Simply Sexual

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**Simply Sexual**

by [Tagsit](http://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary**

Brian Kinney’s new advertising business, Kinnetik, has taken off and he’s busier than he has ever been. So busy, in fact, that his nightly forays to the bars and clubs on Liberty Avenue have become few and far between. When he sees a beautiful, blond young man at a local hustler bar, Kinney decides it’ll be easier to take the ‘professional’ home tonight instead of wasting time with tricks at the club. But Brian Kinney has no idea what he’s gotten himself into with this particular young man and the deal that starts out as Simply Sexual turns into so much more.

***STORY IS NOW COMPLETE! Enjoy!***

**Notes**

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Chapter 1 - Images.

Justin was wondering what exactly he had done to anger the god Somnus. The Roman god of sleep must be really pissed at him since he hadn’t visited the young man much lately. It was either that or else, maybe, the River Lethe, the river of forgetfulness which according to mythology ran through the underground cave where Somnus lived, had somehow become dammed up and wasn’t getting to Justin’s bedroom these days.

Justin had been lying in the bed of the guest room at his friend Daphne’s house for more than four hours now, trying to figure out how to shut off his brain so he could finally get some sleep. He’d had no luck so far. His crappy life just wouldn’t stop re-running through his brain and even though he knew there was nothing he could do about any of his troubles at 3:00 am, he couldn’t shut up his subconscious mind. Over and over: Where am I going to go. Where am I going to live. I need a job to pay for an apartment. I need some skills to get a job. I need to go to school to get some experience. I can’t afford to go to school without money. I need a job to get money. I can’t find a job if I have nowhere to live. When am I supposed to find a job or an apartment while I’m trying to study for my finals so I can graduate high school with a high enough GPA to get into a good school, which I won’t be able to attend anyway since I have no money. Arghhhhhhh!

Justin finally gave up altogether on Somnus and decided to instead pay service to Abundantia, the goddess of food. He plodded softly to the kitchen and raided the Chanders’ fridge, liberating some mint, chocolate-chip ice cream and a large glass of skim milk. Apparently, either he hadn’t been as quiet as he thought, or his best friend Daphne was also on the outs with Somnus, because he hadn’t even finished his first bowl of ice cream before she padded into the kitchen as well and grabbed a second spoon so she could help him with his ice cream.

The two friends sat and ate for awhile in silence. When the first bowl of ice cream was gone, Daphne got out the carton and spooned them up a second serving. Finally, as they were nearing the bottom of that bowl, Daphne appeared awake enough for conversation.

“I was having the oddest dream. I dreamed that the god Morpheus was standing over my bed and hitting me in the head with a big stick and yelling that I needed to stop dreaming about eggs,” Daphne explained. “What the hell do you think that means.”

“Probably that we need to stop studying for our mythology class final right before bedtime,” Justin laughed. “I myself was having a long conversation with Somnus about why he’d forsaken me. He said he’d have to get back to me on that later.”

“Jus, it’s going to be okay. You still have a few weeks until school’s out,” Daphne tried to console her friend. “And, I doubt my parents are just going to throw you on the street the day after graduation if you don’t have a new place to live yet.”

“I know, Daph. It’s just that your parents have already been so good to me and I don’t want to be a burden to them.” Justin was playing with his spoon as he spoke, using it to draw pictures on the table top with a puddle of spilled ice cream. “I told them I would only stay through graduation and I don’t want to go back on that promise.”

“Let’s just get through finals and then I’ll help you find a place.” Daphne promised.

“Okay. I just can’t help worrying about it all, you know.” Justin threw the spoon into the sink behind
him and got up to get a towel to clean up his ice cream mess. “God, I hate my father. This is all his fucking fault - who knew the guy who was my little league coach, my biggest supporter, the parent who told me I shouldn’t worry about working while I was in school and that I should concentrate on my school work - fuck, he was practically my best friend after you, Daph - would turn out be such a bigot. I know it’s been, like, a month already, but I’m still in such fucking shock at how he reacted. Now, I’m homeless, I have no job and no job skills and no fucking future. Remind me again why I’m bothering with finals at all - I’m never going to be able to pay for college anyway so what does it matter if I graduate?”

Daphne grabbed the kitchen towel away from Justin, who’d been wadding it up into a tight little ball in his fists, and pulled him back to the table where she forced him to sit down again.

“We’ve already bitched about your father a hundred times, Jus. He’s an ass. He kicked you out of the house two months before graduation just because he found out you were gay. Yadda, yadda, yadda. But, tomorrow’s your birthday, can’t we forget about your dad and everything else for at least the next twenty-four hours and just celebrate you turning eighteen?”

“A fucking lot I have to celebrate about.” Justin was now just being stubborn, thought Daphne, but she had a plan to get him out of his funk for at least a little while.

“Come on, Jus. Tomorrow is Friday and your birthday. And, whether you feel like celebrating or not, I’m taking you out tomorrow night. You ARE going to enjoy yourself for one night. I’m sick of you moping around here and complaining. So, like it or not, you better get back to bed and get your beauty sleep so you won’t be too tired to party with your best friend tomorrow night.” Daphne got up and gave Justin a quick peck on his forehead then sauntered out of the kitchen, heading back upstairs to her room.

Justin reluctantly got up to follow Daphne upstairs. He shut off the kitchen light and headed up the stairs. He didn’t think that getting his beauty sleep was very likely, though, under the circumstances. He might as well pull out his books and finish studying for his mythology final, he decided.

((((((((((((((((((((((B/J)))))))))))))))))))))))

“I don’t care how busy you are, Brian. You haven’t been out with any of the gang for weeks, now. I’m dragging your ass out for at least one night,” the short, dark haired man said as he tugged at the sleeve of a taller, handsome, auburn haired man, who was dragging his feet as the two walked along.

“Mikey, I told you, I have a huge presentation tomorrow morning for a potential new client that I have to finalize tonight. I don’t have time to tag along with you to the club tonight,” Brian responded, trying at the same time to pry the other man’s grip from the sleeve of his suit jacket.

“Wrong. I already talked to Cynthia before I came to get you,” Michael replied. “She told me the presentation was already complete and ready to go. And, she agreed with me that you’ve been a bitch lately and could probably use a night out to improve your mood.”

“Cynthia told you that? Remind me to fire her in the morning, the nosy bitch.”

“Actually, her exact words were, ‘Michael, get him the fuck out of here and get him laid so he leaves me alone for the rest of tonight. If he asks me to make one more unneeded change to the presentation I’m going to kill him.’” Michael quoted Brian’s Executive Assistant, trying his best for a Cynthia imitation, but sounding more like Carol Burnett. “So, you can’t use work as an excuse tonight, my friend.”

“Fine, Mikey. You win. I’ll go and get laid, if I HAVE to,” Brian said with fake resignation. “But, I
really do need to revamp a couple of the boards, no matter what Cynthia said. So, I don’t have time for Babylon.”

Michael put on his sad puppy-dog eyes and looked up at Brian as if his friend was intentionally trying to ruin all his fun this evening.

“God, Mikey, has anyone ever told you how pathetic you are?” Brian sighed. “Okay. One drink. Will that satisfy you? But, I don’t want to waste time going all the way to Woody’s of the club. There’s a little bar just block over that we can go to instead - it’s closer and that way I can get back to work sooner once I’ve got you off my back.”

“Cool.” Mikey sounded like he was fourteen again, Brian thought. “What bar are you talking about, though. I don’t remember anyplace this far down the Ave.”

“Images.” Brian answered.

“Isn’t that a creepy hustler bar? I didn’t know you ever went in there.”

“I usually don’t, but you are leaving me few options, here, Mikey. You are the one insisting we go out, so if you don’t like my choice, we can always. . . .”

“No. No. That’ll be fine, I guess,” Michael capitulated. “All I care about is getting to finally spend some time with you, Brian.”

“After you, then, Mikey,” Brian said, holding open the door to the bar for his friend before following him into the seedy looking bar.

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Justin wasn’t sure about the bar his friend Daphne was leading him towards. It looked a little run down and it was one of those places where all the windows have been blacked out so you can’t see inside - he really didn’t like that, it made it seem like all the people in the bar were hiding from something. Like he said, it was creepy.

