that had proudly resided athwart the ship’s prow. The owner, a friend of Justin’s, had haphazardly applied a coat of green paint so that the craft would appear seaworthy but was waiting till his pal could add the finishing touches before again marketing it to tourists.

“It jus’ looks like our kinda boat, Jus, one we can have lotsa fun on.” Gus turned to look at Brian, unsure that his father would agree. His daddy was so PICKY about the silliest things sometimes. “Dontcha think so, Daddy?”
“You sure about this, Blondie?” Brian contemplated the boat, suppressing a shudder. He did NOT want to be dunked in that salty, spermy, germ-infested expanse of water ever again. “It looks like a rustbucket. Are you absolutely certain it’s safe to take that dilapidated dingy out onto the ocean?”

“Easy does it, Boss. The boat is perfectly sound,” the blond boy stated confidently. Figuring it was better to downplay the drunken skipper scenario, Justin added, “There was just a small incident which caused some of the paint to flake off. Let me show you what the hull will look like after I’ve restored the painted figurehead to the prow.” The Cookie reached into his messenger bag for his camera, flipped through his photos until he found the photo he wanted, then crouched down so that both Kinneys could take a look.

“It’s the Lil’ Mermaid, Daddy! It’s Ariel! An she gots Flounder an Sebasten wif her!” Gus was now so enraptured that Brian knew no other boat would do for their fishing expedition. “You painteded that, Jus?” the enthusiastic tyke asked, becoming ever more enamored of his blond idol.

“I sure did Gus. And you’re right about another thing too - the boat’s name just happens to be ‘The Little Mermaid’! It belongs to Eric, a good friend. He’s an actor in New York City, so he doesn’t get to spend much time on Fire Island but when he does, he loves to fish. If I have an opportunity to start painting the figurehead while you’re here on vacation, do you want to help me?”

“You’d let me do that, Jus? I can paints the Lil’ Mermaid wif you?” Gus almost swooned at the idea that he could help his blond idol paint. Not just any old painting either. Ariel, The Little Mermaid, Flounder, Sebastian.

“You’d be doing me a favor, Gus. I think you’re going to be a very talented artist. You’re already my assistant chef, castle builder, and toenail decorator. Plus, you met Ariana, one of Ariel’s sisters the other day, didn’t you? That gives you personal insight into how we should portray Ariel.” The Cookie looked seriously at his aide, continuing, “You remember what I said about the island fairies permitting me to train one outsider, right?”

Gus nodded enthusiastically in assent, so excited that he couldn’t make a single sound. “Well, Gus, if we’re going to make you an honorary Taylor, I need to teach you everything I can.”

“What’s on-ry mean, Jus?” the youngster asked as he recovered the ability to speak, sure that something important was happening.

“It means that no matter where you live, you’ll be part of my family. And part of the island.” One blond eyebrow lifted as Justin checked to be sure that Gus wanted to be an honorary Taylor. He already loved the little boy and was going to miss him fiercely when his mothers picked him up on
their way back from Paris.


Justin almost burst out laughing, not daring to look at Brian, enchanted by the child’s unbridled enthusiasm. *snort* Princess Kinney-Taylor. *hahaha* He hoped Gus called himself that in front of the girls before they returned to Pittsburgh. He couldn’t wait to see their looks of outrage.

“Okay, Princess Gus. Time to go fishing!”

The three boys jogged the last few steps to the gangplank and Justin called out, “Ahoy, there!”

Brian groaned when a familiar bull dyke appeared at the railing, smirking as she looked at the three men. Why did it have to be the skipper from the boat tour - the one who’d witnessed the blindfolding episode - who was piloting their fishing boat? It wasn’t as if his fishing pole was going to be exploring the blond’s curly seaweed bush on this expedition, even though that would have made this voyage much more palatable in Brian’s eyes. But that wasn’t happening with his son along.

A second woman - this one a petite redhead - emerged from behind the bull dyke. “Ahoy there, mateys. Olga says you lot are island celebrities. I can believe it. Look at you three big strapping men!” She looked the boys up and down, lingering the longest on Brian’s body. She might be a dyke, but she could still appreciate a mouthwatering figure like that one. Now she understood why a Church of Brian cult had sprung up almost overnight on the island. “I’m Liz, second in command on The Little Mermaid. Whyn’t you boys come aboard and we’ll get you settled in?”

She welcomed each of the boys aboard with a handshake, teasing Justin, their local legend, about catching the most eligible bachelor to wash up on their shores in years. Pumping Gus’ hand up and down, Liz said, “Why, you’re the spitting image of your daddy, aren’t you Gus?”

Gus’ grin reflected his pleasure. Liz couldn’t have said anything that would please him more. “I wanna be jus’ like my Daddy. He’s the bestest. He’s my hero.” Gus looked at Liz, his hazel eyes sparkling like amber beads in the sun. “An you know what,” he confided further, “he’s a Queen. Jus says Daddy’s one of the most pow-ful Queens he’s ever seen. You gots to call me Pwincess Gus, ‘cause I’m gonna growded up to be a Queen, too, jus’ like my Daddy an my Cookie.”

Liz choked back a laugh. Olga wasn’t quite so successful, as snickering noises from behind the
redhead attested. Liz decided this sweet little boy was one of the most engaging children she’d ever met. “I’m honored to meet you, Princess Gus.” She nodded at the other members of the royal entourage. “Queen Brian. Queen Justin.”

Reining in her mirth, Olga took over. “Before we head out to sea, Your Majesties, we need to make sure we’re all ready for this excursion. We all need to wear swim vests to ensure our safety, just in case one of us should fall overboard.”

The two women proceeded to get their guests fitted up with the right gear and then went through a short lecture on safety issues. Gus was so over-excited by the bright yellow, child-size vest adorned with colorful sea creatures that he got to wear that he probably wasn’t paying attention at all to the safety lectures.

Brian was listening intently though. He really, really didn’t want to reprise his skinny dippin’ swim to the offshore raft. He wasn’t enthused by the addition to his own boating attire either, but knew he had to set an example for his son, so he determined to put up with the slightly moldy orange and blue PFD Olga had strapped onto him. At least he hadn’t been forced to wear something like the atrocious pink vest covered in butterflies that Liz was putting on.

When Liz noticed the way that Brian was fidgeting in his older, more generic vest, she piped up jovially, “If you don’t like that one, we could always trade. This one does seem more appropriate for a ‘Queen’ of your standing.”

Brian shot her a snarky scowl, but immediately quit fussing over his own vest.

“Alright, mateys, let us show you around our fine ship before we leave port.” Olga interrupted the awkward moment and proceeded to show the crew around the boat, much to Gus’ delight. “She’s not very large, but she’s a bonny boat,” Liz added fondly. “She’s always yare to ride the waves.”

Brian followed along behind the group lackadaisically, ready to simply get on with it. He had only submitted to this outing to please his Sonny Boy. Fishing really was not his thing.

When the tour was over and Liz shouted, “Anchors aweigh!” Brian collapsed to the deck in relief, glad to be heading out since that meant they’d be returning sooner.

“Buck up, Boss, and I’ll touch your tackle,” teased the blond brat, waggling his eyebrows as he settled onto the hard deck next to Brian. Gus was busy bombarding Liz with questions about fishing, so the two men had a moment of privacy.
Rallying a bit due to the attention of his very own blond islander, Brian responded, “I always have a stiff rod for you, Twat. I’m still furious that you lured me into this fishy business though. You’re gonna pay for that, Blondie.”

“I’m looking forward to my punishment, My Queen,” the Cookie stated salaciously, not appearing in the least repentant. He brushed his hand across the stud’s tackle, murmuring huskily, “Don’t spare the rod!” Brian huffed out an amused chuckle that ended with the two of them kissing, and allowing Brian to block out the next fifteen minutes or so of this tedious adventure.

They were eventually interrupted by a giggling Gus. “Jus. Daddy. Do you knows what makes fish so smart?”

Although Justin had heard the joke many times before, he pretended to be baffled. He exchanged puzzled looks with Brian before asking, “Is it because they’re old salts, Gus?”

“No, Jus! You’s silly. It’s ‘cause they swim in schools. Innit that the fun-yest thing ever?” Gus giggled some more, and the two men joined in because Gus’ good humor was irresistible.

The three boys shared groan-worthy jokes and puns for the next hour. Justin capped the goofiness with, “What’s the richest fish in the world?”

Brian good-naturedly suggested, “An oyster?”

Gus tried, “A starfish?”

“Nope. A goldfish,” the blond jokester informed his audience.

“Oooh! I gots to tell Tommy that! He’s real rich - he has TWO goldfish, Jus!” Gus squirmed in happiness for his Pittsburgh playmate.

Liz smiled as she approached the group of fishermen. “Okay, crew! We’ve arrived at one of the best fishing locations around Fire Island. Are you ready to use your rods and cast your lures?”
Brian didn’t take the bait or bother to come up with a ready quip - he was too nervous about the next phase of this fishy enterprise. He rose to his feet, stumbled a little, his feet not quite sure on the rocking boat. As he looked around, he was made even more uneasy by the endless expanse of deep blue ocean surrounding The Little Mermaid and the empty, bright blue sky overhead. There was no land in sight. Rationally, he knew that he was perfectly safe, but his subconscious was screaming, ‘You’re gonna sleep with the fishes, Brian, and no one will ever find you.’

“Hey, Boss.” When there was no response to that query, the voice asked again, a little firmer, “Brian?” The worried looking brunet finally looked over with frown. “Hey. It’s okay, Boss. I’ll make sure nothing happens to you.” Justin interwove his fingers with Brian’s, letting the brunet lean against him as he found his sea legs.

Brian wasn’t quite sure why he had such a strong phobia about the ocean. Sure, he wasn’t the best swimmer and he certainly didn’t like swimming in a giant piss pond, but that didn’t account for his deep-rooted fear. He dimly remembered Jack, his father, shouting at him during a trip to the beach when Brian was even younger than Gus was now. Family outings had been exceedingly rare, but he distinctly remembered that one time they’d visited the beach as a family. Jack had been - as usual - in a drunkenly foul mood that day, of course. Brian couldn’t quite remember what he’d done at the time to make Jack so irate, but there had to have been something . . . something Jack had said or done that made Brian fear the ocean.

Another squeeze to his hand, brought Brian back to the present. He was really grateful for his Cookie’s support and for shielding Gus from his father’s occasional mini-freakouts. He didn’t want his Sonny Boy to have hang ups that were not his own. Fortunately, Gus was utterly focused on the fishing rods in Liz and Olga’s hands, listening raptly as the two women explained how to cast a line into the water.

“Bet sitting on that deck for so long made your ass numb, Boss,” the blond man kidded as Brian wobbled a bit, before Justin helped steady Brian again and then led him over to one of the big fighting chairs set up in the stern of the boat. “You need more padding on that bony ass of yours. If you had an ass like mine, now, you wouldn’t be feeling so stiff right now.”

“I don’t mind feeling stiff, Cookie,” Brian quipped, “especially not around your well-padded ass. Besides, I’d rather check out your ‘stern’ than this boat’s, Blondie,” Brian retorted with a bit of his usual insouciance. “And it’s definitely your salty tang I want on my tongue,” the brunet rumbled suggestively.

Both men were still laughing as Brian contemplated how to get his admittedly under-padded ass into the strange looking chair contraption where he was supposedly going to sit in order to do this fishing thing. It was decidedly high-tech looking. There were knobs and dials along the sides and this rack-like extension that he assumed was for his feet. The more he looked at it, the more he thought it resembled a torture device more than a chair. In fact there were even odd hoop-like straps at the
bottom of the foot rest part that reminded him, to his utter disgust, of that weird table thing that Lindsey had been strapped to when she’d had Gus - he’d been forced to look at the picture of it once when he’d come to visit right after his son had been born and had been totally grossed out by the explanation Mel insisted on giving him for the OBGYN chair.

Justin, who didn’t understand the big guy’s hesitation, merely shoved Brian into the fishing chair and then ran through a quick explanation of how to adjust it and where to put his fishing rod and such. Brian only got about half of what he was told. He hoped it wouldn’t matter much if he did actually catch something.

“Lookit, Daddy an Jus! The Skwipper helpded me get my fishin’ line ready to cast inna water. I even puts on the bait.” A beaming Gus came running up right then, clearly proud of his mastery of fishing terminology.

“Good on you, Gus. You’re gonna be a fishing pro in no time.” After praising the joyful little tyke, Justin checked on Gus’ daddy. Brian’s nose was wrinkled in disgust over the squirming spearing fish that was being used as bait, but that was just his usual fastidious response to the thought of handling something so slimy instead of the look of anxiety that had previously covered his face. Justin definitely preferred the latter.

Rather than subjecting his boss to touching the minnow-sized bait, Justin prepared both his own fishing pole and Brian’s - running the lines through the guides on the poles, flipping the bail back over, tying an overhand knot loop and two dropper loops, and attaching the sinker and hooks to the loops. Finished, he put one of the reels into Brian’s hands, placed his hands over Brian’s, and helped the stud cast his line into the water. “That’s it, Big Guy. Now you just need to wait till something nibbles on your line. In the meantime, you can kick back, relax and take a siesta in the sun.”

“Sure you don’t want to nibble MY line, Cookie?” Brian joked, rubbing his crotch suggestively, trying to get back on even keel.

Justin snickered but didn’t bother to respond. The younger fisherman moved over to assume a seat in the second fishing chair, where Gus joined him, before they both sent their baited lines flying out over the water. Justin reeled his line in slightly, and then followed his own advice, resting his head against the back of the chair and smiling as he listened to Gus chattering away with Olga and Liz.

“OOOOOOOOO! Whatta I do? They’s sumfin pullin’ my line, Liz. Whatta I do?” Gus’ shrill, excited voice invaded the drowsing men’s dreams only a few minutes later. Everyone watched as Liz spent the next twenty-five minutes helping little Gus reel in a nice plump Black Skipjack tuna that looked like it weighed at least fifteen pounds. “Daddy! Jus! Lookit! I catchded a biggest fish.”
“I see that, Sonny Boy. Well done!” Brian said as heartily as he could manage as he gazed down at the silver and blue fish that was still floundering around weakly on the deck of the boat. His stomach roiled uneasily, he turned a bit green at the gills, and he averted his gaze when Liz spiked the fish, killing it instantly. Gus, however, watched avidly, asking if he could help Liz the next time. For a fleeting moment, Brian doubted that the murderous Gus was his son. Slimy, messy, scaly. Ugh! The brunet stud was convinced that fishing was an unnatural activity and in no way a ‘sport’.

After that big burst of excitement, they all went back to their own lines. Brian was glad for the return of peace. And he was glad that the fish had been stowed away in a cooler and all the fish blood had been washed off the floorboards with a couple buckets of seawater.

When Brian felt a pressing need to urinate a few minutes later, he secured his rod in one of the holders on the chair and then simply stepped up to the railing, pissing into the ocean. He was certain that his piss had to be a lot cleaner than most of that fishy crap floating around in the sea anyhow. He didn’t give a damn if the lesbians saw his dick. Olga had already gotten an eyeful anyway. He’d probably inspire them to search for the perfect strap-on and have a go at each other. What the fuck was wrong with him, thinking about lezzie sex?! Brian shook his head vigorously to clear away THAT disturbing image.

“Daddy, can I go pee-pee inna oshun, too? I really needa go,” Gus whined, handing his line off to Justin and hopping from one foot to the other while squeezing his bits for all he was worth.

“Sure, Sonny Boy,” Brian replied. “Come here and stand on this ledge. I’ll hold onto you while you go.”

Once finished with their male bonding moment, both Kinney men then returned to their seriously fishy business. Over the next few hours, Gus and Justin reeled in more fish - salmon, flounder, and another tuna. Brian’s line remained slack in his hands. While he was grateful not to have to deal with any of those scummy, yucky denizens of the sea, he was nevertheless irritated to be faring so poorly. His competitive instincts had kicked in, but the fish weren’t cooperating. Normally, the ad exec had no trouble getting anyone to take his bait, which made this experience all the more maddening.

Finally, he felt a tug on his line. “Cookie, I’ve got one!” the brunet yelled. Justin came trotting over and helped Brian reel in the fish, which turned out not to be a fish at all. The brunet had reeled in an extra-large can of Stella Artois beer, the hook caught on the pull tab.

“Well, shit, Boss.” Justin declared, freeing the can from the fishing line, “you caught a gift of the sea, an unopened, ice-cold can of beer.” When Brian reached for his gift, the cold beer sounding particularly appealing, Justin danced out of his reach. “Nuh uh, Big Guy. You don’t want to drink out of this can. Who knows what’s squirted it with sperm? I, on the other hand don’t give a rat’s ass about a little bit of sperm. I’ve swallowed plenty of it and plan to ingest a lot more of it before I
die.” Justin opened the can and took a hefty swallow. “Ah, that hits the spot,” the blond moaned in appreciation before relenting, wiping the still dripping can off with a corner of his t-shirt and handing the prize back over to Brian with a grin.

“What’s spern, Jus? Why don’ Daddy like it?” Gus questioned, not entirely sure why the two women were laughing.

Oops! Justin hadn’t realized that Gus was listening to his joshing with Brian. Hoping that a vague explanation would suffice, he said, “Sperm is stuff that fish make, Gus. Supposedly, that’s why the ocean is so salty. Your father thinks that there’s too much of it in the ocean and he doesn’t like salty things.”

Luckily Gus seemed satisfied with that explanation and went back over to Liz who was already baiting another line for him. Brian sighed in relief. He really had not wanted to discuss what sperm was with his son. Not yet, at least. And, if he didn’t like the taste of the blond brat’s cream so much, he’d never give him another blowjob - as retribution for bringing up the subject in the first place.

The boys settled back into their chairs, and Justin helped the disgruntled stud re-bait his line and cast it back into the water. Brian hoped to catch an actual fish this time. Meanwhile Olga was trolling around driving the boat in a big, lazy circle so that their lines were angling out far behind the boat. Liz, with a curious Gus’ help was busy cleaning the catch, showing the boy how to gut the fish, scrap out the insides and descale the outsides. Gus was loving it. She even let him be in charge of dumping the chum and refuse over the side. Justin, sitting over in his own fighting chair, looked like he was more than halfway asleep.

Within just a few minutes after Gus had started dumping chum over the sides, Brian felt another tug on his line. This time the tug was quite strong. He was pretty sure that he hadn’t hooked another beer. Brian quickly called out for Cookie to come help him, and took a firmer grip on the fishing rod as the thing was yanked so strongly it almost slipped through his hands.

With guidance from Olga, Liz and Cookie, Brian slowly reeled in the line. It seemed like it was taking forever. He had to carefully pull back on the rod with all his strength, in order to create a little slack in the line, and then quickly turn the reel to take it up. Over and over and over again. It helped a lot to have that platform for his feet so he could use his whole body to help pull against the fish’s strength - Brian now understood the purpose of the weird chair.

Every so often, the damn fish would get a burst of energy, decide to fight back. When that happened, all Brian could do was hang on. A couple of times, Olga even advised him to play out a bit of line to prevent it from breaking. Brian groaned every time that happened, thinking of all the effort it had taken already and not happy about having to do it all again. But he would never question the experts. He just did as he was told, slowly pulling in the fish, taking his time, and listening carefully to the
After a while, the muscles in Brian’s back and arms started to cramp up. He had no idea how long he’d been at it, but judging by the way the sun was now moving down the horizon, it had to have been more than an hour. He didn’t think he’d ever had a better upper body workout in his entire life. Justin must have been watching him, though, since right about the time when Brian thought he couldn’t do it anymore, the younger man stepped in and took hold of the rod. Brian was easily convinced to take a bit of a break - and he gratefully handed off the pole to Cookie, while accepting the bottle of water from Liz and sandwich that Gus held up. He hadn’t realized how tired, hungry and thirsty he was. He gulped down two bottles of tempered water without even thinking about it and scarfed the sandwich in two bites. Liz advised him to stretch out his back and arms. Justin ordered him to put on more sunscreen. Gus just hugged him and burbled about how exciting fishing was.

When he felt sufficiently refreshed, Brian took his spot back in the big fighting chair. By now, the reel was mostly full again, which meant that whatever he’d hooked couldn’t be too far away. The group on the boat started looking around to see if they could spot Brian’s catch in the water behind the boat. Brian kept on tugging at the rod, reeling in the line, tugging at the rod and reeling in the line again, wondering where the hell the damn fish was and how the hell it could possibly take THIS fucking long to catch one lousy fish.

“Dere it IS! I sees your fish, Daddy! I sees it! Look!” Gus screamed out with glee as something splashed at the surface of the water about twenty-five meters behind their boat. “Ooooo! It’s BIG, Daddy! You catcheded the biggest fish ever!”

After another big splash, Gus’ enthusiasm was taken up by all aboard. “Shit, Brian! You’ve hooked a Blacktip! Way to go, Queen Brian!” Liz exclaimed, peering over the water with a pair of binoculars so that she could get a better view of what was on the end of the line. “No wonder it’s taking so long. These guys are tough. Better get ready. I don’t think he’s done fighting yet.”

These words proved immediately prophetic. Less than five minutes after Liz’ pronouncement, Brian felt the strongest pull on the line yet. He barely managed to keep ahold of it and ended up letting out a bit of line as a result. Ten seconds later the water at the rear of the boat frothed up in a frenzy of fishy activity as a huge fish leapt up out of the water about three or four feet into the air, pirouetting on its tail and contorting its body in a huge bow before diving again. While the viewers ooh’d and ahh’d, Brian was hanging on for all he was worth. The fish proceeded to jump and dance across the surface of the water, making several more powerful leaps as it fought for its fishy life.

All it’s fighting was for nothing though. Brian tenaciously held onto that damn fishing rod and carefully reeled it closer and closer to the boat. By the time the more than four foot long fish was close enough that Brian could actually see what it was, it was visibly flagging. It still writhed and thrashed a bit, but you could see it was weak and barely fighting at all.
“DADDY! IS A SHARK! You catcheded a SHARK!” Gus screamed at the top of his five year old lungs when the beast was pulled close enough to the boat to see the distinctive dorsal fin, blunt nose, and black tipped tail.

“He sure did, Gus! That a pretty amazing catch too. Blacktip Shark steaks are delicious too! This is going to be our dinner tonight! Mmmmmmm. I can already taste it!” Cookie, predictably, was already imagining the gustatory possibilities. “Hurry up, Brian. I’m hungry!”

Brian didn’t have the breath left to argue with the pushy Cookie. He was too busy holding onto the monster, that continued to thrash even as Brian pulled him in the last few feet. As soon as the animal was close enough, Olga used a long-handled grappling hook to snag it by the gills and, together with both Liz and Justin helping, they hauled the shark aboard the small boat. Brian grabbed Gus and pulled him away to safety as the thing, in one last dying bid for freedom, put up a gasping frenzy of a fight. Olga didn’t waste any time putting it out of its misery, efficiently spearing the beastie through the head, resulting in the immediate cessation of all struggle.

The resulting quiet and peace seemed almost unreal after the long drawn out hours of effort. Brian stood with the others looking down on his conquest with a tired smile. He just couldn’t believe that HE had caught that monster! It was fucking huge - at least a meter and a half long and probably weighing around fifty pounds. The menacing teeth and beady little eyes made it look ferocious even in death. And he - Brian Kinney - had killed it. Well, with a lot of help from the others standing around him, but still . . . He was elated. He felt tired and hot and his back ached like a motherfucker and he was sure he was ridiculously sunburned, and yet, he’d never felt better in his life!

After the full measure of their accomplishment had finally sunk in, the entire group began to cheer and applaud each other. All of them complimented Brian on his prowess. Gus continued to brag about his father to everyone onboard, babbling about how he was going to tell all his friends back home. Of course, that reminded everyone that pictures needed to be taken to document this momentous occasion. Brian was ordered to hold up the shark by the tail - not an easy feat in itself, especially considering how fucking tired he was - and then pictures were taken of all of them in groups around the fallen beast. They even got one funny one of Gus pretending to put his head in the shark’s mouth while Brian made a horror stricken face and Justin pretended to pull at the fish from behind.

“Youse the AWSOM’EST Daddy ever!” Gus declared once all the shenanigans were over and the girls began the more unpleasant job of getting the huge fish cleaned.

Brian beamed down at his son and for once thought, just maybe, Gus was right.

After that, everyone agreed that it was time to return to Fire Island with their catch. Gus chattered away with the lezzie skippers at the helm as they navigated their way back to Ocean Beach. Liz and
Olga patiently answered his questions about how to operate the boat. Olga even helped Gus stand on a stool in front of her and placed his hands on the ship’s wheel, at which point Justin quickly snapped a couple of photos for the scrapbook he was preparing as a surprise farewell gift for Gus.

Brian was feeling utterly exhausted and sat back down in his chair in the stern of the boat. As Gus had been helping Justin rearranging all the fish in the boat’s huge icebox so that the blacktip would fit. Then the Cookie had started nattering on with Gus about how to clean the shark’s jaws so that they could dry them out and keep them as a souvenir. It was all a bit too much for the brunet, who felt he’d done his part already. He far preferred to maintain his distance from the scaly, slimy, slippery critters until after they’d been cleaned and were ready to eat.

After getting the fish stowed, the blond made his way over to stand behind Brian’s chair. He reached down and began kneading the Big Guy’s sore shoulders, working to rub out all the kinks as the boat motored slowly. He knew that Brian hadn’t been thrilled with the whole idea of a fishing trip, and had only done it for his kid. Now that he’d mastered the art of trophy fishing, though, his boss seemed to have relaxed quite a bit. Maybe it was just the exhaustion, but Justin thought it was something more. Brian seemed more at ease. More tranquil. Like he was no longer having such a hard time enjoying the outing.

Justin didn’t say anything though, he just stood behind his Boss and enjoyed the murmurs of appreciation that reached his ears as he continued with his massage. He could tell that Brian was going to be in a lot of pain come morning - he had probably used his muscles in ways he never even imagined. And then, eventually, he felt the deep sigh of contentment that his boss made right before Brian drifted off to sleep.

Justin was pulled out of his never-ending ruminations when Gus grabbed his hand and towed him toward the can of spearing bait. The can was positioned next to the ice box in the stern of the boat, only a foot or so away from where Brian had been drifting in and out of sleep. “Jus, where these minners come from? Is they baby tune-y fish? Do they growed up to be big tune-ys?”

The blond and brunet boys examined the spearing bait with identical fascinated expressions. “Minnow, not minners, Gus,” Justin corrected gently. “And minnows don’t get very large, Gus. Maybe a few inches long at most. They’re a snack for bigger fish, just like worms are a snack for birds. You’ve seen a bird pull a worm out of the garden, right?” the blond queried.

“Yep. It’s super cool, Jus!” The excited tyke leaned over and mimed pulling a worm from the ground with his mouth, performing an accurate rendition of a bird tugging and tugging on a wriggling worm until the entire invertebrate was revealed. “Don’ telled my mommies, but I eated a worm wif Tommy one time. It dinnit taste so good, though. Is minn-ooohs yummy?”

The curious little imp reached into the bait container for one of the spearing fish, attempting to snag it
between his thumb and index finger. It took him a couple tries to grapple onto one of the slimy, wiggly things, but he eventually persisted. As he lifted the tiny fish up out of the can, it shot out from between his fingers, arced away, and landed with a splat right on Brian’s face.

Both Gus and Justin’s eyes bugged out before they started giggling madly. Brian, who’d been watching his boys from under half-lidded eyes and listening to their chatter, squealed like a little girl and batted away the offensively slimy, icky critter. The minnow sailed through the air again, stopped when it hit Justin’s neck, and slid down the front of his shirt. Justin wiggled and danced around, screeching himself until he’d managed to get the cold little bait fish out of his clothing. That made Gus laugh even harder. Justin joined in as soon as he was fish-free, easily seeing the funny side of things. Even Brian joined in after a while.

Recovering a bit from his giggling fit, the blond urchin pretended to be offended that Brian and Gus were laughing at him. Justin pouted, looked at them unhappily and then cried out, “I wouldn’t laugh if I were you, Boss.” When that didn’t quell either of the Kinney boys’ laughter, Justin simply couldn’t help himself. “Fine. That’s it! Let’s see who’s laughing when I finish with you two!”

Justin proceeded to flip open the lid of the ice box before grabbing a couple of the smaller fish from inside. He glanced at Gus, who seemed willing to do anything his Jus proposed. He handed one of the fish to Gus, who took it with an expectant look and a gamin grin.

“Ready? Set? Fish fight! Fish fight!” Justin announced with impish glee, right before his slapped the little boy softly with the dead fish.

Gus laughed jubilantly, smiled at his crazy playmate and then nodded enthusiastically at the notion - even though he wasn’t certain exactly what a fish fight entailed. It sounded like a lot of fun, though!

Brian scoffed at the pair, shaking his head as if he couldn’t believe the idiocy. Justin only giggled. Gus followed along, giggling as well, cause, it all seemed fun to him.

“Ready, Gus?” Justin asked, and got a nod in response. “Okay. Let’s get him!” Justin ordered, then turned abruptly and commenced slapping an astonished and unready Brian with his fish.

Gus imitated his Jus, tossing his fish at his bewildered father with a raucous laugh, both boys giggling hysterically when the fish slithered across Brian’s life vest, then his shorts, and on down his legs until it landed at the man’s feet.
“You’s all fishy, Daddy!” the little boy crowed, pleased with the start of the battle.

A wicked, competitive gleam danced in Brian’s eyes. No way were his two boys going to win this fight. Especially not that blond brat. Since he was already covered from head to toe in fish scales - or at least it felt that way to the beleaguered brunet - he might as well join in the fun. Repressing a momentary shudder of distaste, Brian bent over to grab the slithery, slimy swimmer on the deck, picked it up and lobbed it directly at Justin’s face.

The battle escalated from there. The three men slipped and slid as they chased each other around the deck, throwing fish and minnows at each other, with Brian and Justin watching to ensure Gus didn’t hurt himself or fall overboard. Even Liz occasionally joined in - mostly by kicking errant fish that had slid across the deck in her direction, back towards one of the primary combatants. Justin and Gus seemed content just to whack at their opponents with a fish or two, or maybe throwing the slimy things into one another’s faces. Brian, however was more determined to shove them down the backs of pants or shirts - delighting especially when he managed to get one nice sized mackerel to slither down the front of Justin’s shorts, causing the younger man to caper about, howling hysterically, for a good five minutes until he’d managed to unearth the cold and scummy thing out of his pants. This action, of course, resulted in an all out fish frenzy retaliation on Brian’s person that didn’t let up until the entire bait can was completely empty.

Fifteen minutes later, as they approached the Ocean Beach harbor, all three boys slumped to the deck in an exhausted, scummy, sated heap.

“That was the funnest, Daddy.” Gus mumbled from his perch on Brian’s lap. The little boy was falling asleep, tuckered out from his fishing adventures.

Brian had to admit to himself that it had been fun, although the fishy residue was making his skin crawl. Justin compounded that feeling by wrinkling his nose and proclaiming, “You look like shit. And smell even worse. You should go take a shower as soon as we get home.”

Wincing, the big guy took a whiff of himself and agreed, “I probably should. I must stink.”

Justin winked, rested his head against Brian’s shoulder, and whispered, “Yeah. Looks like I’ll be removing fish scales instead of sand in the shower this time, Boss. You realize that this may require an even more thorough cleaning than sand extraction.”

Brian grinned to himself. Yep. He was definitely on board with that idea.
Once they were back home with a large cooler full of fish - having left about half their catch with Olga and Liz, who planned to sell and reap a nice bonus from the trip - Brian made short work of getting Gus cleaned up enough that he wouldn’t contaminate the sheets. As soon as he was out of the bath tub, though, the tuckered out little tyke had passed out. Fishing all day WAS a tiring endeavor. Brian was pretty sure that the boy would sleep at least a couple of hours. Which meant a nice long ‘nap time’ for the grownups as well.

Brian, who was still riding high on the sense of conquest from his fishing triumph, manhandled the blond out of the kitchen where he was happily puttering around making some kind of marinade that he insisted would go wonderfully with their shark steaks. Justin didn’t really protest that much though, once he realized just what Brian had in mind. His sauce could wait. His tackle, though, needed serious attention from Brian’s stiff rod.

Unfortunately, Brian’s resolve to take control of his little blond bosun and give him a solid going over in the shower only lasted about three minutes. The big bad shark killer was almost as tuckered out as his son. The hot water raining down on his tired muscles sapped out the last of his strength and left him yawning and barely able to stand on his shaky legs. Luckily, Justin saw what was transpiring and took over the showering duties. He quickly washed and rinsed them both off - getting all the remaining fishy residue - and then led a tottering Brian off to bed.

“Shit . . . *yawn* . . . Sorry, Cookie,” Brian muttered as his capable blond helped the bigger man into the soft bed. “I had plans to ravish you in the shower and then again once we got here . . . *yawn* . . . but I think I ran out of steam.”

“All that sun and fresh air and excitement will do that to you, Boss,” Justin advised, rolling Brian over onto his stomach and grabbing a bottle of lotion from the side table. “You deserve to take it easy after landing Moby Dick out there. That puppy is going to feed us both quite well for the rest of the summer. You’ve done your manly duty, and now it’s time for you to let me take care of things for a bit.”

*Mmmmmmmnnn* was the only reply Justin received.

“Now, you just relax, Big Guy. I’m going to give you the best massage you’ve ever had in your life. And, if you can stay awake through the massage, then, I’m going to fuck your strong, courageous, manly-man ass so well that you’ll pass out. How does that sound, Boss?” Justis asked as he slowly worked his lotion slicked hands over the tense muscles of Brian’s upper back.

*Mmmmmmmmmnnn*
“I’m taking that as your consent,” Justin announced, and continued with the deep massage, kneading all the tired muscles with slow, deep motions until Brian felt completely boneless and on the edge of consciousness, not quite awake but not wholly asleep either, just totally blissed out.

Justin put away the lotion he’d been using and grabbed a condom out of the drawer. Brian was too comfortable to move and too content to make any move to object. He simply laid there, happily jelly, only peripherally aware of the preparations going on down below.

When everything was ready, Justin laid down on the bed and pulled Brian’s hips around until he was lying on his side, spooned up in front of the smaller man. Brian acquiesced easily, letting himself be moved and arranged, happy to feel that he was being so well taken care of. Justin quietly and unobtrusively pressed slid inside the tight well and then calmly waited for a sign of approval from his partner. The only vocalizations Brian was capable of making were small grunts of pleasure, but that seemed like it was enough for Justin, who started gently rocking the two of them along with an unhurried yet intense grind.

“That’s it, Boss. Feels good, huh? So good . . .” Brian heard his Cookie crooning in his ear, and the words along with the slow, sultry motions that woke a languorous pleasure from his core, made him feel practically weightless.

The release when Brian climaxed was like nothing he’d ever experienced before. It wasn’t a furious explosion. It wasn’t hot and feverish. It wasn’t even what Brian would call passionate. But it was heavy and earth-shattering and sank into his very bones until he felt suffused with a gentle caring that washed over him so stealthily he didn’t even know he was cumming until he noticed that he was trembling and breathless. It was something beyond anything Brian had ever imagined. And, as he drifted off into the most peaceful sleep he had ever experienced, he vaguely thought that this was something very important and he should think about this thing carefully . . . but then all was black and he didn’t think about anything much for quite a while.

Brian woke up from his nap feeling more alive and energized than he remembered being in ages. According to the clock on the bedside table it was late - after seven already - but since it was the height of summer it was still broad daylight. He noticed right away that his Cookie wasn’t in the bed with him, so he jumped up, pulled on some pants and wandered out to the main living areas to see what was happening.

Predictably, he found both Justin and Gus in the kitchen preparing something wonderful for dinner. They were laughing and talking a hundred miles and hour. It was such a cheerful scene - just what Brian felt like waking up to. He waltzed in, kissed both boys on their respective cheeks and then moved over to the fridge to grab a beer.
“So, what’s the dinner plan here, my little chef and mini-chef?” Brian asked teasingly.

Cookie and Gus launched into a detailed explanation that Brian really didn’t want to hear. What he did get out of the conversation was that the Blacktip Shark steaks were prepared and ready to go on the grill. Brian nodded, decided to take charge of that portion of the meal, and reached for the large platter that had been waiting on the counter under a towel to keep away any bugs.

“Trust me, Cookie. Like fishing, barbequing seems to be an inherent part of male DNA.” Brian was saying to the concerned-looking chef who followed him outside, watching as he fired up the grill on the deck. “But I caught the sonofabitch, so now I’m gonna grill it and eat it! The tough bastard.” Brian muttered, turning down Justin’s offer of help. “Just get the veggies made and I’ll have these done in a few minutes.”

Justin nodded, not wanting to interfere with Brian’s manly chore and corralled Gus back into the kitchen. Sure enough, less than fifteen minutes later, Brian carried a steaming platter of well seasoned, marinated and perfectly grilled shark steaks to the table.

They all laid in hungrily, and everyone agreed that it was the best fish any of them had ever eaten. It was only right that Brian’s weird phobia about the ocean would vanish a little more with every bite he took of his shark steak. Even Gus was eating with quite a bit of enthusiasm, as if he too, were punishing the monster of the deep for some sharky trespass.

But when Gus started waving his bite around on his fork, singing a song he’d made up, with no discernible melody or tune, both adults lost it - grinning and laughing along as the boy sang.

My Daddy biggern’ you!
My Daddy meanern’ you too!
Nasty ol’ shark shor tasteded good,
Nasty ol’ shark ain’t worf a pooh!
My Daddy catcheded you!
My Jus tooked all your toofs!
My Daddies er bettern’ you!

Chapter Theme Music: [I'm Going Fishin'].
8/20/16 - So, how’d you like Brian Kinney as The Old Man and the Sea? I think we did it better than Hemmingway - he didn’t take time to add in any really good man-on-man porn in his story. Credit for much of this chapter goes out to our own eureka1 - Isn’t our Comma Momma doing a great job! Thank you. Also, tons of advice, picture finding and helpful comments were offered by Brynn_Jones. And we always have to thank our many anonymous jungle animal lurkers who spend their days and nights watching quietly from the corner of the computer screen. Only a little bit more of Gus’ visit now, and then the nights should be heating up again. Here we go! S&T
Sometimes When We Touch.

Chapter Notes

Sex and food . . . That's all we had on our minds today. It seemed to work for Brian and Justin, though. LOL. Hope you enjoy! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 36 - Sometimes When We Touch.

Justin had to work double shifts for the next two days so Brian and Gus were on their own most of the time. Brian was surprised at how much he missed his blond beach companion. At least ten times a day he found himself turning to the side, thinking to make a snarky comment about something to the man who wasn’t there. Gus seemed to miss his Jus too. The two Kinney boys did have fun on their own - they spent hours at the beach, adding to Ft. Squid and playing in the waves, visiting the little kiddie park in Ocean Beach and even going on a couple small excursions - but it just wasn’t the same without the amiable Cookie there to share it all with.

Brian had managed to get Cookie to give him some basic ideas for meals that Gus could help prepare, so a lot of their time was spent together in the kitchen. Brian really was not much of a cook himself, so there was a HUGE learning curve involved, even with the relatively simple dishes they were attempting. Strangely enough, though, Brian found himself enjoying cooking for the first time in his life. It probably had something to do with the fact that, for the first time, he had someone to cook for not to mention someone to share the task with. The time spent in the kitchen with his son, though, ended up being one of the more enjoyable parts of the visit.

The first afternoon - after a morning spent lolling around on the beach - Brian and Gus put together a delicious rosemary herb butter pull-apart bread that Justin had recommended. It was easy enough that even Brian managed to follow the recipe without any problems. Gus had a wonderful time rolling little dough balls and then dipping them in the rosemary butter mixture before arranging them in a large bundt pan to bake. While that was baking, Brian initiated Gus into the manly mysteries of the barbeque grill - carefully watching as the little boy helped him grill two lemon-herb chicken breasts to go with their bread. After a week spent with Justin, Gus was already an old hand at putting together a salad, so he got to direct that part of the proceedings, ordering his father around while the adult did all the chopping needed. In the end, they felt like they had a veritable feast for their lunch.
Justin was regaled with tales of their cooking feats when he finally made it home late that night. Gus raved about how great he and his daddy were together. Brian felt so puffed up with pride at his little boy’s words, it was ridiculous. But, he didn’t mind the approving look that his Cookie shot his way afterwards.

“Well, I guess that means you two are ready for a little bit more challenging recipes then,” Cookie offered, and then pulled Gus over to the coffee table with him so that they could use Brian’s laptop for more advanced menu planning for the next day.

Brian was a little intimidated by the next day’s meal when it came time to get started. They’d spent the morning at the Ocean Beach park, followed by a little more shopping so that Gus could pick out some inexpensive souvenirs for his friends back home. Brian was appalled by the tacky touristy crap that his son had picked out, but . . . whatever. If the kid wanted to give Tommy a Fire Island Beach Snow-Globe, that was what the kid was getting. However, even the prospect of endless gaudy kitzch wasn’t enough to keep Gus entertained forever and Brian was convinced to head home and start on lunch.

Today’s menu was something that Justin called ‘Bacon Cheeseburger Bubble Pizza’. It involved several steps - which was what was worrying Brian. First they had to fry some bacon and brown the ground beef. Brian could handle either of those things separately, but it was tougher when you were trying to manage both at the same time while still keeping an eye on your energetic preschooler. Somehow they managed with only a few minor bacon grease splatter burns to Brian’s forearm. Once that was done, Gus took over, layering pre-made biscuit dough on the bottom of a pyrex baking dish and then layering the meats with grated cheese over the top.

Brian kept eyeing the fat-laden, carb-heavy dish with disgust, but he managed to keep his opinions mostly to himself so as not to ruin the little boy’s fun. He would definitely have to put in some extra time on the treadmill in the beach house’s office as soon as Gus left. Or, perhaps more enjoyable and more apt, he could punish Cookie for suggesting such a horrible undietetic concoction by giving the chef and extra-thorough workout that evening in bed. Either way, he would never say anything derogatory about this masterpiece to sous-chef Gus.

The finished result was actually quite good - in a gooey, cheesy, greasy kind of way. At least the deep-dish pizza was paired up with a caesar salad that Brian could use to offset the pizza calories. For dessert Gus instructed his father on how to make easy strawberry yoghurt smoothies in the blender and then they took their cold, yummy drinks out to the deck so they could sip and enjoy the sun. Brian was quite thrilled with his second successful day of culinary prowess, and so was Gus. By the time the girls took their son home to Pittsburgh, they’d have a fairly well-trained, and probably quite demanding, little chef on their hands. Brian thought that would probably drive Lindsey crazy, and quietly laughed to himself at the image.
That afternoon, Brian got a delivery he’d been waiting for - the results of his in-depth body painting research earlier in the week. He shooed Gus off to watch yet another kid's video while he dug through the boxes with the same glee any other big kid would have. He’d ordered a huge assortment of supplies, not sure exactly what his Cookie would do with it all, but convinced he’d come up with something extravagant. He’d also purchased three pairs of flesh colored speedo-type swim trunks and matching swim caps to cover their hair. Brian had some fun plans for this painting session, and didn’t think it would be wise to go totally in the buff for what he had in mind.

Justin was absolutely bushed by the time he made it back to the house that night. It was after nine and Gus had already been put to bed - but not before a horrendous tantrum because Brian wasn’t letting him stay up until his Jus made it home. The tired townie was barely able to drag himself in through the door before he virtually collapsed on the closest dining table chair. He looked like shit and smelled like the deep fryer had thrown up on him.

It took a bit of prompting, along with most of a scotch on the rocks, but Brian eventually got the story of Justin’s day out of him. Apparently, two of the regular employees had failed to show up for work that morning and the manager had been unable to find replacements at the last minute. Everybody at the Albie was consequently run ragged all day long. As if that wasn’t bad enough, the grease trap on the grill had become blocked just at the height of the lunch rush, resulting in the kitchen being clogged with greasy, noxious smoke and the restaurant having to be evacuated until they managed to get the problem solved.

The owner had showed up about that time and proceeded to bitch out Justin - who just happened to be the only cook conveniently present - for failing to keep the trap properly cleaned and advised that he was docking the young man’s pay to make up for the day’s lost business. It wasn’t until after the owner left that the fire department official who had been called in to perform a safety check informed everyone that the problem stemmed from some debris that had blown into the venting through a loose vent cover. The fire department issued a citation to the owner for improper maintenance and then allowed the restaurant to reopen for the day. Just in time for the dinner rush, thankfully. Of course that only meant that Justin had to bustle back in and start cooking again right away.

Basically, it had just been one of THOSE days.

Justin was not only exhausted but dispirited and angry that his boss had blamed him for something that was the property owner’s fault. He could ill afford losing the day’s pay, especially since he’d been working less than usual since Brian had arrived on the island. If it weren’t for the proceeds from the sale of his paintings, the Taylor family would be in trouble when the next month's round of bills came due. So much for Justin’s plans to put at least some of that money away in savings for when he finally made it to art school.
What Justin really wanted to do after he finally got done at the restaurant that evening was to crawl home to his own bed, burrow under the covers, and sleep for ten hours straight. He really was not in the mood to bike over to Brian’s fancy beach house and play amateur porn star to his OTHER demanding boss. More than ever, though, he wanted to win this fucking bet and get the hell away from Fire Island. And he had bragged that he could keep Brian Kinney so busy every night he was on the island that he wouldn’t have a chance to become bored. So, here he was, despite the fact that he felt about as ready to fuck as he did to climb Mt. Everest, ready and semi-willing to pander to his Boss’ every need.

“Sorry about all that, Boss,” Justin apologized, sitting up and taking a deep breath. “I know you probably don’t want to listen to me venting all about my crappy day as a fry cook. Just give me long enough to get a shower so I no longer smell like a week-old french fried gym sock and I’ll see what I can do to entertain you for the rest of the night.”

Brian didn’t say anything as Justin got back up onto his feet and started to shuffle off down the hall towards the bedroom. He sympathized with the kid - his day did sound absolutely horrible. Brian had had more than his share of those days in the past and could easily relate. He also felt - again - just a tad bit guilty when he heard that Justin’s pay for the day was docked. He knew how hard the kid worked and he didn’t deserve that kind of treatment. No matter. Brian at least knew how to fix some of the things that were weighing on the young man’s shoulders.

Justin was feeling even more enervated by the time he slithered out of the shower. The hot water had sapped what little strength he had left. And he still had no idea what new and gloriously decadent activities he could manufacture to entertain Brian for the night. He’d briefly contemplated calling in a friend or two to help out, but then decided that the extra effort to make that happen just wasn’t worth it. Maybe if he ate something and drank, like, ten cups of coffee, his brain would wake up enough that he could come up with something he and Brian hadn’t already tried yet.

When he stumbled back into the living room, he was more surprised than anything else to see that the table had been set for one and his culinarily-challenged boss was already in the process of pouring a glass of cabernet in the waiting glass.

“Have a seat, Cookie. You look like you could use that glass of wine. I’ll bring out your dinner in a sec,” Brian directed, actually pulling out the chair for Justin before hustling off to the kitchen.

“. . .” Justin had NO idea what to say.

“Here you go. Hope you like it. And, even if you don’t, you are required to tell Gus it’s the best thing you’ve ever eaten. He basically demanded that I force feed you some of this as soon as you got home.” Brian sat down a plate full of Gus’s leftover lunch pizza with a side of salad. “I’m afraid you’ve created a little monster, Cookie. I’ve never seen Gus so excited about ANYTHING as he is
about cooking. He was ordering me around in the kitchen this afternoon like one of those mean-
assed chefs on the television. He actually yelled at me for daring to cut the lettuce with a knife -
complaining that I HAD to tear it with my hands or it just wouldn’t be right. Shit! I can’t wait to see
what Lindz says about her new kitchen help.”

As he spoke, Brian sat himself down in the chair next to Justin, poured himself a glass of the full-
bodied red wine and quietly watched as Justin took his first bites of dinner. Justin started off slow,
obviously still dragging from his shitty day, so Brian didn’t bother him with useless small talk. He
just enjoyed the view.

Fresh from the shower, Justin smelled Brian’s second favorite way. Clean and crisp with a hint of
verbena from his shampoo. Brian’s first favorite, of course, was the way Justin smelled in the
morning. All warm and musky and manly from the loving the night before. Brian twisted his head
slightly and sipped his wine, trying to banish that particular thought and went back to perusing his
companion.

Justin must have found some small reserve of energy because he was now eating with his customary
gusto. Humming in appreciation at the full flavors and refilling his wine glass. That action brought
the artist’s hand into Brian’s consciousness and he had a small revelation that, though much smaller
than his own, Justin’s hands were capable of strength and surety. The ability to create wonderful
things, be it paintings, food, sandcastles, or even making Brian beg to cum while being stroked by
those deceivingly slender fingers.

Which of course, led to Brian’s eyes tracking up the naked arm to the shoulder barely hinting at a
swelling of muscle that Brian knew to be hidden just under the skin. Fuck! That smooth, silky, pale
golden skin that teased and tantalized. Blemish free and soft as down. Brian loved rubbing it, licking
it, touching it any way he could with every part of his body if possible.

He shifted in his seat, chuckling at himself for ‘thinking’ his way to a boner. That usually only
happened if he was masterbating and that in itself didn’t happen all that frequently. Looking at Justin
again, he watched as the blond stuffed the last bite of his salad into his mouth, wiped his lips with the
napkin and finished off his wine. Justin sat back in his chair, patted his belly as if to impart how very
stuffed he was and discretely belched behind his hand, throwing Brian a look of half apology.

Brian shrugged and grinned. He stacked up the empty dishes and hefted them in one hand, letting his
other hand run across the back of Justin’s shoulders as he passed on the way to the kitchen. He set
the dishes in the sink and on his return, noticed Justin’s eyes drooping. Brian’s lips pulled into his
mouth. A quandry. He really, really, wanted his Cookie in the worst way. But he also didn’t think
that he was enough of an asshole to ask the kid for sex when he was so obviously exhausted.

So what was a stud to do? Hmmm. First things first, Brian thought. Get the twink to bed. That was
easy enough. Brian scooped his playmate into his arms and started walking to the bedroom, doing his best to ignore the fluttering in his gut when Justin snuggled his face further into Brian’s neck and wrapped slim arms around his shoulders. Justin’s warm breath rustling against THAT spot drove Brian to instant hardness, making his already stiff dick ache and leak. When he hissed out a groan, Justin made a questioning noise but Brian ignored it, settling the younger man on his side of the bed.

Without Justin’s usual energy and playfulness, getting him undressed was easier than Brian would have thought since the lad just sat there allowing Brian to do as he would. As soon as the younger man was naked, Brian shucked his own clothes and, since Justin was still where Brian had left him, he took the opportunity to stand between Justin’s legs and stroke his fingers through the almost dry sunny hair. Justin closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation as Brian lightly massaged his scalp. He tipped his forehead down, leaning into Brian’s abs when strong fingers moved to perform the same motions on his nape, and then sighed in relief when Brian dug his big thumbs into the tense shoulders with just the right amount of pressure to work away all the tenseness that had accumulated there during the day.

Brian tried really hard not to think about how close those perfect lips were to his cock. Justin was obviously bushed and not in an amorous mood. If he had been, he would have made a move toward said cock already. So, determining to persevere, he nudged Justin back on the bed, rolled him over to his stomach, straddled his thighs and began kneading away the stiffness from the youth’s arms, back and legs.

The silence gave Brian the time to think about a lot of things, but mostly he just thought about the fact that he had never done anything even remotely like this before, not even as a prelude to sex, and he honestly wondered why. It was intensely arousing for him in a quiet, calm way, if that were possible. The more he massaged, the more useful he felt. He was making Justin feel good in a way that had nothing to do with sex, and though that was not completely foreign, it was rare enough that he took the time to savor his ministrations and do the best he could at it.

Brian was in the process of massaging Justin’s ass - and not getting any real response from the subject of his ministrations at all - when he resigned himself to the fact that he probably would not be getting balls deep into his lover that night. Figuring to get at least a little enjoyment for himself, he was pulling the perfectly plump cheeks apart with each squeeze, giving himself a peek at the pretty little pucker every time. Self torture? Sure. But something to masturbate to when Justin fell asleep. Juvenile? Absolutely. But who would know?

Brian grinned and continued for some time, teasing himself with that perky ass, intending to work at it until he heard the first quiet snores indicating his companion was moving into deep sleep.

Brian was, however, pleasantly surprised when Justin’s hips tilted back slightly in invitation. Not sure though, Brian paid closer attention, trying to ascertain if the boy was truly awake even though he hadn’t heard a single peep out of him in several minutes. When it happened again a few moments
later, Brian

stretched out along the length of Justin’s body. Brushing the hair away from the side of the sleepy boy’s face and kissing his ear, Brian spoke so quietly that Justin had to strain to hear him.

“You sure?”

Justin did not need clarification. “My heart’s in it Boss, but I’m not sure the body has the energy. I’m sorry.”

And he really was. He felt fantastic after Brian’s attentive massage and his dick was hard between his belly and the mattress, but he really just wanted to sleep.

Brian heard the want and could feel it in his lover’s body even while understanding how drained Justin was. So he pressed a long, chaste kiss to the exposed cheekbone. “I got this.” he said, and when Justin lazily nodded his assent Brian moved down his body.

He was slow, careful to make no jarring movements, liking the sultry mood blooming between them. No words were necessary as he gently took his time preparing his lover. He didn’t even find it odd that he thought of the younger man more and more in those terms. Doing this - whatever THIS was - the term was infinitely appropriate. When Justin sighed, rocking his hips to signal his readiness, Brian sheathed himself and spread out over the lean, porcelain-smooth back again, keeping his weight on one elbow and guiding his cock to Justin’s waiting entrance.

Brian braced his forehead next to Justin’s temple, letting out a soft groan as he slid all the way inside the welcome heat, pausing when he was as far as he could go. Justin’s lips parted, his tongue peeking out to run along his lip and Brian captured it with his own, pulling the lithe body closer and gently moving them to their sides. Justin turned his head as far as he could, trying to give Brian better access to his mouth as the brunet’s arm slid under his head and wrapped around his torso, pulling him ever tighter to the broad expanse of Brian’s chest.

Should he wonder that he felt so safe there, Justin mused. Too tired to think about it long, he gave himself over to what Brian was doing to his body, completely losing his train of thought when a large palm settled on his hip and gently pulled him further into the cradle of Brian’s pelvis. Justin’s eyes closed again at the sensation and he let his head fall to Brian’s bicep. He went completely limp, savoring the heightened sensitivity his relaxation evoked.

Brian’s reaction to Justin’s complacency would normally be to take more, push more, drive more, to a faster and quicker release. This time, though, the trusting, languid posture made him want to savor
the moment, just as the massage had done. Hmmm, interesting. So Brian went with his gut, hoping to find a better result. Rocking in long smooth effortless strokes, keeping their bodies as close as possible, Brian endeavored to make it the best he could without the frenzy that usually accompanied their climax. Was that even possible? Who knew? But he was gonna try.

Mind made up, he kept the pace smooth, easy, deep. Pressing his face into Justin’s neck so he could hear every minute sound of pleasure that crept from Justin’s lips, whispering nonsense words of praise into the shell-like ear as Brian swept them higher and higher on each successive wave of desire until the crest washed over them, sating them in a way heretofore unknown to either man, but not at all unwelcome.

Several gasping minutes later, Justin’s eyes finally opened, latching onto Brian’s as if to ask a question, only to be stopped by the completely unguarded and honest affection in the hazel depths. It was there for all to see should they care to look. Justin swallowed hard, hoping that Brian wouldn’t say anything to dissolve the moment. When the older man simply smiled at him tenderly, Justin closed his eyes again, indicating his need for sleep, not realizing his own expression had revealed just as much emotion as Brian’s had.

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Chapter Theme Song - Sometimes When We Touch.

Chapter End Notes

So, it was a lazy, hot summer day and all we could come up with for this chapter was food and sex. We had appetites to satisfy, so we just went with it. Food and sex . . . yeah, that’s a good chapter, if you ask us. LOL. So much for TAG’s adamant rant about needing to move the story along faster. Oh well, you write what you’re inspired to write and just have to go with it. But we WILL move this story along now. We have to - we’re running out of summer. So, it’s off to try to stick to our resolve with the NEXT chapter. S&T

PS. We KNOW y’all know the words to the chapter theme song - even if it is a little cheesy. We DARE you to try and NOT sing along to it as soon as you hear. Don’t care that it’s annoyingly tacky. We’re going with it. LOL.
Brian was up before everyone else the next morning, full of excitement and energy. He was really looking forward to showing Cookie all the nifty body painting supplies he’d bought for him. If everything went as he had planned, they would all be making a big splash when they hit the beach later in the day.

First though, he needed to get the house set up to keep Gus entertained while he and Cookie were busy working on the rest of the plan. Brian calculated that Gus would have to be the last one to get his body painting done, since the boy would be the least likely to be able to sit quietly and not mess it up afterwards. So, while he and Cookie were busy, Brian figured that Gus could handle some simple breakfast preparations then watch some television and maybe even help Cookie with the painting in some small, relatively easy way. But, just in case, Brian was preparing some other distractions to keep the boy busy until it was his turn.

When everything was laid out and ready according to Brian’s specifications, he rushed off to wake
up his artist in residence. The slumbering Picasso was more than happy to be woken up with a Brian Kinney blow job and therefore didn’t even complain that it was a bit early in the morning for his day off. After his lullabye from the Boss the night before, he’d slept like a baby and felt completely rejuvenated once he was awake. As soon as that boy had been sorted, Brian grabbed Justin’s hand, towing his blond behind him to go off and wake the other boy. Once Gus was also alert, Brian dragged them both out to the living room to reveal his big plan.

Both Justin and Gus’ eyes lit up like it was Christmas morning as soon as they saw the huge arrangement of new art supplies. It was quite the panoply of gear too. Bottles of paint, brushes of all sizes, stencils and even an airbrush gun, all laid out on top of a big blue painting tarp. Brian really had purchased just about everything he could think of after watching that television show on special effects. Justin and Gus both practically dove right into the pile, exclaiming happily over every single find. Brian let them wallow in the bounty for a few minutes, but was really too excited himself to wait very long. As soon as he could pull the others away, he started to explain his plan, and before long they were all gung-ho on the idea.

So, while Gus was headed off to start rolling the pre-made croissant dough into horns, under Brian’s supervision, Justin got his tools set up the way he wanted. As soon as the rolls were in the oven and Brian had thoroughly prepared himself in the shower, Justin laid him down on the big tarp, handed him a travel mug full of coffee - complete with straw and large enough to sustain him for a very long time - and then pulled out the large bottle of ‘parakeet green’ paint. Justin stripped off Gus’ clothing so he wouldn’t have to worry about getting messy and then let the boy go at his father’s body with a big brush and the green paint, laying down a simple flat base coat that needn’t be all that precise. They painted right over the flesh-colored swimsuit Brian had donned, causing it to blend in with the rest of Brian’s bright green body. Gus thought it was particularly funny to paint his daddy’s hair green.

They took a quick break to eat Gus’ breakfast rolls as soon as they were done, letting Brian’s base coat of green dry in the meantime. Next they all went to work on Justin’s base coat with the same bright green. Brian hadn’t had a chance to work with the paints much when they’d done this before, so he was actually getting into it. Gus thought he was now a pro, after having worked on his Jus already, so he took it upon himself to direct his father accordingly. Brian’s only regret was that Justin was wearing one of the speedo’s and he didn’t get to be more creative around the funner parts of his personal artist.

Finally, when Justin was green from head to toe - hair, swimsuit and all - the group moved on to Gus. For the lil’test member of their trio, though, Justin had other, less-green, plans. Gus got a base coat of pale zinnwaldite brown so that his entire body was a a flat, rosy brown color. While Justin was painting the boy, he had Brian working to make a swim cap head cover with flaps - created by supergluing one of the flesh-colored swim caps Brian had purchased to the back of another in a T-configuration. This meant that the second cap was attached to the first from the crown of the cap in a straight line down its center and then again all along the bottom. The result was that, when Gus put on the main cap, the second one created loose flaps on both sides of his head that looked a little like a fish’s fins. The whole cap ensemble got painted the same base color as the rest of Gus.
Now that all three of them had their full base coats on, it was time to get into the serious work. While he dried, Gus was ordered to sit still on a tarp draped over the couch. He didn’t object too much, though, because from there he could still look on while Justin started in on the detail work for Brian’s body. The artist picked up a stencil along with the airbrush gun, and began to layer on a slightly lighter shade of green along Brian’s flanks, down his belly and a bit on his arms and legs. Gus eventually got to try his hand out at this as well, although Justin made sure to keep hold of the airbrush and control the direction of the spray to keep it away from the boy’s own very different body shading. After the light green, they started in with another layer of darker foresty green, which was added to Brian’s back and face, again with the stencil and airbrush, creating a variegated look that was reminiscent of scales. Once he was satisfied with the mottled layering, Justin took up his brushes and started adding more intricate details.