“Daph, are you sure this is the place you wanted?” Justin asked.

Daphne didn’t look sure herself but she responded as confidently as she could, “I think so. I looked it up on the internet - I haven’t actually been here before, you know - but I wanted you to have fun on your birthday, soooooo. . . . I did some research on gay bars and this was one of the first ones that came up. Happy Birthday, sport!”

“Oh, god, Daph. You didn’t! Just because I’m gay doesn’t mean you had to take me to a gay bar for my birthday. What do you think - I’m just going to waltz in there and get laid or something. Did you have to pick the seediest gay bar in the city, too?”

“Sorry, Jus, if I’m not exactly up on which gay bars in Pittsburgh are the trendiest. Give me a break.” Daphne seemed a little hurt that her friend wasn’t more enthusiastic about her little surprise. “Come on. Let’s just check it out. You might actually enjoy yourself, you know. And, I don’t expect you to get laid, or anything, I just thought you might, you know, meet someone. . . .”

“You mean meet someone that YOU like - at least someone you like better than Chris?” Justin said, poking his friend in the ribs as he spoke.

Justin knew that Daphne didn’t really approve of his relationship with Chris Hobbs. Mostly because it was the jock’s fault he’d been outing and subsequently kicked out of the house by his father. But, it
wasn’t Chris’ fault, Justin thought. It had just been simple bad luck that Coach Bowman had caught the two of them making out virtually naked in the boys locker room after the game against Central. Before that the two of them had managed to be a lot more careful - a quick kiss behind the football stadium stands, a gropo or three in the boys toilet or locker room, a hand job in the athletic equipment shed one afternoon.

In fact, Justin blamed himself for their predicament more than Chris. It was Justin who had kept pursuing the other boy - Chris Hobbs was definitely NOT the aggressor in the relationship. He was so deeply in the closet that he couldn’t even find the doorknob with a flashlight. Justin hadn’t exactly been out there before either, but he at least acknowledged he was gay. He just hadn’t had much opportunity to do anything about it while at St. James Academy, until Chris, that is. And if Chris hadn’t caught Justin drawing those naked sketches of him one afternoon, and been obviously turned on by it, Justin wouldn’t have ever known the star football jock was gay at all.

But, that didn’t make any difference to Daphne. She was still angry at Hobbs because he had managed to skate through the aftermath of their ‘indiscretion’ relatively unskathed while Justin had taken the brunt of the fallout. Hobbs’ parents had buckets of money - they weren’t just well off like Justin and Daphne’s families, but actually, filthy, stinking rich - and had used that money along with their influence to keep Chris’ name out of the affair. Of course, the parents of both teens knew the whole truth. But somehow, only Justin had been outed to the rest of the school and Chris had managed to retreat back to the depths of his closet, unlikely to ever be heard from again, if his parents had anything to say about it. And in the meantime, Justin’s father had lost his mind completely, kicked his son out of the house and refused to ever have anything to do with him again.

Justin still talked to Chris occasionally, and they were sorta friends still, but it wasn’t easy for them to see each other anymore since Chris’ folks were keeping a pretty close eye on him these days. So, Justin had been on his own for the past couple of months and he’d had to bear the shitstorm from the ‘incident’ alone. Daphne didn’t appreciate Chris’ apparent lack of loyalty to her best friend and wasn’t likely to forgive him anything soon. Which was likely why she had dragged him here to this dive gay bar in the first place.

“Whatever,” Daphne wasn’t willing to admit anything. “Just come on and let’s see what it’s like inside. It might be a lot better than it looks from the outside. We can always go somewhere else later if it’s too horrid.” And, Daphne led the way inside.

“Are you sure about this place, Bri?” Michael asked again as the two men sat with their drinks at a booth in the back of the dimly lighted bar.

Brian looked around at the clientele in Images tonight and was almost ready to agree with Michael that it was pretty much a bust. There were a lot of older guys - really older guys, that is - grey hair and beer bellies included. Then, there were a lot of really young guys - so young that most were only questionably legal. But there weren’t a lot of the kind of hot twenty-something guys that were Brian’s usual prey.

It WAS a complete dive, Brian was willing to admit it. He only ever came in here when he was practically desperate - when he just needed a quick lay and didn’t have time to look for it anywhere better. Not that Brian Kinney needed to pay for it, but sometimes it just saved time to get in, pick up a nice looking hustler and get out quickly. It was just sex, for fuck’s sake, what the hell did it matter if it was a willing trick or a willing working boy. He had plenty of money and didn’t have much time these days, so a rent boy now and then was a good option.

But tonight it didn’t look like there were even any ‘professionals’ that were worth settling for. He
and Mikey had already downed a couple of drinks each and had caught up on the usual gossip about the family. Brian’s mind was already drifting back to the presentation for ‘New Seasonings’, a local chain of natural, organic and high-end grocery stores that he’d been trying to land for the last two months. Brian was only going to give this place about fifteen more minutes before he called it quits for tonight and headed back to his office to finalize the boards for tomorrow’s pitch.

“God, Bri. That kid over there looks like he couldn’t be more than fourteen.” Michael was commenting on an especially young looking rent boy who had just approached a grey-hair at the bar and was obviously angling for a ‘date’. “Are the hustlers getting younger these days or are we just getting older?”

“Speak for yourself, Mikey.” Brian was NOT ready to admit anything when it came to aging. “I’m still at the peak of my sexuality. They don’t call me the ‘Stud of Liberty Avenue’ for nothing.”

“Well, if you don’t start showing up at Babylon and a few more of the bars, they won’t be calling you that for much longer, Brian,” Michael started, then realized from the look on his friend’s face that he probably should have kept that particular piece of gossip quiet.

“What the fuck are you talking about, Mikey?”

“Just that, there’s this new guy who’s been talking shit about you a lot lately. He’s been saying that you must have lost your mojo since you hardly ever show up at the bars and clubs anymore. Not that anybody’s really listening to him.”

“Fuck him, Mikey.” Brian put on a show of nonchalance. “Let him talk. I couldn’t give a crap. I have a lot better things to do with my time right now, is all. I’ve built Kinnetik up from nothing to become one of the hottest Ad agencies in the city in less than six months. And, if I win this account tomorrow, it won’t just be one of the hottest, It’ll be THE hottest. Then I can worry about what all the rumor mongering queens think about me - and, I’ll have the money to shut them all up, too. Until then, well, it’s just easier to use a rent-boy when I need one than to waste all my time trolling at Babylon.”

Michael looked a bit shocked at Brian’s admission. He’d had no idea that his idol was stooping to actually paying for it these days. Michael would never say anything to Brian, but he’d met the guy who was spreading all the rumors and knew that Brian was going to have to fight to keep his title of ‘Stud’ - Brandon, the guy that was trying to topple Kinney, was hot and at least as promiscuous as Brian had been in his heyday, if not more so. But, Mikey was nothing if not loyal and would never voice any such doubts to Brian.

“Besides, Mikey,” Brian was continuing. “I like the professionalism and lack of attitude you get with most hustlers. It’s in and out with the minimum of mess and the maximum of pleasure - just like I always liked it. I like the business-like approach and the lack of all the emotional bullshit. It works for me, right now.”

“Whatever you say, Bri.” Michael agreed.

Just then, Brian saw a possibility for the night come through the front door. He didn’t think he’d seen this kid before, but he definitely had possibilities. At first glance, the kid looked really young, but then Brian decided he was probably older than he looked - he did have that twinkie thing going for him though. The guy wasn’t tall - which was a bit of a turn off for Brian, who generally liked his men to be taller, but he didn’t really feel like being all that picky tonight so, he could probably overlook the height issue. Especially since this one was quite the looker otherwise - Golden blond hair, cut in a short preppy style, slim build and a great smile with creamy, soft-looking pale skin. Brian took about ten seconds to think it over and then, smiling a goodbye to Michael, he finished off
his drink and then headed over to the newcomer to see what could be arranged for the evening.
Chapter Notes

Things heat up pretty quickly in this story. Get ready for some SMUT! Enjoy! TAG

Chapter 2 - The Pick Up.

Justin wasn’t any more impressed with the bar once they were inside than he’d been when he and Daphne had been standing on the sidewalk. He knew Daph had tried hard to please him with this little secret plan, though, so he thought he would try to enjoy himself, or at the very least pretend he was enjoying himself until Daphne was willing to give up and leave. Looking around at the rest of the bar patrons, he hoped that would be soon - nobody here was even remotely someone he would want to meet.

Daphne got them both drinks and they headed towards a small table near the pool tables. Daphne was THE only girl in the bar, but Justin was impressed with how she didn’t seem to notice, let alone care, and was once again glad that she was his best friend. She had been so supportive since the ‘Hobbs Debacle’. He didn’t think he would have made it if it hadn’t been for Daph. God she was great - which was just one more reason why he would pretend he was enjoying himself tonight.

The two teens sat sipping their beers and tried to look inconspicuous. It wasn’t easy though. The couple seemed to be drawing pretty much all eyes. Hadn’t these louts ever seen a girl before? Justin was getting a little edgy with all the attention, and despite his intention to tough it out for his friend’s sake, he was just about ready to suggest that they leave when he noticed someone approaching their table.

The man coming towards them was absolutely gorgeous, Justin thought, and his opinion of the bar shot up one hundred fold. This guy was tall - probably 6’2” or 6’3’ - with dark coppery colored hair, tanned skin and a trim, fit body that looked like it took hours in the gym to keep up. Justin thought the man was dressed a little formally for this dump, but the suit definitely fit him well and showed off his suave frame quite well. And, best of all, it looked like this sex-on-a-stick was coming over to talk to HIM.

“Jus? Justin? Earth to Justin, are you still in there?” Daphne was trying to get her friend’s attention.

“Huh?” Justin finally realized Daph had said something to him, so he responded, but didn’t look away from the approaching figure even then.

Daphne turned around to see what was occupying Justin’s attention, and smiled when she saw the nature of the distraction.

“Not bad at ALL, Jus,” Daphne commented quietly. “I think I’ll just wander over to the bar and get myself a refill. Holler if you need me. And, oh yeah,” Daphne said, rummaging in her purse, eventually pulling out a handful of foil wrapped condoms. “Just in case,” she giggled, grinning in spite of Justin’s glare. “What? I was a girl scout through eighth grade, you know, and I’m always prepared!”

Daphne had just walked away as the handsome brunet reached the table where Justin was waiting a
little nervously. He looked up at the man towering over him and smiled shyly but didn’t know what to say so he just sat there waiting for the older man to do or say something.

“May I join you?” was the polite request spoken in a soft baritone that was enough to cause Justin’s cock to twitch from the mere sound.

“Please,” was all the young man could get out.

“I was watching you ever since you walked in tonight,” the svelte brunet said while reaching out with one index finger to gently brush against the back of Justin’s left hand which was gripping tightly to his half-empty beer bottle. “I’m definitely interested if you’re available.”

“Ummmm. Interested?” Justin stammered out.

Brian chuckled quietly. “Yes. I’m very, very interested. What’s your name?”

“Justin.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Justin. I’m Brian. So, can I buy you another drink or do you want to skip all the preliminaries and just get out of here?” Brian drawled out in his sultry low tones.

“Uhhhh.” Justin blushed fiercely and wasn’t really sure what to say to this incredibly bold pick-up line.

Justin wasn’t exactly experienced with this kind of thing, after all. He’d had only one boyfriend so far in his life - if you could even call Chris a boyfriend seeing as they’d never actually gone anywhere together and hadn’t gone beyond the occasional handjob or heavy petting session. This man, though, was so confident and assertive and just downright magnificent. He was certainly NOT hiding in the closet like Chris - and that was a decided plus as far as Justin was concerned. It was his birthday, too, so . . .

Justin cleared his throat, praying that his voice didn’t crack, he was so nervous. “I’d love to get out of here with you. Just let me tell my friend that I’m leaving and I’ll be right back.”

“Hurry back,” the older man said as Justin walked away, glancing back over his shoulder a couple of times as he went, as if trying to convince himself the attractive man was still there waiting for him.

Brian meanwhile was thinking to himself that this guy’s ingenue act was pretty convincing and, he admitted, quite the turn on. He was wondering if this kid was going to keep up the innocent, wholesome little boy act all night. It was a little kinky, but Brian Kinney was not unfamiliar with kink and this one could prove to be pretty pleasurable. Brian had had a few virgins in his day, and fondly remembered the experiences. He figured that this hustler kid was probably a real money maker if he had the ‘willing virgin’ thing down this good. Brian decided he’d happily go along with the act as long as the kid wanted to play.

Justin hurriedly whispered into Daphne’s ear that he was going to leave with the gorgeous brunet. Daphne, while she was excited that her friend had met someone already, was a little uneasy about letting Justin take off with this unknown guy. She tried, briefly, to talk Justin out of it, but realized that Justin had already made up his mind about this and, knowing Jus, he wouldn’t be talked out of it no matter what she said.

“Fine. Just be safe. And have fun. But call me when you get there and tell me where you’re at so I don’t worry,” Daphne said, kissing Justin on the cheek and giving him a little shove back toward the table.
Justin took a deep breath, squaring his shoulders back to help bolster his courage, and turned back towards the little table and the waiting man. He bit his bottom lip, trying to quiet the internal doubts that were speeding through his brain, and then throwing caution to the wind, he strode back to the unbelievably sexy man who was smiling at him in a way that was making his knees weak and his heart pound. Justin kept repeating to himself that losing his virginity to this beautiful man on his birthday was the best present he could give himself, at least he hoped so.

Brian stood up to meet Justin as the young man neared. He reached forward with his left hand, lightly resting it on the younger man’s lower back and gesturing with his right hand towards the waiting door.

“I’m so glad you hurried back,” Brian whispered into the blond’s ear as they walked. “I will definitely make tonight worth your while. You won’t be disappointed!”

Justin couldn’t think of anything to say in response, so he again smiled a tad shyly at the older man and just let himself be led out of the bar and down the street without comment. The two men walked a few blocks, still not saying anything, Brian’s hand still warming Justin’s skin through the back of his shirt where his strong hand was still guiding him. When they approached an older looking brick building, Brian began to walk towards the door, looking down at Justin with a small apologetic smile.

“I just have to pop in here briefly and pick up some work I need to take home with me. I hope you don’t mind. I’ll only be a minute,” Brian explained as he held open the door for his companion.

“No, that’s fine,” Justin replied as he looked around curiously at the building they had entered. “So, what do you do for a living, Brian.”

“I’m in advertising,” the brunet answered.

He had already walked ahead of Justin through a doorway into what Justin thought was a huge office space, decorated with glass bricks and tile floors and odd brass plumbing fixtures at unusual places around the walls. The space was wonderful, the boy admitted. He loved the airy feel of it and noted the series of skylights above which would inevitably bring in tons of natural light during the day. It wouldn’t be a bad place to paint, the young artist thought.

Brian lost little time in gathering together several large display boards, a pile of paperwork and a top-of-the-line laptop computer which all went into a smart hard-sided black attache case. The attractive brunet then turned towards the waiting blond and gestured back towards the door. Justin smiled at him and preceded the man back towards the front entrance and then out towards the street.

“This way,” Brian said and led the young man towards a classic, forest-green convertible corvette parked to the right of the entrance of the building.

Acting the completely gentleman, Brian walked to the passenger side and opened the door for his companion, before getting into the driver’s seat himself, stowing his briefcase behind the seat.

“I live a little way out of town, I hope that’s not a problem,” Brian said confidently, not really caring what the young blond thought, but just passing along the information. “Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you get a cab home when you’re ready.”

“Umm. Okay.” Justin was really getting a little apprehensive at this point. Thinking to maybe break the tension a little, he added, “do you mind if I turn the radio on for some music.”

“Not at all. Help yourself.”
“Thanks. Do you have a music preference?”

“As long as it’s not country or rap, you can choose.”