Gus lost interest in the process about that time and moved over to the television to watch some cartoons. Brian and Justin were grateful that a Spongebob Squarepants marathon seemed to be running, since that was one of Gus’ favorites. Hopefully that would keep him entertained for at least long enough to finish Brian.

This paint job was not quite as elaborate as the one Justin had accomplished earlier when he’d turned Brian into a dragon. Instead of camouflaging Brian’s natural features, he worked with them to create a scaly green lizard-man - sort of a Creature from the Black Lagoon type, only a little more Geico Gecko and a little less Eat-Your-Face-Off Aliens. With black paint and a smaller brush, Justin added the outlines of larger scales along Brian’s arms, legs and back then highlighted those with a muted greenish-yellow. The scales on his face and lower body were smaller but basically the same. On his stomach, the scales were lighter and smaller still, making his skin there take on a smooth snake-skin-like appearance. With the addition of red-rimmed eyes and some intricate details around his lips, Brian was finished.

“What do you think, Sonny Boy?” Brian asked, as soon as he was allowed to move around.

“Daddy! You’s a liz-erd! *hahahaha* I loves it, Daddy! You looks so awesome!” Gus raved over and over as he scampered around his father and took in the lizard man from all sides. “Can I be a liz-erd too, Jus? Huh? Can I?”

“Well, you could . . . But I was thinking that maybe you’d rather be a squid? You know, so you could help our sandcastle Squidward guard Ft. Squid?” Justin offered, eliciting a squeal of glee from the boy.

Gus was enchanted by the idea of being painted up just like ‘Squidward’ - although Justin explained that he wouldn’t be a dull grey like the cartoon character but rather a brilliant pink and brown squid like the real ones in the ocean. Brian quickly pulled over his lap top and brought up a picture of a beautiful pinky-brown Humboldt Squid with darker brown spots, big white compound eyes on a
blackish head and lighter-brown tentacles. When Justin explained how he was going to make Gus look just like that squid on the computer, Gus quickly gave in.

Using another series of stencils - these ones shaped in a more dotted fashion than the ones Justin had used for Brian’s scales - the artist sprayed on layer after layer of brown, yellow, pink and rose colored dots in a jumbled pattern all over Gus’ head, face and torso. The random dotted pattern looked like perfect squid camouflage. Justin even made Gus keeps his eyes open and carefully painted around them, his nostrils and his ears with a darker brown color, turning those areas into perfectly concealed squid spots just like what would be found on the body of a real squid. Justin added thin, dark brown lines down Gus’ body from ear to hips depicting the dorsal stripes visible on a squid’s mantle. With the cap on - painted to look like the cephalopod’s anterior fins, you could barely tell that you were looking at a boy.

When he got down to Gus’ hips, Justin switched to a much darker palette of colors - greys and darker browns prevailing over the pinky-browns. He painted the boy’s speedos with these shadowing shades and added more details in order to make it look like the child’s hips were the squid’s head. The illusion was complete when Justin used white and dead black to create large, realistic, 3D compound eyes - one on each side of Gus’ hips.

Justin spent even more time with his painting from Gus’ hips down to his feet. On each leg, the artist painted four separate, sucker-encumbered arms that writhed around and around, looking almost animate. The colors here were back to the more rosy, zinnwaldite brown, but with a lot more of the yellowish coloring added in and more intricate brushwork to delineate each individual arm in a realistic, multi-dimensional manner. Gus’ own legs and feet were turned into the squid’s two longer, sucker-ended, tentacles. When Justin was done, they had Gus stand in the corner with his arms held tightly to his side and his legs slightly splayed and it was almost impossible to tell that there wasn’t a three and a half foot tall squid standing in the living room looking at them with it’s huge, watery hip-height eyes.

Many, MANY, photos were taken before Gus was allowed to return to his perch on the couch, where he was ordered not to move any more than was absolutely necessary.

Finally, it was time to finish Justin’s own body painting. For this, Brian was enlisted as understudy artist. Rather than burden Brian with the more intricate and detailed scaling that they’d done to Brian’s body, the painter directed his assistant to create larger plates of color. They still used the airbrush gun to add layering of various shades of green and yellow, but it was done in wider swathes. Then Brian was instructed on how to use a brush to delineate large irregular polygons with black paint, creating an effect reminiscent of the lead-work in a stained glass window. Every so often, Justin would dictate that one of these plates be painted a bright, zinc white, or a more lurid canary yellow. He even showed Brian how to add highlighting of lighter colors to random green sections and shadows of grey where needed. Once Justin’s back and legs were covered in this fashion, he did his own front in the same fashion, covering the second half of his body in about a third of the time it took Brian. On his face, he got a little more creative, adding more intricate reptilian details around his eyes and mouth until he looked like an iguana-man creature.
As soon as sufficient pictures had been taken of all of them, it was time to head out for the real fun of the day. Brian had already packed up a hamper of snacks and drinks for them. They grabbed Justin’s magical beach bag on the way out the door and headed off to the beach.

Needless to say they garnered QUITE the response from the confused and even startled beachgoers that they passed on the way to Ft. Squid. Except for the few people who’d actually seen which house they’d emerged from, nobody had a clue who these three strange creatures were. In their colorful, painted disguises, they were almost totally unrecognizable and therefore anonymous. And, at least at first, most of the people they passed shied away from them.

Once they got set up on the big blue beach blanket just beside Ft. Squid, the rest of the beach denizens started to get up a bit more courage. Of course it was the children that were the first to brave the strange new arrivals and come closer. Gus was more than eager to show off his cool new persona, and rapidly made friends with every child that dared to come over. Before long the parents of the tots followed so that they could get a closer look too.

Brian and Justin were having too much fun though to give up their game so easily. With silent consent, they agreed that neither of them would speak. Instead they just posed, lizard-like, on their blanket, silently contemplating the growing hordes of people who came over and tried to entice them into conversation. Justin even took it one step further and began moving with slow, cautious, jerky, iguana-like motions, blinking his eyes and staring around him at the people as if he was merely the latest reptile to crawl onto this beach. Brian couldn’t quite mimic the wonderful acting, so he simply kept himself as still as possible, lying on his belly in as lizard-like a manner as he could manage. The children giggled gleefully at the adults’ miming while Gus explained that his daddies were liz-erds today so they couldn’t talk people talk.

Needless to say, even more video footage was taken of the boys, although this time they actually did have their clothing on - even though the gawkers could barely tell because of the paint.

Brian knew his plan had been even more of a success than he’d dared to hope, when a local news crew turned up and began interviewing Gus.

Both Brian and Justin held back, staying in character, while their squid-guard explained what was going on to the female reporter. “Thas my Daddy, Brian Kinney,” Gus pointed to the larger green lizard. “He’s a liz-erd. But he don’t bite. Unless yous a fly, then he might eats you wif his long red tongue.” The reporter and the crowd laughed as Brian demonstrated by flicking out said tongue.

“Thas my Cookie, Jus’n Taylor. He’s da bestest artist in da whole wide world. He can paint anyfing’. He’s da one who painted all’n us. He’s a ’guana today. Dontcha fink his skin looks like
patches of sand an’ rocks and stuff. Is so cool! I gots to help wif da paintin’ too. It was so fun!” Justin broke out of character long enough to shoot Gus a big iguana grin before he blinked and then magically turned back into an iguana.

“My name’s Gus. I’m a . . . a . . . a humble squid . . . is dat right, Daddy?” The daddy lizard nodded slowly. “I’m helpin’ Squidward guard our castle. It’s over dere. See! We builded it a couple days ago. Dinnit we do good?”

The reporter made sure her cameraman shot plenty of footage of the painted people and the gigantic rainbow colored castle, then she turned back to Gus. “Do you live here?” she asked.

“I’s a on vacation wif my Daddy and Cookie. Dats our beach house right dere.” Gus said, pointing to the abode, making Brian groan because now everyone and their momma would know where he was staying for the summer. It probably didn’t matter in the long run though, since the information wouldn’t be too hard to figure out if someone were to ask a local.

The reporter thanked them for their time and a half hour after she cleared out, most of the crowd did too. It was just as well, since Gus was getting a bit cranky. No doubt he was hungry and tired from all the attention. The beach creatures loaded up their gear and headed back home.

Back at the beach house, Brian realized it was much later than he had thought, so he hurried to get some food into his offspring before they hit meltdown mode and, when he yawned, unable to finish his noodle soup, Brian carried Gus to bed for a nap. Taking one this late, would mean a later bedtime, but Gus was only going to be around for another couple of days, so he figured it couldn’t be all that bad. He threw the boy into his bed - not bothering with a bath - sand, sweat, body paint and all.

Returning to the living room, he found Iguana Justin sprawled out and snoring on the couch, so he covered him with a light blanket and went to work on his laptop. He loaded all of the photos they had taken and printed out his favorites for Gus’ souvenir album and a few extras for the extended family members. He compiled several that showed the progression of the paint project into a separate file, along with the fairy video and called himself done.

By that time, Brian was yawning too. So he pulled the cushions off the back of the couch and tossed them on the floor, then he held up the blanket and nudged Justin until he scooted deeper into the sofa and slid in behind him. Lizard Brian was asleep almost before he resettled the blanket over them.

The tired lizard and squid family was woken up from their napping by the ringing of Justin’s cell phone. The iguana boy was much too groggy to bother answering, so Brian reached out one long
lizard-man arm, grabbed the ringing and vibrating device off the coffee table and blearily swiped at the screen till it stopped.

“Cookie’s phone,” Brian rasped in answer, his words barely understandable even to himself.

“Um . . . I was trying to call my son, Justin. Did I misdial?” a very prim and proper woman’s voice responded.

*Cough cough* Brian cleared his throat and then tried again. “No. You dialed correctly, Mother Taylor. We had a bit of a busy day and everyone fell asleep as soon as we walked in the door from the beach. Hang on a sec and I’ll wake your son for you.” Brian pulled away the pillow that Justin was trying to bury his head under, poked the sleepy reptile in the ribs and then held the phone to the side of his face. “Talk to your Mommy, Cookie.”

“Urghhhh.”

“It’s lovely to hear from you too, dear,” Jennifer teased with a small laugh. “Now, I know you’re capable of better enunciation than that, Justin. How about you try again with a ‘Hello, Mother. How are you?’”

“Hello, Mother. How are you,” Justin parroted with a fake cheerfulness that caused both Brian and Jennifer to laugh again.

“I’m fine. Thank you for asking. Now that we have that out of the way, Sweetie, I’ll tell you why I called,” Jenn continued lightheartedly. “You remember that travelling reptile zoo that came to the island last summer? Well, I just heard from Irma Sullivan that they’re back again, over in the park off Cottage Walk. She thought Molly would like to go see them so she called to make sure I didn’t miss it. And I thought that Gus would probably love it even more than Molly. You guys should bring him over and meet us there.”

“Reptiles? Oh, yeah. Gus will love that. I’ll double check with Brian to make sure he didn’t already have some plans for this evening, but I’m pretty sure he’ll want to do this when I tell him. In fact, I think we’ll all come. It seems appropriate after the day we’ve had . . .” Justin was chuckling now himself, thinking about the possibilities. “We’ll meet you there, Mom. Thanks for calling.”

“What was that all about, Cookie,” Brian asked as soon as Justin had hung up.
“A perfect opportunity to show off a bit more - that’s what it’s all about,” Justin answered, his iguana lips stretching out into a grotesque scaly smile.

To say that the owner of the reptile petting zoo was thrilled when he saw the two body-painted lizardmen and their squid boy walking through the gate of his attraction, would be a gross understatement. You couldn’t pay for the kind of advertising he was going to get from this. There were more cameras and phones pointed at the place than there were animals in his zoo. And, since the news segment filmed at the beach had already shown on the early evening news, most of the spectators felt like they were in the presence of minor celebrities. When the little group paid their entrance fee and came in to meet the critters, more than half of those following along behind the lizardmen came in too.

“C’mon, Molsk! I wanna pet da snakes. Dontcha like da snakes? Their skin feels so sliddery,” Gus urged his playmate on, tugging on Molly’s hand and pulling her ahead of the adults who were following along at a more sedate pace. “Der tongues tickle too.”

While Gus was preoccupied getting a hug from the enormous boa constrictor - whose name was ‘Bubba’ - the owner of the reptile zoo managed to find pets for both Brian and Justin too. Justin happily posed for several pictures with a very friendly Painted Iguana whose name was ‘Fifi’ while Brian got to meet his own counterpart, a Green Iguana who went by the moniker ‘Leroy’.

“You really do know how to make yourself the center of attention, Justin,” Jennifer remarked, still surprised to see her son’s amazing artwork, even though she’d seen hints of it before - just nothing on this scale.

“Actually, this was mostly all Brian’s idea, Mom,” Justin tried to deflect at least some of the praise. “Blame him for wanting to be the center of attention, not me.” Justin’s harsh words were muted by the playful smile he directed to the big lizard who was currently holding his friend Leroy out so that a circle of wide-eyed children could get a better look at both the reptile and the painted man.

“Well, whoever’s idea it was, it’s brilliant,” commented a heavy set middle-aged man who had just walked up beside them. “I’ve never seen anything like this,” his hand waved up and down, gesturing at Justin’s body paint.

“Thank you, Mr . . .” Justin said, reluctantly replying to the man who’d horned in on his conversation.

“Ivan Meisner,” the bluff man answered, holding out a business card that he’d fished out of his
pocket. “I’m one of the new owners of The Pines. I had a meeting with my management team this afternoon and got talked into bringing along my sister and my niece so they could enjoy the beach for a bit - they talked me into coming by here for the petting zoo thing and I’m glad I did. If I hadn’t, I’d have missed you three.” Meisner nodded to Brian and Gus who had moved on to petting a large gopher tortoise. “Your work really is phenomenal. It’s as good as the stuff you see in the movies. Now, if you can do stuff other than lizards, I’d love to hire you to do something like this at my resort.”

Justin seemed surprised by the offer. He looked down at the business card in his hand as if to reassure himself that this was legitimate. Before he could answer the man, though, a strong green arm wrapped itself around his shoulders and squeezed him firmly.

“I’m afraid Mr. Taylor happens to already work for me, so he’s not at liberty to accept your offer,” Brian interrupted with a confident, businesslike air that was completely incongruous coming from the green-visaged lizardman. “Unless, that is, you wanted to hire Kinnetik for this advertising you’re contemplating. Allow me to introduce myself - Brian Kinney, CEO of Kinnetik Advertising based out of Pittsburgh. I’d give you my card, but as you can see, there don’t happen to be any pockets on this outfit.” Brian held out his hand to Mr. Meisner, who reluctantly accepted. “My people would be more than happy to work out a proposal for you and your resort, Mr. Meisner. One that involved Mr. Taylor - who happens to be one of our fastest rising artistic talents - and his amazing human artwork, if that’s what you wanted. I’m sure you can find the number for Kinnetik on the Net and if you call that number and ask for Cynthia, my COO, we can get started on something for you right away.”

“Well, I wasn’t exactly in the market for a new advertising agency,” Meisner equivocated.

“I’m sure you weren’t. But you seem like the kind of man who knows a good thing when you see it, and Mr. Taylor here is more than a ‘good thing’. He’s amazing. So, if you want him, you’ll have to go through Kinnetik to get him. You won’t regret it though.” Brian concluded confidently. “Now, if you’ll excuse us. We really aren’t here to do business today. All this was really just for fun - an adventure for my son who’s visiting for the week. I DO hope to hear from you though.”

Brian turned and, keeping his arm firmly wrapped around the smaller iguana’s shoulders, walked them away from both the businessman and Mother Taylor. As soon as they were out of earshot, Justin turned toward Brian, sluged him hard in the shoulder and scowled at him. “What the fuck, Brian! Why did you scare him away? I could have used the money from that gig! And even without considering the money issue, you don’t control my art - I don’t remember any agreement with you that said you could steal MY potential customers for your business,” Justin seethed, in a hushed but irate voice.

“Calm yourself, Cookie,” Brian huffed, rubbing at the sore spot on his arm. “Trust me on this. He’ll come around. And he’ll end up paying a lot more than the pittance he probably would have offered you if you went in on your own.”
“Or, he’ll decide that it’s not worth it, go home, forget all about me and I’ll be working at the fucking Albatross till I’m eighty.” Justin pouted, fuming silently for a minute more before the full impact of what Brian had said hit him. “So that’s your big fancy company? Advertising? Why didn’t you tell me that’s what you do?”

“You never asked, Cookie,” Brian replied calmly.

“Hmmm . . . does this mean that you’re conceding on the bet? You offering me a job right here on the spot? If so, I happily accept your capitulation.”

“Fuck you, Cookie,” Brian laughed at the ballsy boy. “No. I’m not conceding our bet. You’re still on the hook for entertaining me for the rest of the summer. But I will pay you for your services if my company lands that guy’s account. I’ll even give you a nice big finder’s bonus,” Justin’s face had screwed up as he considered the compromise. “Trust me, Cookie. I’ll make sure you’re taken care of.”

“And if you don’t get the account? What then? I’ll still be out the money for the job he was just going to offer me.” Justin pressed, adamantly standing up for himself, and thereby eliciting a small smile from his ‘boss’.

“We’ll GET the fucking account,” was all Brian said in response.

“Awfully sure of yourself, aren’t you?”

“That’s a problem?” Brian retorted, his grin growing wider.

“Are you two through arguing like an old married couple?” Jennifer interrupted, stepping up to her son’s side as soon as she saw that their angry expressions had morphed into teasing smiles. Justin glared at his mother disapprovingly for her quip, but Brian only chuckled. “Sorry, sweetie, but it’s true. I think I have to agree with Molly that you guys are ‘simply adorable’.”

“Mom!”

“Oh, lighten up, Honey. I was just teasing.” Jennifer giggled at the outraged look on her son’s face.
“However, that wasn’t why I interrupted you before you got the kissing and making up part. I actually wanted to thank Brian for his wonderfully thoughtful Father’s Day gift. I was astonished when I got home and opened up the envelope I found in my purse. You really shouldn’t have, Brian. A full-day spa treatment? That’s too generous. I work at the hotel so I know how much that costs, and I really can’t accept. Thank you anyways.”

“Bullshit!” Brian replied brusquely, pushing away the envelope that Jennifer tried to shove into his hand. “You deserve it. Besides, I’m not going to fuck around and waste my valuable vacation time trying to return it, so you’ll just have to keep it.”

“Brian . . .” Jennifer still tried to return the envelope, but Brian simply crossed his arms and refused to take it, staring her down with a stoic frown. “Fine. But you do realize you’re a ridiculously stubborn and annoying man, don’t you?” she finally asked, getting a snort of agreement from her son in the process. “But if you refuse to take it back, then I insist on taking Gus for you tonight - I can at least pay you back with a little by babysitting so you boys can go out and have some fun. And that is non-negotiable, so don’t even try.”

Jennifer stomped off without waiting for any response from the man, rounding up his son and her daughter. Brian barely got to say goodbye and kiss the boy, before Mother Taylor had them hustled off, heading towards home and leaving the two men waving from the distance. Brian looked at Justin, who could only shrug semi-apologetically for his mother.

“Now I see where you get it,” was all Brian said, shaking his head while trying to hide a smile by folding his lips in. “So, Cookie, what do we do with our child-free, lizard-painted night?”

Justin’s grin got so wide that, with his strange makeup still on, it looked like his mouth stretched from one green ear to the other. “How about we go take a twilight stroll through the Meat Rack and scare the shit out of some tricks? They’ll think that all those crazy alien-dragonman-porn animations they watch on their computers are really coming to life.” That caused Brian to break out in such a loud burst of gut-busting laughter that they drew the stares of everyone around them. “As soon as they recover and stop screaming like little girls, they’ll be throwing themselves at us and begging to be fucked. It’ll be hilarious.”

“Oh, Cookie! You’re the hilarious one,” Brian had to wipe away a small tear from one eye, he was laughing so hard at the image that Justin had conjured. “But that’s why I like you so much, I guess. You DO always keep me guessing what the fuck you’ll come up with next . . . Fine. Lead the way, Iguana-Master. Let’s go scare us up some bears in them thar’ woods.”

And twenty minutes later, when Brian and Justin stepped out from behind a large bush into the path, surprising a group of four men looking for adventures in the depths of the forest green, they did indeed get the expected girly screams. Followed by instant obedience when they ordered their prey to drop their pants, grab onto the closest trees and bend over. After which, Brian and Justin
proceeded to royally and reptilely fuck all four of them, one after the other, growling and roaring their best dragonman roars in the process.

They must have done a pretty good job of it too. At least none of the four who’d been accosted by the lizard men had any complaints. In fact, they seemed rather pleased with their experience and spread the word of the their adventure far and wide. Afterwards, the rumors of scaly green lizard men who roamed the Meat Rack and forced themselves on the unsuspecting men loitering there - with erotic and wholly pleasurable consequences - were perpetuated for many a year. All thanks to Brian Kinney and his crazy body-painting fantasy day.

Chapter Theme Music - Little Dragon Sunshine.

Chapter End Notes

8/24/16 - So, yeah, gay dragon/man porn IS a thing - if you don’t believe me, google it! In doing a bit of research for this chapter, I came across sooooooo many fic’s with gay guys getting their love thing on with various dragons . . . it was all very entertaining is a slightly strange way - but then again, who am I to judge? I’m all for dragon porn. The more the better, I say. Especially when it inspires me to write crazy QAF fic. I forgot to keep track of who it was that requested more body painting - whoever you are, thanks for the suggestion. Comma Momma, Cookiebun & Brynn_Jones all conspired together on the idea of sending them out to the beach in their paint. And the idea for the reptile petting zoo came to me after chatting with Lorie. Thanks for the idea, guys. TAG

P.S. Once again this chapter contains many wonderful pics that just won't post here on AO3. If you want to see all of them, come over and read the story on www.kinnetikdreams.com/
Chapter Notes

The girls arrive to take Gus home . . . chaos ensues. Enjoy! S&T.

PS - Happy Fanfic Friday! Snuck this one in (barely) before the end of the day, so it counts. =)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 38 - The Lizard Life.

Lindsey and Mel arrived back on Fire Island late in the day on Saturday. Brian decided that, this time, he didn’t really need to go all the way into the city to pick them up at the airport. They were big girls and could make it on their own. He did send a car for them, but also texted to make sure they left the majority of their luggage at the airport since they couldn’t possibly need that much for the one night they’d be at the beach house and he didn’t want to lug it all the way back the next day.

Gus was excited to see his mothers again, but decidedly unexcited about the prospect of going home to Pittsburgh. He tried quite a few times to convince Brian that he should just stay with his daddy for the rest of the summer. He even tried to enlist Justin in the cause, although the young artist declined, saying it was really up to Gus’ parents. Brian caved in the end, resorting to bribery to quell the incipient tantrum that had been brewing all day. Brian figured he was getting off cheap when he agreed to take his son shopping and buy him ANYTHING he wanted, if Gus didn’t argue about going home anymore.

Justin chuckled at the scene from the safety of the kitchen, touched by how solicitous Brian was with his son.

Two hours later, when Brian and Gus returned from their shopping trip, Justin was more than surprised to see his boss carrying what appeared to be a soft-sided pet carrier. Gus was hopping along next to his father, repeatedly peering in through the screened ‘windows’ of the cage and chirping at whatever was inside. As soon as Gus saw Justin, though, he zoomed over, grabbed the Cookie’s hand and started tugging him over to see whatever his big surprise was.

“Jus! Jus, come see! Come see! You gotta meet Spike! He’s da coolest pet ever in da ‘tire world!
Come see!” Gus was yanking on Justin’s hand so hard he almost pulled the much larger man over in his excitement.

“Spike?” Justin couldn’t help but ask, thinking that was a very odd name for a cat, which is what he assumed was inside the carrier, based on its size.

“Yep! Thas his name. Spike. He’s gonna to be my new bestest friend!” Gus insisted, now grappling onto his father’s wrist, trying to get Brian to hand over the bag to him.

“Gus! Calm down right now!” Brian demanded, clearly out of patience, no matter how much he loved his son. “Remember what Sam said. You can’t be screaming and jumping around or you’ll scare Spike. Now, if you sit down calmly on the chair at the table over there, I’ll let you take Spike out and show Cookie. But if you keep bopping around like a Mexican Jumping Bean, I’m taking him back to the store right now.”

“Dadddddddddyyyyyy!” Gus complained, but nonetheless did as he’d been told and climbed onto one of the chairs at the dining table and tried to wait calmly.

“What the fuck did you do, Brian?” Justin muttered under his breath as he neared and heard a strange hissing noise coming from the pet carrier.

“DON’T ask,” Brian warned, clearly too near the edge of temper himself to deal with much more.

Brian set the carrier - which was now wobbling violently as if the contents were boiling - down on the table and carefully unzipped the front opening. Then he reached inside, fished around a bit with his hand, and slowly withdrew the denizen of the bag. Gus squeed with glee. Justin simply stared in amazement.

Spike was most definitely NOT a cat.

What came out of the pet carrier was, in fact, much, much cooler than a cat. Justin felt almost like squeeing along with Gus. Spike, it turned out, was one of most beautiful yellow and orange colored lizards Justin had ever seen.

He watched as Brian set Spike down on the tabletop in front of the delighted child, who immediately reached out and tried to manhandle the little beast. Brian grabbed Gus’ wrists firmly and pulled the little hands back so that the reptile wouldn’t be squished right there on the dining table. Justin, though, felt a similar compulsion to reach out and touch it, just to make sure it was real - he didn’t
grab hold around its middle and squeeze, though, he just stroked down the length of the animal’s back, feeling the slippery roughness of the scales under his touch.

“Wow!” Justin said, almost completely tongue-tied. “Just, wow! This is really cool, Brian. What kind of lizard is it?”

“Spike is a Bearded Dragon!” Gus interjected before his father could say a word. “Right now he’s just a kid dragon, but da guy adda store said he’s gonna be two feeted long when he’s all growded up. An’ he hasta eat live crickets an’ bugs and stuff. Gross, huh? You should see his tongue, Jus - it’s really long and all sticky and da bugs dey sticks to it. Isn’t he da coolest pet yous ever seed!”

“He IS pretty cool, Gus. I bet your friends are going to be pretty amazed when they see him. You’ll be the coolest kid on the block.” Justin smiled down on the enthusiastic child, whose father had finally released his hands, allowing Gus to gently stroke along the lizard’s bearded ruff.

“Remember, Gus. You have to be very gentle. And don’t move too fast or make too much noise or you’ll scare him,” Brian admonished, shaking his head with a furrowed brow as he oversaw the little boy’s actions. “That’s good. Just nice and gentle.”

“You amaze me, Brian,” Justin commented, looking at the scene in front of him with wonder - more so at Brian than at the intriguing reptile or the awestruck child. “I NEVER would have thought you to be the kind of dad to get his kid a pet. Let alone a fucking bearded dragon. You do know you’ve just risen to the ranks of the coolest parents ever invented, right?” He couldn’t help teasing the worried looking older man.

“This is ALL your fault Cookie. You and your amazing dragon body painting and all that talk about dragons on the beach yesterday. Gus fucking insisted on Spike. And I had already promised him I would buy whatever he wanted . . . Fuck! Lindsey and Mel are going to fucking castrate me when they see this.”

“Ooooo! That should be fun to watch!” Justin teased with a boyish giggle. “Don’t worry, though, Boss. I promise to protect you. I won’t let them near your balls with any sharp instruments. I like your balls just the way they are.”

Brian didn’t say anything in response though. He just continued to stare at the creature posing on the dining table, seemingly confused by its appearance in his carefully ordered world. Spike stared right back at Brian as if daring the man to object to his scaly presence. Every so often Brian would frown, shake his head slightly, and furrow his brow. Eventually Justin took pity on the man and broke up the staring contest by kissing the big guy on the cheek and then gingerly pushing him out of the way.
“Spike is very neat, Gus. But we need to get him off the table so we can get it cleaned up and ready for dinner,” Justin directed once he’d got Brian to move. “How about you bring Spike and follow me. We’ll set him up in the guest bathroom - that can be his room for the night. We’ll put a little water in the tub for him to play in and turn on the big heat lamp so he’ll be nice and warm. And then we’ll wash our hands really well - that’s important because reptiles sometimes have icky germs on their skin that doesn’t hurt them but can make people sick if you’re not careful - and then you can help me make dinner for your mommies. Sound good?”

“Yay!” Gus replied with his usual enthusiasm for anything that Justin might propose, before he lifted the dragon up and started to carry him down the hall in Justin’s wake.

Brian collapsed on the vacated chair, still seemingly in shock.

“They’re gonna fucking kill me . . .” Brian continued to mumble, biting at his bottom lip worriedly.

Justin and Gus were just pulling the shark steaks and bacon-wrapped scallops off the grill out on the deck when the girls walked up from the direction of the village. They must have wisely taken Brian’s advice, because this time they only had one small carry-on bag between the two of them. Gus shrieked with glee, almost dropped the platter he’d been carrying with all the food on it - saved at the last minute by Justin - and then bolted into Lindsey’s arms. Mel wrapped the pair in her own arms, so she could join in the hug. It was a touching scene and almost enough to make Justin rethink his antipathetic feelings towards the lesbians.

“Oh, Lambskin, it’s so great to see you! We missed you so much!” Lindsey exclaimed, giving Gus a gigantic squeeze and a lipsticky kiss on his forehead. Then, walking right past Justin without even acknowledging the young man’s existence, Lindsey went on, “So, where’s your father? You shouldn’t be out here all alone. I can’t believe Brian isn’t supervising you more closely. Come on, Sweetie, let’s go find him and see what the story is.”

Justin stood there, glaring at the woman’s back, as she intentionally disregarded him. He briefly contemplated whether or not he should throw the platter full of hot grilled fish at her bleached blond head. But then he thought better of it - not because he would mind at all that Lindsey would be pissed off at him, only that he didn’t want to ruin the excellent meal that Gus had specifically requested and worked so hard to help him prepare. Mel walked up right then, laid one hand on Justin’s shoulder, and smiled at him half-apologetically, but didn’t say anything before following her spouse into the house.

Justin closed the cover on the grill and followed them all inside. He set the platter with the grilled fish
on the table, which Gus had already set and decorated. Justin had helped the boy make place cards out of starfish cutouts that he ingeniously slotted onto the top of each person’s glass. Justin quietly smirked a little when he noted that Gus had seated himself between Brian and Justin, with Brian at the head of the table, and the girls shunted off to the other side of the table by themselves. Lindsey would probably gloatingly figure that Brian had requested that she be seated to his right. Without knowing it, Gus had managed to assuage the blonde’s delicate sensibilities while also demonstrating his own preference for sitting between his dad and his Jus. Good Boy!

After arranging the platter of fish, Justin headed off to the kitchen to collect the tuna cakes that were warming in the oven and see how Brian was coming with the seafood salad that he’d been ordered by Gus to work on. He had to shoulder past Lindsey, who was standing in the doorway, blocking the entry. Lindz shot him a scathing look, but still refrained from actually saying anything to the little blond interloper that she utterly despised. Justin smugly ignored her too, stopping on his way to the oven to pointedly leave a kiss on Brian’s cheek as he passed as well as patting Gus - who was creatively garnishing his father’s salad with some sprigs of curly parsley - on the shoulder. He figured it was good that looks couldn’t actually kill since he could actually feel the daggers Lindsey was staring at him pricking at the skin on the nape of his neck.

“Da salad’s ready, Jus. See? I did the paws-ley jus right!” Gus bragged as he gestured towards the waiting bowl with a flourish that made the older chef chuckle.

“That looks great, Gus! You really are learning all about presentation. Now, let me just grab the tuna cakes and then I think we’ll be all ready to eat,” Justin replied, pulling the sumptuous smelling treats out of the oven. “Make sure you tell your mommies that you’re the one who caught the tuna we used for these, buddy. I bet they’ll be so proud of you!”

“Did I hear that right?” Mel commented from where she was waiting, perched on a barstool on the other side of the kitchen bar. “Did you really catch a tuna, Gus?”

“Yep! I shore did, Mama! It was soooo big too! I caught two fishes - da tuna an a floun-ner. And I gots da pitchers ta prove it - Jus said dat if you don’t take a pitcher den it’s just a fish story, so we tooked tons of pitchers,” Gus enthused.

“We’ll show your mommies the pictures after dinner, Sonny Boy.” Brian grabbed Gus before he could run off and steered him back towards the table. “We don’t want the food to get cold after all the trouble you and Cookie went to making this feast.”

Gus beamed proudly at his father’s praise. Brian walked around to the place where Gus wanted Lindsey to sit and chivalrously pulled out her chair for her. Gus aped his father, doing the same for Mel, who tittered appreciatively at her son’s actions. Lindsey leaned in and kissed Brian on the cheek
before she sat, and then smirked across the table in Justin’s direction. Brian just rolled his eyes and shook his head at the blond pissing contest going on over him.

“This all looks and smells delicious!” Mel commented as Justin handed her the large platter filled to brimming with the fish he’d taken off the grill just minutes before. “What kind of fish is this?” she asked as she speared a big steak with the serving fork.

“Das da killer shark my Daddy caught! You shoulda seed it, Mama!” Gus announced boastfully. “Daddy hadda fight dat meanie for hours an hours. It jumpded all da way outta da water an danced on da waves to try to get away. But he caughted it and den Olga killed it wif da big spear. I gots ta help her put it in da big freezer. An den me and my daddies had a fish fight wif the min-nose. We got all slimey an laughed so much I hadda pain in my side. Dat was da funnest day in my whole ’tire life!”

“Wow! That does sound fun, Gus,” Mel responded. “And the steak is delicious. I can’t believe you managed to catch a shark, Brian. But then again, I guess one predator knows another.”

“Ha. Ha. Mel,” Brian smiled facetiously at his longtime adversary then went back to eating his own meal, enjoying the calamari and shrimp salad enormously. “It was a pretty good day, though, Sonny Boy.”

“Ha. Ha. Mel,” Brian smiled facetiously at his longtime adversary then went back to eating his own meal, enjoying the calamari and shrimp salad enormously. “It was a pretty good day, though, Sonny Boy.”

“Yep! It shore was, Daddy.” The father and son shared identical smiles over the memory. “Oh, an guess what, Mommy - Jus hepped me clean off da shark jaws so I can keep da teefs. Theys outside on da deck. Daddy’s gonna to mail ‘em to us at home cause he said I couldn’t take ‘em on da ‘plane.”

“A shark jaw? I don’t know about that Brian. That sounds like it might be dangerous. Those teeth are sharp,” Lindsey cautioned, disapprovingly. “Maybe we should let Daddy keep the shark jaws, Gus. He did catch it afterall. I think he should have that souvenir, and you can look at it when you go to visit him.”

“Mom!” Gus complained, giving the word at least four syllables the way he whined it out. “Jus an Daddy said dat I could have dem. I’m gonna take ‘em to school for Show an Tell.”

“No, Gus. I just don’t think that’s a good idea . . .” Lindsey replied firmly.

“Stop, Lindz,” Brian ordered. “The jaws are Gus’. I told him he could have them. And they’re not
any more dangerous than the sharp knives in your kitchen. You taught him not to play with those, just as I taught him not to play with the teeth. Don’t ruin the kid’s fun.”

“Well . . .” Lindsey still sounded like she was going to refuse.

“Don’t listen to your mom, Gus,” Justin intervened, finally getting so fed up with Lindsey’s attitude he felt he had to speak up in Gus’ defense. “I had a set of shark jaws when I was about your age too. I hung them on the wall after I showed them off to my friends and I never hurt myself on them. I also had a dried pufferfish and some spiney sea anemones in my room. You’ll be fine. And your friends will love them.”

“Excuse me, but I don’t think this is any of YOUR business,” Lindsey snapped, speaking directly to Justin for the first time since they’d arrived. “We’re Gus’ parents and we’ll decide what’s best for his safety. Brian’s latest trick in a string of thousands really has no say the matter, so I’ll thank you to keep your useless comments to yourself.”

“Enough, Lindz,” Brian retorted sharply. “Lay off Justin already. If he managed not to kill himself on the fish parts he had as a kid, I’m sure Gus will be fine with a small set of shark jaws. Stop being an overprotective worrywart. Or do you want the kid to grow up and turn into a mollycoddled momma’s boy when he’s older?”

“Lindz, Honey, I don’t think it’ll be that dangerous,” Mel stepped in, trying to add a note of reason. “We can put them up on the shelf in Gus’ room where they’ll be out of reach unless he asks one of us to get them. That way he can at least look at them. How does that sound?”

Lindsey didn’t say anything in response. She just pursed her lips angrily and glared across the table at the now grinning blond boy who seemed to win every single argument. Damn him to hell.

Trying to get the conversation started again, Mel asked, “Well, the fishing trip sounds like a lot of fun, Gus. What else did you do during your visit? You didn’t spend all day, every day on the beach, did you?”

“We goed to da beach a lot, Momma. Almos’ evry day,” Gus rushed to detail every single thing they’d done during his entire two-week stay. “An we builded da most amazin’ castle. Jus showed us how. It’s called Ft. Squid. An it’s guarded by Squidward an his frens. An den one day, Jus maded me inna a squid too so I could hep wif da guardeding. An Daddy was a liz-zerd an Jus was a ‘guana. An we goed to da rep-till zoo an I gots to hug a boa ‘strictor an we gots to be onna news. An Daddy tooked me to da ‘quarium an I gots to swim wif Arianna da Mermaid. An I losted my toof an gots to meet da bwoo toof hairy - she was sooooo bootifool. An I gots a girlfren called Molsk - I’m
gonna marry her when I gets older. An we goed to dis park an gots to rided a train inna fish tunnel an . . . an . . . What else did we do, Jus?”

“Whoa. Slow down there, Sonny Boy,” Brian laughed at his energetic son. “You have to stop and take a breath every so often or you’re going to pass out before you finish telling your moms about all your adventures.”

“How long were we gone?” Mel asked, laughing herself at the boy’s eagerness. “Based on that list of things, you must have been here months, not just two short weeks.”

“It sounds like he had a lot of fun.” Lindsey turned to Brian on her left and smiled condescendingly at him. “Thank you, Brian. I’m glad we took such a big chance and trusted you. Apparently you two did a lot together. I’m really proud of how you stepped up for this vacation with your son.”

“Cookie’s the one you should be thanking,” Brian was quick to respond, noting out of the corner of his eye the way the seething blond boy was about to vent and hoping to defuse the situation. “He’s the one who played tour guide to both of us these past two weeks. Even when he had to work, he had the perfect suggestions for where Gus and I should visit - like the mermaid thing. If it weren’t for Justin, Gus and I probably would have spent every day at the beach - not that we didn’t have fun there too, right, Sonny Boy?”

“My Jus is da bestest!” Gus was quick to agree, leaning to his left and encircling the man’s neck with his thin arms in a remarkably strong stranglehold. “He can do anyfing. He can cook an draw an paints an make sand castles an fish an dance. An he’s da bestest friens an know all da ‘mazingest places to go. I never had so much fun in my whole ‘tire life. An since I’s now a ‘ornery Taylor too, I can come visit him wheneva I wants to. Jus promised. An soon Jus is gonna come live wif us in Pissburg an he can marry Daddy an be my ‘ornery an real daddy too. An den I’m gonna marry Molsk an he’ll be my big bubba too! Dats gonna be so cool, huh, Daddy?”

“Now, Lambskin, no need to make up stories,” Lindsey admonished. “You know better than to say things that aren’t true.”

“But it IS true!” Gus insisted. “Jus is da bestest. An he’s gonna move to Pissburg wif Daddy an we’re gonna be a fambly.”

“Gus! Stop it right now!” Lindsey demanded harshly. “I won’t have you spouting all this nonsense. You can’t just make up stories like this and then go around telling everyone they’re true. There’s no way your father’s going to marry some know-nothing short order cook that he met on vacation. Your father’s not going to marry anyone, Honey. We’re all going to go home and go back to our real lives
- You’re going to start first grade in the fall and you’ll be much too busy to worry about stuff like that anyway. And your father will be going back to work and his real life while Justin stays here where HE lives. So let’s not have any more of this ridiculous talk, okay, Sweetie?"

Gus was getting more and more upset over Lindsey’s accusations that he was lying. “Mommy! I’s not lyin’! I knows dats wrong!” The unhappy tyke’s lower lip started to protrude as he continued, “Daddy says Jus is gonna work fer him, an Daddy never lies. So if Daddy says it, den Jus is gonna be in Pissburg!” At that point, Gus looked beseechingly at Brian - he needed his father to back him up and let his mommy know that he wasn’t lying.

Brian could see that Lindsey was losing all patience with their son, and he was fed up with the way she was all but outright accusing Gus of being a liar. “Lindsey,” he started - using her full name to let her know how serious he felt about the matter, “Gus is absolutely correct. Justin and I have been discussing the possibility of him working for me at Kinnetik. Such a talented artist would be a real asset, so, provided that Justin agrees, there’s a very good chance he’ll be coming to Pittsburgh sometime in the not too distant future. And, if so, I don’t see why Gus wouldn’t be able to see a lot more of Cookie.”

“Fine. Whatever,” Lindsey conceded grudgingly. “But I still don’t think it’s right that you’ve let him get all this nonsense about you two getting married into his head. That’s absolutely ludicrous and you know it. And what’s with all this about him calling THAT . . . that boy . . . his ‘daddy’,” Lindsey’s glare at the fuming blond sitting on the other side of the table was condescendingly scathing. “It’s not right that you’re letting Gus get all excited about something that we both know is an impossibility, Brian. This is exactly why Mel and I didn’t want you to have Gus for so long without some supervision. It’s not fair of you to expose him to your latest boy toy and let him get attached when we all know that they never last for long. To be honest, I’m surprised THAT one has lasted this long. He’s really not your type at all, Brian. I’m sure you could do much, MUCH better. But this is why - even though you know I DO want you to be part of Gus’ life - I just don’t think you’re ready to spend so much time with him. You just can’t control yourself, Brian. I’m sorry, but you and I both know it’s true . . .”

“That’s IT!” Justin stood up and slammed his fist down on the table so hard that the glassware rattled. “I don’t know you well enough to give a flying fuck what you say about me. But I refuse to sit here and listen to you saying shit about Brian in front of his son! You don’t know shit about Brian if you think that he’d EVER in a million years do anything to hurt Gus. He’s one of the best fathers - the best parent of either gender - I’ve ever seen. He did EVERYTHING for Gus while he was here the past two weeks. I’ve never seen anyone more devoted or caring. And I won’t put up with you saying otherwise.” Justin huffed a deep breath, trying to rein himself in, and then pushed his chair back. “Now, I’m going to take Gus to the other room so he doesn’t have to listen to more of this argument - which, by the way, you, the supposedly ‘good’ parent, are subjecting him to. While I’m gone you need to decide whether you can keep your fat, prissy trap shut or not. If you can’t, then I suggest you get the fuck out and come back when you learn how to show some respect to your child’s father!”
“Get your hands off my son,” Lindsey screeched as Justin laid one hand on the boy’s shoulder, trying to guide the now teary-eyed child away from the table.

“Lindz . . .” Mel placed her own hand on her partner’s arm, trying to calm the irate woman. “I think he’s right - Gus doesn’t need to hear this. How about if I go with them and make sure Gus is okay?” Lindsey nodded irritably, and Mel took that as her signal to escape the argument that had only just begun. “Come on, Gus. Let’s go talk in your room. Okay? You can tell me more about what you did for the past couple of weeks.”

Once Mel, Justin, and Gus were behind the closed door of the office the boy was using as his room, Lindsey turned to Brian, ready to restate her point.

“I have no idea how you can stand that insufferable, nosy, little brat, Brian. I don’t think I’ve ever met anyone that rude in my entire life. And where does he get off telling US how to raise our son?” Lindsey was already well into a pre-rehearsed rant that she’d obviously been working on, probably since before they left Fire Island two weeks earlier. “I don’t care how great his ass is, Brian. You can not be serious about hiring him. How can you stand being around him at all? He’s so presumptuous and pushy! If you do bring him to Pittsburgh, there’s no way I will allow you to let him around Gus. Look what’s happened after only a couple weeks! I mean, really, it’s no wonder Gus is starting to think you’re a couple or something. I bet that gold-digger has been putting all sorts of ideas into his head. And if that’s the kind of person you’re going to be letting our son spend time with, then there’s no way I’m going to allow you any more time with Gus.”

Brian simply sat there and listened to the dross dripping from his old friend’s lips for a few minutes. All he could hear was the jealousy and possessiveness behind the words. Not to mention the nasty, judgemental, classist attitude. Was this woman really the same avant-garde, non-conformist, free-spirited activist he’d become friends with back in college? She sounded more like her conservative, self-righteous parents than the proud, out lesbian that he thought he knew. And, frankly, he was disgusted by this woman.

Brian shook his head, pushed his chair away from the table and stood up without saying a word. It wasn’t worth arguing with her. She wouldn’t listen to anything he said. She was already convinced she was right and there wasn’t any room in her mind for any alternative opinions. The only thing Brian could do was get away from her as quickly as possible before the urge to deck her got out of hand.

“Brian? Brian, where are you going? We need to talk about this, Brian. Brian?” Lindsey’s demanding voice followed him as he picked up the platter with the uneaten fish and carried it off to the kitchen. So much for the extravagant dinner that Cookie and Gus had been so excited to share with the girls. He hoped that shark steak and bacon-wrapped scallops kept.
Meanwhile, back in the dining room, Lindsey was still chafing over the fact that she’d been so rudely disrespected by the interloping blond boy and that nobody seemed to care about it other than her. How dare he? And why didn’t anyone else see him for what he really was? Why didn’t Brian or Mel tell him off? Why was she suddenly all alone at the table? Where had everyone gone?

She threw down her own napkin on the plate full of food that she’d barely picked at. She wasn’t about to eat anything that stupid kid had made, anyway. Everyone else could go on singing Justin’s praises, but she didn’t think either he, his cooking, or his artwork was anything special. She wasn’t going to clean up after him either, so she left her plate where it was and simply walked away. The hired help could handle the cleanup later. She was tired. It had been a long day and, even though Lindsey had slept on the flight from Paris, they’d still had to deal with the NYC traffic and the ferry to get here to Fire Island. Then she’d had to deal with the little brat and this farce of a dinner. All she wanted to do right now was climb in the bathtub, take a long soak, then get into a nice, comfortable bed. Fuck Mr. Justin Taylor and all his ridiculous notions.

Lindsey quickly ducked into the guest bedroom, pulled out her toiletry bag and pajamas, and then walked back down the hall to the guest bath. She reached around the half-closed shower curtain, pulled on the knob to start the water running in the tub so it would get warm, and then went over to the sink to brush her teeth. When she felt the air in the small room beginning to get steamy, she flipped the lever to stop up the tub so it would begin to fill. She couldn’t fault Brian for renting a poorly maintained beach house - the tub was large and the hot water heater seemed to be working overtime. Which was exactly as it should be. She rummaged around in the cupboard, found a bottle of bubble bath, and emptied a large portion into the water. It was going to feel so good to relax in a hot bath and let the water melt away all the stress caused by that trollop that Brian was dallying with.

By the time she was done at the sink, the room was thick with steam. She switched off the big overhead lights - leaving only the dimmer lights around the mirror on - in order to make the lighting in the room more relaxing. Then she made her way over to the tub. She reached up and slid the shower curtain all the way back then dipped one toe into the steamy water. Judging it to be just the right temp - hot but not hot enough to scald - she stepped all the way in and sank down under the water.

It felt heavenly. Lindsey hadn’t realized just how stressed out she’d been until she finally found a little peace in which to let herself unwind. Brian was so infuriating sometimes. She tried to tell herself that it was just Brian. She knew what he was like and most of the time she applauded his bad boy panache. She liked that he was unapologetic and wild and that he did whatever he wanted without caring about anyone’s opinions. She’d always admired that side of him.

But now that they had a child together, she was starting to wonder a bit. She didn’t want Brian to change - not really - but still, couldn’t he be a little more responsible around Gus? Granted, financially he was a great provider and was always very generous when she asked him for something for their son. And she didn’t mind him tricking, per se - that was just part and parcel of the Brian Kinney she knew and loved. But this new side of him, taking in some stray blond waif that he was apparently now going to take back to Pittsburgh and provide with a real job? Well, that was too
much. She’d simply have to talk to him and show him what a bad idea that really was. He didn’t need that Justin. And she didn’t need Justin around horning in on HER scene either.

Once she’d resolved that in her mind, Lindsey felt so relieved. She let her body sag a little lower under the water until it was lapping at her chin and only her knees were poking up a little above the waterline. She closed her eyes and sighed happily. This was the life. She wished they had a tub this big back in their house in Pittsburgh. Maybe Brian would loan them the money to remodel the bathroom? If she could only think of a way to make it about Gus, she was sure she could talk him into it . . .

The fabric of the shower curtain rustled a bit around Lindsey’s head and she languidly reached out with one hand to shove it further away. It seemed to be bunched up a little around the lip of the tub so she flicked her wrist, hoping to dislodge it from whatever it was caught on. It didn’t move though and she had to grab hold of the curtain more firmly in her hand, trying to figure out what was causing the problem without opening her tired eyes.

*Hisssssss*

The shower curtain hissed angrily at Lindsey.

Lindsey’s eyes popped open and she looked up to find one beady black eye staring down at her from the side of a scaly orange and yellow lizard face.

She screamed like the best horror movie Scream Queen ever to grace the silver screen. Then she tried to jump out of the tub, only to trip, grab hold of the shower curtain, and then slip onto her ass, pulling the curtain down with her. She was so stunned that she gave up the screaming and just lay there on the floor trying to catch her breath.

While she lay there, sprawled inelegantly on the sloshing tile floor, the beast that had been watching her shower scampered down the length of fabric that had been the shower curtain onto Lindsey’s lower leg, hissed at her again, and then leapt from the top of her knee down to the tiles on the floor right at the apex of her widespread thighs.

Which is why the rest of the household found her as soon as they managed to jimmy the lock on the bathroom door and rushed in.

“Lindsey? What’s wrong? Did you fall? Are you okay?” Mel knelt down next to her panic-stricken,
incoherent, shrieking partner. “Are you hurt?”

“Getitoff! Getitoff! Getitoff!” the prostrate blonde kept caterwauling at the top of her lungs, scrabbling at something between her thighs that nobody else could see.

Brian, who was trying to avoid looking at the naked woman lying on his floor - especially the parts between her thighs - didn’t know what to do. He wasn’t about to go THERE. Not even to help rescue one of his oldest friends. He just did not do pussy. The one time he’d ventured there had been more than enough for him, and he wasn’t about to go back no matter what the consequences. So he just stood in the doorway, feeling useless, while Mel tried to get hold of Lindsey’s flailing hands and pull the shower curtain off at the same time so that she could figure out what the hell was wrong.

Amidst all the chaos, Gus had ducked between his father and the doorjamb and was standing just inside the bathroom wondering what was going on. Justin, likewise, had been drawn to the noise and was hovering just behind Brian, blocking the rest of the door. None of the three boys knew what to do so they just waited.

Which happened to be the moment when the originator of this chaotic scene made his slithering presence known, calmly sauntering out from underneath a flap of the shower curtain and skittering over to the relative safety by the cabinet that housed the sink. Gus, who was just a couple feet away, happily scooped up his new pet and gave the skittish creature a hug. The sight of the lepidote monster in her child’s arms sent Lindsey off into a new freshet of hysterics, which Mel was only able to quell by slapping a hand over her mouth.

“It’s okay, Mommy. It’s only Spike. You don’ needs to be scarit. He’s a nice dragon. See!” Gus held the animal out for Lindsey’s inspection, causing her to wriggle and squirm until she was all the way up against the furthest wall. “Is you okay, Spike? My mommy dinna mean ta scare you. I fink you jus’ spriseded her. Don’ worry. When she gets to know you, she’ll love you jus’ as much as I do. Right, Mommy?”

Lindsey fainted. Which was a huge relief because everything once again got quiet. And Brian and Justin were finally able to make a strategic retreat from the bathroom containing the loud, irrational, naked woman.

So much for easing Lindsey into the idea of Gus’ new pet.

Brian grinned and promptly covered his mouth as he turned away. Though his Cookie had not been responsible THIS time, Brian still had to admit that his life had taken a decidedly NON boring turn this summer. He couldn’t help the chuckle when he admitted to himself that THIS time, it was all on
him. Life was good.

Chapter Theme Music - *The Lizard Life.*

Chapter End Notes

8/26/16 - Thanks (or complaints, whichever you deem appropriate) go out to Saje for suggesting that Gus’ new pet be a bearded dragon. Hope you like it better than Lindsey did. Thanks to my Comma Momma for helping me finish the chapter. Sorry that we were unable to fit any good smut in this one - and I SOOOOO wanted to use that ‘milking the lizard’ pun too, damn it! Oh well. We’ll try to make it up to you later. We’ve almost got the boys through Gus’ visit. Which means we’re almost at the end of June . . . with only a week left to write this damn thing before our own summer is over. LOL. Neverfear, we shall carry on and try to end this story before the snow hits at least. S&T.
“Hey, you!” Brian poked the sluggish blond in the ribs again but only got another muffled grunt. “Wakey, wakey, Cookie. We’re burning daylight here and I have plans for that ass that require you to be at least awake enough to mumble ‘harder’ every so often.”

“No. Too early. Sunday. Don’t wanna . . .” the lethargic lump hiding beneath the bed sheets rumbled indistinctly.

“Come on, Cookie. You can’t just lie there all day. Besides, it’s Gus’ last day here and I know he’s going to want to go to the beach and see his castle one last time with his ‘Jus’. You wouldn’t let Gus down, would you?”

“Argh! You’re incorrigible, Mr. Kinney! You know that, right?” Justin grumbled but rolled over and unearthed his head from beneath the shelter of the pillows. “Using your five year old son to manipulate me is really, really low.”

“Yeah, but it worked,” Brian replied, waggling his eyebrows and grinning teasingly at his bed mate.

“Fine. You win. I’ll get up,” Justin sighed. “But you do realize I’m scheduled to work at the Albie today, right? And since I’m opening, I have to be there even earlier than usual. I don’t think I’ll have much time with Gus before he leaves.”

“Shit! Really?” Brian flopped back on the bed at this unwelcome news. “Can’t you call in sick or something, Cookie? I know Gus is really looking forward to one last beach adventure.”
“I can’t afford to miss work, Brian,” Justin replied, sounding almost as sad about it as Brian was.

“How much do you make at that shithole job in a day, anyway, Cookie?” Brian asked, sitting back up and smiling once again. “It can’t be that much. How about I just pay you the same amount you’d make there and then you don’t have to bother?”

“I’m not a fucking escort service, Brian. I’m not taking money for acting the whore for you all day, so fuck off.”

“I know you’re not, Cookie. Hell, if you were, I’d already be broke after having to pay for your services for the past month,” Brian tried to lighten the mood but Justin’s expression remained tense. “But that’s not what it would be, Justin. I know that you need the money, and since I’m asking you to forego a day’s pay, I’d just like to make it up to you. That’s all it would be. I promise. But it would really mean alot to me if you would do this for Gus. Please?”

Justin looked up at Brian, trying to read his true motivation in the expressive hazel eyes. He didn’t see any subterfuge or manipulation there. What he did see was honesty, need, and maybe even a hint of insecurity. Brian really did want him to stay home today. And Justin would certainly enjoy spending some more time with Gus before the kid left. It’s not like The Albatross wouldn’t still be there tomorrow. The fucking pub could do without him for one day - let one of the other slackers who were always calling off work cover for him for a change.

“Fine. I’ll stay here for the day, Brian. And... thanks,” Justin capitulated, then started to roll back over and make himself comfortable once again.

“Hey! That doesn’t mean you can go back to sleep, Princess,” Brian insisted, grabbing hold of Justin’s right wrist and pulling him back over. “We’ve got things to do. Starting with making up for last night.”

Brian took the one wrist he already had in his hand and pinned it above the blond boy’s head. A minute later, he had the other wrist locked in the same grip. Justin, of course, hadn’t put up any resistance at all. Brian really liked that about the kid. And he showed his appreciation by leaning down and leaving a nice, gentle, happy little morning kiss on the full, pouty, coral-pink lips that he’d been thinking of ever since he first opened his eyes that morning. Justin returned the kiss in kind - a light caress, not too demanding as of yet, but evidencing definite potential. Brian could have stayed right there and reveled in those ultra-soft lips, but he was drawn by the scent of warm, sleepy maleness and simply couldn’t resist burrowing his head into the crook of the younger man’s neck, brushing lightly over the tender skin he found there as he inhaled the delicious aroma. Hell, warm blond boy had to be the most erotic perfume in the known universe. That scent alone could get him
granite hard faster than anything else he’d ever experienced.

It smelled so good, that he just let himself linger there for a while. Nipping and kissing along the boy’s collarbone, in the hollow under his Adam’s apple, along the tendons of the long, supple neck, behind a shell-like ear . . . It was all so good. So pleasureable. Brian didn’t even really feel the need to move on. Maybe he’d just spend the whole day worshipping Cookie’s neck.

At a certain point, though, the electrical circuitry in his brain was overridden by the more imperative demands of his cock. It was understandable - after the brouhaha with Lindsey over Gus’ new pet the night before, and the ‘discussion’ that had gone on well into the evening, neither Brian nor Justin had been in the mood to fuck, so the pair had just gone to bed and collapsed. Which, by the way, said a lot about just how bad the fight with Lindsey had been, since Brian couldn’t remember any other time since he hit puberty that he hadn’t been in the mood for sex. But arguing for several hours with an irate and irrational lesbian could put anyone out of the mood. However, Brian was fully recovered by the time he awoke and his body was definitely in the mood for Justin’s ass now. So his brain was easily overruled by parts of him that were clamoring for him to get on with it already.

It seemed like Justin’s body was fully on board with this plan of action as well. Brian could feel the way the boy’s stout cock was twitching and jumping, dribbling little trails of sticky pre-cum along the skin of Brian’s hip where it was waiting for some attention. If they had more time, Brian could think of so many creative ways to entertain that happy little lizard sticker. Unfortunately, he knew that they wouldn’t have long before Gus was awake and ready for action. So Brian was going to have to move things along.

Brian had already made sure that the necessary supplies were waiting on the side table before he woke up his companion. It took no time at all to tear open the condom packet and hand it over to an eager Justin, who knew just what to do. A little lube in the palm of Brian’s hand and before you knew it, he had his fingers inside that tight ring of muscle, probing for the sweet spot within that he knew would make the preparation and stretching almost as much fun for his partner as what was yet to come. The hiss of indrawn breath and a sibilant ‘oh, yes’, were all Brian needed to hear to know he’d found his target - although he probably would have guessed he’d hit the spot as soon as the writhing and bucking started in the body underneath him.

When the moaning became loud enough that Brian started to wonder if their guests would be awakened, he realized it was time to move on. He quickly moved into place on his knees between the creamy thighs that unfurled even wider to make room for their welcome guest. Brian looped his forearms under each knee and pressed the boy’s legs up higher so that Justin’s ass was perfectly aligned and resting on his own thighs.

Then it was simply a matter of pressing against the sweet mahogany knot and watching as the puckered flesh enveloped his hot hard length. Shit! That had to be one of the most beautiful sights in the world. Brian got even harder as he watched his cock disappearing into those velvety depths. And
it was hot. And tight. And he always felt unstoppable when he was sinking into that wondrous, welcoming world. And the way that his Cookie’s hole seemed to be just perfectly formed to fit Brian’s cock was practically a fucking miracle.

It was virtually impossible to hold himself back after that. Luckily, Brian didn’t have to. He just let himself go, ramming into Justin over and over again, relishing each and every tiny electric jolt caused by the ongoing friction as the waves of bliss rose higher and higher until they washed over his body in a tsunami of sensuality that temporarily short-circuited his brain.

When Brian finally started to regain his higher mental faculties, he found himself still sprawled atop the smaller frame of his lover, Justin’s cooling cum gluing their torsos together and a contented little smile gracing the pretty coral lips.

Now THAT’S how every Sunday morning should start off - the thought drifted lazily through Brian’s sated mind, and he didn’t care that it was probably completely out of character for him or that it was far too domesticated for his taste. All he cared about was that he felt amazingly good. Amazingly at ease. Amazingly happy. And he didn’t want that to change anytime soon.

“Daddy! Daddy! Daddy! Time to get up, Daddy! Come on! You promised we could go to da beach dis morning. You gotsta get offa Jus so he can gets up too, Daddy. Come ON!” Brian woke to his son pulling on his arm, trying to tug his body off the slumbering blond still pinned beneath him.

“Hold your horses there, Sonny Boy,” Brian chuckled at his hyperactive offspring, glad that his own body was covering Justin’s nakedness from his son’s innocent eyes. “I need to take Cookie and give him a shower before we can head to the beach - he’s a little stinky this morning, Gus. Why don’t you go wake up your mommies and show them how to feed Spike his crickets and we’ll be right out. Okay?”

“Okay, Daddy. But HURRY!” Gus ordered and then loped out of the room eager to go play with his new pet.