Justin tuned the radio to his favorite ‘alternative’ rock station and looked over to see Brian nodding his approval of the Beck song that was playing at the moment. Justin then leaned back in his seat and tried to relax. The two men said little to each other the rest of the drive, but it wasn’t a completely uncomfortable silence, Justin thought, more like an expectant one.

After about twenty minutes, Brian pulled off the two-lane highway they’d been following into a driveway that was lined with bushes and blocked by a wrought-iron gate. Brian opened his window, punched a code into the nearby security panel and then drove through the opened gates and up the long curved drive to a large house. Since it was late and very dark out, Justin couldn’t see very much of the house itself, except what had been lighted up by the cars headlights as they swept up the drive, but he thought it was a pretty large place. He didn’t really take the time to think about it too much though, as he was busy being completely freaked out now that they were finally here at their destination.

Brian parked the car in front of the house and opened the young blond’s door, offering his hand to help the other man out of the low-slung car. Then, he turned and led the way to the front door, pausing briefly to unlock the door and holding it open for a now hesitant Justin.

“Something wrong?” Brian asked, thinking that the kid’s innocent act was really good - he was acting just like he’d never gone home with a john before, which was quite the change from the usual fake bravado most rent boys would try for at this stage.

“Umm. No. Nothing.” Justin said, his voice about two octaves higher than it normally was, to his embarrassment.

“Come in, then.” Brian indicated that Justin should go in ahead of him, while he switched on the lights and the deposited his briefcase on a small table just inside the door before hanging his jacket on a nearby coat tree.

“Wow. This is a really nice place,” Justin tried to start the conversation in a vain effort to break the tension. “Do you live here all by yourself?”

“Thank you and, yes, I do live alone.”

“Isn’t it a little big for one person?” Justin asked.

“I like my space,” came the older man’s reply. “Can I get you something to drink before we get started? What would you like?”

“Whatever you’re having is fine, I guess.”

“My, my. You are good at this, aren’t you, little boy?” Brian commented as he handed the blond a glass of scotch, making sure to brush against the younger man’s hand as he did, and standing just a bit closer than was normally comfortable.

Brian quickly downed his drink and replaced the glass on the wet bar where he’d poured it. “So, how do you want to work this, hmm? Would you like to start here in the living room, or upstairs in the bedroom?” Brian whispered into the other man’s ear seductively, as he moved closer and bent to nuzzle at the young blond’s neck.

“Ohhh.” Justin was almost paralyzed but the rush of sensations that overtook him at the simple but
erotic gesture. After a few seconds, though, his brain re-engaged and he managed to respond, “the bedroom, I guess, if that’s okay.”

“Mmmmm. You are simply delicious,” Brian added as he nibbled and licked the younger man’s neck before taking a step back. “The bedroom is this way.”

“Uhhh. Can I use the restroom, real quick first,” Justin asked tensely.

“Of course. It’s the second door down the hall there,” Brian pointed. “When you’re ready, I’ll be upstairs.” Brian smiled and wagged his eyebrows at the young man as he turned towards the stairs and started up.

“Fuck me. What the fuck am I doing? Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Justin was muttering to himself as he practically ran towards the bathroom.

As soon as he was inside and the door locked, he pulled out his cell and speed dialed Daphne.

“Hey, Daph. Yeah. I’m here, although I have no idea where here is. No, it’s way the fuck out in the country or something. I didn’t see any street signs or anything after we turned off the freeway. I only know that it’s clear out in West Virginia. No, I’m okay. I’m freaking out a little, but I’m okay. No, he’s not . . . well, I don’t think he’s a complete perv or anything, just really . . . aggressive. No, I’m not leaving. I just . . . I promised I’d call you so I am. I’ll be fine, Daph. I’m going to do this. I’ll be fine. Talk to you later. Bye.”

“Come on, Taylor. Gotta get that cherry popped someday. It might as well be today.” Justin reassured himself and then opened the bathroom door and forced his feet to move down the hallway and up the stairs.

At the top of the stairs, Justin could see light coming out of a room on the right hand side about three doors down. Taking another deep, breath, he moved towards the light. Rounding the doorway, he glimpsed an elegantly decorated room, with a huge king-sized-plus bed on a raised platform in the center of the far wall. He didn’t really take the time to look around at the rest of the furnishing, though, because the sight of the drop-dead gorgeous naked man lying in the middle of the bed instantly riveted his full attention.

Justin shuffled forward in a daze, his eyes glued on the beautiful man who was lying on his back, propped up on one elbow, and slowing stroking himself with his free hand. The young man unconsciously licked his lips at the stimulating sight. Brian laughed softly at the boy and his unrestrained lust.

“Come here, little boy,” Brian teased, still stroking himself, completely aroused by the virtuous and innocent yet aroused expression on the kid’s face. “God, you are so good, little boy. I’m going to just eat you up. Come here,” he demanded this time.

Justin came closer to the elevated bed and stood there, biting at his lip and panting slightly from the mere sight of Brian’s fully engorged cock. He didn’t think he’d ever seen anything more beautiful in his entire, albeit short, life. He wanted to reach out and touch that rock hard cock, so badly, but he didn’t know it he dared. He knew he was already hard too. God, he thought, he was having trouble even thinking right now and they hadn’t even touched.

“Take off your shirt, little boy,” Brian purred, thrilled at how the boy was staying in character the whole time, making him take charge and acting so innocent - Brian was so turned on right now, he could barely stop himself from throwing the boy down and taking him.
But, since he was enjoying the game, he kept playing along. Enjoying the show as the boy slowly removed his pullover, he kept up a slow rhythm with his fingers on his dick - enough to excite himself but not so fast he would cum. He was delighted by how creamy and flawless the young man’s skin looked when the shirt was removed. Brian also liked the boy’s twink-like physique, taut and lightly muscled but so slender - this was going to be good, he thought, again.

“Mmmmm. That’s good. Now, the pants.”

Justin toed off his shoes and removed his socks, briefly wondering if there was a sexy way to do that that he didn’t know about. Then he uncertainly began to unbutton his jeans. He was very conscious of Brian’s gaze following his every move and, while a small part of his mind was curious about how Brian thought he was doing in the strip tease department, the rest of his mind was too frightened to think about what he was doing and was simply operating on autopilot. When all the buttons were undone, he hooked his thumbs in the waistband above both hips and slowly pushed the jeans and his briefs down, kicking them off the rest of the way once they reached his calves.

“Exceptional!” Brian exclaimed as soon as he got a good look at the treasure the blond had been concealing in his too-tight jeans. “Little boy, you have quite a nice package there. I’m impressed, and that’s not easy to do. Now, come to me, little boy, I want to taste you.”

Justin grinned at the praise from the much more experienced man and moved so he was kneeling on the edge of the bed.

“Closer,” Brian cooed.

Justin crawled forward about a foot more.

“Closer,” Brian pleaded.

Justin again moved forward but only about a half a foot this time.

“Closer,” Brian demanded, this time in a much more determined voice.

Justin wasn’t sure he could move, actually, at this point. But, looking once more at that enticing, beautiful cock, he licked his lips again and practically threw himself forward at the reclining man. Brian laughed at the performance and willingly reached out to catch the flailing youth, grasping the boy in his arms and rolling him over onto his back in one motion. When Justin was finally lying there on his back, spread eagle, Brian dove down for his first taste of the luscious looking treat.

“Ohh, yes. You taste just as sweet as I thought you would, little boy,” Brian moaned as he licked at the pearls of pre-cum beading and running down the fully engorged head of the surprisingly large cock on this compact young boy. “I really am going to eat you now,” he added, aggressively flipping the boy over onto his belly.

“Mmmmm,” hummed Justin as Brian began licking and nipping his ass cheeks, massaging and kneading them as he went.

Then, without warning, Brian thrust his tongue down hard into the boy’s crack and swiped his tongue all the way along its length, causing currents of electricity to jolt through the boy who couldn’t stop the loud moans that were percolating out of him. The sultry noises seemed to encourage Brian, whose tongue and lips became even more vigorous in their licking and sucking at the enticing little pucker that they found hiding in that tempting gorge. Brian kept sucking at the folds of skin around the rim of Justin’s over-stimulated hole until the boy could take it no longer, and groaning out his release, he started spurting cum in pulse after pulse of ecstasy, coating himself and
the bed sheets, in full abandon.