“Ugh! When I agreed to take the day off and stay here, I forgot that Lindsey would be here too. Maybe I should go into work after all. She’s less likely to have a major cow if I’m not around to provoke her,” Justin opined, regretting his decision now that he looked at the possibility of going to work as an opportunity to flee from their detestable house guests.

“No fucking way are you backing out now, Cookie. You can’t leave me alone with the Mad Munchers,” Brian shuddered at the very idea of having to face and placate Lindsey alone again. “But
don’t worry - I have a cunning plan for how to keep them busy and out of our hair. I’m going to send
them to the spa for the day. That should make Lindsey happy and get them out of the house for the
morning so we can enjoy our last day with Gus. What do you think? Brilliant, right?”

“Actually, that is pretty smart,” Justin conceded with a smile, glad he wouldn’t have to try and
maintain his cool around Lindsey for too long. “Okay. I’ll stay. But I don’t promise to be nice if she
starts something between now and when you ship her off to the spa, so you’d better keep her away
from me.”

“I’ll do my best, Cookie. I’ll do my best,” Brian promised. “Now, let’s get you into the shower and
try to scrub all this dried cum off you. You really do stink, you know.”

“Fuck you, Kinney,” Justin shot back with an endearing smile as they rolled out of bed and made
their way to the shower for some cleaning . . . along with another quick round of shower sex to make
sure they weren’t too clean.

Lindz let out a moan of pleasure as the rather brawny attendant massaged her feet. Hell, but she
needed the relief from this latest stressful stop on Fire Island. That damned gold-digging blond. He
was clearly the one responsible for enamoring Gus of all things lizard.

As the pedicurist pushed down on another pressure point, Lindz again endeavored to relax. She
could really get into this approach to a pedicure - first a foot massage, then exfoliation, and finally a
pedicure. She hadn’t been able to keep her half of the appointment at Les Petits Soins in Paris since
there had been no way they would provide a mani and pedi to a grotesque-looking woman who was
in the early stages of recovering from a poison sumac rash. Lindz had spent their entire first day in
Paris, lying in one of the queen-size beds at their hotel, grumbling and bewailing the misfortune that
had befallen her on Fire Island. Mel, however, had thoroughly enjoyed her visit to the internationally
renowned salon and had regaled Lindz with tales of the premium service she’d received.

Lindz felt a renewed surge of irritation with her wife as she recalled how Melanie had gloried in their
Parisian dream vacation, while she hadn’t been able to fully enjoy the sights, the cuisine, or the
romance of the City of Lights. She didn’t exactly blame Mel for having such a good time while she’d
been miserable, but she could have done without hearing about each and every fantastic adventure in
excruciating detail. She hadn’t really felt up to anything much until the final two days of the trip and
she did resent that she’d missed out on so many things. Just as she was getting upset all over again
about that fiasco, however, she felt Mel’s fingers slipping into her own and looked over to see her
wife smiling at her. Tentatively, she half-smiled back. “Honey, isn’t this a really nice way to end our
vacation?” her petite brunette partner queried. “We can relax, be pampered, and feel reinvigorated
when we finally get home.”
“Have you two ladies been vacationing here on Fire Island?” the woman seated to Lindsey’s left asked in a warm, friendly tone. “I’ve lived here most of my life and know how much fun a summer holiday can be for visitors - the beaches, the restaurants, the galleries, shopping, sailing, swimming.” With a self-deprecating laugh, the woman continued, “I must sound like a television promoter for the island. But it really is a wonderful, welcoming destination.” She extended a hand toward Lindsey, “I’m Jennifer, by the way. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Lindz found herself smiling back at Jennifer, who looked quite elegant and refined in her crisp, pleated, white linen shorts and sleeveless navy blouse. This salon at The Palms Hotel really wasn’t half-bad and seemed to cater to an appropriately upscale clientele. “I’m Lindsey,” she responded, clasping Jennifer’s hand. Motioning toward Mel, she added, “This is my wife, Melanie.” The brunette leaned over and shook Jennifer’s hand in turn, commenting that it was a pleasure to meet her.

“Yes, we’re just finishing up our international summer holiday with a visit to family who’ve been vacationing here on the island,” Lindz murmured a bit haughtily, making it sound as though she’d done her family a favor by visiting them. “Really, though, except for this hotel which DOES cater to its clients’ needs, I haven’t been that impressed with Fire Island. I’m sorry to have to tell you that since you seem like a nice person.”

“That doesn’t sound right. Whatever happened to so disenchant you?” Jennifer wondered with a slight frown. “Perhaps I can help rectify matters - maybe invite you ladies to lunch and then join you in a bit of shopping before you leave? If you like art, there’s a wonderful gallery in Ocean Beach which displays work by local artists, some of whom have received worldwide acclaim. Would that be of interest to you?”

“Our time is limited since we depart for home this evening . . . but that does sound tempting.” Lindsey tilted her head, pursed her lips, and somewhat condescendingly offered, “I’m an artist myself, although I’m not currently displaying any of my paintings.” She tittered deprecatingly, “Since Melanie and I became parents, it’s just been so difficult to find time to devote to my art, but I do keep my hand in by managing an art gallery back home.” The snooty blonde made it sound as though she owned the gallery and always personally selected the artists whose artwork would be shown in HER gallery. “I wouldn’t mind taking a look at what your local artisans have to offer and deciding whether it would be worth my while to invite any of them to the emerging artists’ exhibition that we’ll be hosting in the fall.”

Jennifer grinned and confessed, “Well, I may have a bit of an ulterior motive since my son is one of the artists. But I promise not to tell you which pieces are his. I’d rather his work be selected purely on merit if any of his paintings or drawings should intrigue you.”

Lindsey felt herself mellowing, truly pleased to have encountered a congenial, fellow art lover. The three women conferred over the palette of nail polish colors, deciding what they’d like for their
toenails and later for their fingernails, assisting one another with choosing complementary shades. “If I’d met you when we stopped over on Fire Island before our departure for Paris,” the blonde wannabe artist lamented, “I might have formed an entirely different opinion of this place. But you wouldn’t believe what a series of disasters this island inflicted on us. Right, Sweetie?” Lindz asked, turning her head toward Melanie.

The brunette knew better than to contradict her wife, so she just nodded in agreement. She was just glad to have Lindsey in a good mood after two weeks of nearly nonstop complaining; that alone made it worthwhile to pretend that disasters had befallen both of them rather than just Lindsey.

“Well, I dearly love my son’s father,” Lindsey confided, “but he’s not the most responsible parent in the world. I really debated about leaving my Lambskin with him, particularly since he’s recently taken up with another one of his flings. The horrible little townie had the nerve to move himself into Peter’s beach house within days of Peter’s arrival on the island. It’s so obvious that this boy’s not from a good home and is only after my friend for his money. This boy has been an absolutely terrible influence on both Peter and my son.”

Jennifer puzzled over who this Peter could be and whether he was really as neglectful of a father as Lindsey described. She hadn’t heard about any islander living with a visitor named Peter and his young son. The island just wasn’t all that big, and there weren’t many rental beach homes that would afford the luxury that Lindsey clearly expected as her due, so Jenn thought she would have known if something like that was happening. Perhaps, this woman was wrong, or at the very least exaggerating? Either way, Jenn was beginning to regret her friendly overtures. The brunette, although not nearly as loquacious as the blonde, seemed quite likeable. As Lindsey chattered away, however, she exuded an air of entitlement that was becoming more and more repellant.

“You just wouldn’t believe it, Jennifer!” Lindsey nattered on, “after leaving that dive bar where we were forced to listen to the blond brat who professed to be able to sing - What a joke! - I got a bit turned around, ended up in the woods, and was mauled by a bear.” Lindz shuddered in horror at the memory. “I don’t know if I’ll ever recover from that experience. And, even worse, the HUGE black bear tossed me into some kind of poisonous shrub and was about to take a bite out of me,” the prissy blonde exaggerated, although in her mind she was telling the absolute truth and not mixing up the sequence of events. “Luckily I was able to scramble away when its fur got stuck in the brambles.”

Lindz glanced at Jennifer and assumed from the expression on her face plus the sputtering sounds from her fellow blonde that Jenn was both horrified by and sympathetic to her travails. In actuality, Jenn was choking back laughter. She’d heard through the island grapevine about the madwoman who’d claimed to have been the victim of a bear attack and had then assaulted Officer Joe Taggart. She knew the Taggarts well and had commiserated with Elaine, Joe’s wife, over Joe having been the unlucky officer who had to manhandle the madwoman into submission. Jenn and Elaine had ended up giggling hysterically when Joe related how he’d had to hose down the neurotic fruitcake to eliminate the oils from the poison sumac. Laughter kept trying to bubble up as Jenn realized Lindsey was the raving lunatic. *hehehe* Bear in the woods. *snort* Apparently the nutcase still didn’t know what kind of bear she’d encountered.
Jennifer felt a wave of anger roll through her. When Lindsey mentioned Gus by name for the first time, she finally realized that ‘Peter’ and Brian must be one and the same - although she had no idea why Lindsey called him Peter. Perhaps that was Brian’s middle name? But not only was Lindsey maligning Brian’s parenting skills, she was also badmouthing Justin. Enough!

Jennifer stood up and looked at Lindsey in utter disgust, as if the woman were dog shit that she wanted to scrape off the sole of her shoe. “It must be so very terrible for you to have had to endure all these troubles, Lindsey,” Jennifer oozed with false sympathy. “You’ve been force fed fresh seafood cuisine prepared by the best chef on the island. You’ve been entertained by the most popular band and the finest vocalist on not only Fire Island but Long Island as well. I’m sure your son has inundated you with all the horrible tales of learning to fish, to build sandcastles, and to paint nails.” Jenn’s voice had escalated and now carried to every corner of The Palms salon. “It must be absolutely AWFUL to have such a happy, well-adjusted, loving son who’s had the best two weeks of his life.”

Lindz gaped slack-jawed at Jennifer, wondering what had turned her new friend into such a fire-breathing virago. Jenn skewered Lindsey with a withering glare. “You don’t have one-tenth of the talent, kindness, and work ethic that Justin displays. How dare you accuse my son of being a gold-digger? He’s worked hard all his life to help support me and his sister.” Jenn was trembling, she was so furious with this blonde witch and her unfounded criticism. “If, as you claim, you really love Brian, you’d have long since seen that he’s a caring, attentive father. Gus is convinced - correctly - that his dad is the bestest ever. From what I’ve observed, Brian’s also a generous, devoted friend.” Jennifer warned, “But, if this morning is any indication of how you talk to Brian, you’d better be careful or you’ll lose that wonderful man’s friendship - not that it would be any loss to Brian!”

Looking down her nose at the stunned blonde woman, Jennifer delivered her parting shot. “You want to know what I think? I think you’re jealous. You can’t stand that Justin has captured Brian’s interest. You want Brian - and his money - for yourself, but you couldn’t possibly compete with MY son. If you ask me, you’re the one who’s nothing but pretentious trash.”
Jennifer turned her back on the red-faced, sputtering, speechless blonde, and remarked to her pedicurist, “Ella, I’m sorry, but I’m going to have to reschedule the remainder of my spa day, if that’s possible. I simply can’t abide one more moment in this witch’s presence.”

“How could you let her talk to me like that, Melanie?” Lindsey raged as she rushed to gather up her belongings as soon as Jennifer had left. There was no way she could stay at the spa now, not with everyone - the other customers and the staff - eyeing her with such open hostility. “I can’t believe that bratty blond boy has RUINED my entire vacation!” she wailed as they hastened away from The Palms Hotel.

Mel caught up with Lindsey about two blocks away from the hotel. The vengeful blonde was, of course, heading in the wrong direction if her intent was to storm back to the beach house and have it out with the interloper once and for all. Mel wasn’t about to point that out right then, though. She’d had more than enough grouchy Lindsey over the past couple of weeks - no need to perpetuate the experience further - so Mel just followed along behind the ranting and still wildly gesticulating crazy woman who was her spouse.

Lindz slowed down a bit as she entered the more commercial section of Ocean Beach. She quickly determined that most of the shops were beneath her notice. What else could one expect in a remote, tacky little redneck town on Fire Island? The blonde sniffed dismissively. She couldn’t wait to leave this podunk excuse for civilization far behind . . . Wait. The gallery across the street looked promising. Glancing at the items displayed in the front windows, Lindz decided it was worthy of a closer look.

She stalked through the door, not yet ready to get off the warpath, but then felt all her tension and anger dissipate. This gallery reminded Lindz of ‘her’ art salon in Pittsburgh. It was classy and yet still felt welcoming. Open space, paintings and sculptures tastefully displayed, some smaller items to tempt browsers who couldn’t afford the larger pieces. Yes. This was very much like home. Lindsey felt she could finally relax, certain that the showroom was far too upscale to exhibit the kind of garbage that a lowlife like that upstart blond would produce.

Norah looked up as the brunette and blonde women entered her gallery. Hmm. They might be potential buyers, but the blonde seemed awfully out of sorts if the frown furrowing her brow was any indication of her mood.

“Welcome to Flames. Please feel free to look around, ladies, and let me know if you see anything that catches your fancy,” Norah stated from the packaging table in the back near her desk. “We’ve just gotten in some new paintings from one of our more sought-after artists. They’re over on the far wall if you’re interested. And I’ll be glad to answer any questions you may have if you give me just a
With a friendly smile, Norah returned to preparing Stud Kinney’s latest acquisitions for shipment in the new shipping crates she’d finally received the day before. She couldn’t keep herself from referring to him as ‘Stud’ instead of ‘Mr.’ That man was just too delectable to resist. She approved of his taste in art and artists too, she thought. It was high time that Justin’s artwork received the more widespread recognition that it deserved.

“Oh, what’s this?” the blonde customer questioned as she approached Norah. With an avaricious gleam in her eyes, she reached and out and stroked her fingers across the painting in Norah’s hands.

Holy shit! Didn’t this blonde know better than to put her fingers directly on the surface of a painting? The stud would be royally displeased if his purchases were smudged by dirty, oily fingerprints. “If you could please refrain from touching, Miss,” Norah implored, “this painting has already been sold, and I know the collector wouldn’t want it soiled before it has even been shipped.”

Lindsey reared back in offense. “How dare you suggest that I would damage such a fine painting?” she huffed in outrage. “I’m an artist and a gallery manager myself, you know.” The snobby, obnoxious, blonde termagant somehow managed to stick her nose up even further as she condescendingly added, “And I was just thinking that this particular painting MIGHT be suitable for the emerging artists’ show that’s coming up in September at MY gallery. Do you have any other works by this artist?” Lindz hadn’t been able to resist caressing the colorful torso that closely resembled Brian’s fine physique. After all, Brian hadn’t given her the opportunity to stroke his well-toned form since that drunken incident in college. She therefore had to take any chances that presented themselves.

“I’m sorry, but no,” Norah replied curtly, moving the painting away from the avaricious eyes of the pretentious woman. “These have all been purchased already. Everything we had by this artist was sold last week. I only still have them in the gallery because I was waiting on shipping crates for them. They’ll be going out first thing in the morning to their new owner.”

Before Norah could stop her, Lindsey had already pushed aside the torso painting and was examining the abstract rainbow explosion painting as well. Norah felt like decking the woman at the way she was manhandling the artwork so callously. It was bad enough that she was so disrespectful of a painting in the first place, but worse that she was pawing over work that was already sold to someone else. And someone who would definitely not be happy if his paintings were damaged even a tiny bit. Norah had to actually grab the woman’s wrist before she could reach out and touch the second canvas.

“As I said, these are already sold, Ma’am, and I’d appreciate it if you didn’t touch them. I’m financially responsible if anything at all were to happen to them before I get them shipped. And even
though I’m sure you wouldn’t mean to cause any harm, we don’t want any accidents, do we?” Norah tried to sound as polite as she possibly could while still moving the shrew away from the precious pieces.

“It’s a shame,” Lindsey ignored the protective shop owner and maintained her spot even while the woman tried to move her away. “These really are remarkable. I could actually see something like this in my gallery. Who is the artist? Is it someone I would have heard of before?”

“I doubt it. The artist is a local man and, as far as I know, he hasn’t shown his work outside of Fire Island. He goes by the artistic pseudonym, ‘JRT’,” Norah informed the so-called lady, then quickly moved the two pieces into their protective crate so as to get them away from the prying eyes and fingers. “If you'll excuse me for a minute, I need to take this to the back so it’s ready for the shipping company to pick up in the morning.”

Lindsey and Mel browsed for a few more minutes, but nothing else really compared to the two paintings Lindsey had seen that were already sold. They left soon afterwards. Norah was not all that upset to see them go. Mel was grateful that Lindsey was at least in a slightly better mood as they made their way back towards the beach house where they planned to finish packing up Gus’ things and then head off to the city and their flight home.

Lindz and Melanie encountered the boys returning from a last outing to Ft. Squid as they approached the beach house. Lindz was pouting and exclaiming to Melanie how unfair it was that she’d finally found ONE worthwhile thing on Fire Island, but some undereducated art collector had stolen the paintings out from under her nose. The brunette had tuned her wife out shortly after they departed from gallery. Hopefully, returning to their cozy domicile in Pittsburgh would be the cure-all for Lindsey’s bitchfest. Melanie loved her wife, but this two-week, woe-is-me tirade needed to cease. Or, at the very least, Mel need to have an excuse - like catching up at work - to get away from her for a good long while.

“Brian!” shouted Lindsey stridently as soon as she spied her friend, almost stamping her foot in vexation and not bothering to greet her ‘Lambskin,’. As usual, she ignored the bratty blond tagging along at Brian’s side. “You won’t believe it, Brian. I actually found something worthwhile on this backwater island. There’s a gallery in town that isn’t half bad, even though the manager really doesn’t know a thing about art. She had the temerity to suggest that I don’t know how to be respectful of paintings. I was just admiring the artist’s unique use of the human form and ebullient exploration of color, and she practically barked at me to stay away from the painting.” At that point, Lindsey flung her arms wide in frustration, almost smacking her wife across the face.

“Slow down, Lindz. What the fuck are you talking about?” Brian asked as he smirked at Mel’s rapid backstep away from her frenzied spouse.
“I found the PERFECT paintings for MY emerging artists’ show this fall, Brian,” Lindz whined, sounding remarkably like another of Brian’s friends. “But some collector - who probably has no clue what he’s acquired and won’t appreciate them properly - had already purchased them and arranged to have them shipped god knows where.” The blonde vixen was almost crying in frustration over the missed opportunity.

“Did you get the contact details for the artist, Lindz?” Brian hinted reasonably. “Perhaps you could approach the artist to view his or her other work or even ask that they create something new for the show.”

“I tried to do just that, Brian,” the dejected blonde replied, slumping down into one of the deck chairs. “However, that moronic manager told me that this particular artist has requested that she not release personal information about him. The idiot! Doesn’t she know that being included in my show could be just the big break this artist is waiting for? Unfortunately, all I know is that the artist goes by the moniker ‘JRT’.”

Justin goggled at his blonde nemesis before he burst out into hearty guffaws. *snort - giggle - snort* Brian looked like he was similarly afflicted but managed, barely, to restrain himself.

“Lindz, I hate to tell you this, but I’M the unappreciative collector. As for the artist, you’ve had plenty of opportunities to get to know him better and invite him to your show. He’s standing right in front of you. Maybe if you approach him as one professional to another, he’ll accommodate you?” Brian gestured towards Justin with a mischievous smile, noting Justin’s look of skepticism as the young artist shook his head in denial. “Or, maybe not . . .”

“You? *ughhh* You . . . you . . . That’s impossible! That’s just . . . impossible!” Lindsey spluttered, unable to find the words to voice her disbelief, before throwing up her hands in disgust. “I give up!” she added and then stomped off into the house without another look at the rest of the group following along more sedately behind her.

Lindsey did not come out of the guest room again until it was time for them to leave for the airport. Her downcast face reflected her sullen mood. On top of everything else, she’d lost the argument with Melanie in regard to whether Spike would be joining their household in Pittsburgh. The turning point in her adamant refusal to have that filthy, hissing, slithering critter in the house occurred when Mel noted, “Honey, it’s normal for boys to like lizards, snakes, and all those other creepy crawly things that give you the heebie jeebies. This will keep him occupied, and he won’t seem so ‘girly,’ okay?”

After another hour of pouting, counterarguments, and whining, Lindz finally conceded that Gus could have Spike as a companion as long as she never saw or heard the creature. “One HISS, Mel - just one single hiss - and that lizard is dog meat!” Mel promised that she would help Gus look after the newly-minted member of the Peterson-Marcus family. After turning away from her wife and
surreptitiously wiping the sweat from her brow, she allowed a smile of equal parts relief and joy to spread across her face. Her spouse could be so damned stubborn! Mel mentally patted herself on the back for her persuasive powers. She was an attorney with good reason. If I can win an argument with Lindz, the brunet thought to herself, I can sway a jury with no difficulty. Now she’d be able to reap the benefits of playing with Gus and Spike and bond even further with their son. Why couldn’t Lindz see how cool the bearded dragon was? Mel shrugged. Lindz’ loss, Mel’s gain.

Frankly, neither man - nor anyone else in town - would miss Lindz or her pissy attitude very much. Prior to the girls’ departure, Justin and Brian were too busy getting Gus’ things together - and then looking through the scrapbook of pictures and other mementoes that Justin had somehow managed to find time to put together - to worry about Lindz’ delicate sensibilities. When it was time to leave, the men accompanied the trio to the ferry dock, where they exchanged lingering hugs with Gus and muttered ‘good riddance’ under their breath in regard to the girls’ departure. There was even a small crowd of recently offended townsfolk who sighed in relief as the snooty blonde harridan boarded and was ferried away. “That’s all, folks,” Joe Taggart assured everyone as the ferry pulled away from the dock. “Let’s go back to work now and enjoy the remainder of a peaceful summer,” he urged as he chivvied the group onward.

“What’s that smirk about, Cookie?” Brian queried suspiciously as they turned to head back to the beach house once the ferry was out of sight. The blond looked far too happy in Brian’s estimation, even if Brian himself was about to dance a jig over the prospect of not having to see the women for another two months.

“Sorry, Boss, but I had to put the perfect parting gift in Lindsey’s handbag.” Brian just looked at him with confusion, so Justin continued to explain. “I thought she needed something besides my supposed artistic ineptitude to grouch about, so I slipped a large bag of sugar-free gummy bears into her bag. I’m guessing she’ll dive right in to assuage her sweet tooth as soon as she discovers them.”

“That seems like an awfully thoughtful gesture.” One of Brian’s eyebrows quirked upward suspiciously as he asked, “So, what’s the catch?”

“The sugar-free ones can be a little harsh on the digestive tract,” Justin explained briefly, but Brian still had a questioning look on his face. “Let’s just say Lindsey’s going to get painfully well acquainted with the porcelain throne before the night is through,” the mischievous blond added with an evil laugh. “Lindsey might think she knows everything about everything, but I’ve definitely gotten the last word.”

“Remind me again never to get on your bad side, Cookie,” Brian chuckled, putting his arm around the slim shoulders and giving a familiar little squeeze as they headed home to enjoy their once again empty beach house.
Chapter Theme Music - Crazy Bitch.

Chapter End Notes

8/28/16 - Apologies for all the Lindsey bashing - it’s nothing personal, we just needed a comedic foil and Lindz just fit perfectly. In case you don’t already know about the dangers of sugar-free gummy bears, read through the reviews on Amazon before you buy: Gummy Bear Dangers. Some of them are really pretty funny. Thanks to Nichelle for the suggestion for the gallery name. And Samcdee for her editing input. Thanks to eureka1 for helping me with large sections of the writing - it really helps and we get the chapters done a lot faster with you there! Now that we finally have the obligatory Gus visit finished, we can finally move this story back to the realm of pure smut . . . with a little plot added in wherever necessary. Off to write. S&T
Chapter Notes

Gus is gone and the summer is back to Brian and Justin's usual - i.e. lots o' smut! Enjoy!
S&T

*****Chapter dedicated to SandiD for being our 100th review on AO3*****

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 40 - What, What In The Butt.

For the week after Gus left, things had gone back to normal for Brian and Justin. Justin mostly worked during the day, either at The Albatross or doing various other jobs that he’d put off while Brian’s son was visiting. Brian kept himself amused during the daylight hours either through keeping up with Kinnetik business, working on his tan, or availing himself of the men and amenities he found on the beach near the house. Then the two men would meet up come evening, and Justin would entertain Brian with whatever distractions he’d thought up that day.

Brian wasn’t complaining about Justin’s efforts pursuant to their bet. He was endlessly diverted by his Cookie’s sexual creativity. That boy’s imagination was truly a wonder. And his stamina sometimes made even Brian feel wimpy. But whenever Brian was feeling overwhelmed, Justin seemed to sense it without him saying a word. And, at those times, the boy was always more than willing to stay in with him and personally fulfill his entertainment duties. As far as Brian was concerned, it was a match made in heaven - he knew he’d totally lucked out when he met Cookie that first day of his vacation.

By the time Sunday came around, though, Brian was feeling at loose ends. He didn’t want to work on a Sunday, and even the thought of roaming the beach for likely tail didn’t hold much interest. What Brian really wanted was to just hang out with Justin. They’d barely spent any time together over the past week except when they were busy fucking. And, after the prior couple of weeks when they’d spent so much time with Gus, going places together, talking, sharing stories, and generally spending lots of quality time together, Brian was feeling a little bored and gloomy.

In other words, Brian was lonely.
He found himself wandering listlessly through the beach house for about the fifth time, not really knowing what it was he was looking for in the empty rooms. When he came to the bedroom, he noted the little objects sitting around that belonged to his Cookie - a pair of sneakers peeking out from under the edge of the bed, a half-empty water bottle waiting on a coaster on the far nightstand, a rumpled t-shirt forgotten on the chair in the corner. Why the sight of all this clutter made him feel so comforted was a mystery to Brian, but for some reason it did. Brian liked seeing Justin’s things in his room.

Brian bent down to pick up the shoes and then carried them over to the closet to put them away. He laid them next to his own, straightening them just right so all the shoes aligned. Why that made him smile, Brian didn’t know and didn’t care to examine it too closely. Next he dumped out the water bottle, rinsed it, and left it on the counter in the bathroom for when Justin would need it next.

Finally, Brian went to pick up the t-shirt. Justin must have been wearing it that morning before he left for work since it was still a little damp along the hem where Justin had spilt some coffee and then quickly rinsed it out. Without thinking about why he was doing it, Brian lifted the shirt to his face and inhaled deeply, infusing his senses with the smell of Justin that still clung to the fabric. Brian felt himself start to get hard just from the scent. Then, on impulse, Brian pulled the too-small shirt over his own head and tugged it down, shoving his arms into the over-tight sleeves so that his entire body was now surrounded by the musky aroma of his absent lover.

Fuck, now he was even harder, and there was nobody there to help him out with his little problem.

Oh well! He WAS in the bedroom, so at least he was in the right spot to take care of things. That being decided, Brian simply unzipped the shorts he’d been wearing and flopped down on the bed, kicking the useless pants away as soon as he landed. Then he filled the palm of his hand with a large dollop of lube from the pump-top bottle next to the bed and took matters into his own hands, so to speak.

Brian pulled the neck of the cotton shirt up over his chin so that the smell of his Cookie was even stronger. The slightly sweaty musk that reminded him of the younger man was seriously erotic. If he closed his eyes, Brian could picture the blond’s compact, slim, yet still toned frame, imagining it hovering over him. As he slowly stroked his granite-hard dick, Brian imagined those long, thin, artistic fingers caressing him. He could feel Justin’s body curled up against him. He could imagine those talented lips leaving butterfly-light kisses all over him - his lips, his neck, his chest . . . Brian reached up with his free hand and rolled one nipple in his fingers until it became a hard little nub, moaning at the sensation as he envisioned Justin’s sharp white teeth worrying at the ultra-receptive spot. Then Justin would move lower, his tongue licking down Brian’s abdomen, tickling lower and lower until he reached the treasure trail that would lead him directly to the center of Brian’s universe.

As Brian’s fantasy progressed, so did the speed with which he was stroking himself. He could feel every single place on his body that his dream Justin had touched and every single imagined kiss. It
was the most tangible fantasy he had ever created and it was making him almost desperate to get off. He didn’t remember ever enjoying jerking off this much - normally he’d rather be balls deep in an ass, any ass, than servicing himself. But this time seemed different. This time, Brian was thoroughly enjoying the fantasy and, for some reason, it had already surpassed the reality of many of his past fucks. Shit! It just felt THAT good.

Right when Brian had reached the point where his fantasy blond lover was lowering himself down onto the pulsing, throbbing pole that was Brian’s dick, he was shocked out of his dream world by the feeling of real lips lightly grazing his own. His eyes popped open and he found he was looking up into the crystal blue eyes that he’d just been imagining. The mischievous smile in those eyes told him that the boy wasn’t at all put off by the scene he’d found transpiring in the bedroom. This was confirmed when Justin reached down, adding his hand to Brian’s own as they continued to stroke Brian’s tingling length together.

Brian couldn’t stop his hips from thrusting upward into the tight fist of his imaginary-lover-turned-real. Justin simply smiled down on him and tightened his grip a little, pulling even faster at the hot, throbbing flesh in his hand until Brian couldn’t take any more stimulation. He groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head and his body arching up off the bed involuntarily as a final rush of pleasure inundated Brian’s entire body and the pressure inside him was released in a gush of hot, wet cum that shot out, coating Justin’s hand as well Justin’s t-shirt which was still on Brian’s body.

“Nice shirt, Boss,” Justin commented with dry humor and an impish glint in his eye. “A little small for you, though?”

“Fuck you, Cookie,” Brian returned, his own bashful smile giving away the sense of embarrassment he felt at having been caught.

“Maybe later. Right now, I’m thinking you need to return the favor and take care of this boner you gave me,” Justin demanded, tugging on Brian’s hand to get him off the bed.

Brian gave in easily and let the youth tow him into the shower - with the damn shirt still on. As soon as the water was turned on, he eagerly reached down and grabbed hold of the stout cock that proved Cookie wasn’t lying about Brian’s actions causing him to pop a woody. In fact, Brian was more than happy to reciprocate, loving the feel of Cookie’s member in his hand.

“You do realize that coming home early and finding you jerking off in my shirt is about the hottest thing I’ve ever seen, don’t you?” Justin purred, leaning into Brian’s body under the warm water, and rubbing his own hands up and down over the wet t-shirt covering Brian’s chest.
“Justin . . .” Brian moaned out the name, almost as lost in giving this hand job as he’d been while receiving the earlier one.

“Yes. Say my name again, Brian. Say it!” Justin’s whisper demanded, pinching one of Brian’s nipples through the cotton fabric.

“Justin,” Brian hissed the name. And then again, “Justin.” And finally, with a groan of pure ecstasy, “Justin . . .,” causing the blond to blow his own load, painting Brian’s hand and the now sopping wet t-shirt in cum all over again.

“Shit!” they both exclaimed, almost at the same time, which caused them both to laugh.

The rest of the shower was filled with more laughter, more touching, more fun and comradeship. Which was exactly what Brian had desperately been in need of. Cookie didn’t seem to object either.

“By the way,” Justin commented when they finally turned off the water and climbed out of the shower, “you can keep the shirt. I think it looks great on you. A little small, maybe, but I like it.”

Brian responded by snapping a towel at his Cookie’s naked butt and laughing - but he didn’t deny that he was keeping the fucking shirt.

“So, for tonight’s fucking adventure, I’ve got something special in mind, Brian,” Justin informed him while they were sitting at the dinner table digesting yet another gourmet meal prepared by the island’s best Cookie. “This is something I’m pretty sure even you’ve never experienced.”

“That’s pretty boastful, little boy,” Brian replied teasingly, although he was beginning to think that Justin actually might come up with some heretofore unknown sex game - he really was THAT creative. “I’ve done a lot of pretty crazy shit in my day. It’s doubtful that you could possibly come up with something I’ve never tried.”

“Have you ever been on an ass scavenger hunt before?” Justin asked, smirking triumphantly in Brian’s direction.

“A what?” Brian broke out into peals of unrestrained laughter.
“An ass scavenger hunt.” Justin reached over to where his ubiquitous messenger bag was sitting on an empty dining chair and pulled out two clipboards, each with a printed 8x10 cardstock chart affixed to it. “This is your scorecard. We’re going on an ass hunt and your goal is to fuck as many different ass types as you possibly can in the given time period. Whoever can fuck the most asses wins.”

Brian looked down at the scorecard and cackled with laughter. The chart included drawings of 18 different men’s asses viewed from the backside. The pictures showed all sorts of ass shapes. There was everything from ‘NoAssAtAll’ - a flat backside with no curves to speak of - all the way up to something called the ‘Badaonkadonk’ - something that vaguely resembled two legs supporting a pair of beach balls - and everything in between. It was hilarious. Brian had never imagined that anyone would dream up such a thing, let alone that his Cookie would use it to create a game of such imaginative proportions. All Brian could do was look at the thing and laugh and shake his head.

Ass Chart

“You do realize that this qualifies you as officially bonkers, right?” Brian asked a gloating Justin who was sitting there beaming his best, most sunshiney smile at Brian.

“Maybe, but I’d bet MY ass that you’ve never played this game before! Am I right?”

“Yes, Cookie. You’ve got me there. I have never been on an official Ass Scavenger Hunt before. And I still think you’re insane. But in a good, sex-starved, slutty kind of way.” Brian replied. “So how does this work? What are the rules? How do we judge who has what kind of ass? And how long do I have?”
“I was thinking we’d make it easy by starting off at the Sip ’n Twirl. There’s a Pre-Independence Day Party going on there tonight, so there should be plenty of asses to choose from. As to how to judge, why don’t we let the asses declare themselves? I say you have to get each guy to sign off on your scorecard saying that you’ve fucked his whatever-type ass. Here,” Justin handed Brian a blue sharpie marker, “use this and just have the guy sign your card next to his ass. As for time . . . I don’t know. What do you think is reasonable? Four hours? Five? Neither one of us has too long a refractory period, so that should be plenty of time, don’t you think?”

Once the rules were ironed out, Brian and Justin headed off to the bar where this novel competition was supposed to take place. As soon as they walked in the door, they were surrounded by men more than willing to volunteer for whatever the night’s fun might be. Brian was grateful that their reputation had preceded them since that meant the game would be easier - more asses in the bar meant more selection for the game.

“You ready, Boss?” Justin grinned over at his opponent with that fucking beautiful, sportive smile that made Brian want to drop the clipboard in his hand and just ravish the competition personally. Brian only nodded though. “Alright. Synchronizing our watches,” Justin held up his naked wrist, pretending to look at the non-existent watch. “We’ve both got four hours. Meet you at the bar at midnight. And, may the best dick win!” Justin announced with a playful giggle that went a long ways towards getting Brian’s cock hard enough for his first conquest of the night.

“Good luck, Cookie!” Brian grabbed the boy for one last, hard kiss before the boy skittered off into the crowd, brandishing his clipboard at the fawning horde of men.

“Okay, Gentlemen,” Brian yelled at the group still surrounding him. “This is tonight’s agenda. I need to fuck as many different types of asses as possible in the next four hours. So, line up, drop trou and show me what you’ve got!”

Before long, Brian had a devoted coterie of helpers that were avidly seeking out candidates for Brian’s attention. He’d managed to cross off four or five of the easiest asses - the standard issue, the bubble butt, and a few others. His assistants were currently debating whether a new arrival qualified as as ‘pancake’ or a ‘squarepants’. Brian let them have at it, chuckling at the inane conversation and wondering again how the fuck he’d got talked into this nonsense in the first place.

While he was waiting for them to bring his next victim to him, he looked around and noted that Cookie was busy doing his thing on the other side of the bar area. The enterprising artist had a line-up of men waiting behind him as he assiduously fucked the ass he already had ahold of. When he looked closer, Brian noted that the guy Cookie was currently fucking was familiar looking. It took a minute for Brian to place the smallish blond with the petite, rosy-cheeked ass and the expensive haircut, but he eventually recalled that the guy had been one of the finalists in the beach fuckoff that he and Cookie had staged back at the beginning of the summer. This was the one he thought of as ‘Rosy’ - the one that Justin had found so tempting.
Brian did have to admit that the guy’s sleek ass was nice, although the man wasn’t really Brian’s usual type, being too small-framed and diminutive to really please the size-queen in Brian. Little Rosy seemed to be quite taken with Cookie though. He was yelling out his pleasure loudly enough to be heard even across the crowded, music-filled bar. Brian vaguely remembered seeing Rosy around the island a lot - more so in the past week than ever before - and wondered if he was a local or just a regular visitor. Either way, it made Brian a little uneasy to realize that this guy seemed to always gravitate towards Justin and never in Brian’s own direction. Didn’t Rosy have anyone else to fuck him than Cookie?

When the cries of ‘Oh, Justin! Oh, yes, Justin!’ became even more vocal, Brian decided it was time to take his ‘pancake ass’ over to the other side of the bar so that he could enjoy his fucking and also keep an eye on his competition at the same time. Brian gestured to his ass assistants and the whole cadre of men moved en masse across the bar. Justin saw them coming and, without breaking his rhythm for even a moment, smiled and waved the milling men away in order to make a space for Brian next to him. Brian happily took up his spot, bent ‘pancake ass’ over the bar, donned a condom and started to fuck him. Cookie, who was conveniently facing the other direction with Rosy propped up against a barstool for leverage, leaned to the side so he could share a quick kiss with his boss. Brian instantly felt better and decided that this relocation had been a wise choice.

As the kiss between the two went on, both men seemed to forget their tricks, even while they continued to fuck them on autopilot. Pancake Ass obviously didn’t mind that much, as evidenced by the lusty grunts coming from him. Not so Rosy. About five minutes into the kiss, Justin’s trick seemed to get a little annoyed that he was no longer the center of attention. To remind everyone of his existence, he forcefully slammed his ass backwards, the motion strong enough to knock Justin about a half step away from Brian, effectively breaking their kiss. Brian shot the guy a dirty look and probably would have done something more about it, except that right about then Pancake Ass started to climax and the resulting explosion of cum shooting everywhere all over the bar and the nearby patrons caused a huge, happy uproar that distracted him. Justin’s trick followed a few minutes later and, after both men signed off on the appropriate contestant’s scorecard, the two competitors were once again drawn apart as they searched for their next targets.

As the night wore on, the game got tougher. Try as he might, it just wasn’t that easy to find a Badaonkadonk Ass in a bar full of image-conscious gay men. Even the Hasbeens Ass had been a stretch and had required one of his assistants to venture outside and forcibly drag an older gent into the bar. Brian squinted and tried not to care that he was fucking a guy who was probably in his late sixties. However, Brian put his foot down and absolutely refused to fuck the overweight lesbian that his helpers brought him in an attempt to meet his ‘Wide Load’ requirement. Brian would rather lose than let his dick get anywhere near a woman, even a woman who said she was game for a quick ass fucking. He did have SOME standards, you know!

While his followers headed back out on a search for more asses, Brian found himself temporarily unoccupied. He scanned the bar to see if he could determine how his Cookie was faring and eventually located the man off near the far side of the stage area. Justin was also taking a break, it seemed. Brian started to move in that direction when he noticed little Rosy sidling up to his Cookie.
AGAIN. Justin nodded at the man in greeting and laughed at something that the guy said. Rosy apparently took that as an invitation to move in closer, insinuating one arm around Justin’s waist and leaning in to kiss the artist’s perfectly pouty lips. Brian watched as Justin laughingly pushed Rosy aside, turning his head so that the trick couldn’t actually kiss him on the mouth. Rosy seemed happy enough to plant his proffered kiss on Justin’s cheek. Again, Justin jokingly pushed Rosy away from him. And again, Rosy came right back.

Which is when Brian finally made it all the way across the intervening space and grabbed hold of the trespasser’s shoulder, yanking him away from Justin hard enough that Rosy fell and landed smack dab on his rosy cheeks on the floor.

Everyone around stared at Brian as if he had grown three additional heads. Even Justin looked up at him a little startled. Brian was a bit startled himself. He had no idea what the fuck had come over him or why he had felt such an overwhelming surge of hatred for the overly-persistent and far too clingy Rosy. All Brian knew was that he simply couldn’t bear the thought of that sponger’s hands - let alone his lips - on HIS Cookie.

Everyone around was apparently frozen in place. Brian was fucking embarrassed by his own neanderthal-like actions but at least he wasn’t paralyzed like the rest of the gaping onlookers. He managed to shake off his own momentary stupor long enough to reach down a hand to help Rosy up off the floor. Rosy accepted the hand, got to his feet, and brushed off his clothing. And then made the mistake of turning back towards Justin as if seeking Cookie’s sympathy for his plight.

Enough was fucking enough! Brian grabbed hold of Rosy’s shoulders and abruptly manhandled the smaller man across the dance floor, pushing through the still stunned watchers to make a path, all the way to the front door where he summarily shoved the usurper out the exit. Brian then pulled the doors closed with a clang and turned around to find the entire bar had fallen completely silent and everyone was agape in stunned amazement.

“Fuck it all! I’m done here, Cookie. You coming?” Brian announced with unapologetic finality.

“Uh . . . well . . . um . . .” Cookie hadn’t yet recovered enough himself to form full sentences, it seemed, and it took him another moment or two to recover enough to gather his thoughts. “You conceding the game?” he asked when he finally collected himself and made his way over to where Brian was waiting.

“Fuck the stupid game.” Brian asserted. “I’ve had enough entertainment for one night. Besides, there aren’t any more asses here I give a damn about, regardless of their shape or size. Let’s head home and we can compare notes there.”
“Fine,” Justin relented with a small, teasing smile as he looped his arm through Brian’s and turned them both towards the door. “But, just so you know, I’ve already checked the ‘NoAssAtAll’ type off my list, so I’m really not interested in your sorry ass tonight.”

“Yeah, right! Why do I NOT believe you, Cookie?” Brian chuckled as they headed off together into the night.

“All I’m saying, Boss, is that you lost. You can call it conceding, forfeiting, or whatever the fuck. The fact is . . . I won. And now you have to pay up.” Justin was insisting for the fourth time since they’d left the bar.

Brian growled low in his chest, not admitting to anything verbally. After they’d left the bar, they’d compared scorecards and found the Cookie had edged Brian out by one ass - one lousy ass. Brian had to admit that he was impressed, but he still hated to lose. However, there was no way in hell he was gonna fuck a woman to win, and Justin had seemed to be able to find whatever ass was necessary for the game AND have said ass attached to a male of the species. Of course it helped that Cookie had the hometown advantage.

“So, as the winner,” Justin crowed and skipped around Brian as they walked home, “my spoils of war shall be your ass.” He watched Brian carefully and didn’t miss the happy gleam at that pronouncement. “And, not only that, but I’m gonna tie you up and fuck you silly. . .”

Justin was caught off guard, however, when Brian took off running, obviously trying to beat the blond home. Justin started running after him, then gave up, noting he would never catch the more athletic man, so he switched to walking, wondering if Brian would be ‘ready’ for him when he got there.

True to form, Brian was just leaving the shower when Justin entered the bathroom. Neither spoke as Brian headed to the bedroom naked and still damp, apparently too eager to dry off all the way. Justin smirked and took his time in the shower. The longer Brian had to wait, the needier he would become, and Justin could certainly get behind that.

Stalling for nearly thirty minutes, he finally turned off the taps and wrapped a towel around his waist, hair still dripping and skin dewy. He sauntered into the bedroom, trying for a look of casual disdain despite the eagerness he was feeling inside. He wasn’t disappointed when he found Brian splayed out on the bed, his cock imitating London’s BIG BEN, as it stood, unassisted, straight up from his groin.
Justin said nothing as he moved around the bed, efficiently securing both Brian’s hands to the ring in the wall below the headboard, then removing his own towel. Brian’s eyes had been closed the entire time and, if Justin had not seen the big guy inhale his scent so deeply, he might have assumed he had fallen asleep. Still, it wouldn’t have stopped him from proceeding with his plans for the night. He wrapped a blindfold around the Stud’s head, taking away that sense and thereby hoping to heighten his others.

When he knelt between Brian’s legs, kissed the tan belly, and gently probed his ass, Justin found that Brian had already prepped himself. Not that he needed it, Brian usually liked the initial pain that came with unprepped entry, but this time Justin would have done it anyway, given what he planned to do.

“You’re a couple steps ahead of me, Boss.” Justin said. “Not sure if I’m pleased or pissed that you took liberties with my prize.” Justin’s tone, while not harsh, was assertive and domineering, making Brian’s breath catch briefly and come out in a long exhale. “Don’t speak, unless I tell you to.” Justin continued. “Turn over.”

Brian was a bit slow to comply, having difficulty rolling over with both hands tied together over his head, so Justin pinched the inside of his thigh to get the man to move. Once he did, Justin pulled Brian’s ass up until he was on his knees, legs spread wide, head and shoulders on the mattress. Once situated to his liking, Justin drew back his arm and planted a resounding smack on Brian’s right ass cheek. Brian didn’t even flinch at the pain. Justin repeated the action, slightly harder, and was met with the same non-reaction. His palm stung. This was going to be harder than he’d thought. He left the bed, saying, “Don’t move,” and went to the kitchen to search out the handy spatula Brian had used on him previously. Justin couldn’t help the grin that stretched his face when he came back to the bedroom and Brian was EXACTLY the way he had left him.

Kneeling behind his lover again, Justin wasted no time plying the spatula with enough force to redden both ass cheeks and the tops of Brian’s thighs. Still no outward sign from Brian that the punishment was having any effect whatsoever. Justin ran the tip of the handle from Brian’s nape, all the way down to his pucker and was finally rewarded when Brian shifted, trying to get Justin to penetrate him. “You’re an old hand at this. I probably should have guessed that.” Brian shifted again, not answering as he hadn’t been asked a question.

Justin rethought his strategy quickly. Obviously spanking was out. It was a shame, too, because he had really been looking forward to making Brian as senseless as he himself had been when their roles had been reversed. Tossing the spatula aside, Justin went back to the kitchen and rooted around in the drawers. He didn’t find what he wanted there, so he went through the painting supplies until he found a brand new, extra large, fan bristled paintbrush still in its plastic wrapper. Opening it and tossing the trash onto the table, he went back to the bedroom. If this didn’t work, he would have to give up.
Brian was still as he had been but, instead of assuming his prior position, Justin lay on the bed at Brian’s side, not touching him. Paintbrush in hand, Justin reached under Brian’s hips and dragged the ultra-soft bristles over Brian’s cock head. The big guy gulped air, and the resulting motion made it seem as if he was trying to get closer to the stimulus and pull away at the same time. Definitely NOT unaffected, unlike the spanking.

Justin ran the brush over belly, thighs, and hips. When Brian shifted onto his elbows, Justin immediately plied the brush over already hard nipples, making Brian gasp and writhe. When Justin accidently touched the bristles to Brian’s side while trying to readjust his position, Brian squealed - he really did - and tried to squirm away.

Brian couldn’t see it, but Justin’s smile lit up the room. He purposely repeated the motion, and Brian’s surprised laughter filled the silence. “You were jealous tonight. Admit it.” Justin said matter-of-factly, and Brian merely nodded his acceptance of statement.

“You don’t have any right to be jealous, Brian.” Justin asserted, torturing the brunet with the brush again for several minutes. Brian didn’t respond in any way, and Justin wanted him contrite.

“You will apologize to me now for embarrassing me with your unwarranted displays of possessiveness.”

“No.” was all Brian said, and Justin immediately set in with the torture again, making Brian squirm all over the bed, trying to get away from the tickling.

“You are not my boyfriend. You have no claim over me. You will apologize to me NOW!” Justin wanted to make it very clear where he stood in this - whatever the fuck it was.

“I will . . . NOT . . . apologize.” Brian got out between gasping guffaws. “You . . . are MINE . . . for the summer . . . we have a . . . a deal.”

Justin was a little taken aback at that. They did have a deal. Seen from that perspective, Brian had a point. Not to mention Rosy HAD been clingy and annoying, and he really was thankful that Brian had taken care of the issue before it really became one.

Justin took advantage of the fact that Brian had squirmed his way onto his back by straddling his thighs and tickling Brian’s sexy feet. Brian couldn’t even draw enough breath to laugh this time. He merely made quiet whimpers and tried to get away from the nefarious tickle monster pinning his legs to the bed. Nobody ever bothered with his feet, so it was not common knowledge that they were the MOST ticklish part of his body.
Brian bucked and twisted, trying everything he could think of to dislodge his tormenter. When Justin reached back and pulled the blindfold away from Brian’s eyes, a look of want, need, lust, humor, desperation, confusion, and some other nameless emotion all swirled inside the beautiful eyes, and Justin could not look away. Refused to look away. Didn’t look away as he repositioned himself and drew Brian’s knees up, inching himself closer to the man under him. The look was still there when he placed the crown of his cock at Brian’s entrance and, eyes still locked, pushed forward into his companion, in one long, forceful, smooth thrust. Justin knew the pain had to be there, but there was no indication of it in Brian’s expression. Just the swirling miasma of unacknowledged - whatever - floating in the eloquent green eyes.

Despite the fact that Justin had planned for this fuck to be of the aggressive, energetic variety, he found that the look in his partner’s eyes wouldn’t allow it. That look was too intense. Too poignant. Justin still couldn’t look away even as he found himself sliding in and out of the tight tunnel with slow, sensuous, determined strokes that bottomed out with his balls slapping soundly against Brian’s ass. And Brian simply continued to stare deep into the crystal blue eyes with such a limitless, speculative gaze that Justin felt he was being weighed against some measure that only the complex man under him would understand.

As their unbroken, fixed look went on, Justin continued to pump into the responsive body at his disposal until the intensity of the moment surprised them both and they came almost simultaneously. The release created by their mutual climaxes gave Justin a welcome break from the previously fervent concentration level. Justin sighed, not only from the powerful orgasmic tremors coursing through him, but also because he was so relieved to get a respite from that strange emotional intensity that he’d felt rolling in waves off the man he was now collapsed on top of.

Justin really didn’t know what this thing was that was growing between them. He didn’t have any idea how to handle it either. The unrepentant jealousy Brian had exhibited earlier had really taken him by surprise. He knew that they were probably going to have to discuss this further - the little ‘talking to’ that he’d tried to incorporate into their fucking hadn’t really worked the way he’d envisioned. Eventually, though, he knew he’d have to straighten Brian out.

For now, though, Justin was content to merely untie his well-sated boss, curl up against the nice warm body next to him in bed, and enjoy the dissipating tendrils of his orgasm as he drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Theme Music - **What, What In The Butt!** (Bet you'll be singing this one against your will for days! LOL!)

Chapter End Notes
8/30/16 - So, Gus is gone and now we can get back to 24/7 smut. Hope you don’t mind . . . Thanks again to SandiD for being our 100th review on AO3 and also for the scrumptiously smutty ideas in this chapter - that t-shirt idea was gold! Thanks to Frankie for sending us the pic of the Ass Scavenger Hunt chart - hope you like how we ran with it! More thanks go out to the usual suspects - eureka1, Cookiebun, Brynn_Jones, samcdee & Glo - for editing, writing, typo correction, and just generally being fun folks to hang out with while we write together.
Chapter Notes

Brian and Justin take on the Fire Island Invasion of The Pines . . . you'll never believe how, though, unless you read it here. Enjoy! TAG

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 41- Sexy Drag Queen.

Justin hurried home from work the next day as soon as the lunch shift was over. He had a lot of work to do to prepare both Brian and himself for that afternoon’s big celebration. Independence Day was always a big deal on Fire Island, but this year, if all went as planned with the ‘costume’ idea Justin had thought up, he and his escort were going to be the biggest hit of the entire event.

The Invasion of The Pines on Independence Day had started many years earlier. Legend had it that back in the seventies a man dressed in drag had been denied entrance to the restaurant at the famous resort because of his outlandish attire. When word got out about this egregious slight, the man’s friends all dressed up in a similar fashion, filled up an entire water taxi full of drag queens, and then stormed into The Pines, demanding service. This ‘invasion’ had been staged every year since. These days the event attracted hundreds of drag queens and thousands of spectators, all of whom would be attending the traditional parade through Cherry Grove and then shipping over to The Pines for an elaborate street party that would go on all afternoon and night.

Justin had participated in the Invasion Parade many times before. He actually loved having an excuse to dress up and go wild, letting his creative side free. This year though, based on the success that he and Brian had seen so far with their forays into elaborate body painting, Justin had an even better idea than going in traditional drag. He’d broached his idea to Brian a few days earlier, and although the strongly masculine man had been a little leery of the proposal at first, he eventually saw the merit in it. Brian could tell how excited his Cookie was by this plan and in the end he was happy to indulge the little artist. Besides, Brian was sure that this crazy idea would make them once again the center of attention and that was never a bad thing in Mr. Kinney’s book. Brian was just grateful that he’d ordered such a large quantity of paints and other supplies to prepare for their beachside patrol with Gus and subsequent visit to the reptile zoo. There should be more than enough for Cookie’s newest project.
Of course, the brunet had heard of the Invasion of the Pines, Fire Island’s unique celebration of the Fourth of July, but he wouldn’t ever have considered taking part in the drag queen festival before meeting his energetic, inventive blond. Justin as Drag Queen Marilyn was the first queen who’d ever aroused Brian. Those sexy, silver, rhinestone stilettos had made his Marilyn’s legs go on forever and had also showcased the shapely toned calves.

The brunet was even more intrigued by the costumes Justin had proposed they ‘wear’ for the fortieth Invasion of the Pines. He hadn’t been interested in dressing in drag again anytime soon - the spike-heeled, strappy sandals he’d worn had made his feet ache for days - although the results of his foray into dragdom had made it all worthwhile, surprising his Cookie and turning him on so thoroughly that they’d ended up fucking the night away. Even so, Brian had had enough of exploring his queenly side. Thankfully, no more delving into the mysteries of the female psyche would be required of the brunet stud.

The plan was for Brian to represent a combination of Adam, the serpent, and the apple tree from with which the serpent tempted Eve to sin. As his punishment, Justin - as Eve - having succumbed to the temptations of the flesh, would be transformed from a woman into a man. Justin’s costume would show him caught mid-transformation, half woman and half man. His visage would reflect the agony - and the ecstasy - of the transition. Except for their body paint, both men would be nude, since even flesh-colored swimsuits would diminish the impact of their ‘costumes’.

The two men had fortified themselves for Independence Day by consuming a hearty breakfast followed by a protein drink chaser. Brian, who by now was familiar with Justin’s body-painting routine, had cleansed himself in the shower before reclining on the tarp, the ubiquitous travel mug of coffee steaming at his side. This paint job really wouldn’t be a challenge for an artist of Justin’s calibre, except for the serpent’s head. During breakfast, Justin had warned Brian that he’d have to maintain at least a partial erection for pretty much the entire night or the costume wouldn’t be nearly as effective. “The tricks are gonna be swarming all over you, Boss. Even after servicing one of them, though, you’re gonna have to recover quickly.” The brazen blond boy had added, “A floppy snake just isn’t going to entice the fabulous fags of Fire Island.”

“Hmm. Haven’t I been servicing you thoroughly enough, you naughty boy?” Brian had asked while leering at his Cookie. “Perhaps I’d better bend you over the table and pound you into submission a few times before you start on my paint job. That’ll remind you that I don’t have any problem staying hard. My cobra is always ready to rear its head and move on to the next round,” the brunet stud had boasted.

“Well, just in case your hard-on starts to flag, Boss,” the Cookie had teasingly suggested, “just imagine you’re on your bed, clad in that t-shirt of mine that you appropriated. Then you really will be ready to show off your anaconda in no time at all.” Brian shot the boy a dirty look, but didn’t bother responding.
The artist earnestly explained that a flesh-toned base coat, which would help preserve their top coat ‘costumes’ for the duration of the Invasion, would be applied first. Once Brian’s base coat had dried, Justin began applying sky-blue paint which would cover a large portion of Brian’s torso, his left arm, the inside of his right leg, his ball sac, most of his ass and lower back, and almost his entire left leg. Then came various shades of brown paint, with the toes of Brian’s right foot and ankle transfiguring into the roots of a mighty oak, the trunk rising along his leg and up the side of his body, the browns swirling to form a burl where hip met torso, and then topping out in his right armpit. Branches extended across Brian’s hips, stomach, and back. Each branch culminated in a variegated explosion of greenery, with the canopy from the trunk stretching across Brian’s chest, upper back, neck, and face as well as down his right arm until it ended at his fingertips. A few white clouds raced across the deep blue sky, one fluffy cloud flirting with the base of the brunet’s shaft and another scudding across his ass cheeks. A bright red apple hung over Brian’s left nipple, tempting ‘Eve’ to lean forward and take a bite of the succulent flesh. The serpent’s green body slithered up Brian’s leg along the tree trunk, winding around to the base of Brian’s cock. This part of the painting was particularly difficult as the feather-like touches of the paintbrush torturously stimulated the brunet, who had to fight off the urge to squirm.

“Oh, Boss, now comes the HARD part,” the cheeky blond stated with a broad grin. To ensure Brian’s dick was stiff enough for its serpentine shroud, Justin leaned forward and licked a broad stripe along that juicy appendage, making sure to lap up the drops of moisture that were about to escape from the slit. Brian’s moans and groans encouraged the artist to proceed.

“Sorry, Mr. Kinney,” the blond commented with a pout, reluctantly removing his tongue from the tasty treat. “Can’t have another protein drink right now. I’ll milk your lizard later,” the brassy boy promised. Justin alternately applied two shades of green paint to form the snake’s body, making it appear that the serpent was undulating outward from its tree. Brian’s cockhead became the serpent’s head, vertical reptilian pupils capturing the unwary victim’s gaze, forked pink tongue sliding out from between its lips. The end result was breathtaking.

When he viewed himself in the mirror, Brian considered that perhaps he should send St. Joan some photos or even a video. The bitch had tried to get him to repent of his wicked ways whenever he had the misfortune to encounter her. Would she be proud to see that he’d learned his catechism lessons well enough to remember the whole creation story? Somehow, though, Brian didn’t think his mother would be impressed. Perhaps this would only serve to convince her that he preferred hellfire to heaven. Brian would be okay with that too.

Once the Adam-serpent-tree was completed, Justin tasked Brian with helping him paint his split-gendered body. Brian hesitated briefly, not sure how helpful he’d be at painting the female anatomy needed. “Don’t worry, Boss, you won’t have to paint a tit or a twat. *shudder* I’ll deal with all those repulsive female parts.”

Brian, who looked like he might upchuck at any moment, replied, “The twat’s all yours, Twat. I haven’t touched one of those since college - and I only did it then because I was so stoned out of my mind that I mistook Lindz’ twat for an asshole.” The brunet’s shiver of revulsion made the branches
of his tree rustle and his snake droop.

“No . . . No . . . NO. Think about warm, welcoming, velvety assholes, Brian,” the artist cried out in horrified concern as his serpentine masterpiece wilted. “That’s it. Concentrate on dicks, balls, assholes, stubbled chins, Adams’ apples, and tenor voices.”

Once the stud’s equilibrium had been restored, he assisted Justin in applying a layer of creamy white paint atop the flesh-colored base coat on the artist’s right side. Justin handled his front, painting with the flow of the fine hair on his leg so that it ultimately appeared that it had been waxed clean. He then did the same with half of his torso, while Brian painted his back, lingering for quite a while on his ass, causing Justin’s own lizard to poke out and take a whiff of the musky aroma that suddenly pervaded the room.

Justin had already figured out how to tackle the half-cock, half vagina conundrum. Since it would be beyond icky to sport that portion of the female anatomy, he’d decided to disguise his entire pubic area with a great big, dark-colored fig leaf, just like some highbrow Renaissance painting. He made sure to paint on the dark pine green color as thickly as possible in order to thoroughly camouflage his own genitalia. By the time he was done, he thought the effect was pretty remarkable - unless you really looked closely, all you saw was a big leafy patch where there would otherwise be either a penis or female pubis, depending on which half of his costume would have applied.

Next he tackled the boob. Justin applied the paint in concentric, inward-spiraling motions, giving the illusion that a small, perky, three-dimensional breast with a delicate pink aureole stuck out from the right side of his chest. He added contour lines so that his stomach became slightly more rounded on the right, and shading so that half of his Adam’s apple vanished. Justin would be wearing sandals, but he painted over the top of the right shoe to make it look like his foot was encased in a sparkly blue, rhinestone-studded stiletto. The toenails of Justin’s right foot were painted a deep blue, which perfectly matched the color of his eyes. His right eyelid and eyelashes were decorated with azure paint and mascara, making that eye sparkle even more than usual. The lipstick on the right side of his lips matched the pink of his nipple. Both the plump nub and the full half-lips pouted at the viewer, begging to be caressed and kissed.

Finally, with Brian’s help, Justin attached a wig that was half curly long blond tresses and half a short, dark blond, masculine cut, which the Cookie had styled earlier in preparation for this event. Justin painted over the edges of the wig with spirit gum, adhering the blond curls to the right side of his head and smoothing the hair on the left side of his head into a short, sleek blond cap. To mix things up and further blur the lines of gender identity, Justin added a gold, disc-shaped earring with a sparkly blue gem in the center to his left earlobe rather than his right.

“You make a very rare type of hermaphrodite, Cookie,” the stud opined when Justin’s transition into a living, breathing half-man, half-woman had been completed. “Your female half is disturbingly
realistic, so I’m reduced to being half-attracted to you. I’m turned on by one half of you and turned off by the other half. I can’t even touch that stout cock of yours because *shudder* I’m half afraid that my fingers might dip into part of a pussy.” The brunet tilted his head to the side, trying to compensate for the optical illusion that the male-female creature presented. “It almost seems as if you should be listing to your left since you’re theoretically wearing a spike-heeled stiletto on your right foot and a flat, man’s sandal on your left. It’s just about enough to give me vertigo,” the stud complained. “Then again,” the stud chuckled, appreciatively eyeing Justin’s protruding fig leaf, “you do curve a a tad to the left anyway.”

“Ha. Ha. Ha. I know I’m not gonna see much action tonight, Boss. But if this doesn’t get me into the Body Painting Hall of Fame, I don’t know what will,” Justin joked. “If everyone else reacts like you, I’ll know I’ve succeeded in my avant-garde concept of sculpting something new and unique, a man-woman who repulses and attracts in equal measure.”

“You may still gather some admirers, Cookie,” the brunet said with a sardonic smirk. Brian had angled himself so that he didn’t have to look at Justin’s newly-exposed female half. “You’re probably gonna be every bisexual’s wet dream. Just so long as you stay here on Fire Island and don’t venture out that way to any place less open-minded - if you tried this in a place like North Carolina they’d throw you out because they couldn’t figure out which bathroom to let you into.”

“Please, Boss! Trust me, I plan to use the men’s room, regardless of this get-up. And I DON’T want any females coming on to me - bisexual or not.” Justin let out one of his sexy giggles, “If any ladies do approach me, I could always send them over to meet your serpent . . . except I don’t want you to wilt, Stud.”

“Don’t you dare, Cookie! Your female side is already more than I can handle,” Brian entreated.

“Don’t worry, Stud. By the end of the celebration, I’ll be completely male. My Adam half will have taken over my Eve half.” With a saucy wink, the half-man added, “And then Adam and Adam can explore their Garden of Eden together.”

Since they weren’t dressed in drag, Justin suggested that they bicycle to the Ice Palace Bar at the Cherry Grove Hotel, where the invading hordes would gather for the traditional parade through the town. Upon arrival, the men added their bikes to the hundreds of others in the designated parking area behind the bar. Their entry into the bar caused quite an uproar, their costumes garnering more attention than those of even the most fantastical drag queens.

One daring queen tried to take a bite out of Brian’s apple as ‘Adam’ squeezed through the throng on the way to the bar. Fortunately, ‘Eve’ came to the rescue, pressing herself/himself against Adam’s side and shoowing the aggressive fag away. “Don’t you dare - if you mess up the paint I’ll deck you, even if I am half a lady,” Justin admonished sternly, staring him down until the guy slunk off with his
tail between his legs.

“Well, what have we here?” purred a contralto voice as the pair finally bellied up to the bar. “I do believe I know you, Adam, although not in the biblical sense, I’m afraid,” continued a queen wearing an extravagant headdress that looked like a cross between something a female knight and an Aztec queen might have worn. Chainmail covered most of her face, her lips were painted turquoise blue, and turquoise and fuchsia face paint decorated her cheekbones and eyebrows. Her colorful, predominantly blue and green feathered headdress, which extended outward approximately five feet, kept her fellow queens at bay - unless they wanted to chance having an eye poked out - making it easier for her to order up yet another mimosa to quench her thirst.

“Oh, shit! Stella? Is that you? You look fabulous!” Justin exclaimed, enveloping his friend in a hug. The scowl on his Boss’ face caused him to backstep quickly. He did NOT want another possessive queen out, especially on Invasion Day, which should be all queenly pride not queenly tantrums.

“Who . . . ? What . . . ?” Stella stuttered. “I know that voice, but . . . Justin? It can’t be. What have you done to yourself, Sweetie?” Stella placed a hand against Justin’s chest, unfortunately landing on his ‘breast’. “Ugh. No, wait, there isn’t any pulpy flesh. How did you design this? Could you do the same for me?” the excited queen questioned. “I could have so much fun and no one would have an inkling as to who I really am! You’ve simply outdone yourself, Darling.”

“Hands off, Queenie. I know you’re our friend, but the Cookie is MINE,” the brunet stud growled. “Can’t you tell he’s the Eve - Adam - Eve - whatever the fuck to my Adam?”

“Calm down, Honey. You’re the one who’s drawing all the attention and making us queens salivate.” Stella announced in an effort to reassure the snarly stud. And it certainly was true that the crowd was pressing more and more closely around ‘Adam’. If not for the protection afforded by Stella’s headdress, Brian would already have been the center of a hexagonal - or even octagonal - sandwich.

Strangely, Brian wasn’t sure he was ready for this much admiration. Fucking a drag queen - unless it was his Cookie - just really wasn’t to his taste. Even just hanging around with so many of them was a little out of character for Brian. The stud decided he needed copious quantities of alcohol to fortify himself properly for the rest of the Invasion. Finally managing to flag down one of the bartenders, he ordered ten shots of Beam - eight for him and two for his Cookie. That seemed like a fair distribution of alcohol to the queen-bedeviled stud.

“Boys, you have just GOT to walk in the parade with me. We’ll be such a big hit! And I’ll be the envy of every other queen here with Adam and StEve at my side.” The Amazonian Queen tittered, “I know you’ll find this hard to believe, Adam, but my costume is actually far less elaborate and
definitely more modest that many that you’ll see this afternoon.” Stella fondled one of her nipples, attempting to suggest to Adam that he might want to test one of her dainty nubs. She politely ignored the snorting noises from Eve, who knew very well what Stella was up to.

“Down girl,” Justin ordered as he picked up the first of his shots, toasted Brian, and downed it. “I know you’re dying to test out Adam’s Anaconda, but I just don’t think it’s in the cards, my friend. Our poor Stud is having enough trouble coping with the idea of being part of a Drag Queen Parade as it is. He’s not nearly ready for the likes of Stella The Magnificent Amazon Queen.”

Stella tittered, accepted the compliment, and backed down graciously. She didn’t relent though in her insistence that Brian and Justin join her in the parade. A queen had to do what a queen had to do in order to keep her place in the island’s pecking order, and being associated with the hottest twosome around would be just the thing to keep Stella on the top of the Fire Island hierarchy.

Brian eventually capitulated and let himself be pulled into the parade line up along with Stella and Justin/Eve when the long lineup of drag queens began their march. They were definitely getting their fair share of attention and then some from the crowds lining the streets of Cherry Grove. Brian received so many offers to let his snake tempt various members of the parade and the bystanders that it was getting tedious. If it weren’t for Eve by his side, and the helpful pats she gave to his backside every time she noticed his serpent begin to sag, he wouldn’t have made it.

The parade route - or what little there was of it, seeing as the village of Cherry Grove was quite small - took them right down to the ferry dock. It didn’t take all that long to walk the few blocks, which was good because it was a rather hot day and Brian was afraid he was going to sweat off all his paint before they even got to the good part of the celebration. Eve reassured him on that point by confiding that she’d already arranged for a friend to take Justin’s bag, in which he’d stowed a supply of extra paint for later touch-ups, to The Pines. Brian didn’t need to worry about his snake shedding its skin before the party was over.

At least, Brian thought, he wasn’t shrouded in one of the ridiculously elaborate costumes some of these queens were wearing. He couldn’t imagine how swelteringly hot the dame on the float in front of them was by this point. The Queen of the Sea they were following was dressed in one of the most elaborate ensembles Brian had ever seen. The dress was heavy looking, decorated with what seemed like pounds of sequins and embroidery, and depicted a swarm of swimming mermaids. And if that wasn’t enough, the headdress had to weigh at least half a ton. It was the most gaudy thing he had ever seen in his entire life - an explosion of feathers and wings that stretched more than fifteen feet from side to side and had to be over twelve feet tall. It was gorgeous, but there was no way it was comfortable. All Brian could think was that he was glad he was naked under his paint and not swathed in anything that cumbersome.

At least there was a bit of an ocean breeze blowing by the time the entourage boarded the waiting
ferry that would take them the rest of the way to Pines Harbor. They also got to sit down for the
duration of the trip while an assortment of hunky-looking waiters served them cold drinks. Justin/Eve
thoughtfully assumed a perch on Brian’s lap as soon as they were underway so that his snake would
have a bit of a break too.

Once the boat arrived at the dock in The Pines, the queens deboarded one at a time, stepping off the
gangway onto the unfurled red carpet while The Mistress of Ceremonies, the one and only Panzi,
announced them to the waiting throngs. Brian and Justin descended together and were announced as
‘Adam and StEve’. Their little display got a rousing cheer from the assembled masses, which was
extremely gratifying to the artist responsible.

Panzi

They hadn't made it more than a few feet beyond the end of the red carpet, though, before they were
completely inundated with admirers. So many people came up to them, all of whom apparently HAD
to touch their bodies in order to confirm that the two really were naked and it was just body paint,
that both men felt momentarily panicked. The raucous laughter, exclamations of surprise and
admiration - and, yes, lust - were literally overwhelming. Brian felt Justin backing into him, the boy’s
smaller frame trembling as he fended off yet more hands that just had to try and grab at his fig leaf.
Brian was having similar problems, but when a third unabashed hand pulled at his snake without
permission, he lost it and his anger started to overcome his temporary fear.

Fortunately, before the queen-plagued stud physically assaulted their overly avid admirers, a gruff
voice barked out, “Back off, ladies! Fingers off the fig leaf! Put the snake down, Simon,” Ivan
Meisner, the corpulent co-owner of The Pines suddenly appeared, simply bowling over anyone who
got in his way. “I suspected it had to be the two of you after encountering you at the reptile zoo last
week.” The heavyset, out-of-shape man had caught the tail end of the Cherry Grove parade, then
quickly jumped into his speedboat so he’d arrive back at The Pines dock before the boatload of
queens, and had subsequently hurried to greet the artist and his employer before they were buried
under an avalanche of touchy-feely fans. As a consequence, he was quite short of breath.

“I’m glad I ran into you two,” Meisner stated fervently once he’d shepherded the celebrity duo into
the safety of his resort. “After researching Kinnetik on the Web, speaking with your COO, and now
seeing your Independence Day ‘attire’, Mr. Kinney, I’ve decided that you’re right. The Pines should
definitely avail itself of Kinnetik’s unique marketing expertise. If you can garner this much publicity
with only the two of you, just think what we can do with your entire company behind us . . .” The
portly fellow interrupted himself to snap “Stop that!” at a new queen who had snuck up behind him,
insinuated her hand between him and his new advertising team, and was trying to stealthily fondle
Adam’s python. “Hands off! These men are under contract to The Pines.” Meisner was certain
they’d soon have a contractual agreement in the very near future and didn’t want his business
associates injured before they could get to work.

“Glad to hear you’re onboard, Meisner. Now, how about we continue this discussion over a drink in
your bar?” Brian proposed, linking his arm through that of his newest client and dragging both Meisner and his StEve off towards the taproom in the hopes of escaping the hovering hordes for a few more minutes.

Although the brunet stud had never had a business meeting with a potential client while clad only in body paint, he handled it with his usual aplomb. Once they were through the doors, in the relative peace and quiet of the resort’s upscale bar, Brian waved the older man ahead of him with a gracious, ‘right behind you’. The stud mentally shuddered at the thought of literally being right behind the sweat-saturated, obese Meisner, but he didn’t let it show. He congratulated himself on remembering the man’s name since he hadn’t been overly impressed by the smarmy creature - who had been trying to take unfair advantage of his Cookie’s artistic talents - when they ran into each other at the zoo. But it looked like his ability to remember virtually everything about a business contact on demand was going to pay off this time. Before the waiter had even delivered their drinks, the group was already well into the meat of the new marketing proposal that Brian was so very adroitly thinking up on the spot.

“I’ll have my office follow up on all this tomorrow, Meisner,” Brian announced, piling up the small collection of paper napkins he’d been using to makes notes about their conversation, then looking around with consternation, trying to figure out exactly what he was going to do with them since he didn’t have any pockets to stow them in.

“I got this boss,” Justin took the notes out of Brian’s hands. “My buddy, Eric, should have left my bag at the coat check already - I’ll put these in there for you.”

“Excellent! Now, enough about business.” Meisner announced, rubbing his hands together as he rose from the table. “I assume you gentlemen didn’t come here to hide inside and talk magazine spreads. It’s the Invasion! You two should go out to the pool and enjoy yourselves. I’m sure you’ll find a taker or two to help you celebrate. And, unless I’m wrong, I’d bet that nobody around here wants to get kicked out of paradise, so your apple will probably be safe - although your snake, not so much.” Meisner laughed boisterously at his bon mot while Brian rolled his eyes behind the man’s back without comment.

They all got up though and Ivan led them towards the door that opened off the bar onto the rear deck and pool area behind the resort. They could see quite a crowd assembled back there but luckily it wasn’t anywhere near the size of the mob that had greeted them as they got off the ferry out front. Brian looked over at his artist, who seemed to have regained his composure. Justin nodded at him, indicating that he was ready to venture forth once again. ‘Here goes nothing’, Brian thought to himself before he reached out and pulled open the door.

The pool deck was packed dick to ass with scantily clad guys rubbing shoulders with various drag queens. The partygoers seemed to have mellowed a bit, though, and most weren’t as grabby
anymore. Plus, since many of the crew out here was in swimwear, Brian and Justin’s nudity didn’t feel like such a big deal anymore. The boys managed to wend their way through the gathering until they met up with a group of twenty-something guys that Justin was acquainted with. They didn’t recognize him right away, of course, but once he spoke up, they were all suitably amazed and amused. Brian, who was still feeling a little jumpy after being manhandled earlier, stuck close to his blond artiste.

“Only you would come up with something THIS fucking outrageous, Taylor,” commented one of their new companions. The tall, dark-complexed, curly-haired young man with the beautifully-sculpted body looked at Justin’s half-man, half-woman disguise with evident lust bordering on drooling admiration. “Nice fig leaf there,” he reached out with one questing finger and tapped at the blond’s greenery.

“Thanks, Jayce,” Justin replied proudly. “But LEAF the figs alone, if you don’t mind.”

*GROAN* The entire group snickered loudly at the horrible pun, causing Justin to simply laugh all the harder at his own bad joke. Brian snorted indelicately, reaching over to envelop the still-giggling blond jokester in his arms. This kid was something else, he thought. Only his Cookie could have not only convinced Brian Kinney to come to a drag queen party - completely naked - but then helped him clinch a new account for Kinnetik, and topped it all off by telling the most sophomoric joke ever voiced. Plus, he did all of that while sporting a woman’s breast on half his body. AND he still made Brian’s dick twitch with desire every time they touched. This young man and the effect he had on Brian was totally inexplicable and yet so comfortable . . . all he knew was, he was damned lucky to have found Justin.

“If you like my fig leaf so much, Jayce, I could always paint one for you next year,” Justin offered as the discussion about the costumes and body painting went on.

“Maybe, but you better have a lot of paint - my fig leaf is gonna have to be way the fuck bigger than that little bit of oregano,” Jayce bragged, half-jokingly pointing at Justin’s crotch where his more than respectable fig leaf seemed to be perking up quite readily.

“Don’t worry, man. I’ll make sure I’ve got a couple of gallons ready for you,” Justin scoffed. “But then again, if it’s gonna be THAT difficult, we could always paint you like a firefighter, and you could just throw it over your shoulder and pretend it’s a fire hose . . .” That earned Justin a roar of laughter from the assembly as well as a proud squeeze from his Adam.

“Well, Honey, you can keep your fire hose - I’ve seen it by the way, and I’m afraid it’s more of a garden hose, Baby - as long as I get to spend some time with our boy Adam’s trouser snake,” said the flaming queen who’d been listening in on their conversation from behind Jayce’s left shoulder.
“I don’t think so, Charro,” Brian replied to the lady with the fruit salad on her head and the coconut bra. “Besides, I haven’t personally examined the man’s fire hose, and my anaconda seems interested in getting to the BOTTOM of this particularly controversial issue . . . So, Cookie, do you care to join Fireman Fred and me for a little investigative research?”

“That’s an excellent idea, Adam!” Justin seconded the proposal with gusto. “Jayce, you’re with us, you lucky firebug. The rest of you gentlemen will have to hold onto your own hoses for the time being. We’ll be right back.”

The rest of the afternoon was spent in comparably pleasurable pursuits by the hit team of Adam and StEve. Brian happily bent Fireman Fred over the wash basin in the The Pines restroom while Justin fed him not only his figs but the entire fig leaf too. Brian had to agree with Charro, though, that the hose in question was more garden variety than main line, but the guy’s ass was nice and tight, so he didn’t quibble over the size of the rest of the equipment. After they were finished with Fireman Fred, Justin introduced Brian to several of his other acquaintances, including Lifeguard Larry, Bouncer Bob, and a few other assorted characters, all of whom were thrilled by the chance to take a bite out of the Apple of Knowledge of All Things - or at least all things Kinney - while Adam’s Anaconda showed them what real sin was like.

Despite all this sinning, nobody was thrown out of the Paradise of The Pines, and they all fucked happily ever after . . . for the rest of the night.

Chapter Theme Music - Sexy Drag Queen.

Chapter End Notes

The Invasion of the Pines is a real thing, in case you’re wondering. There’s even a documentary about it - Invasion of The Pines by Jon Morrow. You can’t make this stuff up, folks! We’re not sure though if anyone ever attended naked, adorned only in body paint - that part was crafted completely by eureka1 with some help from Brynn_Jones. Excellent work and so imaginative! Team FN has had lots of visitors online lately - thanks to everyone who’s stopped in or lurked - we love you all. Now, what other mischief can we get the boys into? Let’s see . . . TAG

P.S. Once again there are MANY pics in this chapter and if you want to see them all, you’ll have to go check out the chapter on our main website, Kinnetikdreams.com.
Control.

Chapter Notes

Just a lot of plot development. And introspection. And clam theft. Mr. Dick probably wouldn't be impressed. Hope you enjoy anyway. TAG

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 42 - Control.

Brian’s brain came online to the soft swishy sounds of ocean waves sizzling out of existence in the slowly heating sand outside and the faraway cries of awakening seagulls flying out for their first meal of the day. It created a pleasant atmosphere to wake up to, one that the adman wouldn’t ever experience back in the Pitts, so he allowed himself to simply lie in bed for a few moments and enjoy the tranquility of starting his day in this delightful manner. He figured he might as well enjoy it while he could because he had a nagging feeling that this sense of peace and calm wouldn’t last for long.

A few minutes later, a quiet snuffle next to his left ear brought his muddy attention to the blond sleeping next to him. Justin’s slender body was a picture of debauchery, the boy lying on his front with legs spread apart slightly - enough to tease Brian with a hint of the Cookie’s puckered entrance - while his sunlit blond head and pouty pink lips gave the impression that an angel had fallen into his bed. Brian found even the little snuffly snores attractive in a perverse way. All of which added the sense of well-being he was experiencing.

Letting out a satisfied sigh, the brunet arched his back in an attempt to awaken his sluggish muscles. Maybe if he managed to get moving in the next half an hour, before the blond had to get up for work, he could give the tempting boy next to him a bit of a morning treat. Yes, perhaps a nice and thorough rim job might just hit the spot. Then again, a slow sleepy shag wasn’t a bad idea either.

Brian’s pleasant thoughts were interrupted by the shrill sound of a ringing cell phone cutting through the calm.

“Great,” he grunted under his breath, turning around in search of the offending device interrupting his peaceful morning. He swore to himself that when he found it, he’d chuck it out the open bedroom window.

His hand hit the blunt edge of his bedside table a few times before it finally managed to find the cold surface of his phone. The bright screen informed him in big black letters that it was Cynthia who was
disturbing his peace. He accepted the call despite himself, reckoning his personal assistant was one of the few people in his life who wouldn’t call him just for kicks. There was a good chance she wanted something important.

“What?” he snapped irritatedly into the microphone.

“Good morning to you too, boss,” chirped the overcheerful secretary.

“It was until my phone started ringing,” agreed Brian, “what did you lot manage to bollocks up this time?”

“You’re chippy this morning,” remarked Cynthia drily, “did I interrupt something?”

The agitated man wasn’t currently in a mood for mindless jabber though. “Why, exactly, are you calling, Cynthia?” he asked instead.

Being able to read her boss’ moods perfectly after so many years of working for him, Cynthia immediately traded her teasing tone for a professional one: “I got the email you sent about the Ivan Meisner campaign; it looks like some pretty intricate stuff. I don’t know if we have anyone in the art department who has the bottle to even attempt what this guy wants. And what’s with this ‘body painting’ stuff - since when do we do that kind of thing?”

Brian smirked at the still-dozing blond beside him. “Since that’s what our client has decided he wants,” Brian answered. “As for the rest, I think I have all the artistic talent I need right here. I just need to work out the logistics. I’ll let you know how we’re going to arrange things on the creative side as soon as I figure it all out.”

“Well, just don’t take too long with your figuring, Boss. Based on the deadlines you gave me, we’re going to need to get started on this right away,” Cynthia warned. “Your email said Meisner wants a prelimin by next week. Not sure how we’re going to work that. Especially without you here to crack your whip.”

“Well, since I’m not cutting my vacation short to come back there, I guess that means you need to get your ass here,” Brian ordered shortly. “You’ve got the rest of today to tie up any loose ends you need to handle at the office, but I want you and Ted here tomorrow. Put Murph in charge of holding down the fort for the rest of the week, and tell him if he screws anything up while you’re gone I won’t waste my time firing him, I’ll just put out a hit on him. Oh, and you’re going to have to either
find some local photographer that’s decent or bring what’s-his-name from the art department with you.”

“You mean Phil?” Cynthia asked, her distaste at the name she voiced clearly evident even through the phone line. “I don’t think so, Boss. I don’t give a flying fart how great his photography is, I’m not having him hitting on me all week while we’re trapped together working at your beach house. I’ll find someone local or, hell, I’ll take the pictures my own damn self if I have to. I’m NOT bringing Phil.”

“Have it your way, Cyn,” Brian laughed quietly, enjoying - the way he always did - teasing his assistant about her ongoing feud with their smarmy chief photographer. Not that Brian really wanted Phil around, he just loved getting Cynthia’s goat. “Is that all or is there anything else you wanted?” Brian asked, running his fingers through the messy blond locks spread out across his chest as he mentally shifted gears from worktime back to playtime.

“Well,” drawled his assistant.

“I knew it!” exclaimed the advertising genius heatedly, “I knew you people screwed something up.”

Cynthia snorted. “Someone definitely screwed something but it wasn’t me. You remember that font designer you hired because she was the only one who could work the new software to your satisfaction?”

“Yes?” acknowledged Brian, already dreading what was coming next.

“She’s up the duff,” the unhappy COO finished, giving voice to one of Brian’s nightmares.

Brian looked towards the ceiling in frustration, running a hand over his face and jostling Justin in the process. “Shit. She’s only been there, what, two months? And she’s already gunning for maternity leave? Damn it!” Brian’s voice had risen while he spoke, and this time when he glanced down he found himself looking into startled blue eyes just inches from his own.

Justin made a questioning noise in the back of his throat, and Brian tried to soothe his lover’s ruffled feathers with a kiss on the nose.

“Brian?” came a loud voice from his phone.
“What?”

“Are you listening to me? You completely blanked me there for a moment.” Cynthia’s businesslike voice demanded attention.

Brian couldn’t tear his eyes off of Justin’s face. “Sorry, Cyn. She isn’t married, is she? Was this planned? Is she gonna keep it?”

“Definitely NOT planned, but she seems happy about it, so I assume she’s going to keep it,” she told him and Brian could almost hear her rolling her eyes. “She’s walking around the office all glowy and happy and shit. It’s disgusting.”

“I bet. So, is she going to stay home with it after it’s born, or does she plan to continue working? How long do we have until we need to find a replacement? If we’re going to have to hire someone to take over that position permanently, we need to get started on it right away - it took me three months to find her.”

Cynthia sighed. “We probably have five or six months. But we’re already short staffed down in the art department and with the way Holly is walking around all dreamy-eyed, barely able to concentrate, I doubt she’s going to be much help for the foreseeable future. I don’t know how we’re going to keep up with all our current work, Boss, let alone this new campaign you just brought in. I’m afraid you’re going to have to finally break down and hire a couple more artists.”

Brian opened his mouth to answer, but his focus was once again derailed by the sexy boy in front of him. Justin licked his lips, blinking sleepily up at Brian. With those crystal blue eyes sparkling suggestively at him, the brunet had a hard time concentrating on answering his PA.

“Well, I just might have some ideas on that front, but nothing that I can get put in place until after the summer’s over.” Brian smiled at his very own blond artist, his mind spinning through possibilities that he hadn’t had time yet to work through. “I’ll leave it up to you to sort out in the meantime, Cyn,” he told her. “Interview all the other people who sent us their CVs who are able to create a somewhat decent font for a temporary position while Haley’s on maternity leave and, if we find someone even better, we’ll bring them on for the long term.”

“It’s Holly,” corrected Cynthia, “and by someone better you mean someone more male?”
Brian chuckled - well aware that his assistant had been onto him from day one - but didn’t bother to comment. He had long ago learned his lesson about fraternizing with his employees, but he didn’t mind a little extra eye candy around the office. And, while he had nothing against heteros, per se, this getting pregnant thing, right when he needed Hallie’s skill the most, was downright annoying. At least with male employees he didn’t have to worry about that eventuality.

“I’m on it, boss,” Cynthia continued in her usual efficient manner. “I’ll get started on that little project today and let you know what I come up with when I see you tomorrow.”

Brian didn’t deem it necessary to say anything else and hung up without another word to his friend. It’s not like she wasn’t used to his telephone etiquette. He put his iPhone back onto the bedside table, sighing heavily. Flaming Heidi and her eager ovaries.

"Who was that?" asked a curious Justin when he saw Brian had finally ended the phone call.

"That was Cynthia," explained the brunet, kneading the back of his neck with the hand that wasn’t entangled in Cookie’s hair, "my glorified secretary. Don’t ever tell her I called her that though, she’d have my balls. Her official title is Chief Operating Officer, and she’s more than happy to emphasize that point - in sometimes painful ways - if you get on her bad side."

The Cookie smiled slightly, still too sleepy to do more than that, before rubbing his cheek against Brian's chest. "Was she asking about the campaign for The Pines?" Justin wondered.

"Yeah. She was flapping about the timelines, worried that I bit off more than I can chew," Brian explained. “Which unfortunately means that I’m going to have to take time out of my relaxing vacation to ride their asses, at least until we get the details worked out. So, be prepared for a different kind of Invasion starting tomorrow.”

“Somehow I don’t think the Invasion of Kinnetik will be nearly as amusing as the Invasion of The Pines,” Justin chuckled, wiggling the blue-painted toes of his right foot to prove his point. “So, we really didn’t talk much yesterday about just how I will be involved in this deal. I mean, you did a great job negotiating my fees,” Justin shook his head, amazed all over again at how highly Brian had valued that portion of the campaign - the artist had never even dreamed his new-found hobby of body painting would become THAT profitable, “but how, exactly, is this going to work, Boss?”

Brian looked at the warm blond snuggled up against him and wondered that question himself. How WAS this thing going to work? Brian already knew he wanted Justin’s talent for Kinnetik - that was a given, regardless of the outcome of their silly bet. Brian had been blown away by the artist’s amazing paintings, not to mention the kid’s drawing, and knew that he would be a total idiot if he
wasted the chance to grab that talent and harness it for his company. The body painting thing, and the subsequent contract with The Pines, was just an added bonus. So, yeah, of course Brian was going to do everything he could to make sure Justin Taylor became a part of his team.

The tricky part, though, was how he was going to work this and get his new artist onboard without Justin realizing how desperately Brian wanted him.

Brian didn’t want to concede on their bet just yet. He was having the time of his life so far this summer, and he knew he owed it all to his Cookie’s ongoing entertainment efforts. There was no way he wanted that part of this deal to end any time soon. And Brian was afraid, if he gave in and outright offered the little brat a job, Cookie would think he didn’t have to keep up with the nightly amusements. Brian was already gun-shy after their prior discussions about how Justin wanted to keep things strictly business - if he came right out and hired the kid in an official capacity, Brian suspected that all his summer fun would come to a crashing halt.

So, how was he going to finagle this to ensure that he would get the benefit of this incredibly talented young man’s artistic services and still keep him under the impression that their bet was still on? That was Brian’s dilemma. It was going to take some very careful handling, too.

“Well, since a lot of this campaign revolves around you and your art, it’s pretty clear we’re going to need to hire you on as a freelance consultant,” Brian explained, trying to sell the job and its limited nature as best he could. “However, the campaign Meisner wants is going to be complicated. He wants targeted national and possibly even international exposure, and the rest of Kinnetik’s staff is already swamped with other projects; plus, none of them are familiar with Fire Island. That means I’ll need you involved in most, if not all, aspects of the campaign design and not just in the end result when we do the actual body painting. You think you can handle that?”

“No problo, Boss. Whenever I’m not working at The Albie or one of my other jobs, I should be able to devote most of my time to the project!” the young man enthused. “Except for fulfilling my nightly entertainment duties, of course.” The Cookie sent his boss a sly glance. “There’s no way I’m welshing on our bet.”

“Don’t worry. I’m not reneging on our bet either,” Brian replied, relieved that Justin had beat him to that conclusion. “We’ll still have time for fun and games - some of the entertainment may well be relevant to our marketing plan anyway. But, as for the rest, I don’t see how you’re going to be able to keep working at The Albatross and do this at the same time, Cookie.” Justin sat up in bed and looked like he was about to object, so Brian rushed to cut him off. “Cookie, this campaign will eventually eat up a lot of man hours. By the time it really gets underway in the fall, my full-time employees will likely be putting in fifty, sixty, sometimes even seventy hours every week on it. To prepare for that onslaught, I’m going to need all hands on deck, and your help is crucial since it was your artwork that sold Meisner on Kinnetik in the first place. Couldn’t you cut back a little bit on your shifts at The Albie so you can assist me? Maybe even take a few weeks off? Kinnetik will
compensate you fairly, I promise.”

The Cookie looked uncertain. “I don’t know, Brian. They need me in the kitchen. I’m the best cook they’ve got.”

Brian tried not to look impatient. “And I need you here. Focused and on the job.”

Justin bit his lip, wringing his hands in his lap as he sat on the barstool. “And I will be, I just thought . . .”

“Justin,” interrupted Brian, leaning closer to his lover and putting a hand on his arm - pulling out all the stops, “I need you on this. Come on, you’re not going to leave me hanging just so you can stand in a greasy kitchen and fry up clams for other people, are you? Think of all the great experience you’ll get actually working in a position where you’re getting paid for your art. That’s going to look a lot better on your resume than ‘short order cook’.”

The young chef seemed indignant at having his pristine kitchen at The Albie called greasy, but still managed to keep his feelings under control as he considered Brian’s point. It really was true that he needed this type of experience. He didn’t want to be working as a cook forever. And it was likely to pay a hell of a lot better than his job at The Albie. The only thing was, he didn’t want to burn his bridges - if he made an enemy of his boss at The Albatross and then didn’t win his bet with Brian, he’d be shit out of luck for another job here on the island, and he just couldn’t afford that possibility. However, he didn’t want to let Brian down either. It was a tough call for the financially insecure young man.

“I suppose I could talk to the owner,” he conceded eventually, knowing that he really WANTED to do the project with Brian a lot more than he wanted to cook at The Albie. “Besides, when I win our bet and leave at the end of the summer, he’ll have to make do without me anyway. Might as well get him used to that now,” Justin added boastfully.

Brian grinned victoriously. “That’s the spirit,” he exclaimed and handed his cell phone over to the other man. “So, why don’t you call your boss now and then we can stay in bed all morning without you having to rush off to work.” When Justin looked like he was going to try to argue again, Brian snaked one hand down under the covers, grabbed hold of the boy’s half-hard cock and gave it a friendly squeeze. “I promise to make your day off worthwhile, Cookie. Besides, we need to get all the fucking we can in today, before my staff shows up tomorrow and we get too distracted by work. Don’t you agree?”

Justin’s dick thought that Brian was making a very good point and since the more Mr. Dick got
rubbed and petted, the more he thought he should be in charge of all decisions involving getting out of bed, and the less coherent the rest of Justin’s thought processes became. In no time at all, all those concerns about maintaining his reputation for being a good, loyal, dependable employee simply vanished. The only truly important thing here was how unutterably great that stroking hand felt. And before he knew it, Justin found himself leaving a message on his boss’ voicemail explaining how he would have to cut back his hours at The Albatross for the next couple of weeks because of this great artistic opportunity he had, and that he promised to come in later that day and explain further, but that he couldn’t talk now . . .

Which was when Brian reached out with his unoccupied hand, took the phone out of Justin’s hand and disconnected the call, never letting up on the pleasant stroking his other hand was still providing for Mr. Dick. And that was also when Justin’s logical brain disconnected entirely, leaving Mr. Dick in complete control. Which is precisely how Mr. Dick liked things. Especially when he was getting so much convivial attention from Brian’s helpful hand.

Mr. Dick especially liked it when Brian’s hand did that little twist at the end of a stroke . . . yes, just like THAT! Brian’s hand was very adept at this kind of thing. That hand just kept caressing Mr. Dick, stroking up and down Mr. Dick’s length with a firm, warm touch, occasionally flicking at the tip of Mr. Dick’s head or doing that twisty thing. Over and over again. Until Mr. Dick couldn’t take it any more and simply blew his top. With happy, endorphin-laden results for Mr. Dick’s owner, Justin.

Yep, calling off work this morning was turning out to be an excellent idea, Mr. Dick decided without reservation.

After Brian and Justin finally rolled themselves out of bed around eleven, Justin treated Brian to a breakfast of fresh-baked cranberry muffins. The two of them lazed around in the sun on the deck while they ate and sipped their coffee. Justin was rather enjoying his relaxed morning. He’d been going full tilt ever since Gus left, not taking any time for himself and, between working at some job or another almost every single day and staying out with Brian late every night, he was definitely ready for a bit of a break.

Brian seemed happy and relaxed too. Justin found himself admiring, once again, the long clean lines of the older man’s svelte body. Brian was leaning back in one deck chair, with his legs propped up on another, clad only in a pair of shorts that were zipped up but not buttoned. Right at that moment, Brian’s head was tipped back, exposing his face to the warming rays of the sun, and there was a hint of a smile on the wide, crushed-cranberry lips. The man truly was amazingly beautiful.

Brian was also extremely easy to be with. Whether they were just sitting around the beach house like this morning or out and about at some gala event like last night’s Invasion party, Brian always seemed comfortable with his surroundings, and he made Justin feel the same way. Hell, Justin hadn’t
even noticed that Brian was particularly uncomfortable yesterday when they’d conducted an entire business meeting with Ivan Meisner - probably THE richest man Justin had ever met - while they were both totally nude. It seemed that that level of supreme confidence was contagious. Justin liked that about Brian. It was probably the man’s most attractive quality - even more so than his physical beauty. It was certainly one of the reasons that Justin found himself so proud to be seen with Brian when they were out together.

And he really had been proud to be seen with Brian the day before at the Invasion. The man was basically sex on a stick - even fully clothed - so it wasn’t surprising the way everyone had flocked to him when he was buck naked except for Justin’s body painting. Shit, the men had literally climbed over one another to get a chance to fuck with the pair of them last night, as well as the night before at the Sip ‘N Twirl. Not that Justin had ever had trouble pulling tricks himself, but with Brian by his side, they had been fucking unstoppable.

Thinking of the Sip ‘N Twirl, though, brought to mind Brian’s out-of-character actions with respect to Rosy, and the way Brian had ended the game so abruptly. Justin hadn’t wanted to make an issue out of Brian’s actions at the time, and they’d been really busy the following day, so there hadn’t been time to think about it further, let alone discuss it. Now that he had the time, though, Justin still wasn’t sure what to think. Brian had been acting so possessive recently. Not only with Rosy, but there had been a couple of times while at The Pines the night before and even that one comment to Stella, when Brian had essentially laid claim to Justin. The young artist knew that he really needed to talk to Brian about that issue, but he hesitated to ruin the peaceful atmosphere of the morning by bringing it up.

Besides, Justin wasn’t really sure exactly what he would say when he did bring up the problem. He really should say something - he didn’t want Brian thinking there was more to this thing between them than Justin was ready for. But, then again, he didn’t really know what he WAS ready for, either. He certainly had enjoyed the time they were spending together. Brian wasn’t hard to be with. They seemed to get on so well, too. But, still, Justin got itchy just thinking about the possibility of committing himself to another relationship and, despite Brian’s protestations at the beginning of the summer, it seemed like that was where the big guy was heading.

Justin definitely didn’t want to say something that would potentially start an argument. Not when things had been going so wonderfully. He and Brian had been getting along fabulously. They both enjoyed each other’s company, whether they were fucking each other or fucking their way together through a crowd of other guys. Justin was sure that he was more than halfway towards winning the bet. Why would he risk saying something that might screw all that up?

Especially now when Brian had offered him a paying job working with him on this advertising campaign for The Pines. This was a dream come true for the townie who was desperate to escape Fire Island. Not only was he going to be making some real money for a change, but he’d also be earning it while doing something he actually enjoyed and that might lead to a serious career in an art-related field. A career that could help him in his dream to finally move away from here. He really did not want to undermine this opportunity.
Was it worth it though to hold his tongue and essentially leave Brian under the misconception that this thing between them was going to lead to more, just so he could secure his best chance ever to escape? Justin had to admit that was a little cold-blooded. But was it really that bad to just want to get away from the island? To experience a little bit of freedom while he was still young enough to enjoy it? To answer to no one but himself? To have no obligations other than those he willingly signed up for?

Whether it was selfish or not, that was Justin’s primary goal. Fire Island wasn’t a bad place, and it would always be home. He’d always want to come back and visit regularly, but the craving to travel, study, and work elsewhere was nearly choking him. Pittsburgh might not be Paris, New York, London, Chicago, or San Francisco, but it would be an adventure nonetheless and at least it wasn’t Fire Island. So, for now at least, Justin decided that he wouldn’t say anything to rock the boat with Brian. He’d just have to hope that the older man didn’t go all Bunny Boiler on him with the jealousy thing. Maybe, if he said nothing, it would all blow over?

Justin could only hope. In the meantime, he would keep quiet, continue on with his plans to win the bet, and do his best to show Brian that he could do the job with the ad campaign so well that the man wouldn’t regret it when he lost. And he’d worry about how to handle Brian at the end of the summer.

Eventually, the boys decided they’d had enough lazing around and nibbling on muffins. Justin figured it was high time to go talk to his boss, Zach, and arrange the time off from The Albie. Brian offered to go with him, since he needed the exercise after eating four muffins for breakfast - damn that Cookie and his tempting culinary skills. He also needed to stop by the store in Ocean Beach and pick up a few things before Cynthia and Ted’s arrival the next day, so an outing seemed like a good idea.

When they arrived at The Albatross, Justin left Brian parked outside on the patio, promising to send someone out with a cold beer while the man was waiting. Because of Justin’s last minute decision to take the day off, the manager had been forced to fill in at the grill himself, so Justin was going to have to wait a bit to get a chance to talk to Zach. In order to speed things up a bit, Justin threw on an apron, ducked into the kitchen and started to work on the next order. While he was at it, he threw some clams into the deep fryer, thinking to surprise Brian with those fried clams that the man couldn’t stop harping about.

Brian was surprised but very pleased when Reggie came out of the restaurant with a tray bearing not only the promised beer but also a heaping basket of fried clams. Now this was more like it! Finally, he was going to get to try the much vaunted clams!

Brian thanked the waiter profusely and then took a moment to set up the offerings sent to him by his
Cookie on the table. He almost didn’t believe that this was actually going to happen. He’d been denied his clams so many times already that it seemed like a fucking miracle. Because of that fact, Brian decided, only half-jokingly, to take a picture of the feast before he started in on it.

While Brian was screwing around setting up the perfect lunch tableau with his clams, he missed the fact that his actions were being scrutinized with evil intent by another. Across the walk from The Albatross, a bicyclist hiding in the shade of the trees had been secretly observing the scene ever since Brian and Justin had arrived. And this observer was not at all amused by what he was seeing.

The curly-haired peeping Tom had been waiting at the restaurant for more than an hour - hoping to get a chance to talk to Justin, who he’d been told was supposed to be working both the lunch and dinner shifts that day. When Justin hadn’t shown, Ethan had planned on just leaving, until he’d noticed Justin and that skank that had been usurping all his ex’s time lately, walking up to the pub together, laughing and goofing and smiling at each other in a ridiculously nauseating way. At one point the loser had even playfully crooked his elbow out toward Justin, who’d linked his arm through it as they laughingly proceeded down the path like two English gents from the Victorian age. What a fucking joke!

Ethan was seething even more when he saw HIS Justin kiss that old guy’s cheek and pat him tenderly on the ass before he headed inside the restaurant. What the hell did Justin see in this guy? He was fucking old! And, yeah, he was okay looking, but Justin could do better. Much better. Fuck, he could and should be with Ethan!

The longer Ethan watched the bothersome brunet, who was lounging around on The Albatross’ patio like he owned the place, blatantly checking out any guy that passed by and acting like he was god’s gift to Fire Island, the angrier he got. If this asswipe hadn’t shown up and preempted Ethan’s plans for winning Justin back, they’d be a couple again already. Then Ethan would be the one walking around with Justin on his arm, and everyone would be jealous of him because he would have the hottest boyfriend on the island. Then Ethan would be the one everybody was talking about. The one that people were openly admiring. The one that people were taking pictures and videos of and treating like celebrities. That’s what should have been happening. And, if Ethan had anything to say about it, that’s what would still be happening as soon as he got rid of this interloper.

Ethan didn’t really have any solid ideas about how to get rid of his rival. But, when he saw Reggie bringing out a tray full of food for the guy, he immediately thought of at least one way he could get back at the man. Since the brunet was seated at a table right next to the patio railing, it would be a cinch. All Ethan had to do was ride his bike as close as possible to the patio and, while he passed, reach out and take the basket full of delicious-looking clams. Then Ethan would high-tail it out of there, taking the idiot’s lunch with him and eat it himself. Okay, it probably wouldn’t cause Justin to get rid of the loser, but it would be funny and make the guy look like a sap, and it was the best idea that Ethan had at the moment, so what the hell.
Ethan’s plan worked like a dream too. The guy was too busy doing something with his camera phone to even notice when the unseen biker zipped out from his hiding place under the trees, sprinted across the road, and sped along the patio railing. The oldster definitely wasn’t expecting anyone to zoom up out of nowhere and steal his lunch. The guy just sat there, a disbelieving look on his face, while Ethan laughingly pedaled away with his food. Ethan was laughing so hard as he raced away, standing up on the pedals so that he could look back gloatingly over his shoulder at the dweeb standing there looking all stunned, that he completely forgot that Surf Way, going north, dead ended at the water line where the path wound down into the lapping waters of The Great South Bay.

Brian stood there in stunned amazement that he had been within a foot of his longed-for fried clams when they were so rudely snatched away from him by some crazy-assed bicyclist. The only thing that made up for the insult to his salivary glands was that the asinine clam thief hadn’t gone more than fifteen meters before he took a dive off of the end of the pier. As far as Brian was concerned, justice was served. If HE didn’t get to eat the clams, at least the fucking thief wouldn’t get to either. The seagulls were happy, though, as they bombarded the pier for the clams that were strewn along the water’s edge.

Chapter Theme Music - Control.

Chapter End Notes

9/4/16 - Will Brian ever get those clams . . . I’d say he has a slightly better chance of getting his clams than Ethan has of winning back Justin, but that’s not saying much. LOL! Credit for the meat of this chapter goes out to Brynn_Jones and eureka1, who wrote most all of this before TAG came along and ruthlessly changed the entire storyline around on them. Great job, though, guys. Samcdee also gets credit for helping out on the writing as well as all her editing skills. Now, get ready for the Invasion of Kinnetik . . . and others. TAG
Chapter Notes

Brian and Justin wearing nothing but cowboy boots . . . just saying! LOL. Yee Haw! Enjoy! TAG

See the end of the chapter for more notes

FN - Banner 43

Chapter 43 - Rawhide.

“Yee Haw!” Justin hollered at the top of his lungs, spurring his rider, Brock, to shoot off a couple more rounds from his cap pistols as the pale beauty continued to impale himself over and over again on Justin’s pommel.

Brian just laughed, used the riding crop in his left hand to give a sharp thwack to his own rider - causing Brayden to yelp - and then turned his head to the right so that his lips could reach Cookie’s for an erotic kiss. In the background, the theme song from Rawhide was blasting, on endless repeat, and every so often the entire foursome would join in singing, ‘Rollin, rollin, rollin . . .’ Brian seemed to especially like the parts when the song would sound off with a shouted ‘Yeah’ followed by the sound of a bullwhip cracking - he liked to echo each crack with another application of his riding crop on whichever of his playmates he thought needed a little more incentive.

Not that any of the participants needed much prodding. They all seemed to be enjoying themselves tremendously. So much so that Brock kept losing his cowboy hat due to his overzealous bronc riding and Justin, whose cowboy boot clad feet were propped up against the wall behind the headboard of
the bed, was in danger of stomping his foot through the wall if he got any more enthusiastic while keeping time to the music. Even Brian, whose own booted feet were hanging off the foot of the bed so that his head was even with Justin’s, found his toes tapping along with the beat of the catchy tune. When his own little cowboy almost got thrown because of a spirited thrust or two, also timed to the music, he just grabbed hold of Brayden’s gun belt with his free hand and held on for dear life.

It was a western sexual extravaganza, the likes of which had not been seen in the vicinity of Fire Island in near on a hundred and fifty years, and the cowboys were so caught up in their little adventure that they didn’t even notice at first when their fantasy ride was turned into a spectator sport by the advent of several uninvited visitors.

It wasn’t until somebody turned down the music that the bucking and riding foursome discovered their arena had been invaded by a passel of city-slickers who were staring with mouths hanging open. Brian was the only one who recognized the unwelcome visitors and he was NOT happy about the intrusion. But he’d be fucked if he was going to give up on his fun at this point just because he had an untimely audience. When Justin started to flag, unsure what the hell was going on or who these newcomers were, Brian gave the little blond mount another good thwack with his riding crop and growled at him not to stop. With a shake of his head and a roll of his eyes, Justin turned away from the interlopers and renewed his efforts to bring his rider to completion as fast as he possibly could. Brian did the same. And before you could say ‘Lickity-Split’ both Brayden and Brock were groaning and shooting their loads, the thick white ribbons of cum flying through the air, each coating the chest of his twin with creamy ciphers of sexual fulfillment.

“Fuck!” Brian moaned as his own climax struck, giving him just time enough to order, “cum for me Cookie,” before he thrust upward one last time, throwing Brayden forward into his brother’s arms.

Justin took that opportunity to follow Brian’s lead, releasing his own load into the condom right before he unseated Brock as well.

The whole heap of men then collapsed into a pile in the center of the bed, cowboy hats toppling to the floor and toy pistols clattering after them.

"Howdy, boys! Where's the rope? I want to lasso me up some of that!” exclaimed Emmett in his best flaming southern drawl as soon as the dust had settled and the moaning had died out enough that he could be heard.

“Fuck off, Honeycutt! This is a private rodeo,” Brian growled without getting up from his place at the bottom of the pig pile of men.

“What the hell, Brian? You’re fucking twin albino cowboys now? Shit!” Michael’s awestruck voice
piped up as he voiced his disbelief.

“No, Mikey. We were playing bingo . . . Duh! What do you think we were doing? You WERE watching, right?” Brian snarked angrily. “And what the FUCK are you two uninvited losers doing in my bedroom at . . .” Brian shifted Brayden enough so he could lean over and glance at the clock on the bedside table, “fucking four in the morning?”

“We decided to surprise you and come for a visit,” Michael explained with a grin like an overly cheerful puppy.

“No shit, Sherlock,” Brian groused with a huff.

“You know these guys, Brian?” Justin asked incredulously as he wriggled out from under Brock enough to free his legs so that he could roll around and face the invaders head on.

“Unfortunately, yes,” Brian admitted, struggling to free himself as well. “Justin, meet Michael Novotny and Emmett Honeycutt. Two of Pittsburgh’s nosiest fags and my former friends.” Brian finally made it up into a sitting position, only to realize there was a forgotten spur under his ass cheek, which he had to immediately excavate before he caused himself serious damage. “Sorry, Brock, Brayden. We’ll have to reschedule the rest of the rodeo games for another night, guys.”

“Damn. I was looking forward to the calf roping event, too,” Brock teased as he rolled off the far side of the bed, unhooked his gun belt and started fishing around on the floor for his clothing. “You definitely owe us a rain check, Brian. See ya, Justin.”

“I promise I’ll hogtie you both next time I see y’all,” Brian teased, slapping Brayden affectionately on the thigh to get his own rider to hurry along.

“Bye, Bri,” Brayden leaned down and kissed Brian familiarly on the cheek before he picked up his pants and followed his brother out the door of the bedroom.

“Now, do you two morons want to tell me what the FUCK you’re doing here and how you even found my fucking address?” Brian demanded angrily, standing up to confront his unwanted guests.

“Well, you see, Brian, it was like this,” Emmett started off using his most placating tone of voice. “We were all out at Woody’s and Michael was a little, teensy bit drunk . . .”
“You should talk, Em,” Michael scoffed. “Em was on his fifth cosmo.”

“Okay, so we were BOTH a little bit tipsy,” Emmett conceded. “And that’s when Teddy slipped and told us that he had to leave early because he was flying out here to meet you in the morning, and he had to catch an early flight . . .”

“So we decided that it would be a lot more fun if we all came to see you together,” Michael added. “And then we agreed that a road trip would be even more fun, and cheaper, than flying . . .”

“Plus, none of us were doing anything that important for the rest of the week, so we just decided, what the hell, we should leave right then. And the next thing you know, we were all in Teddy’s car, singing show tunes and halfway to Long Island!” Emmett finished with an obsequious smile.

“I see,” Brian nodded his head, “And how, exactly, did you get Theodore to agree to this little expedition? I distinctly remember warning him that if he told any of you blockheads my vacation address I would personally cut off his balls and serve them up at Debbie’s next family dinner. So I seriously doubt he just happily agreed to go along with this farce.”

“Now, Brian, you can’t be angry at Teddy. He didn’t want to tell us. In fact, he flat out refused to have any part in our road trip idea . . .” Em was smiling so wide it looked like his face was about to split in half at this point.

“Yeah, so we kidnapped him!” Michael blurted out enthusiastically! “Em happened to have these handcuffs in his bag . . .”

“I was just keeping them safe for a friend, you know. They’re not MINE,” Em protested.

“And I grabbed Ted’s hands while Em cuffed him, and then we dragged him out to the car, stole his keys from his jacket pocket, pushed him into the backseat, and tickled him until he told us the address.” Michael announced, so pleased with himself that he was literally bouncing with glee.

“And where, pray tell, is Theodore now?” Brian asked. “I take it from the fact that he wasn’t in here with you two ogling my orgy that he’s either hiding, or he finally escaped and is planning on leaving the country before I get a hold of him.”
“We had to cuff him to the railing of the deck outside, because he was threatening to run away if we didn’t,” Michael explained, sounding like it was the most hilarious prank they’d ever played.

“What are they, twelve years old?” Justin asked incredulously, staring at the two men who acted like what they had done to their friend was a joke and not a serious felony.

“Well, I’m glad you enjoyed yourselves, boys. Now you can turn around, find your way back to the ferry, and go home,” Brian demanded, “Oh, and give me the fucking handcuff keys before you go so I can release my CFO before I kill him.”

“Awww! Come on, Brian! We’re already here - you can’t just send us home,” Michael whined piteously. “You’ve got this huge house, right on the beach, and we can all hang out together and have a blast. It’ll be fun. The four of us partying together, going out at night, clubbing and stuff - just like old times.”

“I don’t think so, Mikey,” Brian shook his head, then moved to grab each of the visitors by a shoulder so he could usher them out of the bedroom. “Starting tomorrow, this goes from a vacation to a working vacation. I don’t have the time, or the inclination, to entertain you guys. And even if I did have the time, I wouldn’t want to. Part of the appeal of this whole vacation was getting away from everything and EVERYONE back in the Pitts. Including all of you! So, as you weren’t invited, you need to either go home or go find someplace else to stay that’s not on my dime.”

“Now, Brian. That’s not very hospitable of you,” Emmett tried to interject. “I know we probably shouldn’t have just shown up without at least calling first, but you can’t just throw us out in the middle of the night. We’re your friends.”

“And Ted already told us you were going to be working during the day, Brian,” Michael pleaded. “We promise not to bug you too much. If you really do have to work, we can always entertain ourselves during the day. Like, go to the beach and stuff. But you’re not going to be working all night too, are you? We could at least go out together at night, right? We’ve seen all the videos of you going all sorts of fun places, so couldn’t you at least show us around a bit for a few days? Please, Brian?”

“What part of, ‘Brian’s going to be too busy’ do you not understand, buddy?” Justin scoffed, ticked off by the wheedling tone of the short, dark-haired guy’s voice.

“Who the fuck are you?” Michael asked belligerently, glaring at the blond twink who was still lounging on Brian’s bed. “Shouldn’t you have left with the rest of the tricks?”
“Let me warn you now, Cookie, Mikey has very selective hearing and a limited brain capacity where I’m concerned. That includes anything that disrupts his version of the status quo.” Brian snarked with an angry glare at his ‘best friend’. “Mikey, this is Justin Taylor. He’s not only my fuck buddy but the best local guide Fire Island has to offer. In addition, he’s one of the most talented artists I’ve ever seen, and I recently hired him as the art director for Kinnetik’s latest advertising campaign. The one that we’ll be busy working on these next few weeks and, incidentally, the reason I summoned Ted and Cynthia here. Oh, and JUSTIN was invited, so he stays.”

“But . . . but, Briaaaaaaan . . .” Mikey whined in response, “did you hear the rude way he spoke to me? Even if you did invite him over for a fuck tonight, he’s still just a glorified trick and I’m your best friend. The little shit has no right to talk to me like that.”

“He has every right, Mikey. You’re the one who has no right to even be here. I still can’t believe you had the nerve to come here uninvited - expecting a free vacation - barging into my house and into my bedroom while I’m entertaining MY GUESTS, and then you dare to tell someone I DID invite to leave. So, unless you’d prefer for me to actually physically kick your ass out, I’d suggest that you apologize to Justin and then get the fuck out of here on your own initiative.” Brian snarled at Michael as he proceeded to stalk out of the bedroom - proudly and totally naked - in search of his soon to be castrated CFO.

After escaping from the simmering cat fight in his bedroom, sure that Justin could hold his own against the likes of Michael and Emmett and that the blond wouldn’t need his assistance, Brian went out to assess the hostage situation. He found Ted cuffed to the porch railing outside just as Mikey had described. The accountant’s wrists were rubbed raw and his face was resigned.

“I always suspected you were into this kind of thing, Theodore,” said Brian by way of announcing his presence. “But I never expected to have to actually witness it myself.”

The older man looked up at him tiredly. “Just kill me now,” he pleaded. “Before you remove my balls. I’d rather not have to be conscious for that part.”

“Now where would be the fun in that?” his boss asked sardonically with an evil glint in his eye. “Your demise will come when I’m damn good and ready for it and most likely when you least expect it. Now, show me those cuffs and I’ll try to get you out of them,” he instructed as he crouched next to his employee.

Ted let him have a look at the handcuffs, hissing in pain when Brian’s inspection caused his already chafed wrists to rub against the warmed metal. “I tried to wriggle out of them,” he explained at his boss’ inquiring look.

“Well you didn’t do a very good job, since you’re obviously still the idiot twins’ hostage,” the
younger man commented critically.

“The cuffs don’t have a safety,” Ted defended, “I checked.”

Brian raised his eyebrows. “What kind of cuffs don’t have a safety?”

“Police issue?” snarked the detainee.

“What did Emmett do? Nick them from Carl?” Brian wondered with a hint of surprised admiration in his tone. “Well, that certainly complicates things,” he remarked, enjoying the situation despite himself, “you didn’t happen to see where Emmett stuffed the keys to this thing, did you?”

“No,” was the resigned answer. “I was too busy trying to catch my breath after being tickled until I practically puked.”

Brian nodded his head decisively as he stood up. “Lucky you, I know how to get you out of this, so don’t worry your little calculator-head over it,” he told Ted, turning on his heel and heading back to the house. “Wait here,” he threw over his shoulder with a chuckle as he disappeared inside.


Brian stopped in the middle of the living room, looking around. He needed a small flat piece of metal that he could fold in half to use as a shim. The last time he’d tried this, he had specifically gone to a hardware store and got a thin metal sheet he’d cut into small squares. Shuddering at the memory of all the dungaree-clad men and butch lesbians roaming that awful place, he turned his eyes to Justin’s art supplies. Surely the blond had something he could use for his ‘Free the Ted’ mission.

He rummaged through the various brushes and Copic markers, until he came upon an ordinary ballpoint pen. It had a metal clip that had definite potential for becoming a shim - he wouldn’t even have to waste time bending it. Looking around to make sure no one was watching, he ripped the little piece of metal off the pen before returning the mauled object to Justin’s pile of tools. With a bit of luck, the artist wouldn’t even notice.

Walking back to where Ted was leaning against the railing, he crouched next to the prisoner again. “Now, just bear with me,” he said, “I’ll have you out of these in no time.”
Brian took one of the cuffs in his hand, trying not to jostle Ted’s awfully abraded wrists too much, and slid the pen clip between the locking mechanism and the teeth. He had to force it in a bit, since it wasn’t as smooth as the shim he had practiced with, but he managed to insert it as far as was needed. He then continued the process by tightening the cuff one notch and pushing on the shim simultaneously, causing Ted to yelp and the locking mechanism to release with a click.

“What did you do that for?” the prisoner demanded, trying to shake the tears of pain out of eyes.

Brian just wordlessly opened the offending cuff, a smug expression on his face.

The accountant stared in amazement. “You . . . how did you . . . ?” he stammered, “How did you know to do that?”

The brunet stud shrugged nonchalantly. “I know a lot of useful things, Theodore,” he boasted, not even contemplating telling Ted the reason why he had researched how to escape a set of handcuffs.

It was embarrassing really. He had woken up in his bed after a bad trip on Molly one morning, one of his hands cuffed to the headboard and no key in sight. He had tried to wriggle out of it - though unlike Theodore he’d recognized a lost cause before he could cause himself a painful injury - but was unsuccessful. In the end, he had to decide between dislocating his thumb and calling Mikey for help - neither one of which was exactly pleasing. The first option actually even seemed preferable for a while, until he pussied out at the last second and reached for his phone.

A decision he’d lived to regret when he was forced to listen to a lengthy lecture about safe drug use, which Brian half listened to, and a not-much-shorter speech on how to pick tricks, which Brian completely disregarded. He had learned from the experience though, searching the Internet at the first possible opportunity, to find out how to escape handcuffs. He had found two ways that seemed feasible - picking the lock and shimming the locking mechanism. He had quickly discovered he was pants at unlocking the lock with a piece of wire, but pretty decent at using the shim. Ever since then, the bent piece of metal had earned a permanent place in his bedside table, right next to his favourite neutral-flavoured lube.

He was brought out of his musings by a grunt from his accountant as the man attempted to stand up. Brian - ever the good Samaritan - lent him a helping hand and managed to bring him smoothly to his feet.

“Thanks, Bri,” mumbled the freed hostage gratefully.
“No problem,” shrugged the younger brunet, already heading back inside, leaving the matter of unlocking the other cuff up to Ted. “By the way,” he added as he stopped in the doorway, “you’re fired.”

As soon as Brian had left the bedroom, Justin had pulled on a pair sweats and then followed suit. Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dummer shuffled along in his wake. Justin made his way to the kitchen and pulled a bottle of water out of the fridge then returned to the living room where he discovered the two meddlers making themselves at home on the couch. Michael had his feet up on the coffee table and was flipping through the channels on the television. Emmett was already unpacking a large shoulder bag and distributing all the contents on the table, the couch, and even the floor.

“Did you two not hear Brian? I’m pretty sure he told you to get the hell out of here. Why are you just sitting around? If you get a move on, you can still make the 5:30 ferry off the island,” Justin advised, moving so that his body was physically blocking the interlopers’ view of the television screen.

“Fuck off, twinkie,” the annoyingly whiny one barked. “Nobody asked you to stick your nose in business that doesn’t involve you.”