Brian was grinning to himself at the wanton behavior of this little blond fireball. God, he hardly ever rimmed any of the rent boys he brought home - it was just not something he ever felt compelled to do with a 'professional'. But this boy, he was definitely something special and his innocent little virgin act had made him crave the youth’s taste so badly, he couldn’t resist. Brian was more than excited by the prospects for the rest of the night after this tasty appetizer. This was going to be good!

Justin was stunned at what he had just experienced. As he lay there, panting and still quivering from the waves of pleasure that had overcome him, he tried to clear his head enough to think whether or not he’d ever even heard about whatever it was Brian had just done to him. He knew he definitely had never felt anything like it before. He’d also definitely never acted like this before - he was amazed by his own wanton behavior as much as by his physical response to the amazingly skilled man who was already working to manipulate him over onto his back once again, clearly not even close to being done with the scrumptious young blond morsel for whom his appetite had only been whetted.
Chapter 3 - All Night Long.

Brian helped the younger man to clean himself off with a handy towel and then stroked the younger man’s soft cheek. He loved the downy soft feel of this boy’s skin. He looked so young and innocent - Brian just could not get over the incredible act this hustler had been able to keep up for so long. Brian was ready to burst, he was so aroused by this kid.

“My turn,” Brian purred to the still gasping youth. “I’ve got a great big sucker for you, little boy. Why don’t you have a taste and tell me how you like it.”

Justin looked at the smoldering hazel eyes and was mesmerized. He could see the sheer lust and controlling hunger this man was feeling, and he was awed by the fact that he was the cause of it all. He wanted to please this man even more - he wanted to be desired by this man, craved by this man and taken over by him. And this gorgeous man was giving him permission to do just that - all Justin had to do was figure out how to give his very first blowjob.

Justin had, of course, watched his share of porn - who hadn’t in this wondrous age of the internet, smart-phones and wireless access, where free porn was only a tap or click away. So, he knew the mechanics, but he didn’t have any experience. Justin was pretty confident though in his ability to pick up anything new with relative ease. He would just have to wing it and hope for the best, he decided. There’s nothing like on-the-job training, he thought.

So, Justin backed down the bed, crawling on his hands and knees, until his face was even with the older man’s crotch. Not knowing where to put his hands, he shakily started stroking down Brian’s sides and thighs while he stretched out his lower body. Then he felt the older man’s hands on the back of his head, calmly pressing his face closer to that wonderfully swollen cock, nestled in its bed of curly dark pubes.

The scent of this glorious man was overwhelming, Justin thought - musk, sex and a trace of sandalwood soap - so enticing. Justin was so close now that he could feel the tickle of those soft curly hairs and sense the heat of that imposing cock mere centimeters from his cheek. Closing his eyes, he turned his head slightly and stuck out his tongue allowing the tip to lightly trail over the heated flesh. He reveled in the texture of the skin - so smooth and silky soft. He let his lips brush against the hardened shaft several times, his tongue peeking out occasionally for tiny tastes. The taste was salty but also, somehow, sweet. Lifting his head marginally higher, he unhurriedly moved his mouth upwards from the shaft to the full head, noting in passing the change in skin texture, and let his tongue explore around the rim before moving further up towards the dripping slit.

Brian felt like he was on fire. The way the kid was touching him - the light, almost not-there touches and licking - was so unlike what he’d expected. How such tentative touches could be so erotic, he had no idea. Normally, he liked his sucking to be fast and furious. He didn’t want to wait around endlessly while his tricks dallied - he was there to get his dick sucked and the faster he climaxed, the better, right? But this was different. This was torture, but such sublime torture that he never wanted it
He could feel his muscles quivering and his heart racing, his body struggling to stay still while wanting to explode at the same time. This was the most exquisite thing he’d ever experienced.

After several minutes of licking and touching, Justin finally worked up some fortitude and, moistening his lips, took the whole of Brian’s stout, solid cock into his mouth. He kept swirling his tongue around the head and shaft while he moved his head in an up and down motion, trying to sense when his rhythm was right from Brian’s responses. He was still going too slow for Brian to cum, but the older man was enjoying himself so much, he wasn’t trying to hurry the boy along like he usually would, either. Justin simply kept at it, each time taking more and more of the massive organ into his mouth, determined to bring Brian off no matter how long it took. He could feel the tip each time it brushed against the back of his throat, and after several tries, he managed to swallow around it and felt the thick, hot rod thrusting even further, amazing even himself with his newfound prowess.

“God, yes. That’s it, little boy. Uhhhhhhhhhh.” Brian was moaning his encouragement as the kid’s actions became faster and more self-assured. “More. Yessss. You are such an incredible little cocksucker, little boy. Ohhh yes.”

Justin was so pleased with himself as how well he seemed to be doing, at least judging from Brian’s sensual vocalizations, that he chuckled right at the same moment that he’d again swallowed Brian’s delicious dick. The resulting vibrations, coupled with the constriction of Justin’s tight throat muscles, were all Brian needed to take him over the edge. He felt the familiar tingling in his balls and belly and then the radiating heat pushed out jolting every nerve ending in his body. The normally self-restrained man completely let go and felt his cum pulsing repeatedly into the welcoming mouth of this sexy blond bombshell who’d just giving him the best blowjob of his entire life.

Justin swallowed the salty-sweet, viscous liquid and then smiled smugly up at the trembling brunet, watching as the man tried to regain his composure.

“Was that okay,” Justin asked in a subdued voice, unsure of himself even with the obvious evidence of his triumph. “I’m kinda new at this.”

Brian didn’t even try to restrain his laughter at the kid’s statement. How did he do it - keep up the lily-white virgin act when that blowjob was proof of how amazingly skilled he was? God, this kid was probably the best hustler in the city, thought Brian.

“You must be a natural then, little boy, because that was fan-fucking-tastic,” Brian said as he pulled the boy up to him, kissing the full pouty lips and tasting himself on the boy’s tongue.

Justin was grinning from ear to ear at the praise from the handsome brunet. His crystal blue eyes were glittering and he giggled self-consciously at the same time. The boy’s seemingly unaffected response caused Brian’s dick to jerk slightly, already half-erect again, in spite of the very recent and very satisfying blowjob. He again buried his face in the crook of the kid’s neck and nuzzled, then moved to suck along the length of that slim, long neck, coming to rest over the thrumming, racing pulse point just below the boy’s ear. Brian suckled at that spot, feeling the heat as his actions pulled the blood even closer to the surface, licking soothingly at the sore spot when he finished, and relishing the moans of the boy in his arms.

“Now, my sweet little boy, I’m going to do unspeakably naughty things to you. Are you ready for that, little one?” Brian crooned. “Tell me what you want me to do you.”

Brian’s hands were roaming wildly at this point - touching, stroking, pinching and rubbing across the heated, velvety-smooth, pale skin of the lustful boy. Justin felt as if the man were trying to touch every part of his body simultaneously. His nerve endings were so sensitized that he could feel the
electrical connection at every spot where Brian’s skin met his. He was achingly hard again but didn’t
know what he wanted or needed. He could only moan and stammer in response to Brian’s question.

“I want... need... more... Uhhhhhh.”

“I’m going to give you more, right now, little boy.” Brian’s arousal was escalating with each moan
and wiggle from this tempting, erotic boy. “I’m going to give you so much more that you scream
with pleasure, little one. I’m going to fuck you so hard that you pass out and then I’m going to fuck
you again and again until you wake up screaming again for more. That’s what you want, isn’t it little
boy?”

“Yes, Brian. Yes. I want it,” Justin’s libido was now in complete control of his mental processes, and
although a small portion of his brain was shocked at the words that were coming out of his mouth,
the rest of him was driven with such an overbearing lust that he felt he would do anything to get
release from this aching need.

“You are such a nasty, dirty little boy, aren’t you,” Brian continued between kisses and nibbles on
whatever portion of skin his mouth came into contact with. “I’m going to have to teach you all about
what happens to bad little boys like you.”

Brian’s wandering fingers had now reached around to again fondle and knead at the plump ass of the
wriggling boy. He let his fingertips trail downwards until they found the boy’s needy, plumping little
pucker and then trace around its rim and over the top, eliciting louder and louder moans from the
young blond with each pass. Then, Brian allowed one wandering finger to slide inside, quickly and
without warning, causing the boy to arch up in reaction. The older man used his weight to pin the
buckling hips down and he languorously played with one hardened nipple at the same time he finger
fucked the sweet, tight little hole. As soon as the bucking hips seemed to relax slightly, he added a
second finger and then a third, never easing up the rapid thrusting pace. When Brian bent his middle
finger at a new angle, allowing it to finally caress the boy’s prostate, Justin convulsed so violently
that he almost threw Brian off, but subsided quickly, melting into a puddle of ecstasy as Brian
continued to tap at that ultra-sensitive spot over and over again.

“Are you ready for me, little boy,” Brian murmured into one perfectly-shaped ear. “I’m so ready for
you. I want to be inside you so bad. I know you are going to be so tight and hot. I can tell you’re
ready. Tell me what you want, little boy.”

“You. I... need... you, Brian.”

The words went straight to Brian’s balls, and he had to take several slow breaths to calm down
before he embarrassed himself. This boy was the hottest piece of ass he could remember in such a
long time, he was amazed at how close he kept coming to losing his self-control. Time to get on with
it, Brian decided.

The man reached over to the nearby nightstand and found the needed supplies ready as usual. He
ripped open the foil packet and sheathed his cock with the condom, then pumped out a generous
amount of lube into the palm of his hand. Lifting the boy’s legs onto his shoulders, Brian slathered
his cock and then used two fingers to push some more lube into the hot little hole for good measure.

“It’s cold,” the boy said when Brian first started to apply the lube, flinching slightly at the same time.

“Poor baby. It’ll warm up.” Brian responded a little breathlessly. “Are you ready for me, little boy?”

‘Brian... ’ Justin hesitated, halting the older man’s actions by laying his hand on Brian’s thigh.
“Just, go slow, okay.”
“Ohhhh. You are so good at this, little boy.” Brian would have laughed at the performance, but was too wound up already. “Just relax, my sweet little one. You are going to love this. I’m going to fuck the shit out of you and you’re going to feel me inside you for days.”

Brian didn’t waste any further time after that - he quickly lined up his over-eager cock with the waiting, ready pucker and pressed inside with a slow, steady motion. He paused briefly when he heard the boy grunt as if in pain and tense up, letting him adjust. Brian used one hand to hold the boy still while he gently rubbed soothing circles on the taut, firm abdomen until the youth’s muscles relaxed enough for him to continue. When he’d managed to slide all the way in, his balls snug against the other man’s crotch, he felt the smaller hand again gripping his thigh.

“Wait, please,” the trembling young blond asked, breathing raggedly, his eyes closed and his hands clutching at the bedsheets. “You’re so fucking huge. It hurts.”

“It always hurts a bit, little boy,” Brian played along, a little smug at the compliment to his size. “The pain will only last a little while and then you’re going to love it. Just relax and let me in. I’ll take good care of you, little one. Let me show you how good you can feel.”

Justin bit his lip but nodded to Brian to continue, his eyes still tightly shut. Brian stroked the soft pale cheek of the sweet little thing, and then smiled as he went back to work. He pulled out slightly, reaching around to massage at the boy’s perineum at the same time, eliciting a mixed moan of pleasure and groan of pain from the body beneath his. Then, keeping the pressure on the outside of the boy’s most-sensitive spot, he began thrusting faster and hitting the prostate on the inside as well. It took only moments for the sounds of pain to fade away, replaced by the whimpers and sighs of pleasure from the rapacious blond boy.

“God. You’re so fucking tight and hot, little boy,” Brian said as he hit a good rhythm. “Feels so good. So fucking good. Ohhhhh.”

The build up had been too good, thought Brian, knowing that he would never last more than a few minutes this time around. He used his free hand to begin stroking the boy’s cock as he pounded into the welcoming depths again and again, knowing that he was incredibly close, but wanting to take the boy with him this time.

“Cum for me, little boy. You’re ready. Cum for me, now.” Brian groaned as his own release built up in his gut.

“Brian. Ohhhh. Yessssssss,” yelled Justin as he let the beautiful man pull him willingly over the edge of euphoria.

Brian could feel the hot, sticky streams of the boy’s cum shooting through his fingers and the gripping of those already tight ass muscles, and joyfully let himself cum too, continuing to pump into that perfect, hot ass as he felt all his tension drain away through his cock into this beautiful boy. He collapsed onto the boy’s chest, letting the slim young legs fall bonelessly to the sides as he felt the last pulse of his orgasm. Both men lay panting, not moving at all, satiated beyond what either believed possible, at least for the moment.

Brian knew he was probably getting heavy and he eventually struggled to sit up so he could pull out and shift to give the boy more room to breathe. The blond was lying on the bed with his eyes closed and his features completely relaxed. Brian stretched himself along the boy’s side, idly playing with a strand of silky blond hair as he watched the younger man.
“Hey, little boy,” Brian whispered, gently brushing against the younger man’s soft cheek, when he didn’t get a response. “Wake up, little one. You don’t get to sleep yet, you know. I’ve got you for the whole night.”

Finally, Brian observed the boy’s eyelids fluttering open and the sweet crystal blue eyes focused on the concerned hazel ones next to him.

“I really did fuck you till you passed out, didn’t I?” Brian was a little shocked - wasn’t that just a metaphorical phrase - apparently not. “You okay?”

“Yeah. I’m . . . I’m better than okay. That was . . . fucking unbelievable.” Justin finally answered.

“I do aim to please,” Brian teased, relieved that the boy was alright and also a little proud and a little confused.

Observing the boy’s reaction, Brian felt a moment of unease. The naive little boy act was one thing, but he didn’t think the kid was faking the passing out part. What about that odd comment about the lube being cold and his obvious pain at the beginning of the fuck. Brian didn’t think a working boy would react like Justin had, would he? And, while Brian’s healthy ego let him acknowledge he was damn good in bed, he didn’t think anyone was that good. Brian was starting to suspect that maybe something was a little off here.

He didn’t get far in his musings, though, because right at that moment he was interrupted by the loudest growl he’d ever heard from another person’s stomach. Brian and Justin looked at each other and both started laughing, Justin turning a little red in embarrassment.

“Sounds to me like my little boy needs food,” Brian joked, pulling the boy up off the bed and tossing a plush terry-cloth robe at him while grabbing a similar one for himself. “Come on. I’m sure we can find something to quiet that beast.”

Justin skipped over to Brian, squeezing his bicep with both hands and grinning up at the older man. Brian affectionately put an arm around the younger man’s shoulders and the two of them walked together down the stairs towards the kitchen. Brian momentarily flinched when he realized the tender-hearted picture they made, but then shrugged it off as being just ‘part of the game’ they were playing.

After a quick cheese omelet, Justin’s stomach was again quiet enough to let the boys return to other, more exciting pursuits. This time, though, Brian led the eager young blond out to the patio. He pulled the heavy, insulated cover off the hot tub and quickly disrobed his little boy toy who hastened to get into the warm water and out of the cool night air. Brian followed, flipping the switch to start the jets as he did. Both men eased into the relaxing hot water and reclined on the built-in benches along two adjacent sides, so that their feet were touching under the water while their heads were just barely above the water line facing each other.

“So. Jason, right?” Brian asked.

“Justin.” The boy corrected him, a little glumly.

“Right. Justin. So, what do you do when you’re not out picking up hot older men at bars, Justin?” Brian said, playing footsie with Justin’s toes under the water as he spoke.

“I’m still in school, actually,” Justin answered, and he would have blushed except that he was already flushed from the hot water. “Although I graduate in two weeks and then, well, then I have no idea.”
“No, really,” Brian went on. “You’re really still in school?”