“Okay . . . Either you’re hearing impaired or perhaps just mentally challenged. Those are the only two excuses I can think of for why you’re still sitting here on Brian’s couch after you were explicitly told to leave,” Justin reached over, grabbed the TV remote out of Michael’s hand, switched off the boob tube, and then tossed the remote onto the ottoman at the far end of the couch. “Or maybe you’re so socially inept that you don’t have a clue how rude it is to break into someone else’s home in the middle of the night and then invite yourself to stay for the foreseeable future. Were you raised by feral dogs or something? Weren’t you taught to respect your friends’ privacy? How dare you just barge in on Brian and let yourselves into his home - not to mention his bedroom - in the middle of the night like that?” the irate blond rounded angrily on the pugnacious, dark-haired man.

“Brian doesn’t care about that shit. I’ve always had a key to Brian’s loft so I could come over whenever I wanted! Why would this be any different? I AM his BEST friend.” Michael bragged, his lower lip stuck out in a pout which rivaled anything Justin had ever seen produced by a two-year-old in the midst of a tantrum.

“Reeeally,” Justin drawled the word in disbelief. “Brian just lets you waltz in and out of his place whenever you please? How about you try the truth?”

Emmett, who’d been sitting quietly on the near end of the couch, interjected, “Well, that’s not exactly why Michael has a key. It’s for emergencies and for us to check on the loft when the Big Bad is away on business.” In his attempt to rescue his friend from the ferocious twink’s wrath, Emmett inadvertently made things worse. But who could blame him? That luscious bubble butt was enough to distract anyone.
“Us?” Justin glared at Emmett. This friend of Brian’s hadn’t struck him as being quite as self-deluded as Michael. He’d at least had the common decency to apologize for barging in on their bronc-busting rodeo. He might have to rethink that impression, though, if the tall, flamboyant queen continued to defend his self-righteous, nitwit friend.

“Us?” the belligerent blond challenged for the second time. “Does Brian know that you invade his loft en masse? What do you do - have drunken revels there while he’s gone?” Justin knew he’d hit a nerve with that when neither of the accused were able to look at him directly. “Okay . . . well, that aside, what part of you waltzing in on us when it was pretty obvious we were busy constituted an ‘emergency’? Huh?”

Emmett shrank back down into the cushions. He wasn’t about to take on this blond pitbull, let alone admit to Brian’s loft having become party central while Brian was gone on vacation. The proud queen was a little bit embarrassed about that. After the nasty note the cleaning lady had left about the stains on the carpet, the sofa, the walls, and the bedding, he’d even gone so far as to tell Michael that they should decamp elsewhere - before Maria contacted Brian to let him know she was quitting if she had to keep working under those conditions. Why she was in such a huff was a mystery. It wasn’t as if the King of Liberty Avenue never orchestrated orgies in his private domain.

“It’s none of your business what Brian’s friends do in his loft, you money-grubbing pipsqueak!” Michael squealed indignantly. “Lindz warned us about you - how you’ve gotten your hooks into Brian. She even told us about how you did your best to turn Gus against her and Mel, getting him to call you his ‘Dad’ and convincing him to paint his toenails like a girl!”

Justin cocked one eyebrow at the little man, who, now that the blond thought about it, bore a remarkable resemblance to a deranged weasel. Maybe the loser really was mentally impaired. Fuck, maybe he had rabies or some other mind altering disease. At least that would explain his illogical leap from Justin being a gold-digger to his somehow corrupting Gus. As if Justin could have done that against the Big Guy’s wishes, with Brian present the entire time.

Before the young man had formulated his response, an utterly incensed Emmett stood up and exclaimed, “What’s wrong with Gus painting his toenails? Are you saying you think it’s bad for Gus to be ‘girly’? How dare you, Michael? Maybe you’d better tell me what you think of me then. I’ve never been afraid to explore my feminine side. In fact, my toes are painted right now. Why should it be any different for Gus?”

When Michael gaped at him like a baby bird waiting for its mama to feed it a worm but didn’t deny anything, Emmett threw up his hands in despair. The nerve of that Michael, whom Emmett had thought was his friend, thinking less of someone just because he was a little more effeminate! Fine! If that’s how the pissy, tiny-dicked brunet - and Emmett knew the description was totally valid since
he’d had the misfortune of seeing Mikey naked on more than one occasion - felt, then Emmett was done standing up for him.

The tall southern queen turned to Justin, waved regally, and said, “Have at him, Tiger,” before sitting back down to enjoy the show.

Justin made note of Michel’s apparent issues with girlishness as well as his lack of respect for Brian as Gus’ father, but maintained his focus on the little weasel’s invasion of Brian’s privacy and his bizarre expectations as Brian's supposed best friend. “You still haven’t answered my question, Dumbass. What made you think it was okay to intrude on your best friend?” The blond made air quotes with his fingers to emphasize his sarcasm as he said the words ‘best friend’. “Most kindergartners have better manners than that.”

“I did so tell you!” Michael asserted in an increasingly high-pitched, juvenile wail, almost stomping his foot in vexation over having to explain to this mere trick how things functioned between himself and his longtime friend. In his mind it didn't matter that Brian ordered him to apologize to Justin, or that he'd been told to leave - the self-delusional brunet was sure his best friend hadn't really meant any of it. So what if Brian WAS maybe a little pissed off at them for interrupting his orgy. Brian never stayed angry at him for long. And since when did Brian get upset over someone watching him fuck - The Stud loved fucking in public.

Besides, if Michael could just get rid of this kid whose only asset was an oversized butt - he was certain Brian would relent and soon realize how much fun it would be to have the whole gang together on the island. They could party, party, and then party some more. First things first, though. There was no way he actually intended to make nice and apologize to the interfering teenager. The bitchy blond just had to go.

Before Michael could act on his new determination though, the blond in question decided he was fed up. Brian had been right - this guy really did have limited mental capacity. Trying to talk to this dunce was like discussing philosophy with an inanimate object. Completely futile. Justin wasn’t going to waste his breath any further. It was time to take action.

“Fuck this!” Justin announced and then, with a disgusted shake of his head, he turned on his heel and hurried back into the bedroom. The first thing he did there was unearth his cell phone from the pile of discarded clothing still littering the floor and dial a familiar number. “Hey, Brock. Did I catch you guys before you made it all the way home? . . . Great! I need to ask a really big favor. Can you two run by the bar and see if Bruno and Buster are still there? They should be finished closing up for the night by now. If they’re not busy, I’d appreciate it if they could stop by and take care of something for me . . . Yep. You guessed it! Brian’s unwanted guests are still here, and the annoying dark-haired one is being particularly problematic . . . *hahaha* Exactly what I was thinking! But I’m going to need some muscle for that . . . Of course you guys are welcome to join in the fun . . . Better hurry though. This guy needs his manners lesson pretty fucking badly, and if you don’t get here soon, I
might take matters into my own hands . . . Okay. Okay, I’ll try to be good. See you soon.”

Justin ended the call with a big smile on his face before setting aside the phone and picking up the rawhide cattle rope that was still waiting in the corner of the room, where it had been forgotten when their rodeo had been interrupted. Justin grinned, tested the lasso loop at the end, noted it was nice and strong, and then headed back out into the living area. Brian’s ‘Best Friend’ was about to learn just what happened when you pissed off a Fire Islander.

Michael, who thought he’d won the argument by default when the blond brat had left the room, had retrieved the television remote and was perched on the couch surfing through channels again when Justin emerged from the hallway. The way the unsuspecting weasel was sitting, with his back to the hall, he was totally unprepared for what came next. Emmett, however, who was sitting on the adjoining el of the long sectional, not only saw what was coming but nodded with encouragement.

“Giddyap, Little Doggie!” Justin whooped as he dropped the loop of the lasso over Michael’s head and pulled the rope tight before the unprepared prey was even aware he was being targeted. “Gotcha, you lily-livered scoundrel!”

“What the fuck! Get this shit off me!” Michael insisted, wriggling and bucking while Justin quickly spun a few additional loops of rope around the man’s body, pinning his arms to his sides from shoulder to wrist and then using some of the handy boating knots he’d learned as a child to secure the rope end. “What the hell do you think you’re doing? You can’t just fucking tie someone up like this!”

“You’re not going to actually hurt him, are you?” Emmett asked the blond, who had finally got the rope tied around Michael’s ankles tightly enough so that he could no longer kick.

“Of course not. I’m just going to introduce him to a couple buddies of mine who’ll show him around the island. I’m sure he’ll have a great time,” Justin replied as he grinned malevolently down on the still struggling little doggie. “And maybe, if we’re lucky, by the time my friends are done with him, he’ll have learned a lesson about not barging into someone’s house uninvited and then mouthing off
“Fuck you, you rude little shit! When Brian comes in here and sees this he’s going to kick your ass out so fast your head will spin. You better fucking untie me before then or you’re going to regret it!” Michael threatened, his face turning an ugly purple as he was overcome with rage.

“Oh, stick a sock in it already, ‘Mikey’,” Justin sneered derisively at the childish nickname, before he took his own advice, pulled off Michael’s tennis shoe and one sock and then shoved the stinky foot covering into the obstreperous man’s gaping mouth.

“There. That’s much better. Don’t you think?” Emmett held his hands up in a gesture of surrender, not wanting to tangle with this crazy blond cowboy. “Hey, Emmett,” Justin asked as he thought of something else, “you got any nail polish in that bag of yours?”

“But of course, Honey!” Em’s hand darted into his bag and pulled out two small glass bottles. “You prefer sparkly blue or neon pink?”

When Justin’s friends - the two hottie cowpokes from earlier along with their buddies, Bruno and Buster, who just happened to be the bouncers at the local watering hole - arrived a few minutes later, Michael’s toenails were a pretty pink and he was ready for his Fire Island debut. The four Fire Island tour guides hefted the unhappy Michael onto their shoulders and quickly made for the front door, making their exit just before Brian and Ted came in the back door from the deck. Justin quickly closed and locked the main door, wiping the evil grin off his face before he turned around. All Brian saw was a perfectly innocent blond boy who was smiling at him in greeting. Emmett was sitting on the couch, busy touching up his own toenails with the blue polish, and admiring how shiny they were.

“Where the hell did Mikey go?” Brian asked when he noticed that his bothersome friend seemed to be missing.

“I think he said he was going to take a walk - maybe check out the beach or something. He seemed really excited to see all of Fire Island as soon as possible,” Justin offered, batting his long blond lashes in a coquettish way that Brian found immediately suspect.

“That doesn’t sound like Mikey . . .” Brian queried, smelling a rat, but unable to pinpoint just why. “Em?”
“Hmmm? Oh . . . Sorry, Bri. No idea WHAT got into Michael. I’m sure he’ll be back sooner or later, though,” Emmett shrugged and then redirected his attention back to his bag full of goodies. “So, Brian, where should I put my things? You know, if you’re short on beds, I’d be more than happy to bunk with Blondie here. Maybe he can show me some of those fine roping skills of his . . .”

“I don’t think so, Honeycutt,” Brian was quick to cut him off before the horny queen could get far with his suggestion. “The blond cowboy is mine. You can sleep with Ted.”

“Yee haw . . .” Ted replied unenthusiastically.

Chapter Theme Music - Rawhide.

Chapter End Notes

9/5/16 - Can I get another rousing ‘Yee Haw’ from all my readers out there? LOL. Can’t help but love me a cowboy Brian! Sorry about the Mikey bashing - I just can’t help using him for a little comic relief. I promise to take it easy on him from here on out. Thanks go out to a bunch of folks for their help on this chapter. Shari, Karynn & Brynn all did a little writing. Glo popped in and found some typos for me. And there were lots of friendly lurkers too. Thanks y’all. Off to dream up what adventures to send the boys on next. Nite! TAG
Brian and Justin go see The Skivvies playing at The Pines . . . and an exciting night was had by all. Enjoy! TAG

Chapter 44 Banner

Chapter 44 - Scream and Shout.

Brian was still blinking over his first cup of morning coffee when the doorbell of the beach house rang promptly at nine am. Neither Brian nor Justin seemed inclined to get up and answer the door, so Ted did the honors. It wasn’t a surprise to find Cynthia standing there, as elegant and well-coiffed as ever, with her briefcase in one hand, a paperboard drinks tray full of gourmet coffees in the other and her Louis Vuitton roller bag waiting at her feet.

“Good Morning, Ted,” the efficient woman announced, as she handed off a plain, but expertly brewed, Italian roast coffee to the accountant and then strutted inside, leaving her bag for someone else to get later. “Morning, Boss,” she greeted as soon as she entered the house and saw Brian lounging at the dining table. “Good to see that you’re already partially caffeinated, but just in case, I brought you your usual - triple shot, nonfat latte, with five sugars.” Cynthia handed over the large cup to the man, who happily abandoned his cup of plain, boring coffee in favor of the designer treat. “And you must be the local talent that Brian’s had hidden up his sleeve,” Cynthia said to the young blond man who had just then emerged from the kitchen carrying a tray laden with scrumptious-looking glazed cinnamon rolls. “I’m guessing you wouldn’t be opposed to this triple shot, mocha cappuccino with caramel drizzle that I just happened to pick up?”

“You’d be guessing right,” Justin set his tray of treats on the table and gladly took the proffered coffee. “Thank you. I’m Justin Taylor, by the way.”

“I’m Cynthia, Brian’s factotum, occasional dogsbody, and titular COO, and it’s a pleasure to meet
you as well,” she replied with a genuine smile for the engaging young man. “Now, just give me two minutes to get set up and have at least one sip of my own Kahlua and Hazelnut Macchiato, and I’ll be ready to go, Brian,” she added as she set her own cup of coffee down on the table and started to unload several files from her briefcase. “Oh, by the way, Brian, your friend Michael’s outside. Not sure why he’s wearing a dress and is tied up in a small red wagon, but I just thought I should let you know in case somebody wanted to collect him.”

“Hmmm? I didn’t know it was trash day . . . Did you take the trash out already this morning, Cookie?” Brian commented, not even batting an eyelid let alone getting up as he continued to sip his coffee.

“Nope. It wasn’t me, Boss. I was busy in the kitchen this morning,” Justin smiled back innocently.

“You don’t fool me, Cookie. I KNOW you’re not half as innocent as you look. But, since you were in bed with me all night, I’m going to assume you weren’t directly involved.” Brian kicked his chef’s shin lightly with his bare toes. “But, whatever. Ted, why don’t you send Honeycutt out to collect his co-conspirator while the rest of us get started,” he directed, dismissing Michael’s antics completely from his mind as he focused on the important business of the day. “So, this is what Cookie and I have worked up for The Pines so far . . .”

The rest of the day went by smoothly. Brian and his crew worked diligently until about one in the afternoon. They made significant progress on the outline for the new campaign as well as wading through some other Kinnetik business that had been building up in Brian’s absence. Justin seemed to mesh with Ted and Cynthia effortlessly, not only earning their instant respect for his artistic input, but joking with them like old friends when they would take breaks from their work.

While the Kinnetik team was slaving away, Emmett and Michael spent their day on the beach. Michael had been surprisingly subdued all day. Once Em had gone out and untied him from the wagon, escorting the dispirited man inside, Michael had quickly run down the hall and disappeared into the bathroom. He hadn’t emerged for more than thirty minutes. When he’d finally appeared again, he was freshly showered and the rumpled dress he’d been wearing when he was found that morning was gone along with the lovely drag queen makeup he’d been sporting. He had said nothing at all to Brian and had meekly shrunk away from Justin when the smiling artist walked past him. As soon as possible he’d fled the house, taking Emmett with him, and didn’t come back until mid-afternoon.

By the time the working group finally took a break for lunch, Brian felt really good about what they’d accomplished. The concepts that Justin was coming up with were truly remarkable. Ted and Cynthia were totally onboard, doing the mundane stuff like making the numbers work and figuring out what materials and people they’d need to bring the artist’s ideas to life. Brian found he really didn’t need to give much guidance since the ideas they were running with were already well formed. All he had to do was add his wordsmithing brilliance to the visuals and occasionally rein in the
others’ exuberance. Brian was convinced that this ad campaign was going to be one of Kinnetik’s best ever - possibly even award winning caliber.

After another gourmet lunch that Justin seemed to just whip up without effort, Brian left Cyn and Ted to work on their end of things while he towed his blond off for some relaxation time on the beach. Just because he was being forced to work, he wasn’t going to totally giving up his vacation time. Besides, they’d got so much accomplished already that day, Brian felt they deserved a break. Besides, the sun drenched beach was looking particularly inviting that afternoon. Justin followed Brian grudgingly, clutching his sketchpad and nattering on about all his new ideas every step of the way. Brian hid an indulgent smile at the artist’s childlike enthusiasm for this new project.

By the time Brian and Justin finally did wander back to the house after a couple hours of beach time, the rest of the work group had also wrapped up their stuff for the day. Cyn and Ted were lounging on the deck with drinks in their hands, enjoying some sun, while Cynthia desultorily tapped at her phone every so often in a nod to the fact that this was a ‘working holiday’. They’d been joined by Emmett and Michael, who both looked a little on the crisp side after almost a full day in the sun. At least Michael seemed to have got back some of his usual veneer of bravado, though.

“Hey, Brian!” Michael intoned as soon as his idol sauntered into view. “Did you have fun down on the beach? Got any more orgies planned for the afternoon? Maybe invite some of those hotties from the beach up for another show like that one we all saw on YouTube? Wouldn’t that be cool if we were all in a video together?” the sycophantic man added with a high-pitched giggle.

“Sorry, Mikey. You already ruined one orgy with your impromptu arrival last night - I’m not really too keen on duplicating that fiasco,” Brian replied dismissively, still not quite ready to forgive Michael for curtailing their rodeo fun and inviting himself to Brian’s vacation away from the Pitts.

“I already said I was sorry about that, Brian,” Michael pleaded with big, sad, puppy dog eyes. “Besides, there’s plenty of other guys around here. It shouldn’t be hard to replace your two lost cowboys. Considering all the gorgeous men we saw today on the beach, I bet it would be a piece of cake for a stud like you. And with all this fresh meat, you don’t even have to worry about breaking your ‘no repeat’ rule,” Michael added while looking pointedly at the blond artist who was standing just behind Brian’s left shoulder.

“Hey, Lil’ Doggie,” Justin cut in, walking around Brian and passing close to Michael’s chair, “did you have fun last night? My buddy, Bruno, texted me earlier. He said to tell you he can’t wait to hook up with you again.” Michael shot Justin a threatening look, but the feisty little townie just kept speaking anyway. “He and Buster said you guys had your very own rodeo celebration, and it sounds like it was a pretty wild night. To look at you, nobody would ever guess you were into THAT kind of kink, but I guess you just never know, do you?” Michael’s face flushed a bright crimson and he started to splutter, but Justin didn’t relent. “I mean, even I haven’t ever tried that kind of shit, and I consider myself pretty adventurous. But you? . . . Well, let’s just say I’ll never be able to hear the
word ‘Giddyap’ again without seeing THAT image in my head,” Justin ended this little speech with a very suggestive leer and an evil chuckle that provided all the newcomers with a glimpse of the not-so-innocent devil underneath his seemingly angelic appearance.

“But . . . But, I didn’t . . .” Michael launched into a panicky denial, shaking his head and looking from one of his friends to the next, seeking out some support.

“Oh yes you did, Mikey,” Justin laughed all the harder at the stammering man. “And Bruno’s got pictures to prove it!”

“Fuck you, you stupid twink.” Michael blurted, unable to come up with a better comeback.

“No way, shorty. I wouldn’t do you if you were the last ass on the planet. Besides, Brian’s ass is way better than yours. Or hadn’t you noticed?” Justin shot back with a gamine grin as he sauntered into the house leaving everyone out on the deck in an astonished silence.

Michael spluttered, unable to wrap his head around what the blond teen had implied. Surely Brian wasn’t giving it up to this kid? Was he? That was simply unthinkable. But either way, Michael did NOT like the way Brian was behaving around this boy. His old friend was acting entirely too dick-whipped for Michael’s taste. It just wasn’t Brian Kinney. Brian would never give it up for the likes of this conniving little twerp. Why was this ‘Justin’ character still around anyway? Brian should have been done with him and moved on a long time ago.

But when Brian didn’t bother to defend Michael or deny Justin’s implications and just followed after the infuriating little blond twerp, Michael stomped his foot, fists balled at his sides, and stormed off to the guest bedroom with Emmett laughing behind him. He’d just have to bide his time. Maybe if he could get Brian alone sometime, he could get to the bottom of this mess. Michael knew it was up to him to save Brian from this twink’s clutches. He just didn’t know how yet. He wasn’t going anywhere, though. Not until he’d figured things out and made Brian see the light.

Justin and Em combined efforts in the dinner preparation area, and before long the entire household was feasting on the last of Brian’s shark steaks served on a bed of wild rice and greens with fresh baked focaccia bread on the side. Brian found himself beaming with pride when everyone - except Michael, of course - raved about Cookie’s culinary skills. He was so busy bragging over the little chef’s talents, that he didn’t even think to toot his own horn. When Justin finally did tell them all the tale of Brian’s shark fishing prowess, he just waved it off like it was no big deal, only interrupting to add a bit of color to the story here and there.

They’d only just finished the saga of the Shark Hunter, when Justin noticed the time. That night’s
activity was something he’d scheduled more than a week earlier, and it wasn’t something they could show up fashionably late for, so he and Brian would have to get a move on or they’d miss it. The chef quickly tidied up the remains of the meal and then headed back into the dining room in order to get his ‘date’ for the evening.

“Sorry to interrupt, Boss,” Justin jumped in as soon as Michael took a breath in his recitation of yet another memory of some asinine thing they’d all done years before. “We’ve got to be at The Pines by eight for tonight’s entertainment. Which means we’d better get a move on or we’ll miss the next ferry.”

“What exactly do you have on the agenda for tonight, Cookie?” Brian asked conversationally as he pushed away from the table. “Or should I ask ‘who’ is on the agenda instead?”

“Well, it was supposed to be a surprise, but . . .” Justin was actually too excited by his coup to be able to resist gloating just a little bit. “Marissa happens to be friends with tonight’s stars and - after I begged for her like an hour - she got me comp tickets for tonight to see The Skivvies in concert. I’ve seen them once before and they were great. You’re going to love them - I mean, what other band regularly performs in their underwear? I thought it would be perfect for you, Stud.”

“Oh! I’ve seen that group on YouTube! They’re hilarious!” Emmett enthused. “They always have the best guest performers too. And I think that Nick Cearley is simply dreamy - I love a man who can make a ukulele sexy.”

“We should ALL go!” Michael insisted with such eagerness it was almost embarrassing. “It’ll be a blast - all of us going out together and seeing this band. And afterwards Brian can take us to one of the clubs around here.”

“Only one problem with that idea, Mikey,” Justin sneered the name. “Tickets for this show have been sold out for weeks.”

“Rats!” Emmett, who’d been getting excited himself to go see the performance, collapsed back into his chair with a disgruntled frown.

“I wouldn’t have minded going myself, actually,” Ted added. “I’d like to see the resort we’re doing this ad campaign for. It sounds like a pretty swanky place. It must be nice. But maybe we can check it out some other time.”
“Actually, that’s not a totally terrible idea,” Brian agreed. “You and Cyn probably should visit at least once before we finalize the campaign. You’re going to need to actually see the place in order to make sure all our plans will work since a lot of what you guys have been talking about is going to depend on the location. Hmm,” Brian lifted his hand to rub his mouth and chin while he thought. “How about this? We’ll all head over there together right now. On the way, I’ll put in a quick call to Meisner and see if he can help us out. But, even if he can’t get tickets for you guys to see tonight’s show, at least you can check out the rest of the resort and maybe have a few drinks in the bar while Cookie and I are busy. What do you think, Justin?”

“Well . . .” Justin was decidedly unenthusiastic about the prospect of dragging the entire motley bunch along with them, even if he did see Brian’s point. “I think that, if three’s a crowd, then six is going to be totally claustrophobic, but, if that’s what you want, Boss, then far be it from me to object.”

Which is how it ended up that Brian and Justin were seated at a front row table in Fire Island Pines’ Whyte Hall surrounded by the Pittsburgh Three . . . and Cynthia.

Meisner was gratified to have Kinney’s group there that evening. He agreed it was a great opportunity for the advertising team to see his resort. He personally showed them over to the reserved table and made sure they all had drinks before the lights fell and the band danced their way out onto the stage. As usual, the Skivvies were wearing only their skivvies - Lauren was looking elegant in a nice, plush, black, push-up bra and matching lacy panties, while Nick was sporting some silly and rather skimpy briefs with what appeared to be a comic book character on them. The rest of the band was similarly attired.

The band played a couple of opening numbers, all humorous mashups of popular tunes, while the audience full of mostly gay men salivated over frontman Nick. All the band members played numerous instruments, switching out between their favorites every so often as needed for the music, while simultaneously dancing and joking with the audience. Their whole act was just plain fun, from the music they selected down to the raunchy, sexually-laden jokes, and there wasn’t one single person in the audience that wasn’t having a good time.

After their opening gambit, the two stars looked at each other, communicating with matching impish grins, before Nick turned to the gathering and announced, “We have a special treat for you - and for ourselves - tonight, folks. We’ve learned that there’s an amazing local talent in the audience, so we’re gonna ask him to join us up here for a song or two. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Fire Island’s very own Justin Taylor to the stage!”

When Marissa had finally acquiesced to obtaining tickets for him and Brian, Justin had suspected from the glint in her eyes that she might pull something. He hadn’t been sure what, but considering that The Skivvies performed in their underwear, he had come prepared, just in case. With Brian clapping along enthusiastically with the rest of the audience, Justin grinned and quickly slipped
As Justin belted out the lyrics to a well done dance music mashup including Music and the Mirror, Dancing on My Own, Dancing with Myself, and I Wanna Dance with Somebody, he removed the fluffy white bathrobe, revealing black tights, a black tank top, and a pair of lacy women’s lavender dancer briefs - which did a wonderful job of showing off the boy’s generous endowment for everyone in the room to see. Both Emmett and Ted’s jaws dropped at the first glimpse of the blond’s package, prompting Emmett to wonder aloud whether Brian mightn’t like to share. Brian just scowled and shook his head at the unwelcome request.

Damn, Emmett thought. The Big Guy could be so possessive of his toys, although having him display that attitude toward a fuck buddy was something entirely new. Oh, well, thought the queen optimistically, if not Justin, perhaps the sexy ukulele player would be an option? Em could have sworn that salacious wink had been directed his way. Yes, he’d definitely make sure to introduce himself before the evening was over. For now, though, he settled in to watch his newfound friend with the lithely muscled body and the incredible voice. That blond definitely wouldn’t be dancing by himself for long.

The Pittsburgh group were all quite impressed with the blond youth’s voice. Justin had a beautiful low tenor that could really belt out the notes when needed. The melodious tones added even more to the boy’s sensuous appearance and sexy, sometimes funny, moves. Everyone was dancing in their seats as the song raced to its conclusion. After the final flourish, Lauren teasingly commented, “Well, folks, looks like everything we heard about Justin’s voice . . . and his other attributes . . . is absolutely true. Those videos on YouTube definitely weren’t photoshopped or dubbed.” She waved a hand in front of her face as if fanning herself and continued, “Did Blondie just heat up the room, or is it only me?”

Nick asked the still-applauding and wolf-whistling audience. “I don’t think one song was enough, folks, do you?” The house broke out in a riotous round of cheering that lasted until Justin smiled, nodded, and then leaned over to whisper something in Nick’s ear. “Yes! Mr. Taylor has graciously consented to sing one more, as long as his YouTube cohort sings a duet with him. So, give it up for the other half of this daring duo and please welcome Brian Kinney!”

Brian had become used to his Cookie’s shenanigans by this point so he didn’t fight against the invitation. He was, by his very nature, a consummate showman - a necessity, really, to be a successful ad exec - and figured it wasn’t much different from the various performances he’d already given since arriving on Fire Island, so he stood up, unbuttoned his shirt, and slid off his shoes, pants, and socks, laying his clothes across the back of his chair. He then insouciantly moved forward and jumped up onto the stage beside his blond.
“Wow! Look at the size of Brian’s schlong in those skintight, red, low-rise briefs. That pair’s a duet in more ways than one!” Emmett enthused.

Brian and Justin conversed briefly while the band played the intro, and then Justin took the lead singing and dancing to a mashup of "Scream and Shout" (Will.i.am and Britney Spears) and "Shout" (Tears For Fears). Brian joined in as soon he caught on to the gist of the medley, humming along or just shaking his hips to the beat whenever he didn’t know the words. And, with the way that Brian filled out those luscious red briefs, there was plenty to shake. The assembled masses didn’t seem to mind that part at all. Between the two of them, Brian and Justin held the attention of every single pair of eyes in the room, but their own eyes seemed riveted on each other.

After watching semi-passively for several minutes, Michael couldn’t contain himself any longer. He quickly got up from his seat and headed for the stage, determined to redirect his friend’s attention onto himself and away from that meddlesome blond usurper. Regrettably, Michael miscalculated in his attempt to leap onto the stage and join his idol. Instead of a graceful vault onto the boards like Brian had managed, Michael got entangled in one of the cords from the oversized speakers, tripped, and thudded down onto his knees in front of Justin.

Still on his knees, he contemptuously turned away from the blond and began dissonantly warbling out the lyrics to an entirely different song than the one being played - apparently Michael wasn’t quite up on his pop music references and must have mistakenly thought they were going for a mash up with the old Beatles classic ‘Twist and Shout’ instead. Unfortunately for all the listeners, that song really didn’t mesh well with the others and the result was cacophonous. The importunate troubadour didn’t seem to realize that however, and kept on singing at the top of his lungs while he staggered to his feet and began to tear off his clothes. At last he had the chance to display himself to HIS Stud. No way would Brian choose that scrawny, talentless loser over his best friend.

The audience was shocked to the point they fell totally still, not knowing what the fuck was going on or what they were supposed to think of this new development. Justin, who hadn’t yet taken any action - mostly because he was so astounded that Michael would even attempt something so ill-mannered - eventually turned to the band, drawing his index finger across his throat in a ‘cutting’ gesture. Michael continued to sing a couple of bars of his dissonant rendition of ‘Twist and Shout’ even beyond when the music ended, but as the music faded his words began to taper off as well.

When there was once again silence, Justin began whistling a new tune while rubbing his fingers across the rawhide rope bracelet which adorned his right wrist. The iconic theme song to the classic television western ‘Rawhide’ was easily discernable. Everyone, including Brian - who’d refrained from interfering before, certain that his Cookie could handle Michael - began singing and clapping along with the well-known song.

Michael, though, didn’t seem to like that particular song much. He had felt intimidated from the moment Justin began caressing the rope bracelet since it reminded him of the previous evening’s less-
than-pleasant activities. The addition of that horrible melody brought to mind the fact that Justin had been the one responsible for his humiliating first night on the island, and that memory caused him to cower further away from the dangerous blond. He tried to slink away from the glowering singer but tripped again - this time over his pants, which he’d pushed halfway down his legs but never taken all the way off. Once more, he crash-landed on his knees, only this time he was unbalanced enough that he actually fell all the way off the stage. Buster and Bruno, who just happened to be working security at the Whyte Hall that evening, clomped over, unceremoniously picked Michael up by the arms, and hustled him out of the venue as everyone watched in fascinated horror.

“Giddyap, Mikey,” Justin yelled in lieu of goodbye as the stage crasher was dragged away. “Now, where were we?” he asked the band.

Lauren let loose with a peal of unrestrained laughter, and shook her head. The sets they did on Fire Island always were a bit odd. This one took the cake though. Oh well, that was part of the fun of performing live. “From the top . . . One, two, three,” she gave the cue, and the act resumed as if Michael had never existed.

“Aren’t they just ADORABLE? You should have seen them earlier tonight at dinner. They were both bragging on each other and then finishing each other’s sentences. It was SERIOUSLY cute, you know?” Emmett commented to his new friend, Nick, as the two of them chatted after the concert while Brian and Justin made out next to them at the end of the bar. “You wouldn’t know it to look at him now, but this is just so out of character for our Brian. I’ve never seen him this serious about anyone before. If he’s not careful, he might end up in an actual RELATIONSHIP. And that’s saying a lot because, before this summer, I didn’t think Brian even knew the meaning of the word relationship.”

“Well, they seem pretty tight to me,” Nick observed as he watched the big, handsome brunet seemingly eating the smaller blond’s face off.

Just as soon as the musician had made that prophetic announcement, they watched as Brian reached down, grabbed hold of two heaping handfuls of plump Justin Taylor ass and pulled the boy even more tightly into his own body until there was barely a millimeter of distance between them at any single point. The amorous kissing went on throughout this maneuver without pause. It was a truly stimulating sight, as evidenced by the longing looks shooting at the couple from all those around them.

Even Brian’s old friend, Emmett, was not unaffected by the salacious sight. “Well, enough about the Fire Island Power Couple over there,” Emmett turned to his companion and redirected his attention to a topic that might actually prove fruitful. “Let’s talk about you, Nick Cearley. Tell me absolutely EVERYTHING about you. And start off with where you find all these incredibly sexy undies of yours . . .” Nick smiled up at the taller man, who had draped a long arm over his shoulders, gazing at him with a lascivious glint in those mischievous, pale blue eyes of his.
Nick wasn’t seen the rest of the evening. And, strangely enough, neither was Emmett. But since that was par for the course on Fire Island, nobody really even noticed.

“Hey there, Sunshine! Got any sugar for me?”

Brian would have gladly ignored the resonant tenor voice and gone on kissing his Cookie for the rest of the night. The Cookie apparently wasn’t aware of this, though, since he immediately pulled his lips away from Brian’s and turned towards the voice with a squeal of glee. Brian was left kissing the air, his arms suddenly empty, while his blond jumped all over the stranger who owned the voice.

“Eric! You’re here! I thought you’d run out on me again or something!” Justin gushed, wrapping his arms around the well-built twenty-something man that was now intruding on Brian’s blond time.

“I’d never run out on you, Babe! I can’t live without my regular dose of Sunshine!” the man said, returning Justin’s embrace with vigor and adding what Brian perceived as a far-too-ardent kiss.

“God, I missed you so much, Eric!” Justin effused and returned the kiss forthwith, complete with a substantial amount of tongue, to Brian’s gut-wrenching dismay.

Lamentably, Brian’s horror went on and on and on. And so did that kiss. Only, the kiss got even more distressing as that little bit of tongue soon became a whole lot of tongue which was accompanied by hands that were far too familiar with his Cookie’s body and hips that ground against his Cookie’s nether regions much too firmly and even a moan or two that was far too affectionate for Brian’s comfort.

Before Brian even realized he had moved, he found himself peeling the trespasser’s arms away from Justin’s waist and then wrapping the young artist’s body possessively in his own arms. “Care to introduce me to your new friend, Cookie?” Brian asked, noting that his voice sounded oddly stilted and harsh to even his own ears.

“Of course! Brian Kinney, this is my friend Eric Kerr. He’s the one who owns The Little Mermaid,” Justin explained, smiling his brightest, widest smile at the newcomer. “Eric, this is the guy I told you about - Brian Kinney.”

“So I gathered from the introduction you got when they pulled you up on stage,” Eric replied, holding out his hand towards Brian. “Nice to meet you, Kinney. I’ve heard - and seen - a lot about
you. I take it you’re the one leading my Sunshine astray these days? I mean, really, Justin . . .
YouTube? I always knew you had a big exhibitionist streak, Babe, but YouTube? And going viral
no less?”

“Fuck off, Eric,” Justin retorted fondly, laughing as he said it. “You’re just jealous because you’d kill
for that much publicity. Just think what it would do for your career.”

“I’m pretty sure that’s NOT the kind of publicity I want, Sunshine. Not unless I want to refocus my
career on the Adult Entertainment industry.” Eric laughed at the idea, obviously not angry or
offended, just amused by his friend’s antics.

Brian’s attention drifted away from the conversation at that point. Instead, busied himself scoping out
the guy he instinctively felt was only real competition. Eric was, admittedly, a magnificent looking
man. He was about six feet tall with broad shoulders and a trim body that exhibited enough muscles
bulging out from beneath his skin-tight t-shirt that any observer would rightly conclude he was
incredibly fit. His short-cropped blond hair was a couple shades darker than Justin’s own. His skin
was that exact sun-kissed tan color that perfectly complimented his complexion. He had a strong,
square jaw and a chiselled chin adorned with a charming dimple that flashed into existence every
time he smiled. The rest of his features were all well-proportioned, regular, and manly - nothing
Brian could find fault with. His blue eyes weren’t quite as bright or blue as Justin’s but still glinted
with a similar spark of humor. Overall, Brian thought Eric looked like the ideal all-American boy.

And Brian hated him with every single fucking cell in his body.

“. . . I can’t wait! It’s going to be epic. Of course, I have no idea how we’ll get it all done in time, but
if it works the way I see in my mind, then it will be the most awesome thing you’ve ever seen. Right,
Brian?” Justin looked up over his shoulder at the wool-gathering older man who really had no idea
what the conversation was about. Apparently that fact was clear from the confused look on his face
because Justin merely rolled his eyes and went on with his explanation. “Anyway . . . I’m going to
be doing the majority of the body painting, although I’m going to need a lot of assistants if we plan to
get it all ready in one day. Then, we’ll be staging these little vignettes all over the building. Inside the
club, we’re going to do the scenes in glow-in-the-dark paints that will just totally pop with the lights
in there. It’s going to be the coolest thing you’ve ever seen. And I get to be in charge.”

Brian finally cottoned on that Justin was telling his buddy about what they were planning for The
Pines’ marketing campaign. He was glad that his artist was so enthusiastic about their plan, but a little
miffed that he was spouting off about their strategy before it had even been fully approved by the
client. When they got home, Brian was going to have to go over the concept of confidentiality with
the boy. For the moment, though, it would be more diplomatic to simply distract the kid. And what
better distraction could there possibly be than sex? Especially sex with Brian Kinney. Now THAT
was a good distraction.
Brian interrupted the ongoing palaver about Justin’s upcoming body painting extravaganza by leaning down and sensuously applying his lips to the sensitive nerve endings on Justin’s neck right below the boy’s right ear. Brian knew that his Cookie was particularly responsive in that spot, and that he could not only distract him with the move but completely derail any train of thought that didn’t involve immediate sex. Which was precisely what Brian intended.

The aroit brunet eyed Eric, who glared back, while Brian got his Cookie even more hot and bothered, sucking at the tender spot until the boy became oblivious to his surroundings. As one particularly hunky fella strolled past the display and gave an approving quirk of his brow, Brian reached out, snagged the waistband of the fella’s pants and turned him into his Cookie’s embrace. Justin made the transition seamlessly and Eric couldn’t keep the astonishment from his face.

Brian’s eyes lit with challenge, holding Eric’s gaze, as he moved behind Justin and pulled the boy’s hips into his own pelvis while he raked a hand through the golden hair, giving it a firm tug.

Eric recognized it for what it was. Brian was staking a claim and challenging him to a stud contest. He had already seen the videos and easily caught the gist of what was being wagered. Eric normally didn’t go for such public displays, but considered himself second only to Justin for top stud status on the island, and Brian’s challenge chafed his ego a bit. Eric and Justin had fucked around together for years, and except for that disastrous fling with Ethan, he’d never seen his friend so caught up with any one man. It would be interesting to see, up close and personal, exactly what Justin found so appealing in this Brian Kinney guy. Giving it no more thought, Eric tipped his head in acceptance and snagged the next bottom boy that walked by. Brian smirked at Eric while Justin continued kissing the first pick and pushing his ass back against Brian’s crotch.

It took less than thirty seconds for the space around them to clear and several other guys to line up, hoping to get a chance at one of the three sex champions. Justin still wasn’t aware of what was transpiring behind him as he turned his trick to face the bar and dropped both of their pants in an expert and practiced move. Condoms and lube appeared on the bar and, moments later, Brian, Eric, and Justin were balls deep in their respective tricks, fucking away furiously.

It was nearly over before it began and, as Justin applied a stinging slap to his trick’s ass, he looked around for Brian and realized they were in the middle of another public shenanigan, though he didn’t know about the private contest between his compatriots. Justin thwacked his fella again, and the guy’s jizz shot out all over the bar front, to be quickly followed by the other guys’ two tricks.

The next men in line were shoving their predecessors away before the studs had even removed the used condoms. Justin found it funny but, when he started to make a joke about it to his friends, the words died in his throat. It took only that one glance to make him realize just how serious Brian and Eric were and how focused they seemed to be on getting the next likelies ready to be plowed. That
was when he finally understood that something else was going on. He knew Brian got jealous. He had no doubt that Brian had felt threatened by Eric’s enthusiastic greeting and chided himself for not being more restrained. There was no telling what would come of Justin’s display. Shit! Why did the man have to be so damn complicated?

While Justin was contemplating how to resolve the situation, all three of them finished with their second tricks, the happy recipients of their attention coming within seconds of each other. When the lines of waiting hopefuls pushed forward, though, Justin held up a hand for them to wait. He was well aware of both Brian and Eric’s prowess. When it came down to it, the three of them were all pretty evenly matched. If they kept going as they were, the three of them might possibly fuck the island’s entire gay population before any of them would concede to another. Justin figured he had to do something, or they would be here all fucking night, and he really did NOT want a sore dick come morning. Taking matters into his own hands before he had to deal with a fucking free-for-all, Justin wagged his dick in Eric’s direction, a long-time signal between the two for a blowie, and Eric’s eyes lit up.

Eric was just as good at blow jobs as he was at fucking and knew it. Though most tops would refuse to get down on their knees for another in public - as Eric was sure was the case for Brian, since gay etiquette was pretty universal and some rules were never broken - Eric was willing to do whatever it took to win this challenge and prove that some city slicker couldn’t best him. So he was eager to comply when Justin gave him the invitation. With a huge smile on his face, Eric hoisted Justin onto the bar where everyone would have a clear view and began to give the kid the most spectacular head he could.

Brian watched as the interloper got busy with Justin’s privates, incensed that this other blond should know his partner so well, that he could caress, stroke, and fondle all of Cookie’s most erogenous zones with such practiced ease. It spoke volumes about how close they truly were, evidenced by every moan, gasp, and mewl his Cookie made under the islander’s ministrations. Worse yet, Eric managed to make the whole scene look just as sexy as if he were fucking. It was HOT!

Brian glanced around, hating that everyone in the bar could clearly see the look of lustful satisfaction on Justin’s face. Sure, he knew that others had probably seen that look a time or two before, but somewhere in his fevered brain Brian had compartmentalized THAT look as being only for himself. And it pissed him off that he was jealous about it, but that was HIS look and he wanted it back. In fact, he wanted all of Justin’s looks for himself alone and, if he had to, he would make Justin scream before the evening was over, just so that everyone would know that Brian Kinney played second fiddle to no one.

It didn’t take long before Cookie blew his load with the expected enthusiasm such a display inspired. Eric swallowed and smiled over at Brian triumphantly. “Beat that, Stud,” Eric taunted. “If you can . . . seeing as he’s so wiped out, he probably couldn’t get hard again for at least an hour.”
Brian thought the jerk might be right. After a mind-blowing orgasm like that, he knew Justin would likely need more recovery time than usual. Brian looked at the boy, slumped blissfully limp on the bar with the salivating onlookers watching them all, clearly wanting more, more, more. Fuck it all! Brian knew failure was NOT an option here.

Brian ordered three shots, slapped Eric’s hand away as he reached for one of them, then downed all three in quick succession. He then stripped off his shirt and pulled Justin’s mouth to his for a heated and thorough ravishing. Brian’s dick was hard as a diamond-tipped drill bit by the time he stripped off the rest of his clothes - something he would not have done in public back in the Pitts - and climbed up on the bar. Once he was seated there, he reclaimed Cookie’s lips and used his own body to press the younger man into a prone position then proceeded to slowly lick and lave his way up Justin’s body till he reached the boy’s exhausted manhood. Justin mumbled something about being tired, but Brian ignored him and continued to toy with his favorite plaything until it was semi-erect, then swallowed it down the rest of the way whole. Justin’s leg wrapped itself around Brian’s shoulder of its own accord, and Brian’s hands busied themselves heating up the boy, keeping in mind to make it sexy for their audience.

Cookie’s hips were starting to thrust upward, seeking more of the delicious, wet heat when Brian suddenly stopped and stretched out along the blond’s body, completely covering him. The crowd booed in disapproval as Brian seemed to nuzzle Justin’s ear, but it became apparent that something else was going on when Brian moved back down to Justin’s now impressive and raging boner. Whatever Brian had said to the kid had him filled with renewed energy, and the patrons let out a gasp of awe as Brian swallowed every single inch of the Cookie’s monster python. Justin threaded his fingers into Brian’s hair and held on, thrusting his hips with a force that had many onlookers gagging in sympathy although Brian was doing no such thing.

Eric was actually impressed at the brunet’s talent. It was a rare man that could deep throat that beast and still manage to breathe, but Brian seemed to be a champ.

Meanwhile, sneaking back inside past the distracted security staff and the spellbound crowds, Michael finally made his way back into the bar. After trying unsuccessfully for more than a half hour to convince the bouncer to let him back in, Michael had given up, slunk away, and eventually managed to make it around to the back of the building where he entered through a different door. Crawling on the floor so he wouldn’t be spotted, he wended his way to the front of the melee, sure that he would find Brian at the center of all the attention. No way was he gonna miss that.

But, to his utter surprise and consternation, instead of finding Brian fucking some guy silly as expected, Michael reached the center of the disturbance just in time to see a completely naked Brian with a huge dick down his throat, blowing the twink on the bar! Worse yet, as Michael stood up, ready to confront his friend about this travesty, Brian wrapped his arms around the boy’s hips, rolled over, and reversed their positions, which appeared to make the blond frantic as hell. Justin began thrusting his dick into Brian’s mouth for all he was worth. Brian braced one bent leg on the bar to keep from sliding across the surface while gripping the kid’s muscular thighs, urging him to thrust harder.
Michael was speechless. Never, ever, EVER, had he seen - or even thought - that Brian would ever do something like THIS in private, let alone naked in some public venue. His brain short-circuited and he could only stare, gobsmacked, as Brian opened his mouth impossibly wider and sucked Justin’s testicles into his mouth, along with the huge dong, on the next thrust.

Justin was nearly incoherent in his pleasure, and the crowd was silent in awe. Every breath, pant, moan, and hum of passion was clearly heard throughout the entire room. Eyebrows rose and patrons checked their phones for the time as the Brian and Justin Face Fucking Fiesta went on for over thirty minutes and probably could have gone on longer, if Brian hadn’t slipped one hand into Justin’s crease, caressing his pucker, urging the blond to thrust impossibly harder still. Only a few moments later, Justin wailed in animalistic satisfaction, let his orgasm overtake him, and promptly fainted. Followed by at least a half dozen men in the audience. Brian’s orgasm hit as soon as he heard Justin’s cry of pleasure, and his jizz geysered straight up like Old Faithful, splattering the nearest people in the crowd like the splash zone at Sea World.

“That’s the way we do it back home in Pittsburgh, boys,” Brian boasted, before slipping off the bar, picking up his pants, and then gathering his exhausted blond off the bar into his arms. “You guys ready to head home?” Brian asked his awestruck friends, who mutely followed him out the door.

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Chapter Theme Music - Scream and Shout & Dancing With My Own Self, The Skivvies NYC.

Chapter End Notes

9/9/16 - Check out the chapter song for a great Skivvies video. And also the second one of Randy doing his thing with the band! We are definitely NOT affiliated with the Skivvies in any way shape or form but we ARE huge fans. When we heard that the band had played Fire Island earlier in the summer we knew we just had to write them into this story. There’s also a link to their website if you want to know more. Hope they don’t mind the shout out here. Thanks to eureka1 and samcdee for their help writing this one. Chelle gets credit for picking out the coffee drinks for everyone! Cookiebun gets additional credit for helping with the research about The Skivvies. And now that we’re finally at the beginning of the end . . . S&T.
Chapter Notes

A little introspective Brian moment here . . . with a nice sexy ending for you. Enjoy!
S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 45 Banner

Chapter 45 - Sunshine Coming Down.

Brian had done his best to avoid Michael for the next few days. The man had been impossible after the scene that went down following The Skivvies’ concert - harping endlessly on what he thought about Brian’s out of character display and constantly trying to throw himself on Brian, apparently in some strange attempt to distract him from Justin. Brian was always imminently relieved when Michael left the beach house every morning because it meant that he’d have at least a few hours without Michael pestering him. He was getting sick and tired of listening to his bellyaching best friend complaining every time Brian refused to discuss the events at Whyte Hall, Justin’s presence in the house, or why Brian didn’t want to go out clubbing with ‘the gang’ again that night. The beleaguered ad exec was happy to busy himself with his employees and their new campaign - anything to get out of listening to more of that crap.

The Pines’ marketing plan was coming along really well. If it all went as planned, it was going to be an amazing event. Meisner and his cronies were going to have their jock straps blown right off their tightwad asses when they saw what Kinnetik had arranged for them. Ted had all the money stuff worked out but was still plodding through contracts and legal stuff. Cynthia, that paragon of organizational skills, was handling all the logistics of getting materials where they needed to be, hiring staff not only for the marketing prep work and the photography that would need to be done, but also the big campaign launch party that was going to happen at The Pines.
Only two things were still worrying Brian. First, that they were working with such a short time frame because Meisner wanted the launch party to happen on July 31, which was only three weeks away. Coordinating everything so it would be ready on time was a daunting task. Cynthia had even drafted Brian to assist with some of the scheduling work since she was nearly overwhelmed.

Brian’s second area of concern was whether or not Justin would be able to produce all the miracles of artwork he was planning. Especially in that limited time. Granted, some of the work he was proposing could be done in advance in a studio - particularly the parts that would be used for the print ads and television spots and would therefore require professional grade photography. Justin would be heading to the studio starting the next morning to get going on those. But the true test would come on the day of the launch party - Justin and the band of assistant artists that he and Cynthia were putting together would have to paint more than twenty different individuals on that day from start to finish and have them all ready to go by no later than eight pm. That task seemed impossible to Brian, even after Justin had walked him through his plans. So far, Brian had been unable to talk the artist into cutting down on the number of scenes he had planned, no matter how hard he tried. The only thing Justin had conceded on was hiring more assistants at the last minute.

By the end of that week, though, Brian’s portion of the work was pretty much done. He was finally able to sit back and relax again, while his minions labored on. The only problem with that was, once Brian was ready to get back to his vacation, he no longer had a convenient blond to play with. It was a serious flaw in his plan to slowly integrate the local artist into the Kinnetik fold.

Perhaps some of those assistants could start sooner? That should free up at least a little of the blond’s time and prevent the boy from being quite so exhausted at night. To be honest, the brunette stud was starting to suffer from withdrawal symptoms; one fuck and one blow job per day had become the norm, which was woefully inadequate. Plus, Brian had been getting that special itch that no one except his Cookie could resolve. It probably had something to do with how fucking sexy Justin looked when he was totally immersed in his art and ordering everyone around about it. If the little twat kept that shit up, Brian was going to have to figure out some way to get his itch scratched. And he didn’t give a flying fuck what the gang or Cynthia might overhear; hell, it would probably fuel their fantasies. All Brian knew was that SOME solution needed to be found - and soon.

However, as of the Sunday following Independence Day, the crew was still up to their eyeballs in planning, and Brian was left to his own devices. Which made it doubly hard to find an excuse to avoid hanging out with Michael and Emmett for the day. And for once, even Justin was in favor of Brian going out with his friends - as long as it meant the man wouldn’t be hovering over his shoulder, making him nervous and reminding Justin of how horny he was when he didn’t have the time to remedy the problem.

Watching the diligent blond work, Brian was simply amazed all over again by this kid’s work ethic. Justin fit in with the other professionals seamlessly. He spoke to Cynthia and Ted like colleagues despite the fact that he was more than ten years younger than either of them. And they treated him with the same respect, clearly aware of the value of the artist’s input and talent. Brian admired the way the younger man could focus, the way his facile mind was able to work through a problem, not
to mention the way he kept coming up with so many astute ideas. At times like this, Brian had a hard
time remembering that Justin was really just a kid.

Right as Brian was pondering all his Cookie’s wondrous attributes, his thoughts were interrupted by
the entrance of Justin’s polar opposite - Michael Novotny. Whereas Justin acted much more mature
than his years, Michael sometimes seemed to have never made it all the way past puberty. The man
was over thirty, yet his idea of a productive morning appeared to involve lounging around on the
couch in his boxers, stuffing his face with junk food, and reading comics. Looking from Michael to
Justin, the contrast between the two was so glaringly obvious to Brian that it made him cringe.

When Emmett came out and Michael started to horse around, throwing pillows at his friend and
trading juvenile barbs, Brian wanted to just slap the man and tell him to grow the fuck up already.
 Couldn’t he be serious for once? Didn’t he realize that most of the people in the room had a metric
fuckton of work they were trying to get through? Did he really think anyone other than himself
found such hijinks funny?

Brian might once have joined Michael in his childish antics but, more and more often these days, he
found himself totally fed up with the infantile behavior of his old friend. Why hadn’t he noticed
before how irritating that shit was? Maybe it was only because he now had Justin’s example to
compare with. Although, it wasn’t that Justin didn’t know how to have fun. Shit, that boy hadn’t
been lying when he’d bragged that he could keep Brian fully entertained for an entire summer. Brian
thoroughly enjoyed their nightly games. But he also liked the fact that Justin could just as easily put
the shenanigans aside and act like a grown-up when it was time to work. And, frankly, even when
Justin was playing around, having fun and fucking his way through a roomful of guys, he still never
acted as silly and puerile as Michael did on a daily basis. Brian found he no longer wanted to be
associated with Michael’s brand of ‘fun’. It was past time for him to act like the adult he supposedly
was and, while he still intended to enjoy himself and wasn’t about to totally change his lifestyle, he
simply couldn’t do that and continue to hang out with the likes of Michael.

Unfortunately, now that Brian wasn’t needed for the work the rest were still plowing through, he no
longer had any further justification for avoiding Michael’s nagging request that they finally spend
some time together. He thought about just telling Michael to fuck off and leave him alone, but after
more than fifteen years of friendship, Brian just couldn’t do it. In the end, Brian let himself be talked
into walking with Michael and Emmett into the village so they could pick up some souvenirs. Brian
figured it would be a good time to pick up one of the remote controlled lizard toys he’d seen several
other kids on the island playing with recently. Brian thought that after their lizard adventures, Gus
would really enjoy that kind of thing. He’d been meaning to see if he could find one for several days
now and this was as good a chance as any. Michael was over the moon with glee when Brian finally
capitulated and said he was joining them for their outing.

They weren’t even a hundred meters from the house, though, before Brian regretted his decision.
Michael was literally hanging on him and jabbering away like a chihuahua on steroids as he bounced
along at his side. Emmett shot Brian a sympathetic smile but didn’t do anything to help. Brian
shrugged the leech off and then used his much longer legs to their best advantage, walking fast
enough that Michael simply couldn’t catch up. After that, Michael was too out of breath from trying to keep up to babble too much.

As if that wasn’t bad enough, Emmett and Michael ganged up on Brian and forced him to go into every single touristy store they came across. It was agonizingly boring. By the third store, Brian was contemplating faking an aneurism just so he could get away from this torture. If Michael shoved one more vulgar knick-knack in his face so that Brian could read another infantile, sexually suggestive slogan, the little twerp was going to end up with said knick-knack shoved up his needy ass.

After he escaped that store, Brian put his foot down and adamantly refused to be dragged into any more gift shops. Instead he decided he would wait for the tacky twins to finish their window shopping while drinking in the pub located on the pier next to the ferry building. At least that way he could be sufficiently tipsy by the time the others were done with their shopping and would be numbed to any more of Michael’s importunate whining.

Not long after Brian had seated himself on the dockside patio with a frosty cold IPA, the table next to him was taken by a trio attractive young men, all of whom were ogling Brian invitingly. Brian wasn’t one to turn down such a cordial invitation, so he quickly drank up his beer, got to his feet, walked slowly over to the neighboring table, and offered to escort all three gentlemen to the men’s room where they could get to know one another much better. It wasn’t a surprise that all three jumped up and followed on his heels with keen anticipation.

When Brian and his new buddies finally emerged from the pub’s bathroom, he found Michael, Emmett, and Em’s new bosom friend, Nick, waiting for him at the table he’d left not that long before. It didn’t escape his friends’ notice that the three tricks following Brian out of the pub all made a point of thanking him profusely before they left. Brian smiled at them, nodded and then dismissed them from his mind as he sat down and picked up the beer he assumed was waiting for him.

“How there’s the Brian Kinney we all know and love.” Michael said as Brian leaned back in his chair. “It’s good to see you getting back in your Studly groove. The way you’ve been sniffing around that little blond shit all week, I was beginning to think you’d totally lost it. I mean, even with all the crazy shit you’ve been doing lately and those videos, I don’t think your reputation as the Stud of Liberty Avenue could handle the news that you were settling down into an actual relationship,” Michael laughed at the ‘R’ word, as if its application to Brian Kinney was the most ridiculous thing he’d ever heard. Emmett and Nick, meanwhile, exchanged eye-rolling glances. “It’s good to see that your ‘one fuck per customer’ rule is still mostly in place so that, once you get back home and away from Fantasy Island, things can get back to normal,” Michael propounded with a satisfied air as he toasted Brian’s return to what he regarded as the status quo.

Brian set his beer down abruptly, finding that Mikey’s words had left him with a sour taste in his mouth. Brian had to admit that his reputation as the ruling Stud in Pittsburgh had long been important to him. All his rules and maxims had been put in place specifically to help him maintain that position. And, yes, he had also repeatedly stated his unequivocal opinion that he didn’t believe in relationships or boyfriends or even love - which had been the underlying reason behind many of his rules.
See, if you didn’t want a relationship, then the best way to avoid one was to never put yourself in a position where one might happen. Hence his ‘no repeats’, ‘no overnight tricks’, and ‘no messy emotions’ rules. No repeats meant no getting to know the guys he was fucking and that in turn meant that he never risked letting them in or getting hurt by anyone. It was just fucking - honest, efficient, and allowed him to get in and out with the maximum amount of pleasure and the minimum amount of bullshit.

However, after not even two months here on Fire Island, Brian was beginning to doubt that those pearls of wisdom were still as necessary as they had always seemed before.

Brian already knew he had deeper feelings for his Cookie. It wasn’t much of a stretch from saying that he loved fucking the boy to admitting that they were ‘lovers’. And didn’t that term, in and of itself, imply something about that particularly messy emotion? Did he actually ‘love’ Justin? Was it possible that Brian had finally succumbed to that incomprehensible web of complication? That the untouchable Stud not only cared that much about another guy, but that he actually wanted to break all his rules and mores for him? But how could the Stud of Liberty Avenue fall into that age old trap? If Michael was right, and Brian did break all his rules for the vicissitudes of a relationship, would he end up not only losing his standing in the gay community but also become a total laughingstock?

The more time he spent around the charismatic young artist, though, the more Brian was willing to concede that he might not hate falling into some kind of lasting relationship with the kid. So far, the time they’d spent together had been pretty idyllic. If Brian were being honest with himself, it was obvious that they already HAD a relationship of some kind and it was an arrangement that Brian more than enjoyed.

In fact, the kid had made it extremely easy and nearly painless to walk right into that sneaky snare. He and Justin had so much fun together and shared so many of the same interests and opinions that time always seemed to fly by when they were together. Justin’s interactions with Gus had only sealed the deal as far as Brian was concerned. Brian supposed he should just admit that, yes, he did want more. Maybe even something permanent. At the very least, Brian knew he was willing to give this thing between them a try and see where it might lead.

Of course, Brian couldn’t do THAT without jeopardising his reputation as a callous stud. As Michael’s repeated reminders pointed out, his Liberty Avenue subjects would expect him to ditch the blond and revert to his previous bad boy habits as soon as he returned from his vacation. So, even if he managed to convince Justin to accompany him back to Pittsburgh at the end of the summer, Brian would have to move on if he wanted to maintain his playboy image. And that left him with a decision to make.

Did he want to go back to being Brian Fucking Kinney, Stud of Liberty Avenue - or become some
other Brian altogether? Would he even want to someday be Brian Kinney, PARTNER of Justin Taylor? Assuming, of course, that Justin wanted that himself, which wasn’t at all a sure thing judging by the boy’s behavior. Justin was even more commitment shy than Brian himself. If Brian did stick his neck out and embrace such a huge change, there was no guarantee that his gesture would be reciprocated by the boy. But, either way, if he wanted to risk a foray into the untried realm of a relationship, it was clear to Brian that he’d have to venture not only his reputation but his heart.

Brian looked over to his left where Michael was still babbling away about fuck knew what - probably more drivel about how Brian should return to fucking everything with a dick, just so long as that dick wasn’t attached to Justin - and found that his friend’s exhortations were having the exact opposite effect that Mikey intended. Instead of convincing Brian that he didn’t want anything more to do with Justin, they just pissed him off and made him want to do the exact opposite. Brian had never put up with being told what to do - by anyone - let alone this immature man who couldn’t hold a candle to the brilliant blond waiting for him back at the beach house. If Brian wanted something, he always went after it and he usually succeeded. No matter how much he still loved his old friend, Brian wasn’t about to take direction from someone as feckless as Michael Novotny.