“No.” Justin reaffirmed.

“Shit. You really are almost as young as you look.” Brian shook his head. “How old are you?”

“Eighteen.” Justin admitted, watching Brian carefully for the man’s reaction.

“Fuck!” Brian laughed, again a little unsure if this boy was still putting on his ingénue act or was, maybe, telling the truth. Did he really want to know, though? Probably not, he admitted and decided to move to a different line of questions. “You do anything besides studying and picking up guys in bars, though?”

“I draw and paint. I’m hoping to maybe go to Art School someday.”

“An artiste, hmm. Well, good for you. If you’re any good, you can make a pretty good living at it working in advertising when you’re done with school. I’ve got ten people in my art department now and I have to pay them a pretty penny, let me tell you. If you do half as well, you’ll be okay.”

The two men talked amicably about art and Brian’s business for several minutes while they soaked. Brian was surprised that the boy was so articulate and easy to talk with. He didn’t usually bother spending time conversing with his tricks, mostly because they hardly ever had enough brains in their heads to form sentences. This boy, though, was sharp - so far they’d talked about several schools of art and different historically famous artists as well as contemporary ones and the kid had more than kept up his end of the conversation. Hot, smart and, so far, not bad in bed - pretty great combination, thought Brian.

At the first break in the conversation, though, Brian concluded that it was time to get back to business and enough of this talking shit. He shifted over off the reclined bench and onto a molded seat-like projection in the far corner of the hot tub. Then, grabbing the boy’s floating hand, he pulled the smaller framed man towards him through the bubbling water, positioning him comfortably straddling his lap, his hands gripping the slender hips to keep the boy from floating away again.

“Now, little boy, how about we get back to more important things, huh?” Brian suggested.

“I’m game,” Justin giggled back at him.

Brian leaned forward and bit at the boy’s full lower lip, pulling Justin towards him through the water with that simple tether. Justin laughed again at the odd sensation, and the vibrations moved through Brian’s lips and mouth and, somehow, straight down to his cock from there. Flipping open a small covered storage area built into the top rim of the hot tub, Brian conveniently pulled out a fresh condom and handed it to the boy.

“Go on, little boy. Slip it on me. It’s time for round two,” Brian said, rolling his lips in with amusement at the avaricious look on the willing young blond.

The boy eagerly unrolled the condom down the length of Brian’s hard shaft and then looked up expectantly at his handsome lover, waiting to see what would come next.

“Think of this just like one of those water park rides, little boy,” Brian said as he lifted the boy up, assisted by the buoyant water, and then slowly let the lithe young body settle down, impaled on the rigid cock which easily slid back into the tight, embracing hole. “Ready for the big Splash Down?”

“Ohhh god, Brian,” Justin said, arching his back in pleasure at the sensation of the hard hot shaft entering him along with a generous amount of the overheated not-quite-boiling water. “Oh yeah, I’m
ready.”

“Good. Because we have a long, long, hard night ahead of us, little boy.” Brian whispered lecherously as he began to pump up into the ecstatic youth.
Chapter Notes

In typical Kinney fashion, Brian doesn't handle the morning after very tactfully. Poor Justin. TAG

Chapter 4 - The Morning After.

The red-gold light of dawn was coming through the skylight over the bed when Justin woke from a light snooze and looked around him at the luxurious bedroom of Brian Kinney. It was so elegant, he thought, the furnishings and walls all in a dark grey with gold trim and accents. The furniture was all sleek and modern. This reminded Justin of some of the other rooms they’d been through last night, all of which had been equally well decorated, which went a long way towards reaffirming his opinion that Mr. Kinney was loaded.

Stretching languidly, Justin started to roll over and then stopped abruptly when he felt the burn in his rear. He’d known that all that activity was going to hurt in the morning, but he hadn’t thought it would be this bad this early on. But then again, thinking back on all the things that went into making his ass that sore, he found it hard to regret anything.

Justin didn’t see his companion from the night before anywhere around, so he decided to get up and go exploring until he found the man. Although he’d been in the house for going on eight hours now, he really hadn’t had a chance to look around too much - Brian had been keeping him pretty busy. Justin smiled again as he thought about all the wonderful ways he’d been kept busy.

He checked first in the adjacent bathroom, but didn’t see Brian, so he just grabbed the terry robe that had been left on the floor next to the shower, pissed and headed out of the room and down the stairs. He was still reminiscing about the fabulous shower fuck from right before they both finally passed out, when he reached the bottom step and heard movement coming from down the hallway. So, he headed in that direction, peeking into each room along the way as he went.

The first room to the right of the stairs was a media room. It was large and looked like it had all the latest electronic equipment, television, stereo, gaming systems, etc. He hoped he’d get to check it out later, but didn’t want to take the time to stop now. The next door, he knew, was the bathroom where he’d hidden to call Daphne last night. The next room, was where the noises were coming from, so that is where Justin headed, hoping to find Mr. tall, dark and handsome.

This was obviously a study or home office. The rectangular room was lined on two walls with floor to ceiling wooden bookcases, full of lovely hard-backed books which actually looked like they had been read since many had creased or bent bindings. On the far wall, in front of the line of large double hung windows, stood a dark red, well-polished mahogany desk, facing into the center of the room with a high-backed, leather upholstered office chair behind it. A matching credenza and two file cabinets lined the last wall. The chair behind the desk was turned away from the door so its occupant could look out the windows. The noise Justin had heard appeared to be coming from the
person sitting in the chair.

Justin knocked on the door casing softly to let Brian know he was there, and then walked into the room, scanning the bookcases as he went, till he came around the desk and stood next to the chair. As expected, Justin found Brian reclining in the swanky chair, talking into a wireless headset. He held up his hand to signal Justin to hold on a minute while he made a few final comments to the person on the other end of the call.

“Great, Ted. I know it’s early, but thanks for getting me those numbers. Yeah, see you in a few hours. Later.” Brian was saying, as Justin disregarded the ‘wait’ sign and promptly seated himself on the handsome man’s lap, slipping one arm around Brian’s neck and unbuttoning the man’s dark blue cotton button-down shirt while he finished his conversation.

“Good morning, Justin.” Brian began, trying to redo his shirt buttons as fast as Justin was undoing them. “Aren’t you the little fireball this morning? I thought you would still be asleep - didn’t I sufficiently wear you out last night, little boy?”

“You did. But, then you were gone when I woke up and the bed was cold. So I came to find you,” Justin said with his best ‘little boy’ voice.

“Well, you must be a country boy - up with the sunshine, hmm?” Brian indulged in a long, slow deep kiss on those full pink-popsicle lips before continuing. “You taste even better this morning than you did last night, little boy. Now, how is that possible?”

“Maybe you should taste more of me to see how the rest measures up to last night too?” Justin tried to tempt him.

“Ohhhhh, that is a very tantalizing thought, little boy. But, regrettably, Daddy has to work now. So, you’ll have to amuse yourself for a while, sweet one.” Brian said, finally extricating Justin’s hands from his shirt and lifting the boy off his lap. “Why don’t you go see what you can whip up for breakfast in the kitchen, and if you’re a good boy, and let me finish here in peace, I’ll see what I can do to entertain you after you eat.”

“Okay,” Justin jumped up at the mention of food, the only hunger, at least at the moment, greater than his desire for the handsome brunet. “Don’t take too long though,” Justin added as he sashayed out the door, adding a little wiggle to his walk as he went.

Brian shook his head to clear it and then turned back to the pile of documents on his desk as soon as the boy had left. He had only a couple hours to finalize everything before he had to head to the office to give this presentation and needed to concentrate. It wasn’t easy though since his mind kept drifting back to that beauteous bubble butt.

Twenty minutes later, Justin was just washing up his breakfast dishes when two strong, tanned arms engulfed him from behind, circling his waist and lifting him off the ground.

“All refueled and ready for another round, little boy?” Brian growled into Justin’s ear, inducing a giggle and a squirm from the surprised blond. “I’ll take that as a ‘yes’. Let’s go upstairs and you can help me shower, again. I’m sure I got very dirty and sweaty working all morning at that dusty old desk.”