So . . . fuck ‘em! No stranger to risking it all, Brian didn’t even really have to think about it. The decision was made before he’d even finished the thought. He wasn’t going to let the gang or his worn-out reputation hold him back anymore. If he’d learned anything so far from his summer on Fire Island, it was that none of those old considerations really mattered all that much anymore. If Brian wanted to try out a relationship - and try it out with one Justin Taylor, to be precise - then that’s what he was going to do, and to hell with anyone who tried to stand in his way.

Michael watched sullenly as the party around the bonfire - the setting suggested by Justin for that evening’s entertainment - got into full swing. The last rays of the summer sun were tinting the horizon orange and pink as the pile of driftwood logs was set ablaze. The giant speakers of the state of the art sound system they’d set up blasted out dance music that could be heard for a mile up the coast, drawing fags like a siren’s call.

Michael downed his second beer, never taking his eyes off Brian as his friend danced and cavorted with the tow-headed townie twink. Michael had tried several times over the past few days to corner Brian and force him to talk about Michael’s concerns. He couldn’t believe that Brian was acting so out of character and he was sure there would be serious repercussions because of it when they finally went back to the Pitts. As far as he was concerned, Brian could still play everything off as a hot summer fling but, if things got any worse, Michael wasn’t sure Brian’s reputation as Top Stud wouldn’t suffer irrevocably.

Opening a third beer, Michael thought over how best to get his friend back to normal. Five more beers and two hours later, Michael still hadn’t come up with a workable idea, but he couldn’t stand to watch Brian make out with the bleach-blond beach boy any longer. He decided it was now or never - he would just have to come straight out with his concerns and MAKE Brian listen this time.
Emmett and Nick - who had extended his stay on the island in order to spend some additional time with the intriguing southern-bred queen - were dancing a few feet from the scorching hot pair and therefore saw Michael coming before Brian did. Emmett noted the look of determination as Michael pushed through the throng on a single-minded path to Brian’s side. Emmett sidled a little closer, just in case he needed to intervene. Michael ignored that little warning, though, as he gripped Brian’s bicep and pulled until he had the brunet’s undivided attention.

Brian, knowing it was time to get the confrontation over with, gave Michael just that. “I am NOT going to discuss my relationship with you, Michael. Not now. Not ever. So, mind your own business and leave me alone.”

Justin stood slightly behind Brian, placing a supportive hand in the small of the big guy’s back to let him know he was still there and wasn’t going anywhere, studiously refraining from commenting on their relationship status. THAT was not a conversation for Michael’s ears. Besides, Justin would never give Michael the satisfaction of seeing or hearing him and Brian have a disagreement. Some things were just meant to be private, and he would not embarrass Brian in public by countering his statement.

“But you haven’t done anything irreparable yet! You can still salvage your rep before it is too late! I’m just looking out for you Brian!” Michael whined, while Emmett and Nick rolled their eyes in disbelief.

“What the fuck, Michael? I don’t need you to look out for me or my reputation. I’m perfectly happy and doing exactly what I want to be doing right this instant! You of all people should know I do whatever the fuck I want, when I want, and with whomever I want! And I don’t give two shits what anyone else thinks!” Brian’s whole body had stiffened in defiance, and they were starting to cause a scene, with other partygoers stopping to watch the byplay.

“You’ve always said that, and I always believed you, but here you are . . . all your rules out the window for what? Some stupid twink townie?”

Brian moved so fast, no one had a chance to intervene before he had the front of Michael’s shirt balled in his fist and they were nose to nose. Brian growled, “What’s it going to take to prove to you once and for all that I don’t give a damn about that shit? Not about my stupid fucking reputation or anyone’s opinions? Huh? What would it take, Mikey? What could I possibly do that would be so fucking awful that my rep could never recover? Tell me!”

Twin looks of concern fell over Emmett and Justin’s faces, not sure what Brian was getting at. Michael spluttered something unintelligible and, when Brian shook him angrily, his patience at an
end, the whiner spat out, “Bottoming. You would never get past that. You wouldn’t be an exclusive top anymore and everyone would know it,” Michael looked up at his irate friend and saw something in the man’s eyes that frightened him, causing him to immediately backtrack. “But . . . but, Brian, I’m just trying to keep you from doing something you may regret later.”

Brian’s eyes narrowed to slits and his lips thinned in disappointment. “Is that all it would take to get you off my back?” he ground out between his teeth and, when Michael nodded - the sarcasm lost on him - Brian let him go with a little shove that had the smaller man landing on his ass. “Stay there,” he pointed, “Don’t move a muscle. And don’t ever call Justin stupid again or we will no longer be friends.” Brian stomped over to the pile of supplies he had brought outside that afternoon and dragged it over until it was twenty feet in front of where Michael had landed. Emmett and Nick sat on either side of the confused Pittsburgher to keep him there for whatever Brian had planned that would presumably end the disagreement brewing between them.

Brian unrolled the big ball of the beach mat, revealing two open sleeping bags one on top of the other like a big bed. He had quite obviously planned to use it this evening for his sexcapades, and Michael’s eyes lit at having a seat so close to the action. He figured Brian was going to reassert his top status by fucking his way through the crowd, and Michael couldn’t have been more pleased. Emmett, however, was concerned by Brian’s rigid body language and the continued glare he gave Michael every time he happened to look their way. Justin saw it too and vowed to do whatever he could to bring the carefree, smiling Brian back. He was upset over the fact that Michael didn’t even recognize the hurt in Brian’s eyes caused by his friend’s superficiality.

Brian stripped and knelt on the pallet, waving Justin to him and, when the kid complied, Brian kissed him once, glaring at Michael all the while, and then straddled the now prone blond. Without preamble or preparation, other than to suit and lube Justin’s dick, Brian lowered himself viciously onto his lover’s long log and proceeded to ride it like a bucking bronco while staring Michael down as if daring the little man to say anything at all about Brian’s rebellious actions.

Michael was horrified but, when he made a move to get up and leave, Emmett held him down. “Sit down, Michael. Brian’s only doing this because you fucking drove him to it! So you’re gonna stay and watch every second. And maybe later, you’ll be able to figure out why you couldn’t let your best friend simply be happy.”

Michael’s eyes filled with tears as his idol of more than a dozen years crumbled to dust. “I don’t know who the fuck he is anymore!” he cried.

Emmett watched as Brian expertly topped from the bottom and noted that his friend had more experience than they’d all thought. No one did what Brian was doing off the cuff. It took years to cultivate that kind of skill. “I don’t think you ever did,” Emmett replied and, at Brian’s approving nod, he let Michael go, but didn’t watch him leave. Instead, he and the rest of the group watched Brian ride Justin to the boy’s orgasm then dispose of the condom and suck him back to a stiffie.
Justin was simply shell shocked and, when Brian started blowing him after Michael ran off, he tried to get Brian’s attention. Justin hadn’t really liked the impersonal fuck, no matter the reason for it. He knew Brian was making a point, but he hated the dissociative way in which he was going about it. Brian had him almost cumming again before Justin yanked on his head hard enough to finally get the older man to focus on his face for a minute. Brian, thinking Justin wanted to kiss him, slithered up the pale form and locked lips with him. When Justin didn’t respond, Brian pulled back with a questioning stare.

“Not like this, Brian. You made your point and now he’s gone. Come back to me.” Justin framed Brian’s face with his hands and kissed him slowly, making the brunet painfully aware of every nuance of the motion. He gently rocked his cock into Brian’s pelvis, “I’m right here, Brian. Please don’t hide from me.” Justin’s quiet plea did more to calm the angry man than anything else could have, and Brian trembled from the adrenaline still raging through his system. He dropped his forehead to Justin’s, immediately contrite. “I’m so fucking sorry . . . Fuck! I didn’t mean to . . .”

“It’s alright, but I won’t do that again.” Justin whispered as Brian left small kisses all over his face.

Brian’s gut clenched in remorse. He hadn’t meant to hurt Justin while making his point to Michael but had indeed done just that. He saw the understanding in the blue eyes followed by the forgiveness he couldn’t bring himself to ask for because he felt he didn’t deserve it.

Instead, Brian was determined to show his Cookie how much he meant to him.

When the audience caught on to the change, and the tenor of the spectacle moved from a show to something infinitely more personal, they drifted away, leaving Brian to make love to Justin in privacy.

Emmett was the last to go, happy tears running down his cheeks as Brian and Justin slipped between the sleeping bags, “I always knew you would go down hard, Brian,” he muttered to himself as he too wandered off in search of Nick and more upbeat amusements.

Chapter Theme Music - [The Sound of Sunshine Coming Down](#)

Chapter End Notes

Yes, Brian had irredeemably fucked his reputation . . . but we, your authors, are not sorry at all. LOL. This story is finally coming around to the big climax. It won’t be long
now, folks. Hold on to your beach blankets! Thanks to all our FN Team - samcdee, eureka1 and all those lurkers/visitors too. Thanks to SunshineSally and Cookiebun for keeping us inspired while we write with stories from the Fanmeet in Spain. Thanks to all you lovely readers who have been leaving wonderful comments - please forgive us for not responding more promptly, but we're too caught up in writing to take a breath let alone do anything else - just know that we love and appreciate the time you take to leave those reviews. Thanks again for all the wonderful chapter banners from our creative samcdee - love them. Now, off to get started writing about the big launch party!

S&T
The following morning, Ted advised that he had done all he could on The Pines’ project for the time being and was heading back to Pittsburgh. Since that was their ride home, Michael and Emmett would, of necessity, be leaving too. Not that Michael put up much of a fight. He was still reeling after the prior night’s display and hadn’t said even one word to Brian since. Em was happy to be getting away from the scene of constant discord but was going to miss his latest squeeze, Nick, who was sticking around on the island for a couple more days before heading back to the city. Which meant that the beach house would be emptying out, and only Cynthia would still be there using one of the guest rooms.

Brian watched as his three Pittsburgh friends loaded up their stuff in the wagon in order to cart it back to the ferry in Ocean Beach. Despite the fact that he had been irritated and annoyed by these guys from moment they’d arrived, he was sorry that they were leaving under such a cloud. No matter how much Michael pissed him off, they had been friends for more than half their lives by this point, and Brian didn’t like the unsettled feeling their argument had left him with. If Michael had only backed the fuck off a bit and let Brian handle his own life... Oh well, he still believed in one part of his old mantra - the part about regrets being useless. Brian wasn’t going to change his mind about this particular issue or give in to Michael’s grown-up version of peer pressure. All he could hope for was that, after they’d both had some time to cool off, they’d eventually make up. Maybe by then, Michael would have finally grasped that Brian didn’t want his oldest friend completely out of his life,
but he didn’t want Michael trying control him either.

Unfortunately, Michael was still bristling over the prior evening’s events and too pissed to even say goodbye. When the wagon was filled and everyone else was ready to go, the angry little brunet simply turned and left without saying a word of farewell. Brian sighed and shook his head but didn’t try to stop him. There was no use trying to deal with Michael when he was in the middle of one of his tantrums. Best just to wait and let him get over it with time. Or not. Brian couldn’t spend his entire life trying to placate Michael Novotny.

Ted did say goodbye to not only Brian but to Justin and Cynthia too. The stalwart accountant was never demonstrative, but he was loyal to a fault and a great friend. Brian pulled the man into a surprised hug, thanking him for coming all this way to work on the critical account, and then released him with a manly pat to his shoulder. Ted quietly nodded, said he’d see Brian when he got home, and then followed along in Michael’s wake.

“Oh, Baby! I’m sorry we’re not leaving under better circumstances,” Emmett effused, not at all quietly, as he grabbed Justin in a huge hug. “Don’t let that stop you from staying in touch. I want to hear ALL about the big party at The Pines. I just KNOW you’ll be fabulous! And you HAVE to come visit us all in good old Pittsburgh as soon as possible. I won’t take no for an answer, you hear?” Justin chuckled at the man’s unrestrained flame but nevertheless agreed - you just couldn’t help but love Emmett. “Good. Now, don’t let this guy over here work you too hard - unless you want him to be hard, that is!” Emmett hugged Justin one last time, kissed him on the cheek, and then finally released him before turning to Brian.

“Thank you for letting us stay for the week, Brian. I know we showed up unexpectedly and all, but it really was a fun little vacation. I had a wonderful time. And I even made a few new friends, so thank you again.” Brian gave the effulgent queen a small smile and a nod to indicate that he was welcome even if Brian wasn’t going to say the words.

Emmett wasn’t satisfied with that, though, and roughly pulled the reticent brunet into his arms for an impulsive hug. While he had Brian there, he used the opportunity to whisper one last thing. “I’m proud of you, Brian. I didn’t think you had it in you, but I’m glad you found the balls to go for what you want, regardless of what anyone - including our friend, Michael - says. I say grab hold of that fine young man and don’t let him go, no matter what! He’s definitely worth it.” Brian didn’t respond but, then again, Emmett hadn’t expected him to. He just gave Brian another squeeze and then freed him with one of his ear-to-ear, gap-toothed grins. “Alright now! Time for me to mosey on home, boys and Cynthia. May the FIERCE be with you!” And then Emmett too was flouncing his way down the road towards the village in pursuit of his companions.

“You have VERY interesting friends, Mr. Kinney,” Justin pronounced as they turned together to go back into the house.
You don’t know the half of it, Cookie. You don’t know the half of it.”

Monday was also Justin’s first day in the studio. He was going to do body painting versions of some of the artwork that The Pines had displayed at the resort. The idea was to have his painted models standing in front of the various pictures, their bodies being painted so expertly that they almost totally blended into the pictures behind them. The scenes were all meant to evoke the feel of the Fire Island way of life. The photos of these scenes would be the ones used in the print ads for the rest of the campaign. This was going to be the first true test of the artist’s skills as well as a gauge of how fast he could do his work so they could better estimate exactly how much they could reasonably do on the day of the launch party.

Since it was raining for the second time since Brian had arrived on Fire Island, the ad exec offered to accompany the artist and help out. Brian’s painting skills might not be on the same par as Justin’s, but he at least knew the process pretty well by now and could do base coats as well as some of the airbrushing. Justin seemed happy to have Brian there even if the artist was being a totally pushy taskmaster.

Justin insisted that they get to the studio at a ridiculously early hour, intent on getting everything set up and his tools ready to go before the models and photographer showed. About an hour after they got to the studio, the rest of the crew started to show up. The models were sent off to get showered with detailed instructions of how to prepare themselves. The photographer got set up, ready to take photos and document the entire process on video. All this was exactly as Brian had expected, and he was happy to see that everything seemed to be going according to plan.

It wasn’t until Brian was introduced to the two assistants that had been hired to help with the painting that he started to get agitated. Assistant number one was a tall brunet with chin-length, curly, auburn hair and charming dimples in both cheeks. The guy took one look at Justin’s ass as the lead artist bent over to grab something out of a box of supplies and from then on seemed to have a very hard time concentrating on his actual work. Brian was not amused.

The second assistant was just as bad, even if she was a woman. The petite blond with the curly bob and bubbly personality didn’t seem to realize that Justin wasn’t in the least bit interested in her. If she did know that Justin was gay, she didn’t care. She couldn’t seem to keep her hands off the man who was her boss for the day. Every time Brian turned around, she was laying a hand on Justin’s arm, rubbing his shoulder, even, one time, slipping an arm around his waist for a friendly hug. Brian wanted to break her fucking arm.

The only thing holding Brian back was that he could tell Justin was not at all happy with his ongoing displays of jealousy. They hadn’t yet taken the time to discuss what had happened the prior night at the bonfire, but Brian instinctively knew that Justin was still upset. Brian did not want to make things worse by acting all territorial around the people that Justin was supposed to be supervising for the next few weeks. So Brian kept a tight rein on his jealous streak, despite the fact that he desperately
wanted to kill both the Ass-istants several times throughout the day.

To stop himself from acting out against Ass #1 and Ass #2, Brian tried to concentrate on the work. Justin was going to do just two paintings today - one a typical Fire Island beach scene and the other a beautiful abstract painting of poppies and daisies that the resort usually displayed in their lobby. The flower painting was going to be particularly challenging because of its intricate design.

Justin put Brian and Ass #1 to work on the base coat for the model who was going to portray the beach scene while he and Ass #2 got busy on the flower scene. The only tricky thing about the beach body painting was that they had to perfectly align the various shades of blue they’d be using so that, once the model was standing in front of the painting that she’d be paired with, the segments painted on her body would match those on the painting. Thankfully, Justin started them off with guides delineating where they should apply each color. It saved time that they only had to paint the front of the model and not her back. Justin mixed the various paint colors for them before he moved over to his own project, and Brian was amazed at how easily and quickly the talented artist managed to match the intricate change in colors from one shade to the next.

In less than an hour, Brian and Ass #1 had the model ready, her body striped from head to toe with horizontal lines of blue. Justin then took over, posing the model in front of the original and ordering her to remain as still as possible while he did the more detailed work. With quick, sure strokes, Justin added in all the little nuances that would perfectly match the woman to the painting. He somehow managed to shade the lines so that they blended seamlessly. He duplicated the line made by the crashing surf so that it broke as it crossed her belly button. He even managed to add in the line of dry sand which was depicted crossing her knees with such precision that you really could see almost every tiny grain of sand. When it was done, and the model was aligned with the artwork behind her, she blended in perfectly with her background. In fact, if Brian didn’t know better, he would have sworn that the picture was a projection onto her body rather than body painting to match the picture behind her. It was a truly phenomenal piece of artwork, and Brian couldn’t have been more proud of the artist that created it.

While the photographer finished shooting the beach scene, Justin went back to his work on the flower scene. Brian wasn’t able to be quite as much help on this one. He just didn’t have the technique needed to duplicate the intricate abstract melange of colors used in the background painting. For this particular scene, the most important thing was to match the body painting on the model to the to the exact area of the original where he would be standing. That meant that the edges of the model’s body were the most critical and Justin took on that challenge himself. Ass #1 and Ass #2 were tasked with filling in the rest of the painting on the young male model’s body however they wanted, provided only that their painting matched the style of the original.

This poor model had to stand even more still than the beach model. The job was made substantially more difficult by the fact that Justin wanted him to hold out his right hand at a specific angle. Justin started on the hand and worked as quickly as he could to paint that section himself before the boy got too tired. It still wasn't easy. Brian was tasked with the job of keeping both the model and the painters hydrated, bringing them bottles of water, coffee, sodas, or whatever, that they could sip
through straws while they worked without having to stop what they were doing. Brian didn’t mind helping out, and he was sufficiently distracted by watching the incredible work his Cookie was doing that he didn’t really care that he was acting as their gofer. If he was a little more clumsy than usual and somehow managed to spill half a cup of coffee on Ass #1 and a big dribble of paint on Ass #2, well, it could all be put down to his being too spellbound by the artwork to notice what he was doing, right? It had nothing to do with Ass #1 ‘accidentally’ brushing Justin’s ass with his hand as he reached for a different paint brush or Ass #2 incessantly giggling at every fucking thing Justin said all day.

This second scene was materially more difficult than the beach scene and, as a result, took considerably longer to finish. The photographer had finished his work on the beach scene, and that model had showered and been gone for more than two hours before the flower scene was even nearing completion. Brian could tell that Justin was exhausted. The artist’s hand was shaking and he was struggling to finish the final details, but he refused to stop until he was sure it was perfect. Brian was ready to pull rank and order them all to take a break when Justin finally stepped back, surveyed his work, and declared it done.

After they all took a short break - mostly so the model could rest his arm and move his stiff muscles - Justin arranged the tableau in the precise way he wanted it, and they all stood back to admire the masterful effects for a moment. Brian was floored by how magnificent Justin’s work on this scene was. It was so remarkable that he didn’t think he even had the words needed to describe the results. When the model stood still in front of the painting he was almost completely camouflaged. Despite the fact that Brian KNEW the young man was standing there, unless he looked very carefully, he couldn’t see him. Brian had never seen anything like it and he was sure that his clients hadn’t either. This was going to be the most eye-catching ad campaign imaginable.

Justin was totally wiped after his long day of painting. It wasn’t even so much the hours he’d put in - less than seven hours altogether, which was far fewer than he typically worked when he had a full shift at the pub - but the intensity of the work and the stress of feeling like it all HAD to be perfect. And, although Justin was more than pleased with the results of this first day of painting, he was both physically and mentally exhausted. All he really wanted to do was curl up on the couch and watch mind-deadening trash television.

To his dismay, it didn’t seem like Brian shared Justin’s laid-back mood. The man was acting downright amorous and, while normally Justin would be all over that like lube on a dildo, today was not that day. However, even though he was making damn good money working for Brian on The Pines’ campaign, he still couldn’t afford to lose their bet, so he didn’t dare turn the man down.

That being said, Justin also didn’t want to encourage the man and his overtly possessive streak. Brian had been so preposterously jealous of everyone who came close to Justin these days that the boy was getting fed up. First it was Eric, then that thing with Michael, and again today with Justin’s new assistant. Even though Brian had tried to be low-key about it, Justin had felt the waves of jealousy radiating off the man every time Jamie - or, as Brian had dubbed him, Ass #1 - had even come close
to him. Justin knew he had to do something about this before it became even more serious.

The thing was, Justin had no clue WHAT to do. He’d never been put in a situation like this before. The only really serious relationship he’d ever been in was the few months he’d spent with Ethan and that hadn’t really prepared Justin for this scenario. Ethan, too, had been possessive, but in a completely different and borderline obsessive way. Ethan had wanted Justin all to himself, exclusively. Brian wasn’t like that. Brian enjoyed sex and tricking just as much as Justin did. He didn’t see the older man wanting to give up that part of his life anytime soon. And, yet, Brian clearly wanted something more from Justin that the youth simply wasn’t prepared to offer, even if he truly understood what that something entailed.

Based on all the rhetoric Brian had been spouting to his friend the night of the bonfire party, it was clear that the older man assumed they were in some kind of semi-serious relationship already. The very idea made Justin’s skin crawl. He was NOT ready for that. Not only had the experience with Ethan soured him on relationships in general, but he was just too damned young and he had too many things he still wanted to do with his life to let himself get tied down. Simply put, Justin didn’t want to be in a relationship. Not even with Brian Kinney, a man that he found he really did care about.

The weird thing was that Justin had been totally blindsided by this whole relationship thing with Brian. When he’d first met Brian, Justin had thought the older man was even more commitment-phobic than he was himself. How could a man who wouldn’t even fuck someone a second time, out of fear he’d be drawn into some messy entanglement, have done such an abrupt about-face that he was now boasting to his friends about his relationship with someone he’d known less than two months?

Justin could never have imagined that the sexy wager with his Boss would lead him to the point that he felt rather trapped, on the verge of a relationship he wasn’t prepared for and not sure he wanted in the first place. Was it so bad to want to get away from the island? To experience a different place as a young, single stud? To really immerse himself in the study of art? To have a chance to travel? To answer to no one but himself? To have no obligations other than his own whims? He wanted all of that, and he just didn’t see how getting into any relationship would mesh with those goals.

Maybe he was being a bit selfish, but Justin couldn’t help it. He needed to escape Fire Island. Of course, it would always be home and he’d visit regularly, but the craving to travel, study, and work elsewhere was nearly choking him. Which was were the bet had come in. Pittsburgh might not be Paris, New York, London, Chicago, or San Francisco, but it would be an adventure, and at least it wasn’t Fire Island. Winning this bet with Brian still seemed like his best shot at effecting his escape while also being able to provide some assistance to his mother and sister, and he wasn’t about to screw that up. But, at the same time, he was becoming more and more confused about Brian’s expectations as well as his own feelings about the man.
There was no question at all that Justin relished almost every minute he spent with Brian. Who wouldn’t want to spend time with the sexy, sweet, adventurous stud? Brian would probably be horrified if he knew that Justin thought of him as sweet, but he really was, especially around his son. And the blond absolutely adored Gus. If Justin ever had a son, he’d want him to be just like that mischievous, curious, loving, little imp. He hoped that if he ever had children of his own, they too would look at him as if he’d hung the moon - like Gus did with Brian. And because of all these marvelous characteristics, Justin found himself looking up to Brian almost as much as Gus did. Basically, he found he just plain liked Brian as a person, and that added to the enjoyment he got from the time they spent together.

On top of all that, he and Brian were incredibly compatible sexually. Brian truly was one hell of a fuck - regardless of whether he was on the giving or the receiving end. The man was indefatigable. He was also inherently sensitive to his partner’s needs and seemed to always know exactly what was needed to give Justin the maximum amount of pleasure. In spite of his youth, Justin had been with a lot of guys, but he’d rarely come across anyone who pleased him as much as Brian Kinney did every single time they fucked. Why would he want to give that up?

And, as if that wasn’t enough, Brian was also pretty much the only man he’d ever met - other than, maybe, Eric - who could keep up with him when he was tricking. But it was more than just his stamina that made fucking around with Brian a joyful experience. Justin loved how daring Brian was. So far, there hadn’t been one single adventure he’d come up with that Brian hadn’t been game to try. Even when something was a bit out of Brian’s usual comfort zone - like going to a party in drag or showing up to the Invasion naked except for body paint - Brian had resolutely followed Justin’s lead. The man was utterly audacious and Justin fucking loved that about him. Nobody he’d ever met - not even Eric - was as bold, brave, or flamboyantly intrepid as Brian Kinney. It was so much fucking fun to have another person as crazily outrageous as he was to play with, that Justin often forgot that all the nightly entertainments he arranged were meant solely to satisfy the bet.

Of course, it was because of just that innate compatibility that Justin was now in the predicament he found himself. The two of them just meshed so well and had so much fun that they naturally found themselves spending the majority of their time together. Which was not only part of the reason that Brian thought they were in a relationship but also the basis for all the rumors circulating around the island about them. And those rumors were another reason why Justin was so leery of falling any deeper into Brian’s sphere of influence. Hell, if the rumor mill was to be believed, Brian and Justin were practically married already, destined to set up house, get a golden retriever, and produce their requisite two point five children. Fuck that!

Justin did have to concede that he was as much to blame for the attitude of the local community as anyone. The way the two of them had been running rampant across the island, fucking anything and everything in their paths, and spending almost every waking hour together, was bound to stir up speculation amongst islanders and visitors alike. Justin had been a bit of a local celebrity long before Brian’s arrival on Fire Island. Getting involved with a sex-on-a-stick stud like Brian was bound to fuel the gossip. Justin was fed up, however, with the barrage of questions he got from just about everyone he met about his relationship with Brian and their living arrangements. Even his mom had joined in about Justin living at the beach house. The situation had steadily become more and more
untenable, and all those expectations directed at him made Justin even more reluctant to give in to Brian’s desires for some type of relationship.

All that aside, Justin still needed to keep up his obligations pursuant to the bet, regardless of how much it would continue to fuel the speculation about him and Brian. And even though he truly did like Brian for a multitude of reasons, he thought it would be best for both of them if he distanced himself a bit - at least until the older man’s jealousy had a chance to cool off a bit. So, how to do that and still keep Brian entertained? Justin figured that if he gave in to his fatigue and just stayed at the beach house with Brian for the night it would only feed into the man’s increasing possessiveness and reward his erratic behavior. What Justin needed to do was get up, get his ass into some club clothes, and take Brian out for a fun night on the town. That way Brian would be kept entertained, they’d both get their sexual needs met, and yet it would be less intimate than if it was just the two of them alone.

So much for relaxing on the couch for the night. But, alas, duty called. Justin sighed, pushed himself upright, and headed off towards the bedroom to change, running through a list of possible entertainment options in his head as he went.

Monday night at the Sip ‘N Twirl was traditionally ‘Game Night’. Of course, since this was Fire Island, Game Night didn’t mean Trivial Pursuit or Pictionary. No. Here on the island, they played games for manly men . . . who liked to stick things up their butts.

Brian and Justin had only just entered the bar when the manager climbed up on the stage and started to announce the night’s festivities. And it sounded like it was going to be a good one, since the game of the day was ‘Anal Ring Toss’. The crowd hooted and hollered - apparently this was a local favorite. Brian just shook his head and looked around at the craziness that ensued, wondering what exactly he was getting himself into. Cookie simply smiled and clapped along with the rest of the audience, which was only minimally reassuring to Brian, the ring toss neophyte.

Back up on the stage, the manager asked for five volunteers. A multitude of hands shot up into the air, causing another round of hooting and applause. The manager - an old hat at this game - quickly picked out five likely candidates who were ushered up to the stage by their friends. They all immediately stripped and then, at the manager’s direction, either kneeled on the edge of the stage or bent over bar stools that had been brought up as props. When they were all situated, there was a line up of three guys kneeling and two standing, each with their asses presented to the front of the stage. Each ass was then fitted with a post of various sizes and shapes to provide the targets for the rings that would soon be tossed.

While the manager explained the rules of the game to the those who were new to this experience, the rest of the bar staff made a barrier out of the tables and chairs so that the audience would be kept at least ten feet back from the line of waiting asses.
The rules were fairly simple. Anyone who wanted to try their hand at the game could purchase rings from the bar at $1 each. The contestants would then line up behind the table barricade and, once the bell rang to start the event, they would do their best to get as many rings as they could over the posts held up by the various asses. The contestant that got the most rings on each individual ass after the allowed ten minutes of tossing got to have his way with that particular volunteer. The only tricky part of the game was that the more choice asses were given the more difficult posts. So, for instance, the twink with the skinny, flat ass had a pencil-thin stick that was at least a foot long - making for an easy target - whereas the nicely toned muscle queen with the luscious bubble butt was embellished with a thick dildo at least four inches around that would make it a real challenge to get the six inch ring around it.

A huge throng of eager participants flocked to the bar to purchase their rings for the contest. Apparently, there was no limit set on the number of contestants allowed to compete, so it was chaos for a few minutes. Brian watched the melee with disdain. “Amateurs,” Brian pronounced before he left a snickering Cookie and stalked over to the bar, shoving aside other hopefuls until he got the attention of the bartender. “Load me up, Barkeep!” Brian ordered as he plunked a $100 bill on the bar to everyone’s astonishment.

The loud cheering that arose at this daring and audacious act caused Brian to wince from the assault to his eardrums. The astonished bartender eventually shook himself back to full consciousness and passed over an entire case of the plastic rings - all a lovely red shade - to Brian, who carried them over to a spot at the exact center of the barricade. Undaunted by the Kinney threat, the rest of the bar patrons flocked to the bar to get their own meager allotment of rings so that they could at least play along with the outlander.

“Your flavor of the month is an arrogant asshole, I have to give him that,” Ethan grumbled in Justin’s ear as they watched Brian readying himself with his first handful of rings in preparation for the game to start. “Guess it’s all that money. Makes him a little too cocky if you ask me. And here I thought you didn’t care about the money. At least that’s what you always told me - that you weren’t dating me for my money . . . Looks like that was just another of your lies, wasn’t it, Justin?”

“Fuck off, Ethan.” Justin retorted without even really bothering to look at the recurrent annoyance that had popped up at his side.

“Hey . . . Just calling ‘em like I see ‘em,” Ethan replied with an expression he must have thought was a snarky grin, but which just make him look like he had indigestion. “If you’re not after him for his money, then I don’t see what else it could be. Seriously, Jus, if you wanted a sugar daddy, why didn’t you just come back to me? At least I’m not halfway to the grave already.”

Justin would have responded, only just then the manager grabbed the microphone again, announcing
that the contest was about to start, and the young artist’s attention was redirected towards the milling crowd of contestants.

There were at least twenty other participants hoping to win an ass besides Brian Kinney. Because of the limited space, there really wasn’t room for them all to stand in the front ranks at the barricade. Some of the lesser contenders had to wait behind those that had already claimed the leading positions. Usually that wasn’t a problem, though, because most of the time nobody bought enough rings that they couldn’t toss them all in far less than the allotted ten minutes. Tonight, however, with Kinney purchasing a whole case of rings, things might be different. Brian conceivably might need the entire time to throw all his rings, so the competition would have to take its chances on getting to the front lines.

“Gentlemen, grab your cockrings . . . I mean your ring-toss rings,” the manager proclaimed. “Ready. Set . . . TOSS!”

And the battle commenced.

Brian took his time lining up his initial toss. He knew he had the most ammo, but he still didn’t mean to waste his efforts. He quickly decided to concentrate his efforts on the rather beefy-looking muscle queen with the shaved head and the full beard who had a nice, plump ass and who looked like he might be just a bit of a challenge. The fact that the guy had the largest dildo shoved up his ass of all the volunteers made Brian think that there was something toss-worthy about the guy. Hey, if he was going to do this thing, Brian was going to do it right, damn it!

It took a few tosses for Brian to correctly get the feel of the game. But, once he had the distance down and had figured out the best angle for his tosses, Brian managed to get about one in every four or five rings over the guy’s post. He figured he was a shoo-in for this game.

The rest of the players, however, didn’t intend to let Brian win THAT easily. While at first the other hopefuls merely took their tossing turns and did their best to ring their targets, the game eventually took on a more adversarial air. Instead of just trying for their own asses, the other contestants decided to make it their mission to keep Brian away from his intended prize. And, since there really weren’t any rules other than to stay behind the barrier when you made your tosses, the anti-Brian brigade was rather effective. Between the guys waving their hands in front of Brian’s face to try and distract him and the others who were using their rings to knock away Brian’s whenever he did get a shot in, the stud wasn’t faring very well. And, while Brian was being distracted, some of Brian’s rivals were busy trying to match his rings on the muscle queen’s post.

Brian responded by redoubling his efforts, tossing more and more rings every minute, and he also began throwing his rings at other targets just to confuse his opposition. He wasn’t half bad either. He was definitely getting the hang of this game and was making about one out of every three tosses by
the time the game ended, including adding quite a few more to the post sported by his desired mark.

In the end, though, it was Justin who saved the day. When he saw how beleaguered his Boss was, the savvy artist took it upon himself to distract those trying to distract Brian. He was rather good at it too. A nice sharp smack on the ass of any tossers trying to knock away Brian’s throws almost always threw off their aim. And those who were actually trying to concentrate and out-throw the stud were adequately flustered by the random goose to their own nether parts.

When the manager blew his whistle indicating that the time was up, Brian was down to only about ten rings that he hadn’t yet had time to throw. He dropped the one he was holding back into the almost empty cardboard box at his feet and smiled around at the rest of the competitors. His blond came over and gave him a proud kiss, laughing along with all the rest at the man’s overly competitive nature, but loving it all the same. Both Brian and Justin were treated to drinks on the house in appreciation for providing their clientele with so much additional entertainment already that evening.

It took the staff a few minutes to calculate the official results. They had to carefully count every single ring and make sure they properly attributed each to its specific tosser. Brian wasn’t worried though. He was confident that his red rings would prevail, at least as to the muscle queen he had his hopes set on.

“Attention, gentlemen. Attention!” the announcer finally moved to the front of the stage with his official tally sheet in hand and the zealous volunteers lined up behind him. “We’re ready to reveal tonight’s lucky winners!”

The first volunteer - the twink with the skinny ass - went to an older bear wearing leather chaps and a muir cap. Both the twink and the bear seemed happy enough with the results and the pair was clapped off the stage with smiles on their faces. The next volunteer - a nerdy-looking guy with scruffy facial hair and horn-rimmed glasses - was won by a strapping stud that Brian had seen around a few times during his stay, who seemed like a decent enough fellow all things considered. The nerd seemed happy with his winner and readily followed him off the stage to another round of applause from the audience.

Next, the manager called a gloating Brian up to the stage. The self-confident brunet was gratified that he’d prevailed on the muscle queen and was looking forward to claiming his prize. When he arrived on the stage, however, Brian was surprised that the volunteer ass that was summoned by the manager to stand next to him was the short stocky jarhead that had been at the end of the line, not the muscle queen he’d been trying for. Brian had only been tossing at stocky-boy’s ass as a distraction to his opponents when they were overwhelming him. He hadn’t actually thought he’d win this guy’s ass. Oh, well. The guy wasn’t a total troll, and an ass was an ass as far as Brian Kinney was concerned.

Brian smiled graciously at Stocky as the boy came to a halt beside him. Which probably explained
why Brian was oblivious when two other men walked up and flanked him on his other side. Brian only looked over in that direction when he felt someone slipping their arm through his. He was confused when he noted that the man standing there was none other than Mr. Muscle Queen. And then, just behind him, was the last of the volunteers, a tall, robust, African-American guy who was covered almost head to toe in tats. Brian could only shrug and look over at the manager with confusion about what was taking place.

“This is a first for us here at the Sip ‘N Twirl, folks,” the Emcee touted with a huge grin on his face as he gestured to the crowd to quiet so he could go on with his proclamation. “Yep. I think this one will go down in the Fire Island history books. I’m not sure how he did it, but this enterprising Stud has won all three of the remaining tossees! Let’s give up a big round of applause for Fire Island’s latest, greatest sensation . . . Brian Kinney!”

The crowd went fucking wild. There was shouting, hooting, whistles, and enthusiastic catcalls galore as Brian raised a hand to a regally accept his accolades from the assembly. It seemed like everyone there wanted to personally congratulate him when he tried to make his way off the stage. Brian was only able to get through the admiring throng because his three prizes helped insulate him from the masses and guide him through the press of fawning fans.

His Cookie met him at the bottom of the stage steps. “Look at you, Boss! Way to toss those rings!”

“Yep. Not a bad use of a Franklin, if I do say so myself,” Brian bragged, looping his arm around Tats’ waist and smiling at the other two members of his harem. “Care to join me in a little post-game analysis, Cookie? I’ve got enough here to share.”

“Nope. This is all yours, Boss. As they say, ‘To the Victor Belong the Spoils’. You go enjoy your winnings. I’m sure you’re up for this challenge, just like always. I’ll just sit here and enjoy a beer or two on my own while you take care of this business, Boss.”

“You sure, Cookie?” Brian asked again, sensing that there was something he was missing in Justin’s refusal to join in on the fun but unable to put his finger on just what that might be.

“I’m sure. Now, you better go take care of these boys, Boss. They look like they’re itching for a dose of that Kinney charm. I’ll just prop up the bar till you get back.”

Which is how Brian ended up taking all three of his prizes to the backroom, where he proceeded to plow their asses one right after the other, while Justin got to sit on his own ass on a barstool and enjoy a relatively sedate night off. Justin wasn’t at all upset that he was being left out of the fun. In fact, this whole evening fit in nicely with his plan to start putting a little distance between himself and
Brian. He figured, after all that ‘entertainment’, Brian would be easy to manage even after he got him home, and it would give Justin a much needed night off. Plus, if he just sat quietly at the bar, there was really no impetus for Brian to get all caveman possessive on him that night.

Not at all a bad way a for Justin to start on his campaign to wean Brian off his Cookie dependence.

Unfortunately, he’d forgotten about the chin rat . . .

“C’mon Jus, let’s leave Mr. Oldster to his ‘prizes’. I have a much better prize to offer you,” Ethan entreated. “It’ll be just like old times - just you and me . . .”

That suggestion grated on Justin’s last nerve. He just wanted one night of peace. He’d been so proud of how easily he’d handled JealousBrian, but now he had to deal with JealousEthan too? What the fuck? Life just wasn’t fair. But how to shake the smarmy git?

“Look, Ethan! Oliver’s setting up for a second round of ring toss. Why don’t you volunteer to be one of the ‘asses’? I’m sure the competition will be intense. I’ll go purchase some rings now,” Justin stated, insinuating that he’d be the one to claim Ethan through the game. The blond smirked as the scrawny brunet eagerly trotted off. Problem solved. By the time Ethan realized that Justin wasn’t competing, he’d already be up on stage with his scrawny ass in the air. And, based on the many times that Ethan had pissed off other locals, Justin didn’t think that Ethan would be enjoying the rest of his evening as much as Justin would be.

Now, where was he again? Oh, yes - relaxing with a beer while all the men complicating his life were busy elsewhere. Yep. This was the way to work things.

Chapter Theme Music - Jealous Lover.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks again to Chelle for our 300th KD review - hope you like the Anal Ring Toss game I came up with for you. Thanks to LittleBoyBlue for Em’s line about ‘may the fierce be with you’. Thanks again to eureka1 for providing a lot of the Introspective Justin content. And, as usual, my loyal editor and chapter banner maker, samcdee, provided lots of support and guidance. We’re moving on nicely towards the big Pines launch party . . . here we go, folks! TAG

PS. Once again, you REALLY need to go look at all the pics for this chapter posted
with the story on Kinnetikdreams.com. I did my best to describe the body painting but when you see it, it will make tons more sense. Trust me on this. TAG
The two weeks leading into the launch party were simultaneously crazy hectic with work and even more crazy at night as Justin fulfilled his end of the bargain, keeping Brian entertained with an ever-increasing inventiveness which also ensured that Brian really didn’t have a chance to expound on anything remotely close to the ‘R’ word in his presence. Justin had assured himself of this by including a multitude of others in their nightly escapades and Brian seemed pleased enough with the results.

Justin patted himself on the back for coming up with this particular solution and managed to make sure that, though he still spent every night at the beach house, he and Brian only had sex with each other about a third of the time. Brian had not yet complained about it. So long as Justin ended up next to him in the bed as Brian fell asleep, the older stud refrained from demanding any more of his time and the possessiveness seemed to have disappeared.

Brian wasn’t fooled by his Cookie’s machinations though. He knew when he was being pushed away. He had a lifetime of experience with the sensation, albeit from the other side of the equation. He would not, however, beg for scraps of attention. From anybody. All Brian could do was hold on and hope that things would get better as soon as the launch party was over and they all had time to relax again.

So he gave the boy the space he seemed to want and kept his more volatile emotions in check. Brian was self aware enough to realize that he had probably pushed Justin to this extreme but, just because he understood it, that didn’t mean he had to like it. In the meantime, he did what Brian Kinney did
best. He fucked. A lot. He had a good time, he played along, and when Justin crawled into bed with him every night, he breathed a silent sigh of relief that the blond didn’t pull away when Brian wrapped an arm around him and spooned Justin’s body until they both fell asleep.

The day of the launch party, Justin was up and already on site at The Pines by five thirty in the morning. Even with the twenty assistant artists Kinnetik had hired to help him prepare, Justin wasn’t sure he’d be able to complete all his ambitious plans. Despite feeling absolutely exhausted, Brian dragged himself out of bed at the same time and followed his Cookie around throughout the morning, providing whatever assistance he could, making any executive decisions needed, and acting as liaison with the resort’s management. He also took it on himself to force Justin to stop and take a break every so often, insisting that he stay hydrated and even eat occasionally. Luckily, Cynthia - who was in charge of setting up the displays of Justin's already completed art works, managing the caterers, and overseeing the resort staff as well as the temporary help - backed Brian up whenever Justin became particularly stubborn. Justin didn't dare defy the strong-willed COO.

Over the past two weeks, Justin and his band of merry assistants had already completed body painting versions of many of the resort’s art works. All of these works followed along in the same vein as the first two he’d done, with his models being painted so as to blend in with the artwork they were mimicking. And just like before, Justin's artwork was exquisite. The paintings, and even the photography which he'd chosen to do body painting versions of, were all chosen because they epitomized the image and feel of Fire Island.

Kinnetik's photographers had documented all of Justin’s efforts for use in the upcoming media spots. For the launch party, they'd created large displays of each body painting work, complete with the related advertising slogans and other print material, all of which were set up next to the originals at The Pines. Scattered throughout the building, there were also video screens set up running clips showing Justin's process as he worked. In effect, the entire resort had been filled with Justin's artwork and Brian's ads.

In addition to the static displays, Justin had planned numerous live scenes for the guests’ viewing pleasure. The artist had left several of his most ambitious tableaus for the party itself, so today's work would be even more intense and challenging than anything he'd attempted before. Which was why he had been up before dawn and busy painting for the majority of the day.

The live scenes Justin had planned would be more whimsical and bawdy. They’d be some of the most eye catching work the artist had ever done and also some of the most difficult. He wanted to surprise and delight the launch party guests that viewed these scenes. But it was because of the intricate nature of some of these illusions that Justin had needed so much help.

As soon as the day’s models and the rest of Justin’s crew arrived at The Pines, the team got to work in the conference room that had been given to them as a temporary studio. Brian and Justin had the artists separated out into teams of two or three, each assigned to work on one specific visual. Ass #1
and Ass #2, since they had been working with Justin the longest, each supervised a handful of teams and were also given some of the more detailed jobs. Justin flitted around from group to group, directing the work and then doing any artwork that required real precision. It was a slow process, though, because Justin could only be in one place at a time, and he was so meticulous that oftentimes the teams had no choice but to stop and wait for him to be available. Slowly, though, one group after another would finish with the more complex work, and then those artists were allowed to move on and do some fun jobs that didn’t require Justin’s keen eye.

As the various creations were finished, either Brian or Cynthia would herd the painted models off to other rooms where they were ordered to wait . . . and not mess up their paint upon pain of a slow, torturous death.

Finally, at about four in the afternoon, the last of the painting was finished and Justin collapsed into the nearest couch. Brian was, as usual, blown away not only by the quality of the work Justin had done but also the young man’s incredible work ethic. The artist had slaved away at his work for more than ten hours straight with only minimal breaks. And the intricacy of the elaborate scenes he’d produced was mind-bending. Brian didn’t know what to say or how to express his admiration for this amazing young man. Instead, he simply sat next to the exhausted youth, taking Justin’s right hand in his own and massaging the hand and arm for several long minutes while they caught their breath.

When it looked like Justin was in danger of falling asleep, Brian chivvied him up off the couch and led him out of the conference room studio, down the hall to the guest suites, and into the richly decorated Presidential Suite, which had been made available to Brian for the night. Justin didn’t protest at all, following meekly wherever he was led, not even perking up when Brian bypassed the bed and took the boy straight into the lavishly-appointed bathroom. Unfortunately, the day was far from over, and Brian would need his star artist to be alert and focused. Which meant that it was now Brian’s job to help rejuvenate his boy.

The shower started off as merely a means to get all the paint off of Justin and make him presentable enough to be seen in public. Brian washed his hair, his neck, and his shoulders in an almost detached frame of mind as the younger man faced the wall and let the spray cascade over him. Justin was too tired and wired to even think straight. His anxiety over the launch was leeching all other thoughts from his head.

Would it be a success? Would Brian be happy with the results? Would Justin gain enough notoriety as an artist to make his way off the island even if he lost the bet to Brian? What would his mother think of all his hard work? It was so far out of the realm of what he usually did that he wasn’t totally confident in the outcome - he could fall flat on his face. What if Meisner wasn’t happy with the campaign? Would Brian be angry with him? It was, after all, mostly Justin’s brainchild. Would Brian be so disappointed that he would back out of their deal and leave Justin behind to fend for himself and his family again? Justin really didn’t think Brian was that dishonorable, but the niggling doubts crept into his mushy brain and refused to leave, making him more anxious.
Brian felt the tension in his lover’s body replace the limp exhaustion of only moments before. He wondered what the blond was thinking to cause that response but decided neither of them were up for deep, meaningful conversations right then. So he elected to do what he could to help by massaging tight muscles wherever he found them while soaping Justin’s skin.

Justin braced both arms on the wall and lowered his head between them, trying to let Brian’s ministrations do what they were meant to do. Only, the more Brian worked, the more worked up Justin became. And not in a positive, life-affirming way. The more tense he got, the gentler Brian became until Justin was trembling with unspoken fear, and Brian resorted to just wrapping his arms around the boy’s slim waist while lightly kissing the side of Justin’s face and neck. He didn’t know what was going on but, until Justin could talk to him, simply holding him close seemed the best course of action.

Brian didn’t want to say anything to set the skittish young man off or make things worse, so he glided his hands in soothing motions over Justin’s torso, trying to calm rather than arouse. Brian’s heart was aching and he really didn’t think he could talk around the lump in his throat anyway. Something was obviously very wrong and Justin still wasn’t speaking or looking at him. So he continued rubbing, humming reassuring noises. He even found it pleasant, comforting his lover.

Brian let a tiny smile play over his lips. Sure, he might omit, obfuscate, cavil, and misdirect other people about how he felt, but one thing he never did was lie to himself. The truth was, he loved touching Justin in whatever capacity the youth would allow. Even now, the tension so thick he almost couldn’t breathe, he admitted he wouldn’t trade this moment for one without the blond in it. The truth, he thought as he pulled Justin’s quivering body closer to his - the truth was, he loved Justin. He loved everything about his Cookie with every nanoparticle of his being. And he hadn’t even been struck by lightning or turned into a pillar of salt for thinking it. Amazing!

Justin turned in Brian’s arms, framing the taller man’s face with his hands and a very serious look on his own countenance. “Brian . . .?” his voice tremulous. He couldn’t finish.

Staring into Brian’s eyes, Justin knew he had to end their deal. Brian was in love with him - he could see it clearly in the man’s entire manner - and, because he did care about Brian, he didn’t want to hurt him any more than he would already.

Brian saw Justin’s question disappear from the blue eyes and knew his own gaze, caught unaware as he had been, had easily conveyed his thoughts of love. Brian would NOT back away from it though. He let everything show. No hiding, no walls, no masks. Not anymore.

He let it show until the blue eyes faded a little, and Brian knew Justin would try to back away from the emotion. Try to distance himself again. Brian blinked. That was fine. He could accept that. But first, he wanted one last chance. One last charge at the gates of Justin’s heart before he gave up. One
last chance to prove to Justin that they were good together and would only get better with time. Justin
was his equal in every way that mattered despite his age and, if he had to, Brian would take his last
stand right here, right now, and lay all his cards on the table.

A glimmer of fear and a dose of sadness snuck into Justin’s eyes. He tried to back away. Brian shook
his head and pulled the lighter man into his chest as tightly as he could, swooping in to fiercely claim
his mouth, not allowing anything other than compliance. Justin whimpered as Brian’s hands gripped
his head to hold him still. Justin tried to wiggle out of his embrace. Brian growled, low in his throat -
a feral sound that went straight to Justin’s cock. This was a Brian he had never seen before and it
both scared and aroused him. He really needed to get away from Brian, though. He didn’t want what
Brian wanted and he didn’t want to hurt either of them any more than necessary. Why couldn’t Brian
see that? Tears of frustration and anger at himself for letting it get this far welled in his eyes, and he
involuntarily went limp. Brian released him and he stumbled back a half step, his legs shaking when
he braved another look at Brian’s face.

Oh, Shit! I was impossible not to see what Brian wanted as the older man’s nostrils flared and his lips
pulled in. Justin let his tears fall, and Brian’s face softened as he slowly extended his hand, palm up,
leaving it for Justin to make the decision.

Thoughts crashed through the blond’s mind. Could he do this? Could he actually make love to Brian
and still walk away? Then again, could he walk away without giving himself that memory to hold on
to? Could he still keep his heart intact in either scenario?

Justin turned off the taps, placed his hand in Brian’s, and made no complaint when the bigger man
scooped him up and carried him to the giant bed in the master bedroom.

Brian didn’t think for a second that Justin was making a commitment. He could read Justin just as
easily as the young man read him. But he would take whatever he could get, and he was determined
to make a memory that would last a lifetime.

Brian crawled to the center of the bed, not allowing their bodies to part for even a second. He lay
them both down, stretching along the length of Justin’s body, refusing to break eye contact as he
sweetly kissed Justin’s trembling lips until they were both breathless. He brushed the wet hair from
Justin’s forehead, and just stared into his eyes as he tipped his pelvis into the compliant cradle of
Justin’s hips.

Blue eyes closed in surrender. Pale arms wrapped around Brian's neck. Justin offering himself up as
Brian used every possible square inch of his tall, tanned body to worship every millimeter of
porcelain skin made available to him. With each movement he made, he would place a kiss
somewhere and whisper an almost inaudible ‘I love you’ - a new and sensual mantra, more and more
meaningful and heartfelt each time he said it - until Justin begged him to shush, following it up by
claiming Brian’s lips and not letting him escape. Brian capitulated, entering his lover as their mouths
fused into one.

There were no special tricks or fancy moves and no audience to impress. Just Brian Kinney, worshipping at the altar of the most beautiful man he was sure he would ever know. Saying all the words with his body that his lover refused to hear from his lips.


*Knock, knock, knock*

The pounding on the door to the suite woke Brian from the light doze he’d drifted into. He gave the sleepy blond boy in his arms one last squeeze and then rolled out of bed, striding to the door and opening it without bothering to find any clothes. Modesty had never been one of Brian’s virtues, and he figured he was too old to bother with it now.

“Sorry to interrupt, Boss,” Cynthia said in lieu of a greeting when Brian opened the door - not even the slightest bit fazed by seeing her devil-may-care boss in his altogether. “It’s almost seven o’clock and Meisner is already looking for you, so I’m afraid you and Justin are going to have to get up, get in the shower, and hurry your beautiful little behinds out here so you can start accepting all those accolades people are going to throw your way.”

“Thanks for the wake up call, Cyn,” Brian responded briefly. “Everything going smoothly so far?”

“Don’t worry. I’ve got it handled, Boss. Everything is in place . . . or will be by the time you two arrive at the party. Just get your hot little asses moving. You can’t be fashionably late for this particular party.”

“Don’t get your designer panties in a twist, Cynthia. I just have to wake up Sleeping Beauty, and then we’ll be down in plenty of time to let Ivan Meisner and the rest of The Pines’ board kiss our ‘hot little asses’, as you so eloquently described them,” Brian reassured his tenacious factotum while desultorily scratching at a shiny patch of dried cum on his belly. “Now, go have fun ordering everyone around and doing menacing, threatening things for a few minutes while I’m making myself pretty.” Cynthia just smirked while Brian slammed the door in her face.

“Time to rise and shine, Cookie,” Brian announced as he plopped down on the bed next to the tired artist. “Your adoring public is waiting to bow down and kiss your feet, so you gotta get up and go greet them.”

“... s’tired. Don’ wanna,” the blond sleepyhead mumbled, rolling over and pulling the covers over
Brian chuckled at the adolescent behavior in the young man he’d just been thinking was so incredibly mature for his years. And when the word ‘adorable’ popped into his mind, Brian didn’t even try to fight it, even though it made him wonder briefly if he was turning into a lesbian. However, they didn’t really have time for adorable or any other lesbianic sentimentality. They needed to get themselves ready and go meet their clients and guests. So Brian got up, pulled the sheets off his Cookie, and then picked the boy up bodily off the bed. Even then, Justin still didn’t completely wake up. It wasn’t until he was standing in the shower and Brian turned the water on - cold - that the boy awoke fully, cursing, yelping and squirming to get away from the chilly downpour.

“Fuck you, Brian. You didn’t have to fucking freeze me to death,” the now-angry blond boy cursed him even as Brian laughingly turned the water to a more reasonable temp.

“There’s my feisty little playmate,” Brian taunted, swatting the boy on the rear approvingly before proceeding with the business of getting them both clean and dressed in a thoroughly businesslike fashion.

Right on schedule, a mere twenty minutes later, they were both standing in front of the mirror, dressed in similar black-on-black casual suits, and admiring the final effect.

Justin tugged at the suit jacket, still not wholly comfortable in the ridiculously expensive clothing that Brian had insisted on buying for him. “Stop fidgeting, Cookie,” Brian directed as he adjusted the collar of the black silk shirt for his protege. “Holy shit, Cookie! You look . . .” Brian couldn’t find the words to finish his thought and instead fell silent.

“What?” Justin looked up at his lover, trying unsuccessfully to read the almost shell-shocked look on the older man’s face. “Good? . . . Bad? . . . Laughable?” The longer it took for Brian to reply, the more unsure Justin felt and he ended up frowning at himself in the mirror and once again fiddling with the cuffs of the shirt.

“. . . Beautiful.” Brian finally found the right word.

That pronouncement earned Brian the biggest, brightest, sunshiniest smile he’d ever seen. That’s when Brian finally understood why Justin’s friend, Eric, called the kid ‘Sunshine’. When he smiled like that, it was as if the room suddenly got brighter and even the overhead florescent lights seemed dim by comparison. All Brian could do at that point was reach down with one hand, tilt that smiling face upward, and kiss the fuck out of those perfectly plump lips until the
too-sentimental thoughts struggling to force their way out of his mouth were completely drowned.

“Come on, Cookie,” Brian said when he finally had himself back under control. “Let’s go see what everyone thinks of our little party.”

“After you, Boss,” the Sunshiney Blond grinned back at him as they made their way down the hall towards the waiting party.

Brian and Justin hadn’t been able to walk more than ten feet into the lobby before they were accosted by an elated Ivan Meisner. “Brian! Justin! There you two are! I’ve been looking for you everywhere to congratulate you on this masterpiece! I’ve never seen ANYTHING like this. Anywhere! You truly outdid yourselves. I’m completely fucking blown away!” the resort owner gushed, pumping both their hands cordially and beaming around at the amazing displays of living artwork adorning his hotel lobby.

Meisner and several of his partners were standing in front of the seminal piece that Justin considered his best work of the night. The original artwork consisted of a huge, blown-up image of several well-used paintbrushes of varying sizes and shapes, fanned out across a plain white brick background. The picture, in and of itself, wasn’t too unusual even though the colors and the composition were lovely. What was truly remarkable was the way that Justin had taken his six models - two men and four women - and painted them so expertly that, when they were standing with their backs against the photo image, it was virtually impossible to see them. If it weren't for the occasional muscle twitch or shift in posture, you really wouldn't know the models were there. It was this extraordinary display that Meisner and his cronies were currently wowing over, and Brian truly couldn't blame them. He'd watched the work being created, and he still couldn't believe how awe-inspiring it was now that it was finished and the entire spectacle was set up in the place where the picture normally hung on the wall.

Brian and Justin spent many, many minutes meeting all the board members and receiving their kudos. The board demanded that both men accompany them as they toured around the entire resort and viewed every single display. Besides the ‘Paintbrush’ installation, the other two favorites were the ‘Woodpile Man’ - an interesting photo of a woodpile taken end-on that Justin had used as the backdrop for one of his live artworks by positioning a male model in front of it and painting his head and shoulders so that he blended right in - and the kitschy display Justin had created by positioning one of his models in front of the gift shop’s magazine rack and painting him from head to toe with a kaleidoscope of magazine covers. Once again, everyone was dumbfounded by not only the actual body painting but also by the innovative concepts that Justin had come up with. Brian could not have been more proud or touted his Cookie’s work more loudly. Everyone else around seemed to agree.

While Brian and Justin were being kept busy by the resort’s principals, the rest of the evening’s guests began to filter in. Along with most of the Fire Island bigwigs, there were visitors that had been invited from NYC, many of the resort’s vendors and strategic partners, as well as other vacation
industry insiders. Brian and Cynthia had invited some members of the advertising world, hoping not only to get the word out to others about Kinnetik’s services but also to warn the competition what they were up against. There was also the possibility, if they raised enough of a commotion, that the powers in charge of things like CLIO awards might hear of the campaign and become intrigued - which was always something in the back of Brian’s mind. And, finally, almost an hour after the doors officially opened, Brian’s special guests for the evening showed up - Ve Neill and Glenn Hetrick, two of the judges from the Syfy Channel’s reality show, Face Off - strolling into the building along with their own entourages.

It was a stellar turnout and both Brian and Cynthia were ecstatic with the way the night was progressing already, especially since there were even more remarkable exhibitions to come. Brian had momentarily lost track of his artist in the melee so, when he noticed Meisner pointing the Face Off folks in his direction, he quickly sent Cynthia off to find their star body painter. If Brian had anything to say about it, tonight would end up being not only a triumph for The Pines and for Kinnetik Advertising, but also for the artist who was, to a large extent, responsible for making the evening such an overwhelming success.

Besides all the island bigwigs, semi-celebrities, and other elite, most of the Fire Island locals had made it a point to show up for this extravaganza. It was THE event of the season and nobody wanted to miss out on it. Among those lucky locals who were given special invites were the close friends and family of the artist in charge. Unfortunately, when his family arrived, Justin was preoccupied with yet more of his admirers, so the small group headed off to look around on their own for a bit, figuring they’d catch up with him later.

Jennifer, Tucker, Daphne, Molly, and Molly’s friend Eileen wandered through the exhibits at The Pines. They all looked rather dazed and bedazzled by Justin’s incredible creations and the way living, breathing people merged into whatever background they were posed against. “How’d Jester do this, Mom?” Molly inquired. “And why didn’t he ask me to be one of his models? I’d be the best mollusk ever!” The young girl pouted, a bit envious of her big brother and feeling rather left out.

Before Jenn could respond, Eileen piped up, “At least Justin has body-painted you before. Eric has never done anything nearly as cool with me! He’d rather spend time with your brother when he comes to visit instead of playing with me, anyhow.” Both girls, strawberry blonde and towheaded blonde, now sported identical sullen looks.

Jennifer was hard put not to laugh but knew she’d better diffuse the pre-teens’ distress before they caused a scene. “Molly, Eileen, you know very well this isn’t playtime. Brian hired Justin as an employee of Kinnetik so that the advertising firm could prepare this marketing campaign for The Pines. And, since Justin is in charge of all the different art work, he hasn’t had a moment to spare.” Jenn reached out to run a hand through Molly’s hair and carried on, “Don’t worry, though. Justin told me that he wants to get professional photographs of all of us in front of some of the incredible beach backdrops. Which means you’ll still get plenty of mileage out of your time here tonight with your friends.”

The blonde woman chuckled, glad to see her daughter’s spirits restored. “Sure, honey, you can do that. But stay together and don’t leave the resort. And, even if you don’t find him, meet us outside Whyte Hall in forty-five minutes. Okay?’

Molly and Eileen quickly agreed and scampered off, accompanied by Daphne, leaving Jenn and Tucker to enjoy some time alone. This actually worked well, furthering her plans to have her daughter and friend wear themselves out before they headed to their rooms later; she didn’t want anything or anyone to interrupt her shenanigans with Tucker later that night. Not counting the evening they’d met at ‘Top of the Bay’, this was only their third date, and the first one where they anticipated having a significant amount of time to themselves. Even if she might have normally considered it rather early to jump into bed with someone, especially someone quite a bit younger than she was, Jennifer was more than ready to do so with Tucker. She’d been turned on since the moment she first saw him, and it had been far too long since someone had sparked her interest that way.

A week before the grand unveiling, Ivan Meisner had contacted Jenn directly to offer a comped room at the resort for the night. He had remembered meeting Jenn and Molly at the reptile zoo and, aware that he hadn’t made a great first impression, had offered to put them up gratis at the resort the night of the launch party as a favor to Justin. When a startled Jenn had thanked him but then explained that she’d be with a date as well as Molly and a friend of her daughter’s, Meisner had immediately amended his offer to a suite with two bedrooms. Jenn’s initial protest that she couldn’t possibly accept had been ameliorated when the co-owner of the resort elucidated that he was comping rooms for Brian and Justin as well as Cynthia. “It’s the least I can do,” the bluff, portly man had stated. “I never envisioned such a spectacular campaign. We’re going to be overwhelmed with clients for the foreseeable future.” Meisner had continued jocularly, “Anything to keep our artist happy. He’s already made it clear that family comes first for him, so you’ll be doing me a favor if you take me up on my offer.”

Jenn had decided she couldn’t refuse and had accepted Meisner’s generosity. The idea of a whole night with Tucker was almost overwhelming, and the normally calm, easygoing woman worked herself into quite a dither as she tried to figure out what to wear, not only the night of the party but the next day as well. Fortunately, her friend, Elaine Taggart, had come to the rescue, helping her choose her outfits as well as her accessories. They’d conferred for hours, while inhaling mimosas and giggling madly, before they finally selected the lacy, deep purple teddy for Jenn’s nighttime wear.

“If that doesn’t get him to make a move on you, nothing will,” Eileen had opined. “I love Joe, but he’s kind of gone to seed, unlike that hunk of a man you’re seeing. Do us cougars, proud, Jenn!”

With that advice in mind, the blonde, who was elegantly attired in a lacy, black sheath dress, looped her arm through Tucker’s and steered them toward the nearest patio. “I’m sure we’ll find Justin in a
bit, undoubtedly where the crowd is thickest,” Jenn murmured, “so why don’t we enjoy a breath of fresh air first? It’s my understanding that some of the glow-in-the-dark, body-painted models who are displaying images of Fire Island are to be found outside.”

Tucker grinned wolfishly, anticipating the night to come. He had been stunned and delighted when Jenn had told him about the comped rooms and had suggested that they spend the night together. He hadn’t even minded the half-aroused state that had plagued him since Jenn’s call. As they strolled toward the patio, he removed his arm from the blonde’s and settled it around her waist instead, stroking his fingers along her side and enjoying the feel of satiny skin through the perforations in the lace.

“Daphne, do you see Jester anywhere?” Molly asked in frustration. She felt like they’d been looking forever, but there were so many people. She hadn’t caught a glimpse of her brother’s bright blond hair or his sunshiny smile anywhere.

“Not yet, Mollusk,” Justin’s petite friend replied. “Everyone here is so darned tall and they’re all crowded so close together that I can’t see a thing.” She frowned in frustration.

Fortunately, at that moment, Justin’s infectious giggle reached Molly and Daphne’s ears and, together with Eileen, they began to worm their way through the crowd until they finally reached the front of the room and discovered the artist standing beside two of his models.

“No. You can’t touch them,” Justin was insisting, standing with his arms crossed and facing down a group of about five men who seemed rather confrontational. “I know it’s tempting to reach out and touch to check if they’re real or just a special effect, but, I promise you, all the models are real people and you can’t just reach out and grab their breasts or dicks. How would you feel if that were you up there and you were being groped? Get real, man.”

“Hey, sorry, dude. We just, like, really thought they were mannequins or something,” the surfer dude who had appointed himself as the spokesperson for the group said, before he held up his hands in surrender and backed away from the irate models and their artistic defender.

“Sorry ladies,” Justin apologized before leading them back to their painting and repositioning them. “If you have any more problems, just call for security. I’m afraid that unauthorized touching just wasn’t one of the many problems I’d envisioned happening tonight.”

“Hey, Jester!” Molly interrupted her brother and rushed up to give him a huge hug. “Your stuff is so awesome, Jus! I’m totally impressed. This is about the coolest party ever! And, sorry, Lorie,” Molly addressed one of the two models whom she’d recognized, “but I kinda even want to touch you too.
You look so amazing. It’s just fantastic. Everything is!”

“Justin! There you are,” Cynthia cut short the Taylor Family Appreciation Society’s impromptu meeting. “Sorry to interrupt, but Brian needs you. You won’t believe who showed up . . . and they want to talk to you! Hurry up! Trust me. This is going to be good.”

Justin shrugged at the girls and turned to follow Cynthia. Daphne, Molly, and Eileen looked at each other and quickly decided that they might as well follow too. It was a sure bet that all the best action that night was going to be wherever Justin was, so that was just exactly where they wanted to be too.

And, soon enough, they were indeed right in the middle of everything, where Justin discovered that his crazy, hectic, wonderful, and unbelievable day was about to get even more so.

Chapter Theme Music - [Born To Be Somebody](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=born-to-be-somebody) .

Chapter End Notes

9/15/16 - How do you like the big party so far? There’s a lot more to come, but we just couldn’t fit it all into one chapter. Thanks go out to so many of our helpers and lurkers. You know who you are - give yourselves a pat on the back. Love the motivation you give us to get this story completed. Now, off to write more for the party. S&T

P.S. Once again (sorry) you're going to want to go check out the pics that go with this chapter over on www.kinnetikdreams.com. Seeing is believing with this body painting stuff. TAG
Chapter 48 - Edge of Glory.

Cynthia came back a few minutes later saying that she’d found their missing artist, but he’d been waylaid by more fans before she could get him to Brian. The determined ad exec decided to head off on his own to rescue the beleaguered boy. Brian found Justin exactly where he’d expected to find him - in the thickest part of the crowd. As the sea of humanity parted for him, just the way it usually did, Brian made it to the center of the room where nearly all of the bigwigs had congregated, doing their best to bribe Justin into working for them. Justin was taking it all in stride, diplomatically demurring from committing to anyone. Brian sidled up next to him, placed a drink in his hand, and wrapped his arm possessively around his Cookie’s waist.

The claim was either not noticed or ignored by most in the crowd, but Brian caught the look of recognition in Ve’s eye. She noted it for what it was and stepped Brian’s way, saying in a hushed voice, “You’re Brian Kinney, correct? Ve Neill. Nice to meet you,” she held her hand out and shook Brian’s with a professional air. “I would like to speak with you and Mr. Taylor at your earliest convenience, if possible.”

Brian hesitated but could find no reasonable excuse to decline since she was here at his specific invitation. He merely nodded and steered his charge toward the nearest patio, citing his need for a break. He still had to shake off several persistent fans who didn’t want Justin to leave, telling them that they would be back in just a few moments and to avail themselves of the open bar or lavish buffet in the meantime.
Ve’s associate, Glenn Hetrick, stayed behind, ostensibly to give the crowd a celebrity diversion, while Ve got down to brass tacks with the artist and his gatekeeper.

The byplay was lost on Justin at first as he was still drifting along on cloud nine. All his doubts about the campaign had blown away like ashes in the wind as soon as he saw the actual response for himself. He had really done it! The launch was a success and he was truly proud of what he’d accomplished. Stepping outside, the salty sea breeze hit him full in the face, and he had to take a moment, wondering how and why he had come out here.

Brian cleared his throat and offered Ve a seat at one of the little tables, pulling out chairs for her and Justin, before seating himself between them. Ve, never one to mince words, came right to the point.

“I don’t need to tell you how impressive your artwork is Mr. Taylor. I’ve been in this industry for about as long as you’ve been alive, and I don’t think I’ve ever seen more talent. You seem able to do, with only paint, what most of my people couldn’t do with full prosthetics,” Ve seemed honestly affected by the young man’s work. Justin was too overwhelmed to answer, so the Hollywood insider continued. “Because of all that, Face Off would like to offer you a position on the show - not as a contestant because, frankly, no one could compete - but as an Associate Art Director with a starting salary of $200K a year plus full benefits and an apartment leased by the company.”

Justin gaped at her. Two hundred thousand would more than take care of whatever needs his family might have, and he would be using his artistic skills every day. Never in his wildest dreams had he ever thought he could make that much money in ONE year!

He was about to jump in with both feet and tell Ve he would be on the next plane, when Brian placed a staying hand on his thigh under the table. Justin clamped his mouth shut as Brian broke into the conversation. “Mr. Taylor will make nearly twice that for his part in this campaign alone, and it won’t be necessary for him to leave his family, which he helps to support. Surely, the powers that be in your industry know he is much more valuable than that and, in order to secure any kind of exclusivity for his talents, they would need to bring a much better offer to the table. One that would take into account his age, his desire to finish school, and his unique and unquestionable talents.”

Justin had to restrain himself from goggling at Brian. The older man was all business. Something Justin had witnessed briefly at their initial encounter with Meisner, but this time it was underlaid by a sharp tone of acumen and demand that was new. Brian was a shark! How did Justin not know this? How many other facets of Brian’s personality had he not seen? The thought was troubling in the extreme but, since the predatory businessman seemed to be on his side this time, he let it go.

Ve produced a slim, leather-bound, folder from her giant purse and slid it across the table to Brian.
“After receiving your invitation to attend this show, I admit to Googling you, Mr. Kinney. Once I’d done all the research I could, I spoke to some of my colleagues. We have been trying for years to put together a project, a film, independent of the big production houses. We haven’t gone ahead with it up till now, as we were having difficulties staffing the special effects team. We’re adamant that we not use CGI for any part of the film. Hollywood relies heavily on it these days, and we want our film to stand apart, to be as real as we can make it. I think, with Mr. Taylor on board, we can finally accomplish the making of our film.”

Brian was skimming the contract while listening to the woman talk. The offer was really good. In fact, it came very close to what he was prepared to offer Justin if he decided he wanted to work for Kinnetik. The added draw, he imagined, would be the Hollywood angle. Justin would really love that and working in the movies would be both exciting and fun. Kinnetik, a mere advertising agency, would pale in comparison. Brian knew which choice he would make were he in Justin’s shoes. He would take Hollywood and ride it as long as he could, as fast as he could.

Not letting his internal thoughts betray him by showing on his face, he glanced at Cookie and pulled a pen from the inside pocket of his suit jacket. He made a few quick notes in the margins of the contract, crossed out large swaths of paragraphs, ripped one page into tiny bits of confetti which he set on fire at his feet, then spent several more minutes amending different sections of legal jargon.

Justin watched it all in silence. She sat back, typing into her phone while Brian worked. When he finished, tucking a corner of his business card under the lip of the pocket in the folder, he returned it to the woman whose attention he now had. She read over Brian’s notes, took a picture of the pile of ash with her cell, stood, shook Brian’s hand, smiled at Justin, and wished them good evening before rejoining her companion.

“Brian?”

“You are worth a lot more than they were offering and I made sure they knew it. Don’t worry, though, they need you way more than you need them, and they WILL come back with a better offer.” Brian explained as he stood, offering his hand to usher Justin back inside.

Justin placed his hand in Brian’s, deciding that he was entirely too happy with the success of the campaign to worry about something so nebulous as a contract he hadn’t even seen. Brian appeared to have it under control, so he would let it go for now and enjoy the rest of his evening.

Almost as soon as Brian and Justin re-entered the resort’s main lobby, an announcement came over the PA system, asking all the guests to proceed to Whyte Hall for the next segment of the evening’s festivities. There was a general stir and then the streams of randomly wandering people directed themselves towards the entertainment hall. Brian and Justin, with Daphne, Molly, and her friend following closely on their heels, were at the head of the exodus. They fortuitously came across Jenn
and Tucker clenched together in a passionate embrace near the steps up to the hall and gathered them up on the way inside.

Brian's party, of course, was immediately escorted to a table at the very front of the venue right at center stage. Molly and Eileen spent more than five minutes gushing over this preferential treatment, thanking Brian profusely for letting them sit with the Kinnetik team, and causing the usually taciturn man to blush when they both insisted on getting up from their chairs and kissing him. Justin giggled heartily at his Boss' predicament but didn't take any action to save Brian from the teenaged infatuation he'd unwittingly become the focus of. The only thing that saved Brian in the end was the arrival of their waiter asking for their drink orders. Brian didn’t hesitate to ask for a double Beam on the rocks.

It took quite a while for the large crowd of guests to make their way into the hall and find seats. Brian didn’t mind. He was just thrilled with the huge turnout. The resort’s Board of Directors - all seated at the next table over - seemed equally thrilled with the evening’s attendance. Finally, though, the hubbub died down, the lights were lowered, and the night’s musical performers made their way onto the stage.

Brian had looked high and low to find just the right entertainment for this special evening. It hadn’t helped matters that they’d had to work with such short notice. By luck, more than anything, Brian had happened upon the perfect ensemble for this party, all of whom we're thrilled to perform at the well-known resort so long as they got a free trip to Fire Island for the week. It didn’t hurt that they were all gay, good looking, and well hung . . . Or was that Well Strung?

Brian had come across the group, Well Strung, a couple of years earlier and had been immediately captivated. The quartet of musicians performed a unique blend of classical music fused with iconic pop tunes, adding in their harmonic vocal stylings so as to create something that defied definition. Add to that the band’s humorous repartee in between numbers and their overt sexuality, and it was guaranteed to be a smash hit with the horny crowd of homos gathered at The Pines that evening. As the announcer introduced the group, Brian was pleased to see he wasn’t the only fan in the audience that was excited by the surprise performance.

Cynthia seated herself in the one remaining chair at the table right as the quartet, all attired for the evening in swimwear so as to fit in with the theme of the evening, started in on the opening bars of their biggest hit to date - a mashup of Lorde’s ‘Royals’ with Palladio. Brian looked over at her questioningly, and Cyn gave him a thumbs up before turning her attention to the stage so she, too, could enjoy the music. Brian was reassured that all was in order, allowing him to relax as well.

The performance was just as entertaining as Brian had expected. He was more than happy with the choice he’d made for this portion of the night’s festivities. The Well Strung guys were amazing performers. Not only could they play their instruments like virtuosos, but they sang like angels and looked like a gay boy’s wet dream. The way they hammed it up for the audience, joking with the
announcer, was another bonus. Even someone who really had never really been a big fan of classical music - Brian included - couldn't help loving this eclectic group.

The band actually received a standing ovation at the end of their performance and were forced to provide two successive encores before they were finally allowed off the stage. At the conclusion of the final encore, Brian - as the evening’s titular host - was waved up to join the announcer on the stage. He thanked the audience for coming and explained a little about the reason for the launch party and The Pines’ new branding before thanking the quartet for their wonderful performance.

“How about one more round of applause for our special guest entertainers tonight - Well Strung!” The band came out one more time to accept the accolades from the enthusiastic crowd that just couldn’t seem to get enough of them. As the audience continued to clap, Brian made a point of leaning down so he could get more of an eyeful of the swimwear the four handsome men were sporting. “Yep. In case those in the back can’t quite see . . . I can personally confirm for you that these guys definitely are well . . . strung!” Brian announced to another round of cheering and laughter. “Now, it just remains to be proven whether or not their fingering is as good off stage as it is on. But, don’t worry folks, I plan to personally test that out myself a little later on.” There was a roar of hilarity, which only increased as Chris Marchant, the group’s second violinist, held up both hands in front of him and wiggled his fingers with a leering look on his bold face. “Down, boy,” Brian chuckled and patted the muscular hunk on the shoulder. “There’ll be plenty of time for that later. But, in the meantime,” Brian continued, “The Pines Resort invites you ALL to enjoy the rest of your night the Fire Island Beach Bash way!”

With that, the lights on the stage dimmed and black lights that had been placed throughout the hall were switched on, instantly illuminating a new contingent of Justin’s body painting models, who had all been quietly staged around the hall during Brian’s speech. These new models, though, were a tad different than the ones used in the lobby and other lighted areas of the hotel. These had all been painted with special glow-in-the dark paints that, when illuminated by the blue glow above, revealed the incredible artwork that Justin and his crew had created as the backdrop for this portion of the night’s celebrations.

Instead of making the models blend in with their surroundings, this time Justin had used his painting to make these living canvases stand out. Magnificently. Starting with the two pairs of female models, one set of which had been positioned on each side of the stage. These pairs were painted with the most surreal seascape scenes, their bare backs used to portray beautiful, glowing sunsets. The pair on the right had been decorated with a scene of low waves as seen through waving grasses growing on the dunes. The pair on the left displayed a cloudy, red-gold sunset with one lone palm tree in the foreground and shimmering waves below. The lighting had been very carefully set up to backlight the girls, while the black light lit up the paintings. It was the most transfixing thing the audience had ever seen and received an instantaneous wave of ‘ahhhhhhhhs’ from everyone in the large hall filled with people.

Slowly, the lighting around the room shifted so that additional living canvases were revealed. All of these scenes were in the same vein - glowing seaside sunsets that took the viewer’s breath away.
There was one with a model reclining on her side that showed a rocky cliff with the sun setting behind an archway and straggling trees dotting the cliff top. Another portrayed the sunset partially obscured by a weather-beaten old pine tree, the pink glow of the sun creating an iridescent pathway across the still water of the sound all the way to the sunset on the horizon.

“Well, I didn’t think it was possible to top what you’d done with the paintings and scenes in the lobby, but I’m glad I was proven wrong,” Meisner gushed as he came up to stand next to Justin, eying the crowd’s reactions approvingly. “This is the most eye-catching display I think I’ve ever even heard of, young man. I thought Kinney was just bragging about your talent to jack up the price of his advertising package but, after seeing all this, I think I got off cheap. Thank you, again, for doing this for us, Taylor. I’m more than pleased. I’m . . .”

“You’re blown away as well as thrilled that you’re going to be a very rich man because of Kinnetik,” Brian finished the resort owner’s sentence for him as he came up behind them after leaving his place on the stage.

“That too, Kinney,” Meisner agreed, reaching out a hand to shake his AdMan’s hand. “Can’t thank you guys enough. Really. Great job. And you can be assured that I will tout you and your agency to everyone I know - although I probably shouldn’t since, once word about this gets out, everybody’s going to want to hire you and then you’ll be too busy for my piddly little island resort.”

“Don’t you worry about that, Ivan,” Brian reassured his client. “We’ll take good care of you, no matter how busy we get. Now, you go shake some hands and drum up more business so that all my advertising skills don’t go to waste.”

Meisner laughed and nodded before heading out to accept the congratulations of even more of his friends and business acquaintances. Brian turned to his artist with a huge smile and bent down to kiss the amazing boy with all the enthusiasm he was feeling himself. If the awed exclamations he was hearing from all around him were any indication, this evening was turning out to be even more of a success than they had planned. Brian could see dollar signs everywhere he turned as he contemplated how much new business this evening was going to garner for his agency.

No sooner had Meisner wandered off than Brian and Justin were once again surrounded by the Taylor family and friends, each of whom wanted to personally congratulate their boy. Jenn, Daphne, Molly, Eileen, and Tucker were happy to finally have another moment with the dynamic couple. Considering how busy the Kinnetik team had been all night, they hadn’t been sure they’d even get a chance to to say goodbye. It had been a remarkable night for Justin, though, so they all wanted to tell him one more time just how proud of him they were.

While everyone was chatting, Jenn noticed that her son seemed unusually tense. She couldn’t imagine why since the party had been a rip-roaring success, with everyone - the Pines’ management,
business insiders, tourists, and locals - praising the awe-inspiring art, the likes of which they’d never seen before. Jenn didn’t think anyone else other than herself and Brian had noticed Justin’s disquiet. The brunet seemed equally edgy, almost hesitating to touch his companion as if fearing that he’d be rebuffed. Jenn wondered what could have happened between the two men. She’d been so pleased to have her son find someone whose company he clearly enjoyed and with whom he had so much in common - unlike that greasy wannabe fiddler. Any concerns she’d had about Brian had been allayed, and she was now firmly of the opinion that the two men belonged together.

“Ooh!” raved Molly, interrupting her mother’s worrying, “it’s just so cool the way you made them glow in the dark, Jester. Jessica and that other model look just like Ocean Beach at sunset! I can see the cattails waving in the breeze.” They all turned back to look at the pair poised to the right of the stage, nodding their heads in agreement with Molly’s statement

“You certainly have outdone yourself this time, Justin,” Daphne said, still shaking her head in amazement at the tableau of the two blonde women that she’d just seen.

Eileen excitedly tugged on Molly’s wrist. “That could be us, Mollusk! We’re just as blonde and pretty as those two women! Maybe next time Jester could paint us all those beautiful shades of blue, orange, purple and pink?”

Justin gave the young girl one of his sunniest smiles, and joked, “I’d be happy to do that, Eileen . . . if you think you and Mollusk can hold still long enough. Eric told me what gadabouts the two of you were when he took you on a picnic to Strawberry Fields in Central Park.” Both girls giggled and started chattering at each other, remembering that occasion, talking so rapidly in a sort of teenaged shorthand, that nobody else could have understood even if they’d wanted to follow along with the conversation.

Most of the adults, however, were happy to leave the girls to their babbling, distracted as they were by the appearance of even more breathtaking artwork as new tableaus were lit up by the pre-programmed lighting sequences. The new displays were again different from the seascape sunsets but all were equally stunning in their own way. Each had some relation to the sea, but these newer creations showed depictions of sea life instead of the seaside. There was a model painted in bright, glowing blues, greens, and yellows, his body contorted with legs pulled into his chest and one arm wrapped around his head so that he appeared to be a human-sized parrot fish. There was another model, lying on her side, who was decorated with spikes of brown coral sheltering a pair of seahorses. There was a tall male model whose entire nude body was illuminated by a swarm of red glowing jellyfish. And there was even one model painted as a giant red and blue octopus, whose tentacles would wave as the man behind the paint moved his arms and legs. These works used not only the paint to depict their subjects but also the shapes of the model’s bodies to create their illusions.

“I really don’t even know what to say, Justin,” Jennifer complimented her son. “I’ve never seen
anything like this. It’s incredible. I’m so proud of you, Honey.”

“Well, I can’t take credit for all of this group of works, Mom,” Justin explained. “I only did the sunsets. I actually let all my assistants paint their own stuff after we’d finished the main lobby displays and these few in here. I thought they’d all have fun making up their own creations. I did give them all a bit of guidance, but the people Brian hired are an amazingly talented bunch of painters in their own rights. I’m really pleased how it all came out. They’re all different, but each work still complements the rest. I think they all had a lot of fun with this part of the job.”

Unfortunately, that was the last thing Justin got to say to his family and friends. Even as he was finishing his last sentence, he noticed one of the reporters for the local Fire Island newspaper hovering at his elbow, waiting to ask the artist some questions. As soon as that reporter was done, another came up to him. And another. Followed by the CEO of some NYC business that was interested in engaging Kinnetik. And, for the rest of the night, Justin was heaped with praise and inundated with queries about his body-painting process. He was thrilled that the event was such a success but, before long, he was desperately ready for a reprieve from the ravening hordes. It had all of a sudden become too much for him to handle.

After the quartet had left the stage, the evening progressed on to a much less structured part of the festivities. A DJ took over and started cranking out dance music while the staff removed the majority of the tables to make room for dancing. Several of the assistant artists had been staged around the room at makeshift makeup tables and were offering their services for guests who wanted to join in on the glow-in-the-dark body-painting craze. These weren’t as elaborate as the earlier paintings done by Justin and the other artists, but they were fun and helped to get the party guests even more in the spirit of the night. Lots of the dancers took advantage of this service until the room was filled with glowing, painted dancers cavorting to the dance mix spun by the guest DJ. And, once that stage of the evening had been reached, Brian determined the party was going strong enough that he could relax and let things unfold as they would. It was time for HIM to have a little fun too.

The members of Well Strung, who had stuck around to dance and enjoy the party with everyone else, had been making come hither looks at Brian and Justin ever since their performance had ended. Brian saw it, but Justin had been entirely too overwhelmed with the events of the evening and his fans to pick up on it. When the tall, bearded violist, Trevor Wadleigh, appeared just behind Brian’s shoulder and intimated that the quartet would not be averse to some overnight activities with the handsome advertising duo - provided that it would be discreet - Brian gave him a key card for the suite he and Justin had used earlier and went to collect his Cookie.

The night was winding down as it neared midnight, and Brian thought getting it on with the attractive foursome would be just the thing for Justin to get some stress relief and an enjoyable interlude for what was likely to be one of his last nights on the island for quite some time if Ve Neill’s deal came through.

Justin was stifling a yawn when Brian bent over the back of the chair where he found his artist sitting
and fielding more questions about his art. Brian whispered his intentions, causing Justin to smile and quickly make his excuses to the remaining people at the table. He was no longer evidencing any fatigue by the time he got to his feet and followed along behind Brian to their suite.

The Well Strung guys were already there waiting for them. Very eagerly, too, if the naked and aroused members were to be believed. The big blond cellist was so bold as to approach Justin and start taking his suit jacket off while he explained, “We’ve all seen the videos and, frankly, it was the deciding factor for taking this gig. We were hoping to get a better acquainted with both of you.” Daniel kissed Cookie on the lips as the blond started unbuttoning the artist’s shirt. Justin shot a smile towards Brian, thanking him with his eyes for setting up this little play date. Brian’s lips pulled into his mouth, hiding his smile as the other members of the quartet came closer and began to divest the AdMan of his remaining clothes.

“Now, I believe you were the one wondering about our fingering skills . . .” the youngest member of the group, Edmund, offered as he smiled up at the tall, pleasing form of Brian Kinney now devoid of his shirt.

Chris kicked the suite’s door shut with a huge grin on his face, and that was the last heard from any of them for the rest of the night.

Chapter Theme Music - **Edge of Glory.** Check out these other links as well: [Well Strung](#). TAG’s favorite WS song is Royals: [Well Strung - Royals](#). Examples of glowing body painting: [Illusions in the Dark](#).

Chapter End Notes

9/20/16 - So much happening in this chapter it’s crazy. First of all, the idea to include Well Strung in this chapter was TAG’s - who saw them in San Francisco during Pride and fell in love. Check out their website to find out more about this amazing group (Link at the end of the chapter above). Thanks go out to all the FN team for finding all these great body painting examples. And check out the video that Brynn Jones found for us showing some other examples of glowing body painting. Now, summer’s officially over as of tomorrow, so that’s a pretty good indicator that our fun summer collaboration needs to come to an end, too. All the pieces are in place, we just need to move this story along to its conclusion, so just sit back and watch us write. S&T

PS. Once again, the pics that go with this chapter are incredible and, although we’ve done our best to describe them with words, you won’t really get the full experience unless you go check out the pictures at www.kinnetikdreams.com.
Lost Boy.

Chapter Notes

The fallout from The Pines' launch party . . . oh, the angst! Read on if you dare, but enjoy nonetheless. S&T.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 49 - Lost Boy.

*Mmmmmmm* The muscular blond musician moaned through the kiss given in the doorway of the Presidential Suite. “Not bad at all, Kinney. Not bad at all.”

Brian smirked approvingly as he reached over and tied the sash of the terry cloth robe for his handsome unclothed guest. The quartet had conducted themselves quite adequately in the private performance given for Brian and Justin. Brian had to agree that their fingering WAS superb. As were all their other services. In fact, if he didn’t know better, Brian would have sworn that a couple of them must also play wind instruments in addition to their strings, since those boys sure could blow . . .

“Don’t forget this, Chris,” Daniel advised as he slingshotted the violinist’s swim trunks at the departing man.

“You definitely need to hold onto those,” Justin concurred as he was helping Edmund to find his own missing board-short-style trunks. “They looked extremely hot on you. You’d be hard pressed to find another suit that tiny that fits that well.”

“You kidding me?” Trevor asked as he sauntered out of the bathroom, his short, curly brown hair still wet from his shower. “Chris has at least five other speedos in his suitcase upstairs alone. The guy loves to flaunt his goods. He’d probably wear nothing but speedos for every performance if we could get away with it.” The tall violist accepted his own floral-patterned board shorts from Justin and leaned down to take a kiss from the petit blond at the same time. “Those of us who are less insecure about our . . . dimensions . . . don’t need to flaunt it quite so much.”
“F*ck you, Trev,” Chris shot at his friend laughingly.

“Now, now, boys,” Brian intervened, patting the front of Chris’ robe-covered crotch with proprietary affection. “All of you were more than satisfactory in that department. Isn’t that right, Cookie?”

Cookie, who was busy giving Daniel one last goodbye tongue-fucking, didn’t respond right away.

“Come on, Dani. Time to let the boy get to bed.” Trevor pulled his friend away by the shoulder and then left Justin with his own kiss goodnight.

“Thank you for a truly enjoyable night, Brian and Justin,” Edmund said on behalf of the whole group. “You should definitely keep us in mind for your next big shindig. If all the parties you throw turn out like THIS, then we would love to be a part of it. Especially if your full schedule of after-show activities is included in the benefits package.”

“You can bet on it,” Brian returned with a sexy leer spread out over all four of their departing guests. “I’ll be thinking of your packages . . . for days to come. And I’m sure both Cookie and I could always use a refresher course on fingering.”

“Speak for yourself, Boss. I feel my fingering has always been stellar,” Justin teased, using his reputedly talented fingers to pat the behinds of two of their guests as he escorted them towards the door. “But we will definitely call you guys next time we need your unique services.”

The four musicians were finally accompanied to the door - dressed in hotel robes with their clothing in hand - and Brian and Justin waved them down the hall with a chorus of ‘Byes’. Brian waggled his brows knowingly at his younger blond companion before closing the door and leading Cookie back towards the bed. They quickly stripped the sheets and put on fresh linens before crawling under the covers. Justin fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. Brian, however, sat on his side of the bed, propped against the headboard with his laptop open, reading his new email messages. He wasn’t surprised to see one from Ms. Neill already waiting for him. He read it four times before he finally closed up the laptop. Unfortunately, no matter how many times he read it, it still didn’t change the facts.

Justin would leave him.

Ve’s group of filmmakers had come back with a new offer less than an hour ago. Brian’s demands
for changes to the old contract had been steep and outlandish. Admittedly, he had made them so on purpose, hoping that it would be too much and Ve would back off or, at the very least, that their final offer would end up being closer to something Brian could match, giving him a shot at convincing Justin to work for Kinnetik.

His last-ditch plan had failed. Not only had they accepted the terms Brian had proposed, but they had also offered a clause allowing Justin to delay his start date until after the new year began, giving the young man time to put all of his affairs in order, travel, and have some much needed time off from all his jobs to spend with his family before joining their team where he’d be working gruelling hours on-site. They had even accepted Brian’s three-quarters of a million dollar price tag for Justin’s salary whether or not the film was even made. It was more of a retainer, and Justin’s real remuneration would be ten percent of the profits, ad infinitum. Unheard of as far as Brian knew and why he had countered with the that particular demand, sure that it would make them back off. Almost equally unheard of, the offer had come in during the wee hours. Ve had obviously gone back and stressed to her companions just how talented Justin was and how savvy Brian appeared during their little discussion, forcing her backers to work late into the night on this proposal.

He saved the offer and shut down his laptop. Rising from the bed, he searched out a fresh bottle of Beam, not bothering with a glass. He drank. He braced a hand against the bedroom window, watched the tide roll into the harbor, and drank some more. As time passed, his focus drifted to the reflection of his bed and the man sleeping peacefully in it. Soon, the reflection wasn’t enough, and he wandered to Justin’s side of the bed, tossed a couple of pillows against the wall, and sank onto them, knees bent, and watched as the man he loved smiled in slumber, hand flexing under his cheek. Hours passed until Brian was too drunk to do anything more than pass out, and he finally allowed himself to crawl into bed and curl around his Cookie’s back. He wanted their lovemaking of the evening before to be the last time they had sex with each other. The last thing they would both remember about each other.

It would hurt too much otherwise.

Justin awoke feeling fantastic. He had slept like the dead. He felt refreshed and raring to go. Smiling to himself, he pulled Brian’s arms tighter around his body and then, remembering about the job offer he had received at the party, bolted upright.

“Brian . . . Brian, wake up,” Justin said as he shook a tanned shoulder. Brian mumbled, eyes squinting against the sunlight, coming awake more because of the loss of warmth in his arms than Justin’s excited tone. He rolled onto his back and covered his face with both hands, schooling his features to hide his emotions, then finally looked at Justin beaming at him.

“Did I really get a job offer to work in Hollywood last night? Or was that just a dream brought on by over excitement?” Justin asked, nearly bouncing on the mattress.
Brian knew this was it and decided to just get it over with. He held out his arm in an invitation for Justin to curl into his side and, when the youth hesitated, Brian balanced his laptop on his belly and gestured Justin to him again. Justin readily complied this time, telling himself he was doing so just because Brian had bags under his eyes like he hadn’t slept and the position would be more comfortable for him.

Brian had already logged on and opened the email by the time Justin settled his head on the larger shoulder and started reading the screen. Moments later, Justin’s exclamations of ‘What the fuck!’, ‘Holy shit!’, ‘Oh, my God!’, and ‘I don’t believe it’ had the bile churning in Brian’s stomach. Justin pulled to computer over to himself, reading through the message a second time. He didn’t even look up when Brian left the bed for the bathroom and stepped into the shower. A glance at the clock on the way had Brian groaning. He had been asleep for less than three hours. He was badly hungover and his whole body ached from his time huddled on the floor. Stupid, stupid, lesbianic move, he chastised himself as he turned on the water so hot he was nearly scalded.

He just hoped that Cynthia had received his message and started taking care of the task he had set for her so he could do what he needed to do, then he’d get the fuck off Fire Island, get back to his real life and try to forget the entire ruined summer.

Justin was more than a tiny bit unnerved. After rereading the offer at least a dozen times and squealing at the sheer amount of money he would be making, Justin ran to the bathroom to join Brian in the shower, intent on thanking him properly for negotiating such amazing terms. Brian stepped out of the stall as Justin entered, leaving the blond a little baffled, but Brian just said that he still had some work to finish that morning.

When Justin caught up to him at the little table in their room, Brian was dressed in jeans, talking into his cellphone, and uncovering a breakfast of scrambled eggs and toast. Justin sat at the table, with Brian pouring two cups of coffee as he finished his call and then hung up. When Justin began to thank him profusely, the Big Guy just shrugged and sat on the chair next to him, propping his bare feet on the rung of Justin’s chair and sliding the smaller man onto his lap. He wrapped one arm around the blond’s waist to hold him in place and used the other to feed them both from the same plate. Every time Justin tried to talk, Brian shoved a bite of food into his mouth.

It became apparent to Justin pretty quickly that Brian didn’t want to talk in any way, shape, or form. It also became noticeable that, while Brian was okay with touching, kissing, and holding, he was in no mood to go any further than that this morning. It was kinda weird to Justin’s way of thinking, but he was so grateful and excited about the job offer that he was willing to do or, rather, not do, whatever Brian wanted.
So they went about their morning cuddling, making out, and generally just lounging around.

The two studs met Ve for dinner at The Pines’ restaurant in order to go over the fine print of Justin’s contract for the film. He had been excited about working on Face Off, but was over the moon about working on an actual film in Hollywood. He chattered about all the things he wanted to see and do while he was in California, bubbling with enthusiasm over the outrageous opportunity as the two men walked through the resort’s lobby.

The more extroverted Justin became, the more pensive Brian was. He was undeniably happy for the blond. Justin’s talent was beyond description, and he deserved everything he could wring out of life. But, that same talent would move him into different circles than Brian frequented. It would be a very long time, if ever, before he would see the young man again. It would be ridiculous to think that they could carry on some kind of lesbianic, long-distance love affair. It just wasn’t feasible and, in the end, Brian knew he would be in the exact same position he was in now. The position of wanting more and being denied for one reason or another. In fact, the reasons were entirely irrelevant as he would be alone regardless.

So he didn’t hold Justin’s hand while they walked. He simply smiled when it was appropriate for Justin’s narrative and did his absolute best to not let on how hard it was to swallow around the lump in his throat. He hid how difficult it was to put one foot in front of the other, each painful stride reminding him that it was just one more step in a direction Justin wasn’t heading.

Brian wasn’t surprised when Ve showed up with a lawyer in tow. Brian had already had his own contract attorney go over the document - it was as airtight as possible and it was nearly entirely in Justin’s favor. The fact that Brian had practically built it off the cuff must have put the fear of the gay gods into the members of Ve’s camp, prompting the appearance of the lawyer. Brian just smirked. At least he had them on the run and wary of trying to take advantage of his young lover.

The whole meeting, including lunch, took less than an hour. Brian was nearly silent as the contract was signed and simply offered a passionate kiss in congratulations as dessert was served. No one noticed that he was no longer smiling or partaking of the mountain of calories on his plate disguised as creme brulee. After a last cup of coffee, Ve and the lawyer took off. Cynthia approached not one minute later, by Brian’s design, and took the seat across from the blond in order to fulfill the task Brian had set her the night before.

“Congratulations, Justin,” she said, making note of Brian’s hooded gaze and reticent behavior. “Kinnetik would like to help you achieve some of your goals by sending you on a little trip before you have to start your new job. It’s all expenses paid - as a bonus for the fabulous work you did for the agency. Also, the fee you agreed to for The Pines’ job has already been deposited into the accounts you designated, and you’ll find the receipts in the front pocket of your travel itinerary.”
Justin opened the folder, glanced at the deposit amounts briefly, then flipped pages, taking in all the places around the world that he would be visiting over the next two months on Kinnetik’s dime.

“It’s too much . . . I never expected all this,” he couldn’t even find the words and, when Brian said nothing, Cynthia jumped in to cover the lapse. “Of course you didn’t. That’s exactly why it was such an easy decision to make. Please, enjoy your vacation and thank you for all your extraordinary work.”

Justin beamed at both of them, glanced once more at the itinerary, and then looked stricken. “I leave tomorrow? Wow. I have to pack! I have to see my Mom. And Molly, I have to . . . oh, shit, Brian! What about our agreement? I can’t go . . .” Justin trailed off, crestfallen.

“You’re off the hook, Cookie. Hollywood calling trumps our bet any day of the week.” Brian gave him a reassuring smile that never quite made it to his eyes.

Justin beamed at Brian and jumped up from his seat, clutching the folder and the contract to his chest, heart racing. “Thank you both so much. Damn, I’ve got so much to do . . . I’ll see you later, Brian. Cynthia, it was great working with you.”

He waved at them as he ran off to share the good news with his family. Cynthia finished Brian’s coffee. “He won’t, will he? See you later, I mean.”

Brian just shook his head in the negative and went to the concierge to arrange for a different room - this one reserved in Cynthia’s name. He couldn’t bear going back to the beach house alone. He didn’t think he’d be able to sleep in a bed that smelled like Sunshine or brought the memories that came with that sensation.

Brian didn’t analyze his actions too closely as he knocked on Jennifer Taylor’s door the following afternoon. He really wasn’t surprised when the handsome young Tucker answered the door, showing even less surprise than Brian. Saying nothing, he led Brian into the living room where he had been engaged in a game of Pictionary with Jenn and Molly.

Jennifer stood in greeting, but it was lost on Brian as he took in his surroundings. He spun in slow circles, trying to absorb everything at once. Every inch of wall space was covered in Justin’s artwork. Brian knew it was Justin’s just by the life and vigor the work portrayed. Portraits, landscapes, and abstracts of all kinds, every one framed, no doubt, by his very proud parent. The
effect should have been overwhelming but, instead, Brian got glimpses of Justin’s life prior to this summer. Emotions that the artwork evoked ran the gamut from serene to passionately angry and everything in between.

Jenn approached from the side and ran a gentle hand down Brian’s arm until their fingers were linked as she followed his gaze from one piece to another. His hand tightened a little in hers as Brian said, “He’s on his way.”

Jennifer reflected that Brian’s statement could mean many different things at the same time. “Mmm. It was a good thing you did, Brian, negotiating that contract for him. Even though I know you would rather have had him working with you.” Jenn watched Brian as Brian eyed the walls full of Justin’s feelings.

He shrugged. “It was his choice, Jenn. As for the contract, I would have done it for any one of my friends. It was nothing.”

“It wasn’t nothing, Brian. Convincing Hollywood to wait until after the new year for Justin to start working so he could have some time to travel was brilliant and the fulfillment of one of Justin’s dreams. I can’t thank you enough for that.”

Brian let go of her hand as he turned to face her. “It was the least I could do. He earned it.”

“Why are you here, Brian?” Jenn whispered, her concern for the brunet eking into her words as she touched her palm to the taller man’s cheek.

Brian suddenly felt vulnerable and safe all at once and wondered if all mothers but his had that power or if it was only the woman standing in front of him with knowing eyes and a kind, watery smile. “I . . . I can’t stay here. I’m going back to Pittsburgh tomorrow. I just came to say goodbye and to thank you for spending time with Gus and . . . well . . .”

When he seemed to grasp for what to say, Jenn took matters into her own hands by placing them on his shoulders and pulling him down so she could kiss his cheek. “It was nothing, Brian. The least I could do. And spending time with your adorable son was a pure pleasure - you don’t need to thank me for that at all.” When she walked him to the door a couple of moments later, and he started down the road back to the beach house, he wondered briefly if it would be too weird if he called her for updates on Justin as he travelled the world.
Later that night, Brian went out to the clubs, looking for possible tricks and, though there were many offers, Brian couldn’t find any real interest or desire. He ended up at the Sip ‘N Twirl, wasted, sitting on the edge of the stage with an acoustic guitar in his hands, never having intended to sing in the first place.

But sing he did.

A simple melody he made up, words coming easily, as they usually did in his business. A song that was gut-wrenchingly slow, haunting, and forlorn.

“There is nothing left for me
But the happy memory
Of sunshine
And blue skies.

I bared my battered soul
When I took your hand to hold
Now you’re nothin but a memory
With nothing left for me.

The world is yours to claim
I’ve nothin but my name.
It’s not enough, I know
It’s not enough.
Just tell my heart, ‘be tough’.

‘Don’t think about his smile.’
Dreamin ‘bout it all the while.
There’s nothing left for me
But the lonely memory,
Of sunshine
And blue skies.

You made me want
To bare my soul
As you kept under wraps
Your own.

You left me nothing
But the memory
Of all that we could be
If you took a chance on me.

But it was not enough.
I know it wasn’t enough!
To be tough and smile through,
As you waved and left me to.

Take over the world.
I have nothing left to hold.
But the very last memory
Of your sunshine
And blue eyes.”

Several hours later, Brian stumbled home. Alone. His last night on the island was spent sitting against the headboard, staring out the window of the beach house at the dark ocean and the even darker night sky.

Two days later Brian was back in Pittsburgh and determined to put the summer’s events behind him. He dove back into work like a man possessed. He arrived before the sun was up, and he was the last to leave every night. The sheer number of companies requesting Kinnetik for their advertising as a result of The Pines’ launch was staggering. He was thankful for the huge workload though because it
gave him the excuse he needed to stay busy.

Hiring three new ad execs and just as many others to help Cynthia and Ted during his vacation on Fire Island now seemed fortuitous. Had he not done so, he would be falling apart at the seams trying to keep up instead of riding herd on over a hundred people. Even though he was not handling most of the campaigns personally, he made sure either he or Cynthia had a hand in everything, guiding the underlings to presentations worthy of both Brian and Kinnetik.

That effectively cut out any free time and precluded the need to think about anything other than work during business hours. For the endless time between the end of the workday and the too distant dawn - except for the very minimal time he spent with Gus - Brian had gone back to the usual routine of Woody’s followed by Babylon, until he was too drunk, too stoned, or too tired to think about anything but sleep . . . Only to be awakened three to four hours later by his shrieking alarm.

Nine days.

It had been nine days since he made love to the most beautiful, stubborn, infuriating, adorable . . .

Stop it, Kinney.

Just get wasted, get blown, get the fuck out of here before you lose it completely. Wouldn’t all the fags just LOVE that! Brian Kinney pining for his long lost twink lover . . .

It didn’t help matters that his first night back in the Pitts, he had stepped into Woody’s to the cacophonous cheers and applause of all the patrons. Apparently, Mikey had been dead wrong. Not only had his bottoming NOT ruined his rep, it had done the complete opposite. Brian was even more sought after as a top since proving he could take it up the ass like a champ. A true power bottom if he were so inclined.

Who knew?

He could have had back-to-back, endless sexual encounters, for as long as he wanted, but he found himself more and more inclined to just jerk himself off while imagining the blond he wasn’t supposed to be thinking about. Thank fuck for small favors that he had managed to avoid Michael and Lindsay. If either of them had even mentioned Justin in passing, Brian might have gone ape-shit postal on their asses. As it was, he was barely holding things together.
All he could hope for at this point was that the pain would dull with time.

Chapter Theme Music - Lost Boy.

Chapter End Notes

The majority of this chapter was written by Saje, who’s always good for a bucketful of angst. Thanks also to our usual cohort of helpers - you know who you are! So, who loves a good cliff hanger? We authors sure do! You know you do, too! You love being kept in suspense, right? No? Oh, well, guess we better get writing then. LOL. S&T
Chapter Notes

Justin's off on his whirlwind tour of the world . . . but will he enjoy it without Brian?
Read and see. Enjoy, peoople! S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 50 - Summertime Sadness.

Justin couldn’t count the number of times since he’d arrived in Japan over a week ago that he had found himself so excited about something that he’d turned to share it with Brian . . . only to realize once again that he was there alone. It would put a damper on the feeling, and he would have to remind himself that this was what he’d wanted. He would then give himself a stern talking to, going down the list of why he didn’t want a relationship at this point in his life, but he never could regain the original elation he had wanted to share. He still had fun and got to do many of the things he had wanted to do all his life, but the colors of the day would become a little less bright, a tiny bit dimmer, slightly more garish.

The camera Brian had shoved into his bag as he boarded the ferry was full of pictures of all his adventures in the Far East that he hoped to recreate one day on canvas. As he sat on the plane, waiting for it to take off for Italy, the next leg of his impressive world tour, Justin scanned through the images on the digital display. He made it through all of his snapshots then hesitated when he came across a photo of Brian and Gus on the beach. His stomach lurched and his heart squeezed. Brian had apparently forgotten to remove these pictures before giving the camera to him.

Justin slowly scrolled through a few more, then faster and faster as the bittersweet memories of those days came crashing back into his mind. Brian looking sexy and smiling. Brian watching him with lust. Brian holding him. Brian angry. Brian hurt. Brian alone. Brian making love to him that last time on the evening of the launch party. Brian kissing him goodbye outside the ferry building and waiting with his hands in his pockets while Justin boarded the boat that would once and for all take him away from Fire Island.

Tears dripped onto the display screen, and Justin remembered how hard Brian had fought for him to get the employment contract he felt Justin deserved, even though it was unheard of for someone his age to command that kind of money. The man had done that for him even though Brian had implied on several occasions that he wanted Justin to work for Kinnetik. Brian had even negotiated a clause
that allowed Justin to travel the world before he started his new career and then generously provided
the funds for him to do so.

Brian, who had given up nearly all of his old ways to try a relationship that Justin had turned down
with one hand while accepting Brian’s largesse with the other.

Brian, who would never, ever, ask him to choose between himself and a dream that could be
fulfilled.

Analyzed like that, the only conclusion Justin could make, was so glaringly obvious - Brian DID
love him. Not only that, but Brian loved him enough to let him go. To allow him to make the choice
for himself . . . and Justin almost had a panic attack when he realized he had chosen wrong.

He still wanted to see the world - that would never change - but this last week really put it into
perspective. He no longer wanted to do it alone. He didn’t want to do it without Brian.

He didn’t want to do ANYTHING without Brian ever again.

Brian made everything better, brighter, more fun.

FUCK! HE WAS IN LOVE WITH BRIAN KINNEY!

Justin stood up and shouldered his bag just as the stewardess was starting the taxi announcements.
He rushed past her, banging on the door like a madman, begging and crying to be let off the plane.
Given his state of distress, the stewardess granted him his freedom, and Justin raced back down the
gangway to the ticket counter, shoving people aside in his haste to get back to the States.

While trying to explain what he wanted and beating off the people he had cut in front of, a slip of
expensive stationary fell out of the ticket folder. An older lady travelling with her cat in a plastic
carrier picked it up and handed it back to a distracted Justin, just as the clerk was printing off his new
ticket.

“You’re gonna hafta run for it if you want to catch the next flight.” the woman said, shoving the
revised boarding pass into his hand as Justin hefted his carry-on and raced away.
He just barely made it to the necessary gate and was the last one seated. The plane immediately started moving, and he did his best to calm his racing heart and stow his stuff under the seat. The last thing in his hands was the folder with his tickets and itinerary. Before he tucked that away too, his curiosity got the better of him, and he pulled out the paper the old lady had handed him while simultaneously straightening the rest of the tickets.

The stationary was so very obviously Brian’s, and Justin smiled that he could pick out something so mundane as belonging to the brunet that had captured his heart. He brought it to his nose and sniffed it before he had a chance to think about how ridiculous he would look. Yep, it even smelled like Brian. Looking at it, he was a little confounded and a lot sentimental when he read the four simple words of Brian’s message.

<i>Chase your dream.</i>

Brian

Justin let a megawatt smile spread across his face. How like Brian to make such a benign sentence have so many different meanings. It was a goodbye, a command, a wish for good luck, a blessing, a vow of love, and a plea to be the dream he had chosen.

Justin closed his eyes and leaned back into the seat, bringing the paper to his nose again, thinking to himself, ‘Brian’.

Brian had finally ventured out to the the Diner, upon the direct orders of Debbie, accompanied by a side threat involving a loss of his balls if he didn’t comply.

Since his return to the Pitts, Brian had been studiously trying to avoid dealing with any of the gang for as long as he possibly could. He was hoping this would help him put off the inevitable confrontation with his two disgruntled friends. He’d already had more than enough of them just from reading the mass of emails they’d been sending him almost daily since Michael’s return from Fire Island a month or so prior. So far he’d been lucky - between working like a dog and only going to the bar or the club when he knew the gang either wouldn’t be there or when he could zip in, pick up a trick, and zip out without more than a cursory ‘hello’, he’d managed to dodge the inquisition. However, Brian knew that he couldn’t sidestep the issues forever. He’d been back in Pittsburgh for more than a week, so he figured he’d best just bite the bullet and deal with the inevitable.

He’d been seated in his usual booth for a total of only three minutes before the first of his inquisitors
sauntered through the Diner’s front door. The tinkling of the bell over the door alerted him to the newcomer, but Brian’s nerves were already tingling even before he looked up to see Lindsey zeroing in on him with a determined and judgmental look on her WASPish face. Brian wondered if Debbie had announced his pending appearance the night before - how else could her timing have been so precise? But, no matter how his presence had been signaled, Brian was trapped like a bug on a flystrip and was completely unable to escape.

“Brian! Well, it’s about time you showed yourself,” Lindsey chided passive-aggressively as she slid into the seat across the table from him. “You’ve been back in town for at least a week and nobody’s seen hide nor hair of you. Even when you stopped by to see Gus - when you knew I’d be at work, by the way - Mel said you barely stuck around long enough to say two words to her. You do realize that you can’t hide from your family forever, don’t you? Eventually, you’re going to have to face up to all the shitty things you and that blond interloper did to all of us and maybe even apologize . . .”

“Nice to see you too, Lindsey,” Brian smiled facetiously at his friend and tried to ignore her rude greeting. “Yes, I’m doing great even though I had to cut my vacation short and come back to work. Thanks for asking.”

“You’re always working, Brian - ell, when you’re not fucking anyway - so that’s a given. But it has never stopped you from seeing your son before.” Lindsey opened her mouth and drew in a breath to continue.

Brian cut her off. “It still hasn’t. I’ve seen Gus twice and brought him a shitload of souvenirs from Fire Island - I’ve done my fatherly duty, Lindz. So what if you weren’t there?” He refrained from telling her that he had been forced to cut the visit a little short when he could no longer take the tot’s questions about Justin without feeling like his lungs were being ripped out. ‘Did my Jus come wif you Daddy?’ ‘Do ya fink he misseded me Daddy?’ ‘Will he come stay wif you soon Daddy?’

Shit! It was all he could do not to call his Cookie, have Gus put his questions to man himself and get the answers from the horse’s mouth. But he couldn’t do that to Gus. Brian knew that Justin would be nice, but would deflect the more personal inquisitions until Gus was distracted, then . . .

Stop it, Kinney. Focus on the problem at hand.

Said problem was still listing off all the real and supposed grievances she held from her time impinging on HIS vacation. He stopped listening again and eyed the door. He wondered if he could just make a run for it.

Shit!
Michael had just come through the door and made his way to Brian’s table, where he slumped into the booth next to the blond harridan with a determined pout on his face. Michael immediately stepped into the rant with his own complaints as Brian stared at them, unseeing, and tuned them out while he drank his coffee. His mind started drifting back to sandcastles and dragons as he eyed the door for the fourth time in as many minutes. Why did it seem so very far away? It was just a door. One that he had walked in and out of a million times before.

But it was different this time. Inside was the life he had now. His ‘best friends’ with their superficial concerns, their problems, their . . . judgements.

Outside? Outside was freedom. Hadn’t Justin shown him that? That outside of the carefully constructed and ordered shelter he’d constructed for himself over the years, he could be whatever he wanted? That Brian was the one with control, if only he would exert himself. That no matter how painful being ‘outside’ was, it was infinitely preferable to the claustrophobic little existence he had been living?

The door seemed a fraction closer as his so-called friends’ words echoed around him, unable to penetrate the sound of crashing surf echoing in his head. Brian stood, laying a twenty on the table, unaware that he was doing so, and turned to the door. Michael grabbed his arm, trying to get his attention and make him stay, but Brian barely felt it and didn’t even bother to look at him. Instead he looked out the door, smiling as the sun coming in through the windows brightened and beckoned the closer he got to that door.

Brian took a deep breath and imagined it to be filled with the scents of salt air and verbena as he reached for the door handle. He gave a slow exhale as he shrugged off Michael’s hand and opened the door, stepping into a future he knew next to nothing about. The only thing he was sure about was that he would not let others decide who he was ever again. His brief time on Fire Island had allowed him to see things about himself that he’d never acknowledged before and he didn’t want to close his eyes to those truths again. He wanted to be free. Free from the constraints that his friends, his reputation and his carefully constructed rules had placed on him for far too long.

It was time to let Brian ‘Fucking’ Kinney, the legend of Liberty Avenue, fade away. He was just Brian. And Brian could be whatever he wanted to be. His Cookie had taught him that.

The ferry hadn’t even been fully tied up to the dock before Justin vaulted the gate and leapt across the intervening gap onto the dock in Ocean Beach. He was exhausted after the more than thirteen hour flight from Tokyo to New York - added to the train ride and ferry trip - but he still hadn’t been able to stop bouncing in place for the past fifteen minutes. He was just so excited and eager to get back to his Brian. He had all these images in his mind about how he would stride into the beach house, declare his undying love for the man, and then swoop Brian off his feet into the bedroom.
They’d only emerge, hours later, happy and sated and in love. Ok, so it was the sappiest scene imaginable, but Justin didn’t care. He had never felt like this before, and he simply couldn’t bear to wait even a second longer to get to Brian and tell him what he’d finally realized. That he loved the man. That he was finally ‘in love’.

Justin sprinted all the way to the beach house. He couldn’t contain himself as he dropped his carry-on - the only luggage the airline hadn’t lost - onto the deck of the beach house and twisted the knob. Which didn’t turn because it was locked.

Justin banged on the door and peered into the window, eager for a glimpse of the Big Guy. When no one answered, and nothing moved inside, he ran around the house and climbed the steps to the back deck and its big sliding door. It was locked too. In fact, all the lights were off inside. He trotted around to the side of the house and looked in through the window of the master bedroom. It was also empty and Brian’s bed was made.

Maybe he’d gone to a party?

Justin HAD to find the man as soon as possible. Where the fuck could he be? Shit, he’d been gone long enough not to know who was hosting what today so, still elated, he ran all the way to Stella’s. Surely she would know where Brian could be found!

Stella answered her door dressed only in a g-string, her makeup only half done, and without her wig on. She didn’t bother to say anything by way of greeting. She just stepped to the side so Justin could enter.

“I need to find Brian. Who’s hosting today?” Justin wheezed, out of breath from his run.

Stella lit a cigar and puffed for a moment, not sure she really wanted to get involved again. “Of course you do, Dearie. No parties today though,” she said as she scratched her hairy belly, plunked into a kitchen chair, and crossed her legs in a vaguely ladylike manner, pointing to the seat next to her. Justin followed orders, squirming in his seat as Stella fiddled with her phone and sucked on the cigar while Justin slowly lost patience. He wanted Brian! NOW, for fuck’s sake!

“Hold your horses,” Stella groused, feeling not the least bit perturbed by Justin’s mood. “You need to see something.”

She handed over her phone, and Justin pressed play as soon as he saw Brian on the screen. The
A dejected Justin let himself into his childhood home, dropping his bag onto the floor next to the
front door and collapsing on the couch in a heap of misery. He felt utterly defeated. He was too late. Brian had given up on him and left. And Justin didn’t know how to move on after acknowledging that fact.

“Justin? What are you doing here? Aren’t you supposed to be in Italy or something?” Jennifer asked as soon as she’d recovered from her surprise at walking into the living room and discovering her son on the couch. “Sheesh, you smell rather ripe, Justin. Are you okay? Did you get sick or something? You don’t look well.” Jennifer waved a hand in front of her face and scrunched up her delicate nose at the unpleasant aroma of her son. “What IS the matter, Honey?”

“I’ve fucked up everything, Mom,” Justin moaned dramatically, slumping down even further into the couch cushions, throwing his arm over his face as if to hide from the horrors that he didn’t want to see.

“Everything? Hmm . . .” Jennifer remained confused.

“Brian left!” Justin moaned in partial explanation.

“I know. He came by to say goodbye the day after you left,” Jennifer explained, still not sure what the hell was going on with her son. “You didn’t think he was going to stick around forever, did you? Without you here, there wasn’t much point in him staying.”

“I guess it doesn’t matter - he was never gonna stay anyway! He was always going to leave me.” Justin didn’t bother removing his arm from across his eyes while making this pronouncement in his most woebegone tone.

“Is that so?” Jennifer stood, looming over the pitiful lump of boy on her couch, unsure whether she should scold him or just burst into laughter at her Drama Queen son.

“You know what I mean,” Justin replied with a hint of anger at his mother, who he suspected was being intentionally obtuse.

“No, actually, I don’t . . . Brian didn’t ‘leave you’, Justin. You’re the one who left. You’re the one who seemed determined to keep Brian at a distance. The one who was constantly pointing out that you weren’t interested in anything more with the man,” Jennifer insisted, trying to penetrate her stubborn son’s intentional self-delusion. “The only thing I can’t figure out is why, exactly, you were always so averse to being with Brian. He is a wonderful man, generous to a fault, and sexy as all get
“What’s the problem? Or are you once again going to use Ethan as a fucking excuse in order not to feel?”

“What the fuck, Mom?” Justin finally peeped out from under his protective arm to look up at his mother.

“You watch your mouth and answer the damn question,” Jennifer ordered, tired of the histrionics.

“Ethan really hurt me, Mom. You know that! He was controlling and rude. He was dismissive of my goals. He constantly made demands on my time, and he was always trying to keep me away from my friends and family. He said he was okay with us both tricking, but then he gave me so much shit and got so jealous about it that I had to stop altogether. Basically, he did his best to get me to settle down and be the happy little homemaker for him, and he completely stifled any thoughts I had of leaving the island.”

“True. I agree with everything you just said one hundred percent and that’s why I was so incredibly happy the day you finally left him in the dust. But Brian isn’t Ethan.”

“Mom, this really isn’t any of your business . . .” Justin whinged, scooting forward on the couch as if he was about to get up and leave.

“I wasn’t finished, Justin Randolph Taylor! You sit right there and listen the fuck up! Are you listening?” she paced the floor in front of the couch and, when Justin raised his brows but kept his mouth shut, she started making points and ticking them off on her fingers.

“Did Brian ever hurt you or control you?” she asked, then rolled her eyes, “I mean that you didn’t consent to?”

“No,” Justin readily admitted.

“Did Brian ever dismiss your feelings or make you feel bad about your goals?” Jenn checked off the next point on her list.

“Of course not!” Justin defended incredulously. “Brian was always incredibly supportive. You know that. I wouldn’t even have had the chance to do The Pines’ show if it wasn’t for him.”
Jennifer smiled at the admission but went on with her lecture. “Did Brian keep you from your family and friends, or did he make a concerted effort to include them, even at the expense of his time alone with you?”

Justin was mute.

“I know for a fact he had no problem with the tricking as I have seen the videos myself,” Jennifer pointed to the family’s computer sitting on the desk in the corner, “and he appeared to be having just as much fun as you were, even though his eyes never left you for long, no matter what he was doing.”

Justin’s brows furrowed in consternation. He was just a tad bit embarrassed by the idea that his mother had been watching pornographic videos of him and Brian, but that was beside the point. He did have to concede that his mother was right about Brian. Still, he stubbornly remained silent.

“Did Brian ever ask you to confine your life to this island? Or insist on you being just with him? No, he didn’t! In point of fact, he did everything humanly possible to ensure that you could achieve anything you could ever want all on your own. All he ever asked of you, was to do it WITH him. He just wanted to be a part of your life, however you chose to allow him.” Jennifer continued to hammer home the lesson she wanted her son to learn.

Justin already didn’t know what to say, but then his mother drove her final point home and left him, literally, speechless.

“Brian is NOT Ethan. I have seen no indications that Brian could, or would, ever do to you what that clingy little pipsqueak did. Brian did everything he could to support you - to help you thrive. Despite my initial misgivings, Justin, I think he was the best thing to happen to you in years. I’ve never seen you happier than when you two were together. And, yes, I said ‘together’,,” Jennifer emphasized when she noted that her son was about to object to that characterization. “Whether you’re willing to admit it or not is beside the point. You and Brian have been in a relationship almost since the moment you met. So get the fuck over yourself, Justin. You need to move beyond your preconceived notions about what a relationship is, and your fear that all men are like Ethan, and look at what you REALLY have. Brian is a good man. He loves you and, more importantly, you love him. You, dear son, just screwed the pooch.”

Justin sighed, his brow furrowed, as he admitted to himself the truth of his mother’s words. He really had fucked himself over this time. He’d just been so focused on his dream of finally getting away from Fire Island that he’d failed to see what was right in front of him all along. It hadn’t helped that Brian’s possessive streak had caused him to balk. But, if he had looked at it a bit more acutely, Justin would have seen what his mother had just pointed out.
Brian’s actions, while a little bit on the jealous side, hadn’t even come close to the controlling behavior Ethan had exhibited during their time together. And, yes, Brian was always domineering, high-handedly ordering most everyone around, but he’d never really directed that trait Justin’s way - at least not in a way that curtailed Justin’s right to be himself. Likewise, Brian’s quick temper had rarely been aimed at Justin, at least not when it hadn’t been justified. It usually only manifested itself when Brian was being a particularly overbearing Drama Queen - not that Justin himself was free from that fault. At least when this failing had been made evident to him, Brian had almost always changed his tune . . . eventually.

Overall, Brian had been a pretty amazing companion. He was supportive of Justin’s goals and talents. He was kind and generous beyond the bounds of anyone else Justin had ever met. He was fun to be around, sharing many of Justin’s same interests or at least willing to try almost anything. He was also the most amazing father Justin had ever seen, and the time the two of them had spent with Gus had been some of the most precious moments of his life. Justin appreciated Brian’s attentiveness to his son even more since he’d not had a father for most of his own life. In fact, when he looked back on the time they’d spent together, Justin had to admit that there wasn’t really anything about Brian that he hadn’t liked.

And that was without even considering how incredibly compatible they were sexually. Justin had never met anyone who could keep up with him like Brian had. Brian had even given special attention to pleasing Justin in so many unexpected ways, trying things he wouldn’t normally be comfortable with - including bottoming for Justin when it was pretty obvious that was far outside his usual range of hedonistic proclivities - and simply letting Justin take control of their sexual experiences as frequently as he had. Justin knew that nobody else could ever satisfy him the way Brian did. And he was quickly coming to the conclusion that he didn’t want anyone else to even try.

But, because he was a total moron, he’d fucking thrown all that away.

Jennifer had watched silently while her son processed all she’d told him. She realized when he came to the inevitable conclusion by the way his entire body sagged even lower. She made to sit next to Justin, intending to offer what comfort she could, but then thought better of it. “Maybe you’ll feel better after you take a shower and get cleaned up, Justin. Dinner’s at six, like always. Then we’ll sit down and figure out what you are going to do to win that Horny Hunk back.”

Chapter Theme Music - Summertime Sadness.

Chapter End Notes
9/24/16 - Nope . . . We’re not getting you off the angst cliff just yet, people. Blame it on
the fact that it was rainy and cold here in Portland and I just couldn’t be bothered with
happy endings when it was this gloomy. LOL. But, never fear - the end (of the angst) is
near. We just need to get Justin off his ass . . . Credit for the wonderful chapter title/song
goes out to Brynn_Jones - excellent pick! Saje & I had lots of help on this chapter from
our online regulars as well. They all deserve kudos for helping us plow through this
story. Now, should we get started writing your HEA, or let you stew for a while longer?
Bwahahahaha! S&T
Justin was back at the airport the next day, standing in line at the ticketing counter, intent on trading in his remaining ticket for a one-way trip to Pittsburgh. Thanks to Brian and the proceeds from The Pines’ contract, Justin no longer had to worry about pinching every single penny - he figured he could always buy himself another trip around the world later, after he’d figured out his personal life. Jennifer and Molly had seen him off at the ferry terminal earlier in the morning. They’d all agreed that Justin needed to do whatever was necessary to prove to Brian that he’d had a change of heart. Even if that meant following the man to Pittsburgh. The rest they could figure out together - after they’d figured out themselves.

Once he’d gotten his plane ticket issues resolved, Justin made his way down the concourse, seated himself in the gate area, and started to ponder his next step. He had no idea what that would be, though. The first flight he could get to Pittsburgh wasn’t scheduled to leave for several hours. He had the address for Kinnetik, of course, but by the time his plane arrived in Pittsburgh, it would be long after business hours, and he didn’t think even a workaholic like Brian would be working that late on a Friday evening. Justin could always call him, but he didn’t think this was something that could be resolved over the phone. He’d prefer to see Brian in person, if only he knew where to find his person once he arrived in the city.

Hailing a cab from the curb at the airport, Justin tossed his bag into the back seat, climbed in, and slammed the door behind himself. He tried really hard not to retch at the distinct smell of vomit when the cabbie asked his destination. This was not the most propitious welcome to the city, and he could only hope that things would get better from this point on. Like maybe he’d come up with some way to find his man . . .
“Where to, kid?” the grizzled and not-so-clean-himself cabbie rasped.

Which was a very good question. Where would Brian be? If this had been Fire Island, Justin would know, or at least have a very good idea, which bars or clubs he could find Brian in on any given Friday night. Unfortunately, he’d never been to Pittsburgh and had no idea where to even start looking. But then he thought back to that week-long visit from Brian’s friends and seemed to remember a lot of stories about the gang’s exploits. Wasn’t there someplace they kept talking about? Shit! What did Mikey keep calling Brian? . . . Maybe he should’ve paid more attention to the whiner . . . Stud something . . . Right! He’d repeatedly called Brian the ‘Stud of Liberty Avenue’! Sounded like as good a place as any to start.

“Liberty Avenue, please,” Justin finally answered the cabbie and then did his absolute best to ignore the odor by focusing on what he would say to Brian when he found the man. First off, he would tell Brian how wrong he’d been to push him away. He would say that he loved him and wanted to be with him. That he missed Brian and the things they did together, both in and out of bed. And he’d make it clear that he wanted to have a relationship, in whatever form Brian wanted that to mean for them.

Justin was so caught up in his musings that, half an hour later, the cabbie had to turn in his seat and wave a hand in front of Justin’s face to get his attention so he could tell him they had arrived on Liberty Avenue.

Justin had thought that growing up on an island of queers would have prepared him for anything gay related, but he was so very wrong. This was a very different environment. Liberty Avenue was a virtual sea of neon lights, bright colors, and city bustle, with a kitschy gay overtone. There were people everywhere he looked, in all sorts of combinations, costumes, and clutches. Justin quickly paid the cabdriver and collected his bag, accidentally stepping into a puddle as he exited the vehicle.

Turning in circles, trying to get his bearings, Justin felt like a rube. Not even Japan had felt quite this alien. Drag queens in full regalia, leather daddies and their twinks, Bears and Babes all cavorted up and down the street seeking the next hour of pleasure to be had. Music pumped out of the open door of a dance club sporting a line of men that extended around the corner. As Justin walked aimlessly by, he listened to the revelers as they talked, teased, and hit on each other. Justin just shook his head in the negative each time he was propositioned. He soon realized he wasn’t going to find Brian in this mess on his own. He was going to have to ask for help from someone. Biting his lip, he dialed his cell phone before he could change his mind.

“Justin? Shouldn’t you be in Italy right now? Are you okay?” Cynthia asked as soon as she answered, concern in every word.
“Uh... yeah. I’m good. I just... um... I’m actually in Pittsburgh,” he stammered.

Cynthia smiled to herself, more pleased than a pig in shit that the tyro twink was in town. “Where are you? What address, I mean.”

When Justin rattled it off, she instructed him to go to the next block and wait for her in the Diner. When he asked which one, she told him THE Diner and laughed like a hyena before hanging up.

Justin did as he was told and grinned when he stood in front of the Liberty Diner, getting her joke. It seemed the establishment was the ONLY diner on the block and did a rousing business. He had to wait a good ten minutes just to get a seat at the counter. He ordered a cola but was dragged back out onto the street by an overly-efficient and very excited blonde dynamo before he had a chance to drink any of it.

“Cynthia! Stop! You’re going so damn fast I can’t even see where I’m going. Please, slow down.” Justin begged.

“Sorry, Cookie, but no can do. If you’re looking for Brian, you only have about fifteen minutes to catch him before he heads to Babylon, and there is no way I am going into that den of horny gay pit vipers. Nor am I gonna miss watching your reunion. So, Woody’s it is. And it’s just my luck, and maybe even yours if you play your cards right, that it happens to be karaoke night.”

Justin broke out into a grin and then a run as he tried to keep up with the cheetah in heels.

It wasn’t exactly what he had planned but, if it helped him get back into Brian’s life, it would do.

Brian sipped his beer, not even tasting it, as Michael prattled on next to him. Brian figured, so long as Michael didn’t overstep the boundaries Brian had clearly given him before agreeing to go out tonight, he would suck it up and tolerate the bumbling clod’s presence. As soon as he finished his beer, he could head out to Babylon, and then, after a fuck or two, he’d sneak out through the back room while Michael and his other friends were distracted and dancing. That is, if he could manage to hold on that long. Fuck, Brian was bored already. Why had Michael even suggested they come to Woody’s on karaoke night? Michael knew he hated karaoke.

“... we could sing together just like old times.” Brown eyes pleaded with Brian to agree.

“I’m not fucking singing shit, Mikey. I fucking hate karaoke. You KNOW that.” Brian all but yelled at the now pouting shorter man.
“But you did it with Justin!” Michael said, the sarcasm and hurt evident in equal measure in his tone.

That did it. “Fuck you, Mikey! I’m gonna take a piss, then I’m going the fuck home. After I told you to never talk about him or compare yourself to him ever again, you pull a stunt like this? I’m outta here.”

Brian pushed off the bar and began wending his way to the restrooms and the back door just as Cynthia, towing Justin, entered the front. She merely stepped on people’s feet with her pointy heels until they got the picture and got the hell out of her way. When they neared the postage-stamp-sized stage, she pulled the cord on the mic until the current wailer had to either give it up or get yanked over the edge of the boards. He gave it up. She thrust it at Justin, shoved him up onto the stage until the lights were glaring in his eyes and he couldn’t see a darn thing, then asked what he wanted to sing.

“I don’t even know if Brian is here. What’s the point?” he whispered to her, forgetting all about the mic in his hand. When Cynthia refused to be swayed, he gave her a song title and she punched it into the little machine.

Before the music started, Justin said into the mic, “You know who you are, this one is yours.”

Brian thought he had been hearing things halfway through his piss. He actually even thought he might really be going crazy, hearing his Cookie’s voice through the speakers. Even the way the man had said his name, with that breathiness that punched him in the gut every time, sounded just like his lost twink.

Brian finished peeing, zipped, washed, and was just exiting the bathroom, intending to leave Woody’s altogether, when the disembodied voice began to sing, rooting Brian to floor.

\[I \text{ remember all of the things that I thought I wanted to be}\]
\[So desperate to find a way out of my world and finally breathe\]
\[Right before my eyes I saw, my heart it came to life\]
\[This ain't easy, it's not meant to be\]
\[Every story has its scars\]
Brian turned slowly, all eyes on him, keeping his face carefully neutral. The two of them were infamous enough that, once Justin was recognized, there would be no doubt in any of their minds that he was the Brian mentioned. At least, if anyone had doubted. Which they hadn’t.

When the pain cuts you deep
When the night keeps you from sleeping
Just look and you will see
I will be your remedy
When the world seems so cruel
And your heart makes you feel like a fool
I promise you will see
That I will be, I will be your remedy

Justin sang with all the feeling he could muster, trying to make Brian understand how very sorry he was for what he’d done. For the way he’d pushed Brian away. Their eyes finally locked and, for them, there was no one else in the room.

No river is too wide or too deep for me to swim to you
Come whatever, I'll be the shelter that won’t let the rain come through
Your love, it is my truth
And I will always love you
Love you

Justin couldn’t tell if he was getting through to Brian. He wasn’t close enough to see into his hazel eyes, and Brian’s body language revealed nothing, as rigid and still as he was. The tall, self-contained man didn’t smile or indicate in any way that he understood Justin’s plea.

When the pain cuts you deep
When the night keeps you from sleeping
Just look and you will see
That I will be your remedy
When the world seems so cruel
And your heart makes you feel like a fool
I promise you will see
That I will be, I will be your remedy

Everyone else in the bar was now as still as Brian. No one was drinking, eating beer nuts, or trying to get laid. They just stared, waiting to see what would happen.

When the pain cuts you deep
When the night keeps you from sleeping
Just look and you will see
I will be, I will be
When the world seems so cruel
And your heart makes you feel like a fool
I promise you will see
That I will be, I will be, I will be...

Your Remedy

Justin finished, unable to say anything more. The two men continued to stare into each other’s eyes for several long, silent moments. No words were voiced, but whole dissertations of meaning were somehow exchanged. There was longing and need, but there was also hurt and disbelief and fear. Then, the exchange coming to some implicit conclusion, Brian turned and walked out of the bar. Justin dropped the mic and walked off the stage. And Woody’s was absolutely silent for the whole thing, and even a good minute or so afterwards.

Brian went straight to Babylon and headed into the backroom with the intention of getting sucked off by the first available trick so as to relieve himself of the righteous boner merely seeing Justin had given him.

Brian leaned back against his usual piece of wall, unzipping his jeans and then waiting for a willing mouth to be offered up. As expected, a face appeared in front of him only seconds later - nobody he knew, but since the guy wasn’t a troll, Brian figured he’d do - and then disappeared to his groin as Brian’s thoughts boiled over. By the time the sucking actually started, Brian was so caught up in his own memories that he almost didn’t even notice.
What the fuck was Justin doing here anyway? He was supposed to be in Italy, fucking his way through Europe, looking at architecture and eating pasta or some shit. How dare he just show up on Brian’s home turf and think he could sing his way back into Brian’s life? As if. And what was that business about saying he loved Brian in front of all those fucking gossipy fags? It was probably all over Liberty by now. Brian’s friends had even seen it first hand! There would be no stopping all the jokes at his expense now. He would never live it down.

Brian shook off the unpleasant and unproductive thoughts. He didn’t need that shit. All he needed was right here. He gripped the head sucking his cock and thrust hard into the not-wet-enough mouth, only to hear a choking sound a second later. It pissed him off. It made him angry. He hadn’t had a decent blow since his return. Had they always been this bad, or had Justin spoiled him for anything less than spectacular? He hadn’t fucked since he’d been back either. Not for lack of trying, but no one felt right, smelled right, moaned right, or . . . FUCK!

Brian pulled back and zipped his unquenched cock into his jeans. Without even a backward glance, he left the club. It was time to settle things with the wayward wonder.

Justin leaned against the lamp post across from Woody’s, trying to get his bearings and doing his level best to fend off the hordes of people offering him a shoulder to cry on, a commiserating comment, or even an ass to fuck. He ignored Michael’s ‘I told you so’ when the whiner came by to gloat and then left just as abruptly. Justin was proud of himself for not crying, when all he wanted to do was rant and rail at the heavens for letting him make such a fool out of himself in front of Brian’s so-called friend. All for nothing, it seemed.

At least he now knew where he stood with Brian. Nowhere. Brian didn’t want him anymore. Justin had thrown away any chance to be a part of Brian’s life, and he would just have to accept it like a man and move the fuck on. He leaned back on the post and closed his eyes briefly, steeling himself for whatever came next. He’d just resigned himself to asking Cynthia to take him to a hotel for the night when he heard the hush fall over the crowd around him.

Brian stalked out of the club, headed to his car, and tossed his jacket into the back seat before realizing the street was entirely too quiet. Looking up, he saw a huge mass of people standing there, staring at him expectantly. Then they slowly parted, as they usually did for him, and Cynthia came out of the throng to stand directly in front of him. Even in her heels, Brian could still see over her head and, as soon as she saw the recognition in his face, she said, “Don’t fuck this up, Brian. You won’t get another chance.” Then she stepped out of his way.

What was he supposed to do? Tie the kid to him and let all the boy’s dreams die under the smothering blanket of a relationship? Hadn’t Justin already chosen Hollywood and globetrotting over him? He couldn’t just let the Cookie back into his life like none of that mattered. Brian couldn’t pretend like the last two weeks hadn’t been the most agonizing of his life and just fall back into some happily-ever-after fantasy. Could he?
Despite what his brain was telling him, Brian’s heart leapt at the possibility and, when his eyes locked with Justin’s over the distance, Brian gave in to his heart. Maybe he really could have this? Maybe he could have Justin, and Justin could still have Hollywood and the globetrotting if he wanted it. They could have it all. Together.

Before his brain had even caught onto what was happening, Brian’s legs closed the distance between them. Justin watched him approaching with uncertainty and hope fighting in his eyes. Brian didn’t let it stop him. He walked right up and invaded Justin’s personal space enough to make the younger man uncomfortable . . . and uncomfortably turned on if the haze in the blue eyes was any indication. Then he waited. It was Justin’s turn.

Justin couldn’t believe it. Just when he’d lost all hope of winning Brian back, here he was again like some dark god of old, all smoldering looks and hooded hazel eyes, radiating predatory, sexual vibes and smirking humor.

“Hey, Cookie. Where you headed?” those perfect lips asked then rolled into the expressive mouth. The meaning? Why are you here instead of living your dream and ascending the ranks of famous artists?

Justin blinked, at a loss for words, transfixed by that beautiful mouth. When he could finally focus again, he looked Brian in the eye and tried to convey all his feelings about life without the older man in it. “No place special,” he said, tipping his head as if it really didn’t matter, though his mind was screaming for him to kiss Brian already! The unspoken message? Nothing is worthwhile or special or fun without you to share it with.

Brian’s chin angled up slightly and his eyelids drifted lower for a brief second. When they opened again, Justin was assaulted by the telling glint of devilry and acceptance of terms within them.

Brian offered a smirking curl of lip and an ever so slightly raised brow, “I can change that.”

Justin turned on a megawatt smile and, when Brian returned a grin of his own, Justin launched himself at the Big Guy, knowing that Brian would catch him and never let him fall.

After dumping Justin unceremoniously into the passenger seat, Brian peeled away from the curb and the cheering masses. He hadn’t made it very far though when Justin grabbed at his cock and started rubbing. Brian had to slam on the brakes or crash the car in his almost instant delirium. He threw the parking brake into gear and attacked the blond, biting at his lips and jerking at his pants. After a
momentary struggle with unyielding clothing, they managed to get each other’s cocks free and proceeded with mutual handjobs. It wasn’t the most elegant or romantic coupling but, after nearly two weeks apart, neither of them really cared. They simply needed to feel each other right that very instant.

The precipitous release they quickly arrived at required nothing more than some kissing and tugging for about a half a minute. But it was sufficient to allow Brian to re-engage his brain - at least long enough to put the car in gear and drive the few blocks needed to get to the loft, although the trip had ended up being made faster than was strictly safe. As soon as the Corvette was stopped in the garage, they were at it again, exchanging blowjobs in the weirdest and most cramped contortion of sixty-nine either of them had ever experienced.

The reunion didn’t stop there, though. Justin rode Brian’s cock on the stairs, somewhere between the second and third floors of the building. Justin then fucked Brian on all fours the minute they hit the shaggy throw rug behind the sofa, not even making it all the way to the bedroom in their haste. They laughed like loons as they stripped off cum-covered clothes afterwards and then raced each other to the shower, only to fuck twice more before they were actually clean.

You would think, dear readers, that by the time they hit the sheets, our Hottie Heroes would have been all fucked out.

But, like Michael, you would be dead wrong.

Sunday afternoon, Justin woke to Brian’s cell ringing continuously. He knew for a fact that it would go to voicemail after four rings, so whoever was trying to get ahold of him was hanging up after the third ring and immediately redialling. Either the person calling was just stupidly persistent or it really was important. He was betting on the former.

He untangled only one arm, keeping the rest of his limbs pretzeled under and around his lover, and snagged the offending device from the bedside table so he could chuck it out the door towards the living room. He had intended for it to hit the rug he had fucked Brian on two nights ago, but the phone sailed over it and crashed into tiny slivers of glass and plastic shrapnel that sprayed in a hundred different directions.

“Oops.” Justin said, not at all sorry, halfheartedly trying to appear contrite as hazel eyes fixed on his face knowingly.

“You’re gonna pay for that, Twat.” Brian drawled, doing what he could to hide his amusement at Justin’s reaction to his friends’ insistent attempts to talk to him.
“Mmm, is that so?” Justin murmured, nipping the only bit of extra flesh on Brian’s whole body - his chin.

Brian tipped his head back incrementally, allowing Justin to nibble the spot again and again. He had absolutely no desire to leave the comfort of his bed, his bodacious blond, or the sanctuary of his boy’s body. After Justin’s initial call to his mother on Friday night - at Brian’s insistence - to let her know he was okay and staying with Brian - about which she had been immensely pleased - the two men had sequestered themselves in the loft, ignoring all phone calls, emails, and even the insistent knocking - except for the occasional food delivery guy. In the interim, they had fucked, talked, eaten, fucked, showered, fucked in the shower, watched movies, laughed, and made love on, under, over, and inside nearly every conceivable place the loft contained. And even Brian had been amazed at how many places that had entailed. Yep, it had been the perfect weekend so far.

Now, lying there contemplating the demise of his phone and the possibility of punishing his twink for it, Brian’s lazy grin crinkled the corners of his eyes, “It is so.”

Justin’s nose pressed into Brian’s neck, rubbing against the pulse point there, “Well, since you paid me so handsomely, I suppose I could replace the phone . . . if you promise not to give Michael the new number,” he teased.

“Fuck that. It’s covered under the insurance,” Brian stated, rolling to his back and patting his groin for Justin to mount up. Justin complied without thought or hesitation, even as Brian directed him to face away, reverse cowboy style. “But I AM gonna take the deductible out of your ass.”

Justin groaned at that ridiculous attempt at humor as he slid down Brian’s cock.

Fuck! Justin thought, no matter how many times they did this, he still couldn’t get over how satisfied it made him feel to mount Brian’s dick when the man first awakened. It seemed bigger, thicker, harder, as Brian moved out of slumber than at any other time, day or night. Justin hit the base and rolled his hips, clenching his ass to tug Brian’s cock insistently, attempting to control the pace. Brian stretched up long enough to grasp a pale wrist in each hand and tug it around to the small of the younger man’s back and hold them there.

Justin tried to free himself, thinking Brian was playing around, but Brian gripped harder and thrust his pelvis upward, forcing Justin to lean forward a little and support himself on his legs or risk overbalancing. Well and truly caught now, Justin’s hands balled into fists and Brian chuckled, lying back to savor the view.
It was fabulous - if he did say so himself.

He had arrived home from Fire Island to find a small box waiting for him. Brian’s favorite online supplier of condoms had sent him a sample pack of some of their new varieties, including the one they called ‘Barely There’. It was even thinner than the ultra thins he was used to, and so clear he could see every single detail of his cock through the latex. That in itself was a huge turn on. But the fact that he almost couldn’t feel it either was a surprise bonus.

Added together with Justin’s perfect, heart-shaped ass on the receiving end for his viewing pleasure? Life didn’t get any better than that! Brian thought if he could wake up every day to such a view, he would die a very happy man.

Justin strained for more control, making his spine a long, supple canyon leading to the most magnificent ass, as the muscles flexed on either side. Brian thrust again, watching as his cock slid into the pink pucker surrounded by pale rounds of flesh. Brian even found the contrast of their skin tones erotic. He was hard pressed - no pun intended - to think of anything more arousing than the sight before him.

“More,” Justin breathed.

Brian grinned, using Cookie’s captured arms to push him further forward and leave a three or four inch gap between their bodies, which Brian immediately put to good use by pulling nearly all the way out and forcefully driving back in, stabbing ruthlessly at the boy’s sweet spot.

Justin could do nothing but try to keep his balance, the new condoms allowing him to feel every ridge and vein of Brian’s awesome appendage. Tears sprang to his eyes, he was so close to cumming, and trying to hold off until Brian was ready was killing him. Sheesh, he would always wake up happy if every day started like this!

“Sounds like a plan, Cookie.” Brian grunted, as his thrusts became shorter, faster.

Justin realized he must’ve spoken his thought out loud and hastened to correct any heteronormative leanings Brian might think he was implying. “I’ll have to try those condoms and this position with the next trick we bring . . .” Brian thrust so hard, Justin couldn’t speak, merely holding on as his orgasm ripped through him and spraying Brian’s legs just as he felt Brian’s hot spunk fill the condom in his ass. Holy Hell! It was as if the condom didn’t exist at all, the sensations were so intense.
Brian loosened his grip and rubbed Cookie’s wrists to allow the blood to flow again. “I can’t wait for you to do it either - the view is truly spectacular and I really didn’t feel like I was wearing one. I think we’ll be ordering those by the case if you like them as much as I do.”

Justin dismounted and sprawled on the bed next to Brian while the older man removed the condom, inspected it for breaks or leakage, found none, and nodded approvingly. He chucked it into the wastebasket and draped himself over the smaller man’s side, throwing an arm and a leg over him, possessively anchoring himself. His thoughts echoed Justin’s earlier comment. This really would not be difficult to get used to. He just hoped it was possible.

It wasn’t long before they were asleep again. All thoughts of phone calls. Friends and uncertain futures forgotten. At least for the time being.

Chapter Theme Music - Remedy.

Chapter End Notes

10/1/16 - Yay! Happy, everyone? Told you we’d get them back together eventually. You didn’t honestly doubt us, did you? LOL. Saje gets credit for most all of this chapter - her inspiration was strong so we just let her run with it. She even found the perfect song. We’ve had lots of online helpers stop in though: Brynn_Jones, Nichelle, Glo, eureka1, samcdee, even a couple of newbies. Thank you to everyone who’s contributed or even lurked. Now, since it’s obviously well past summer here in the Northern Hemisphere, let’s wrap up this summertime collaboration. S&T.
Alas, all good things must come to an end . . . The summer is officially over. The only Fiery Nights will be those happening off screen in Brian and Justin's bedroom. But, at least we got our HEA. Read. Enjoy! Thank you. S&T

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 52 - Inside Out.

When the finally-fucked-out lovers awoke later that Sunday, they both agreed that they might now be willing to venture out of the loft. Although, first, they needed to figure out what they’d be doing once they emerged from hiding. Not that they wanted to, mind you, but nobody could fuck 24/7 for more than three days or so. Not even the Boss and his Cookie. The only problem was that they couldn’t agree on exactly what they wanted to do or where, in Pittsburgh, they wanted to go.

Then Brian had a brilliant idea. “Hey, Cookie . . . how about getting the fuck out of Pittsburgh altogether?” he suggested, surprising Justin, who’d only just arrived in the town. “Why don’t we go back to Fire Island and make use of my beach house for the rest of the summer? It’s already paid for and I’m technically still supposed to be on vacation. Plus, you’ve gotta admit that August on a beach is way better than August in the heat, humidity, and dirt of the Steel City. So, why don’t we just head back there tomorrow?”

Justin’s smile grew as he pondered this. “Actually, that sounds like a fantastic idea, Boss!”

At just that moment, Justin’s stomach decided to make its voice heard. Brian laughed, “Okay, I get it . . . before we do anything else, we need to feed the beast.” He shoved back the covers on the bed
and rolled off the mattress, pulling Justin behind him. “But, since I don’t think I have anything that’s actually edible here, I propose that we shower and head to Sunday dinner at my surrogate mother’s house.” Justin looked a little unsure about that suggestion, but Brian continued with his explanation. “I know you’re a bit leery about meeting up with that group again, Cookie, but if you can just put up with it for one night, then I’ll be off the hook again for the rest of the summer. See, if we do dinner tonight, we can use it as an opportunity to inform my ‘family’, such as they are, that we’re leaving in the morning, and enforce the fact that they are NOT to bother us. Besides, Debbie would skin me alive if I didn’t bring you to meet her while you’re here. I’m sure she’ll have heard about us by now and will want to personally induct you into the family.”

“Who will be there?” Justin asked hesitantly.

“Just about everyone. Debbie, of course. Mikey, Emmett, Ted. And, unfortunately, Lindsay and Mel. But they’ll be bringing Gus, and I’m positive my Sonny Boy will be more than thrilled to see you again. He’s been talking about you nonstop all summer,” Brian answered, hoping that the lure of seeing Gus would outweigh Justin’s aversion to having to deal with the likes of Mikey and Lindsey.

Justin smiled at the thought of seeing Brian’s mini-me again. He was concerned about the reaction of the others, though. As if reading his mind, Brian persevered, “Don’t worry about Mikey and Lindz. I promise I’ll take care of them. It’s about time they learned their place in my life,” Brian pulled the reluctant man into his arms, looking down at Justin earnestly. “YOU are the one who’s important to me; their opinions are neither wanted nor needed. But, until I make that crystal clear to them, we’ll be constantly besieged. Which is why it’s probably better to deal with this now than let it wait.”

Justin scrunched up his face in displeasure at the very idea of having to share any of his Brian time with those people. But, they were Brian’s family, so he was going to have to learn to get along with them somehow. He figured that now was as good a time as any to extend an olive branch of sorts. Now, if only he could manage to keep his sharp Long Island tongue in check for however long it took to eat one meal with them . . .

Brian and Justin were settled in on the deck at The Albie, munching on fried clams and sipping away at bottles of Red Wagon, a local IPA Brian had previously sampled and deemed quite passable. The brunet hadn’t really believed he’d ever get to savor a helping of those famous clams and, apparently, neither had Reggie - a former dogsbody at the The Albie who’d been recently promoted to short order cook in Justin’s absence. The man had grinned at Brian when he asked for the fried treats and had teased, “You sure you wanna order those, Stud?” The tales of Brian’s clam woes had spread far and wide, even leaping across the water to Long Island.

Justin had grinned at his friend and had joked, “No sky rats, no fiddlers, no shortages, no clam-devouring tricks, not even a pissed-off blond chef. I think that means no more of ‘Mr. No Clams’. I reckon the Big Guy finally wins.”
“I certainly hope so,” Brian muttered when two overflowing platters of the fried delicacy were set on the table between them. He suspiciously looked up at the sky, checked the street for wayward bicyclists, and glanced at the nearest tables to be sure no former tricks were about to snatch HIS hard-earned clams. He hunched over his plate, sending a squinty-eyed glare at anyone who approached too close for his comfort, causing Justin to erupt in a fit of the giggles.

“Relax, Brian,” the blond brat gasped out, “no one’s gonna steal your clams again.”

Better safe than sorry, thought Brian, determined to guard those clams until they’d finally made their sweet way down his gullet.

While he scarfed down his delicacy, Brian glanced over at his sunshiny, radiantly-happy Cookie, who was leafing through the local, bi-weekly published rag, called the ‘Fire Island Tide’, when the boy suddenly burst out laughing. “You’ve got to hear this, Stud,” he tittered and proceeded to read:

‘Our reporters acquired a story about an unidentified man, allegedly a former resident of Ocean Beach, who recently underwent a series of unfortunate incidents that a normal person wouldn’t believe could actually happen. Earlier this year, he reportedly joined the Ponderosa Resort - a gay-oriented tourist camp near Dallas, Texas - to work as an entertainer. The newcomer had apparently been on the road for some time, searching for the muse that had abandoned him. During his quest, the man’s musical skills had not garnered the expected approbation and fame. He presumably decided, therefore, to try his luck in a community not too dissimilar to his hometown. As far as the other members of the community could determine, he thought a talented, nude violinist of his magnificent stature would always be in demand.

However, this gentleman was expelled from the Ponderosa when long-time residents lodged complaints that his inadequate equipment was scaring away the tourists, who usually came in droves to ogle the well-endowed men. We quote Mr. Jarvis, the oldest Ponderosa resident, as he waggled his own apparatus in front of the resident association’s committee members and opined, “I might have shriveled up a tad, but I can still take care of business with the best of them. And I can play the fiddle summat better, too.”

If the outsider had possessed sufficient musical talent, the association might have granted him permission to stay. Alas, that proved not to be the case. The man insisted on provoking his neighbors’ ire by playing his violin deep into the night.

“How the devil do you keep your nerves,” said the wails, “you sound like someone torturing a cat.” was the general consensus.
Unfortunately, the violinist resisted efforts to persuade him to relocate, and the residents reputedly resorted to drastic measures. Rumors of a tarred and feathered scarecrow with tackle so miniscule that it couldn’t be located beneath the downy white plumes, have drifted across the nation from points as far to the northwest as Portland, Oregon.

According to one of our reporters, who has been interviewing local Fire Islanders, the consensus seems to be that this mysterious personage did indeed once live in the neighbourhood. From what the locals could remember, the gentleman always had a tendency to get a hold of the wrong end of the stick. An anonymous member of the Fire Island police force commented that he used to constantly field complaints from the man’s neighbors about ongoing catfights.

“Sounded like a whole bunch of tomcats in heat,” one individual, who lived in close proximity to the unlucky fiddler, divulged, “I was thanking my lucky stars the day the fiddler fell off the roof and left town.”

Subsequent to the events at the Ponderosa, there have been reports from different gay and artists’ colonies all over America about a transient who appears out of nowhere, a fiddle slung across his back, playing and singing discordant ballads in which he mourns his lost muse. To date, it doesn’t look like this wayward artist has found a long-term home for his harmonies. We will continue to monitor this story and bring you the latest news as it becomes available.’

The brunet had chuckled throughout, managing to finish every bite of those delicious clams during the blond’s narration. Leaning back in his chair, he rubbed his slightly-distended stomach in replete satisfaction. What a fine late summer day. Good news, good food, and - above all - good company.

Brian was walking next to Justin along the shoreline, his right hand tucked cozily in the back pocket of his Sunshine’s shorts. Looking over at the bright blond hair and the radiant smile his companion was sporting, it brought to mind again the way that Debbie had instantly dubbed Justin with that nickname. Brian remembered hearing it used by others here on the island, but it hadn’t really made an impact on him until that moment. Now, Brian was hard pressed to think of his resplendent lover in any other way. Justin would always be his ‘Cookie’, but only in private. There was no way to hide his Sunshine away from the rest of the world though.

And right here, right now, was the best place he could think of to spend time with Sunshine. It was a gorgeous day on the island and Brian was so happy to be back and to have the chance to finish out the end of his vacation with the man walking next to him. The silence was companionable and replete with all the things Brian now knew about himself and what he wanted for his future.

Except for one thing.
He was loath to bring it up, but it had been nagging at him like a sore tooth for days. Yes, Justin had said he was in love with him. Yes, Justin wanted a relationship with him. No, monogamy was not a requirement for either. These things made Brian happy. Okay, okay! He was over-the-fucking-moon happy.

Which was why he didn’t want to ruin it by asking questions or trying to quantify it or . . . just ‘or’.

Still, he couldn’t help thinking . . . what came next?

Did they move in together? If so, where? He couldn’t stay on Fire Island indefinitely. His life, his son, his business were all in Pittsburgh. Justin had the job in Hollywood that would probably take six months to a year to complete, then what? Brian still wanted Justin to finish off the rest of the trip he had aborted to come to the Pitts. Justin had said, albeit, wordlessly - as was their way - that he really didn’t want to travel anymore without Brian, but when would they do that? With the holidays just around the corner, Kinnetik was coming into the busiest part of its year, and he really couldn’t take more time off. At least not the amount of time they would need to really enjoy that kind of experience.

Brian worried it over and over and still couldn’t find a solution that didn’t have either Justin or himself sacrificing one thing or another, most especially the fame the young artist so deserved.

“Stop thinking so hard, Big Guy. We’ll work it out,” Justin said, as they watched the sun set behind the island. Justin dared not laugh at the worrywart walking next to him, though, since Brian would probably queen out on him and then shut down. The big goof was radiating angst and, since the only thing Justin could think of that would cause that much anxiety in the confident man was the ‘R’ word, well . . . better to just put him out of his misery.

Brian was no longer surprised that the kid - make that, MAN - that had captured his heart, would know him well enough to figure out what was on his mind. Best to just put it out there and let the chips fall where they may. Brian pulled his hand from Justin’s pocket and laced his fingers through those of the smaller hand. He tugged on the blond’s hand in a signal to stop walking and wrapped his other arm around Justin’s waist, pulling him close, until they were face to face.

Brian kissed the perfect coral-pink lips, then said, “How? You say we’ll work it out, but how? What do you want?”

“That’s easy,” Justin said, nipping Brian’s chin with his teeth, a fairly new habit he didn’t see himself stopping anytime soon, “I want you.” Brian opened his mouth, to snark a retort, but Justin interrupted him, knowing what was coming. “Before you cut me off at the knees, Boss, I figure we could spend
the rest of your time here on the island fucking the inhabitants back to happiness. Then, I can come back to Pittsburgh and work for you. If you still want me, that is.”

Brian grinned and hugged the man a little closer, “Of course I want you.” He pressed his forehead and hips to Justin’s.

“Then, can we invite my family to ‘our’ place for the holidays?” Justin posed the question and Brian smiled by way of answering. “After that, you take me to the airport and create a completely romantic scene to send me on my way to Hollywood.”

Brian snorted. No way would he make a romantic scene at the airport.

“Then you pine away over me, send me silly cards and flowers, so I am constantly reminded of you and . . .”

“Shut up, Twat. How ‘bout I just come visit you instead. I would never do something as lesbianic as . . .”

“Alright, so you won’t pine for me, you will come out and fuck me silly twice a month.” Justin interrupted with a giggle, earning himself a not-so-gentle smack on the ass. “And, after the film’s done, we live together, wherever you want that to be, however you want that to be. So, see? It’s not complicated, Brian.”

“Justin . . . I . . . I just want you to be happy. Wherever that is, I want you happy.” Brian’s face twisted a little, revealing his agitation and his reservations that Justin could ever be happy with him for the long term.

Justin read it all. Brian thought he had a blank canvas for a face, but Justin saw right through it. Brian had the most amazing eyes. Justin hadn’t been kidding when he’d told Brian that day, weeks ago, that his eyes revealed everything. And there it was. Staring him right in the face. Brian’s insecurity that anyone could be happy with him. That anyone could love him for more than what he could do for them, or buy for them, or fix for them, or . . . just ‘or’. Never for himself. It was a shame, really. Brian was one of the most beautiful people he knew, inside and out. Charming, generous, loving, and attentive.

“I love you Brian. Not because you have money, not because you helped me realize some of my
dreams, and not because you got me that ridiculously outrageous contract for the film. I love you because you understand me. You get that I need to be me, not an extension of you. You get that I have ‘appetites’ that have nothing to do with my love for you and vice versa. I love that you adore your son and were willing to share your time with him, with me. I love that when I finally get home from California, you will be there waiting for me. I love that you will catch me if I fail, and you will encourage me to try again without judging me or telling me ‘I told you so’,” Justin reached up and grabbed Brian’s face before the man could turn aside. “I just love YOU, Brian. Not the Stud, the Boss or - fuck forbid - the Best Friend or the Baby Daddy. Just you. MY Brian. The Brian that came here to get away from all the rest of those things. My Brian, who took a chance on a twink from a backwater town. My Brian, the one who saw a bit of talent and did everything he could to foster it and make it accessible to the world. My Brian, that shows me everyday, in a hundred different ways, that he loves me too.”

And what did you say to that? . . . Nothing. Because nothing came close to expressing how it made Brian feel to hear those words. So he did the only thing he could to show the emotional little twat just how much it meant to him to hear it. He made love to Justin with every ounce of his being. For hours. Right there on the beach. Sand and all.

This time Brian didn’t complain about gritty sheets or nefarious particles buried in his unmentionables. This time, he just lay there as the sun peeked over the horizon announcing a new day. This time, he savored the feel of the warm body curled around him and the little snuffle-snores that told him his lover was still in dream land.

This time, he admitted to himself, he was happy.

Happy and in love. Happy in life. Happy in the unknown future that lay ahead like some endless ocean just waiting to be sailed and charted.

Brian smiled and choked back a laugh. His friends would blow a gasket. Well, Michael and Lindz would. Emmett would crow with delight and Ted would be quietly accepting. Cyn would tease him, just as he would’ve teased her, and Deb would get teary-eyed and say she had always known he could do it. Mel would probably snicker under her breath but would stay out of it for the most part.

But Gus would think, as always, that his daddy hung the moon. And that thought brought a full on megawatt smile that rivaled anything even Justin could produce. Speaking of Justin, the blond shifted, rutting against Brian’s ass while he slept, making Brian smile again and lace his fingers with those draped over his side.

Yeah, he and Justin would call Gus today and tell him of their plans to live together. Maybe they could get the tot for their last weekend on the island. Brian thought they could go fishing again or even just spend the time playing on the beach and cooking whatever they felt like. His Cookie had
made that part easy. He had taken to Gus like a duck to water, and the feeling was mutual. Thoughts of his two boys together made Brian feel good in a way that had his chest expanding and his mind racing with all the things they could do as a family.

But, first things first. He had to wake his man. How to do it though? Blow jobs were the standard for them, so that was out. He wanted something a little different. Settling quickly on an idea, he carefully extricated himself from the bed and dug through the few art supplies still at the house. He found the big fan tipped brush Justin had used to tickle him that one time along with a half tube of pink paint. Not a color he would have chosen, but it would have to do.

Back in the bedroom, Brian slowly drew the sheet off his slumbering beauty so as not to awaken him and opened the paint. He squeezed a goodly amount onto the back of his left hand. Justin conveniently rolled onto his back, arms and legs splayed, erection reaching past his navel. The perfect canvas.

Brian loaded the brush with paint and swirled some lightly around his partner’s nipple, making it pucker and harden. Then he painted a large heart around the left nipple and placed his and Justin’s initials inside it. Goofy, he knew, but he didn’t care. No one was going to see it but them. Then he painted hearts all over the rest of Justin’s front until the paint ran out and Justin was moaning in arousal while he dreamt.

And Brian watched. Whoever had said that watching paint dry was boring, had never done it like this. Brian ran the now empty bristles of the brush in feather-light strokes all over the available expanses of skin until Justin was thrusting at the air and his eyelids fluttered open in confusion.

They immediately sought out Brian and, when they fixed on his face, Brian got the smile he had been waiting for. “Morning, Justin,” he greeted his Sunshine.

If possible, the smile got even bigger. Hearing Brian use his given name was so fucking sexy! But before he could say so, Brian swept the hair from his forehead and kissed him there, then his eyes, his nose, and both earlobes, before making his way to Justin’s lips, leaving him breathless with desire. Brian kissed the center of every heart he had painted. When Justin, eyes closed, couldn’t figure out what was going on, he opened them to see Brian kissing a pink heart on his kneecap and couldn’t stifle the full-out laugh that erupted at the sight.

Brian’s face and neck reddened, but he didn’t stop what he was doing until he had reached the blond’s feet. Then he crawled back up to kiss the waiting lips and straddled Justin’s legs while he rolled the condom onto his partner’s swollen cock. Justin’s eyes darkened as he bit his lower lip. Brian trapped his smaller hands above his head and manipulated his hips until Justin’s dick was poised at his entrance.
“Look at me,” Brian demanded in a whisper, staying completely still until Justin complied and he was staring into ocean-blue depths. Brian slowly lowered his hips, taking the extraordinary man into his body, and watched the love-filled haze come over the face of the man he cared about so much. With a little wiggling and maneuvering, Brian managed to pull Justin to a sitting position without unseating himself. Then he framed Justin’s face in his hands and wrapped his legs around the smaller frame - giving up his power of leverage in favor of a more intimate embrace - and took Justin’s mouth with gentleness and, oddly, some shyness.

Justin coiled his arms around Brian’s waist, bending his own knees to gain some motion, and rocked against Brian’s ass. There wasn’t much room for actual thrusting, but the closeness of being wrapped up together more than made up for it as Brian rolled his hips in counterpoint to Justin’s every upward rock. Brian ran his hands through Justin’s hair, nuzzled his face into Justin’s neck, and whispered ‘Mine’ with every slide of his cock trapped between them. The possessiveness could have upset Justin but, instead, all he could think was ‘His’ and how wonderful it felt to be here with Brian. Feel these things with Brian. Slip and slide, easy like, to orgasm with Brian. It was slow. It was quiet. It was perfect.

Brian couldn’t believe it was already Labor Day weekend. His idyllic and eventful summer was coming to a close. Tomorrow, he would be heading home to Pittsburgh. Of course, he wouldn’t be heading home alone - he was going to be bringing home a wonderful souvenir from this particular vacation, namely the man sitting on the beach lounger next to him.

Justin, the man in question, was too busy ogling the panoply of beautiful men lining the beach in front of them and planning out exactly how the two of them would be sampling this smorgasbord of beautiful hunky men to join Brian in his bittersweet thoughts.

“I say we start with those two right over there,” Justin pointed to a well tanned thirty-something hunk wearing skimpy black briefs and his slightly shorter but still brawny companion standing amid the sea of other partygoers. “They look like tourists just dying to get the full Island Experience. We can pull them without even blinking. And it will whet your appetite for the main course I have planned later . . .”

Brian laughed at his energetic and imaginative entertainment director. Even though their bet had been called off weeks earlier, Justin had insisted on keeping up the pretense of acting as Brian’s personal party planner for the duration of their summer stay. It wasn’t exactly a hardship for Brian to play along, though, so he didn’t protest. Justin always came up with the best games. And these two did look like tasty appetisers. Brian was certainly willing to give them a try.

He could always do the mellow contemplation and mourning the end of the summer later.
Fifteen minutes later the two of them were resuming their seats on the loungers that Justin had ensured would be waiting for them by paying two of his local friends ten bucks to shoo off any sticky-fingered party crashers. Justin was still complaining about the guy he’d fucked. Brian had suggested the little artist take on the taller of the two tricks, mostly because he loved to watch the relatively petite blond manhandling a big beefy top into submission. Unfortunately, in this case, it appeared that the seemingly brutal top Justin had taken was really a nelly-bottom boy with an already well-used ass that was not nearly as tight as Justin preferred. Brian could only chuckle at his boy’s ongoing complaints about loose-assed losers and how there should be some kind of law requiring full disclosure before fucking.

Brian couldn’t help it. His Sunshine was so ridiculously adorable. He simply had to lean over, pull the kvetching boy towards him, and kiss the fuck out of him. Justin didn’t seem to mind, though. He kissed back as if sucking on Brian’s tongue was the only thing he was living for. And for the next five minutes or so, the two men almost forgot that they were making out in the middle of the Fire Island Ascension party - one of the largest gay circuit parties on the continent. But that was okay, because every day Brian got to spend with this man felt like a fucking party.

They were finally interrupted, though, when a tall, well-formed body clad only in white trunks with the word ‘Ascension’ splashed across the ass leaned in and politely tapped Brian on the shoulder.

“You’re Brian Kinney, right?” Ascension Ass asked hesitantly and smiled when Brian waggled his eyebrows and nodded. “Cool. I’ve seen you guys on YouTube, but you look even hotter in person.”

“Thanks . . . Can we help you with something?” Brian had to prompt him when there was nothing else forthcoming.

“Oh. Yeah! Sorry, um, I just never met any celebrities like you guys before, you know,” Ascension Ass stuttered, completely awestruck by his momentary contact with fame. “But, um, well, me and the guys . . .” he pointed over his shoulder where a dozen or so of the Ascension Party staff, all similarly clad, were waiting. “Well, we were told that you two were expecting a bunch of us and . . . um . . . I guess we just wanted you to know that we’re ready whenever you guys are?” the less than eloquent, but very toothsome, party favor replied.

“I see . . . So, Sunshine, I’m assuming that you had a hand in this?” Brian addressed his grinning companion.

“Of course I did. I figured you wouldn’t want to leave Fire Island without a bang - literally!” Justin teased, getting up off his chair and waving over their local lounger protection squad. “So, I arranged to have the Ascension Team available for a little late afternoon stress relief. What do you say, Boss? You up for this?”
Brian surveyed the bevy of beauties waiting for them only a few feet down the beach and almost instantly got hard. “You know, Sunshine, you pick up the best party favors. How do you always know what I’ll like?”

Justin giggled, grabbed Brian by the hand, and then started following Ascension Ass towards the waiting treat. “It’s easy. You old guys, you always like the same type,” Justin kidded, waggling his eyebrows almost as lasciviously as the master himself could have done it.

Brian swatted him on the ass and then followed along behind. He was already amused simply by the way Justin was shouting out orders as to where and how he wanted their next meal arranged. Brian didn’t have to say a word. He knew that his Cookie would take care of him. That was just one of the benefits of having a lover - and, yes, he was getting more and more comfortable using that word every single day - who was such a consummate stud in his own right. Brian knew Justin would get the arrangements just right. He trusted the younger man implicitly with everything. His home, his life, his tricks . . . even his heart.

Yep, life was fucking good. Brian Kinney finally had it all. He had a successful business, a happy, healthy son, all the ass he could fuck day or night, and someone to share it with that truly loved him. It wasn’t what he’d planned to find that summer on Fire Island, but he was glad he’d found it nonetheless.

As the sun set on the last day of their stay on Fire Island, Brian and Justin found themselves sitting on the very same driftwood log where the whole summer had started.

It had been a fun day in the sun and they were both feeling happily enervated. Brian felt that he’d done the Ascension Party proud. What with Justin’s creative fucking genius, the island would, no doubt, be talking about that last big hurrah with the Ascension team for years to come. It HAD been extremely enjoyable. Brian had to give the boy credit for that. But, strangely enough, it had felt a bit superfluous. Like one more huge chain fuck was just another trick. The only thing that had really stood out about the experience in Brian’s mind was way his Cookie had been smiling at HIM through the whole thing. That was what had really made the day memorable. Because all the ass in the world didn’t mean half as much to him as the fact that Justin Taylor had chosen Brian Kinney.

By this time tomorrow, they’d be back in Pittsburgh, where, hopefully, all of Justin’s stuff would have already arrived. Brian was truly looking forward to this new development. Before this summer, he’d never even dreamt of having anyone living with him full-time. But now, he couldn’t imagine things any other way. He was actually excited to be moving on and entering into this new phase of his life. He wasn’t even scared of the fact that he had somehow fallen into a ‘relationship’. Well, at least not much. They would have the next four months to work out any snags that might arise in that relationship thing before Justin would head out to Hollywood to start his job on the film.
Brian was confident that they could make it through anything that might arise. They worked really well as a team. It would all work out somehow.

As the last flicker of daylight started to seep away, Justin pulled his phone out of his pocket, tapped at the screen a few times, and then put it back, without explaining to Brian what he was doing. Brian suspected that his entertainment committee chair was already planning something new. That’s how Justin was and Brian thoroughly approved. But, when Justin then stood up and started to walk away without saying anything, Brian started to get just a bit confused.

“Hey! What’s up, Cookie?” Brian hollered after the retreating man.

“Oh, hey,” Justin said, turning back around and approaching as if he’d completely forgotten Brian was even sitting there. “You waiting for me, Handsome? You know, you can be next if you want. I’ve still got . . . eight minutes left on my break,” he added with a snarky grin.

Brian broke out laughing but decided to play along. “Yeah . . . I don't think so, kid. You're definitely not my type.”

“What are you talking about? I’m everybody's type. I’m young, blond, and hung. I'm also a great fuck,” the blond boy shot back indignantly.

“I don’t think so. See, I’m a top,” Brian explained, shrugging his shoulders demonstratively.

“Sure you are, Stud . . .” Justin broke out of character for just a second, winking saucily at his partner. “Well, lucky for you, though, I'm completely versatile.”

“You are at that,” Brian grinned back invitingly. “Why don’t you come over here and show me just how versatile, Townie.”

“I’ve got a better idea, City Boy,” Justin approached the log again, but kept just out of Brian’s reach. “How about we make a bet?”

“A bet? I don’t know. The last bet I made didn’t end so well. We had to call it off and I got my heart broken. I’m not sure I want to go through all that again,” Brian teased.

“But you’re going to love THIS bet, Stud,” Justin suggested as he finally moved close enough that
Brian could grab hold and tug him back to the log. “I bet I can prove to you that fucking a guy more than once is not necessarily the horrible prospect that a Stud like you thinks. In fact, I know you don’t believe me yet, but fucking a guy over and over again is actually a great way to increase your pleasure.”

“Uh huh. You don’t say?” Brian was more than willing to let his Cookie prove this particular point, which he’d already ceded, but which he would gladly lose again. “And what do you get if you win this bet?”

“If I win, you have to take me home with you and let me love you forever. No big deal,” Justin proposed.

“And if I win?”

“You won’t,” Justin laughed out loud.

“A bit overconfident, don’t you think?”

“Nope. Just sure of myself,” the Cookie smirked. “So. What do you say? You willing to take me up on this bet, Boss?”

“You’re a fucking nutcase, you know that, right, Cookie?”

“True. But irrelevant. Do we have a deal?” Justin pressed.

“Fine, Cookie. Prove to me that I’ll enjoy fucking you over and over again, and then I’ll happily take you home with me and let you love me forever. If I have to.” Brian yielded.

“Excellent!” Justin crowed as he peeled off Brian’s hands from around his waist and stood up. “You’re so easy, Brian! Hahahaha! Come on over guys! Your timing is perfect.”

Brian looked around, totally confused, until he saw two familiar faces approaching from across the beach. Braydon and Brock were smiling their identically beautiful, pale smiles as they neared. The one closest to Brian - he thought it was Braydon - winked at him playfully.
“We brought our own cowboy hats this time,” Brock declared, waving the prop in the air.

Brian looked over at his own tricky twink. Justin was standing there grinning at him, pleased as punch with his little joke. Fucking annoying little twat! This wasn’t exactly the bet Brian had thought he was getting into. But, then again, the first bet they’d made hadn’t turned out the way he expected either, and it was the best thing that had ever happened to him in his life.

“What the hell! You win, Sunshine. I guess I have no choice but to take you home with me and deal with all the fucking trouble you’re bound to cause.” Brian shook his head and chuckled at the gloating look of victory on his ingenious partner’s face. “But, I’m warning you, you’d better not get too comfortable. I’ll most likely get bored of you tomorrow.”

After that, the summer ended much the same way it had started, with laughter, teasing, lots of fucking, and even more fun. And Brian was sure that there would be more of the same in his future. With a little fireball like Justin at his side, the fiery nights would likely go on long after they left Fire Island. Best vacation, ever!

Chapter Theme Music - Inside Out.

Chapter End Notes

19/2/16 - So, this is it folks, it’s all we wrote. The journey has been just as much fun for the authors as it has been for Brian and Justin. The late nights, giggling over silly passages, crying with our boys into our wine glasses. We hope you have had as much fun as we have, and your responses will determine if we do this again next summer. In vino veritas - not sure if that applied to us, well, except for the vino part. We got that covered. LOL. Saje. :

Thanks also to all our online helpers - cookiebun, eureka1, samcdee, Brynn_Jones, Glo, SunshineSally, and many others. We loved having your contributions, it really made the story into something special. We also have to thank the online lurkers - just having you there was sometimes inspirational. And finally, thanks to all our readers, especially those who have left comments. We sometimes were so busy writing that we didn’t have time to answer you, but we still savored each and every comment. Thank you for taking the time to let us know what you thought. Love you all! TAG
Music for Your Fiery Nights.

Chapter Notes

Tunes!

Chapter 53 - Music for Your Fiery Nights.

Because everyone deserves some really great tunes by which to read their erotic gay fiction . . . Here’s a comprehensive list of the music that we listened to while we were writing Fiery Nights. Hope you enjoy it all! S&T

Chapter 1 - Summertime by Billy Stewart

Chapter 2 - Talking Body by Tove Lo.

Chapter 3 - Song of Sand by Suzanne Vega.

Chapter 4 - Island In The Sun by Weezer.

Chapter 5 - Honey by Moby.


Chapter 7 - Sunshine Superman by Donovan.

Chapter 8 - Control by Janet Jackson, Your Man by Josh Turner, Hold On/Break Free by The Skivvies with Randy Harrison, Love In The First Degree by Alabama, Can't Touch This by MC Hammer, Ooh La La by Goldfrapp, Irresistible by Jessica Simpson, Red Light Special by TLC, Shut Up and Let Me Go by The Ting Tings, Damn I Wish I Was Your Lover by Sophie B. Hawkins.

Chapter 9 - Feels So Good by Steven Tyler.

Chapter 10 - Vacation by The GoGo’s
Chapter 11 - _Firework_ by Katy Perry.

Chapter 12 - _We Will Rock You_ by Queen.

Chapter 13 - _Rope Burn_ by Janet Jackson

Chapter 14 - _Skinny Dippin_ by Whitney Duncan

Chapter 15 - _He's Gone_ by The Chantels.

Chapter 16 - _True Colors_ by Cyndi Lauper.

Chapter 17 - _I Want You To Want Me_ by Cheap Trick.

Chapter 18 - _Let's Hear It For The Boy_ by Deniece Williams.

Chapter 19 - _Fallin'_ by Alicia Keys.

Chapter 20 - _Double Bogey Blues_ by Mickey Jones.

Chapter 21 - _Ace In The Hole_ by Paul Simon.

Chapter 22 - _Fever_ by Elvis Presley.

Chapter 23 - _The Man That Got Away_ by Judy Garland.

Chapter 24 - _Pocketful of Sunshine_ by Natasha Bedingfield

Chapter 25 - _Banana Pancakes_ by Jack Johnson.

Chapter 26 - _When I Grow Up To Be A Man_ by The Beach Boys.

Chapter 27 - _She Only Bitches When She Breathes_ by Freddy B.

Chapter 28 - _The Penis Song_ by Cameron Diaz , Christina Applegate & Selma Blair

Chapter 29 - _Scratching Things is Fun_ by Koit.

Chapter 30 - _Andy Warhol_ by David Bowie.

Chapter 31 - _Turn Me On_ by Norah Jones.

Chapter 32 - _Alone At Last_ by Jackie Wilson.

Chapter 33 - _Beautiful Boy_ by John Lennon.

Chapter 34 - _My Father's Eyes_ by Eric Clapton.

Chapter 35 - _I'm Going Fishin'_ by Doc Watson.

Chapter 36 - _Sometimes When We Touch_ by Dan Hill.

Chapter 37 - _Little Dragon Sunshine_ by Little Dragon.

Chapter 38 - _The Lizard Life_ by ZZ Top.

Chapter 39 - _Crazy Bitch_ by Buckcherry.
Chapter 40 - *What, What In The Butt!* By Samwell.

Chapter 41 - *Sexy Drag Queen* by RuPaul.

Chapter 42 - *Control* by Puddle of Mudd.

Chapter 43 - *Rawhide* by Frankie Laine.

Chapter 44 - *Scream and Shout* by The Skivvies with Wesley Taylor and *Dancing With My Own Self* by The Skivvies with Randy Harrison.

Chapter 45 - *The Sound of Sunshine Coming Down* by Michael Franti and Spearhead.

Chapter 46 - *Jealous Lover* by Rainbow.

Chapter 47 - *Born To Be Somebody* by Justin Bieber.

Chapter 48 - *Edge of Glory* by Well Strung.

Chapter 49 - *Lost Boy* by Ruth B.

Chapter 50 - *Summertime Sadness* by Lana Del Rey.

Chapter 51 - *Remedy* by Adele.

Chapter 52 - *Inside Out* by The Chainsmokers.

And to wrap it all up . . . *Save The Last Dance For Me!* By Michael Buble.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!