Brian then twirled the boy around, hefted him up and threw him, still giggling, over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry, heading towards the stairs and spanking the boy’s bare bottom every time the lad wiggled. As soon as they reached the vast glass walled shower enclosure, Brian deposited the laughing blond on the tile floor, pull the robe off over the boy’s head and turned the water on,
adjusting the temp but not till after the initial blast of cold water had hit Justin’s head and shoulders causing him to yelp and sputter.

“Hey. You did that on purpose,” Justin accused the laughing brunet.

“Yes. I did, little boy. Now come here and I’ll make it up to you,” Brian admitted, reaching down to help the boy up as he spoke.

Brian leaned over to sink his mouth into the ultra-soft skin along Justin’s jawline and neck and behind his ear, suck gently and then licking each little love bite as he went. Justin happily relaxed and let his head fall back, allowing his body to be supported by Brian’s sturdy arms. Before the boy’s legs gave out on him completely, Brian rotated the slender body and pressed the smaller man firmly against the glass wall, still nuzzling at that yummy neck, holding the boy erect with one hand while he found an put on a condom with the other. Rightfully thinking that after the night they’d just had, the boy wouldn’t need much preparation, Brian used a palmful of body wash in place of lubricant and briskly sank once again into that deep, tight opening that he’d been taking pleasure in all night long.

Justin gasped at his lover’s rapid entry, realizing only now exactly how sore his overused ass was. But his gasps soon changed to sighs of delight as the renewed activity sparked another wave of electrical pulses through his over-sensitized skin. Brian’s dick was almost as tender as the boy’s ass and he felt the instantaneous thrill flooding his body as well. It took practically no time at all before both men reached the culminating surge of pleasure break over them, both cumming at the same moment, each crying out incomprehensibly with their passion.

Once he regained his composure, Brian glanced up at the electronic clock embedded in the tile wall over the shower head and noted that he was already running a bit later than he had wanted. He quickly placed a small kiss on the boy’s shoulder, then turned off the water and in a businesslike manner towelled himself and began to dress for his morning presentation. Justin was not quite as speedy in getting out, dried and dressed - moving even slower due to his smarting nether parts. While Justin was dressing, Brian rushed downstairs, gathering his presentation materials and making a last minute phone call.

Justin had only just reached the bottom of the stairs, as Brian was gathering his wallet, keys and jacket. He was interrupted on his way to the door, by the entrance of a short, kind-looking, asian woman who bustled in through the door with a wordless waive of her hand in Brian’s direction and no recognition at all for Justin.

“Morning, Mei Mei,” Brian called to the passing woman.

Brian then turned towards the waiting blond, reached out and, grabbing a wad of the boy’s shirt, pulled him closer.

“Last night was truly great, Justin. Thank you so much. You were absolutely and utterly fabulous. I would love to call you another time, if you’re available.” Brian said, caressing the young man’s neck with one hand and lightly rubbing his thumb along the now slightly stubbled jaw. “I’ve called you a cab, already. It should be here in fifteen minutes or so.”

“Thanks, Brian,” Justin said, sincerity evident from his voice and the breathtakingly radiant smile he beamed at the older man. “I had the most wonderful night, ever. You are incredible.”

“You can drop the act now, little boy,you’ve already sold me,” Brian chuckled. “You were fantastic. It was one of the most fun games I’ve had in a long while. So, thanks again. Here you go, I hope that’s enough, since we really didn’t talk terms last night. I’m afraid I have to run, but please, leave your card or a number and I’ll be delighted to call you again some night.”
Brian handed the boy a fat unsealed envelope, leaned over to give him one last kiss and then straightened up. Justin meanwhile was standing still, his head tilted slightly to the side, a confused look on his face, his brow wrinkled. Brian thought that the young man was about to ask something so he paused. Then Justin lifted the flap of the envelope to peek inside and wonderingly pulled out a handful of twenty and fifty dollar bills, then raised his chin to glare back at the taller man who was waiting for him.

“What THE FUCK!” Justin yelled, fanning the money in Brian’s face. “What the hell is this?”

“Fifteen hundred dollars. Are you trying to tell me that isn’t enough,” Brian yelled back.

Brian was beginning to get angry himself. He had thought he was being generous to the boy - it was $500 more than he’d ever paid any other rent boy for a single night. The kid had been good - very good - but what more did the little twerp want?

“Money? You’re giving me money. . . . for coming here with you last night?” the altogether offended youth was spouting at the older man. “You think I’m a fucking whore? Well, fuck you, Brian Kinney,” Justin added tossing the money and the empty envelope at the man’s feet.

“Hold on - you’re not . . . . Fuck me,” Brian was astounded. “You’re telling me you aren’t a hustler?”

“Of course not. Why the fuck would you think that,” Justin fumed.

“Because you were at a hustler bar last night?” Brian replied, trying to maintain calm. “Because you accepted my offer to come home with me for the night without me even saying more than ten words to you? How about how you played at that ridiculous ‘innocent virgin boy’ routine all night, egging me on, playing right along with my calling you ‘little boy’ and having you call me ‘daddy’. What the fuck else would I think?”

“I’m not a hustler,” Justin said, his voice now hushed and quavering. “I just thought you . . . I wanted. . . . Forget it.”

Justin bit his lip to try to hold back the tears that were threatening to embarrass him. He quickly turned and ran off down the driveway and then northward on the road. Brian tried to grab him, but had been too startled by the boy’s departure and was just a few seconds too late.

“Justin. Your cab!” Brian shouted at the retreating form, but the boy didn’t even bother to look back. “Fuck. I can’t believe . . . . Shit. That wasn’t just an act? The kid really was a fucking virgin? Fucking lot of natural talent for a goddamned virgin, though - he totally had me fooled. I wish he hadn’t run off, though, it’s a fucking long way back to town.”

Brian stood in the open doorway for another five minutes, muttering to himself, still unable to believe what the boy had just told him. Then, he registered the late hour and startled.

“Fuck it all - I’ve got to go,” Brian said, looking at his watch again, then dashing to his car and rapidly driving away.

((((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))

“Hey, Daphne. Do you think you could come pick up, maybe?” Justin asked his best friend, who he’d called as soon as he ran out of breath and stopped running.

“Jus. I’m so glad you called. I was starting to freak out a little - it’s getting late and I still hadn’t heard from you. Are you okay?” Daphne went on. “So, where are you? I’ll come get you but you never
told me where you were last night.”

“Fuck. I still have no idea where the hell I am.” Justin stopped to look around him, seeing nothing but fields, trees and the occasional farmhouse, then sank to the ground at the side of the road. “I’m in the middle of fucking nowhere, Daph. I have no idea how to get back to the city and . . . . fuck.”

“Jus. What’s the matter?” Daphne was very concerned by the boy’s tone. “You sound upset. What happened to you last night.”

“It’s not what happened last night, Daph - that was . . . . wonderful. It’s what the bastard said this morning.” Justin was so discouraged that he let his body fall back onto the asphalt, his head resting on the hard pavement and his legs stretched out into the roadside gravel. “He thought I was a fucking hustler, Daph. That’s why he wanted to take me home. He . . . . He gave me $1500 this morning to pay me for my ‘services’ and then said to leave my card because he’d love to call me again if I’m available.”

Daphne could hear the tears in her friend’s voice. “Shit, Justin. I’m sorry. Did you, you know, do it with him?”

“All fucking night long. And, the really shitty part is that it was fucking fantastic, too. But, all the time he thought I was just a whore.”

“Well. At least the sex was good, right? I mean, for your first time, it really sucks, but at least it wasn’t bad sex.” Daphne tried to put a positive spin on things for her friend. “And, $1500 isn’t anything to sneeze at either.”

“I didn’t keep the fucking money, Daph!”

“Why the fuck not, Justin? You were just saying the other day how fucking broke you are and that you needed money to put a deposit on an apartment. Well, here you go - $1500.”

“But that was because he thought I was a whore. I’m not taking his fucking money for letting him fuck me.”

“Justin. Listen to me. You need that money - he doesn’t. He was going to pay you that anyway, so what if he thought you were something you weren’t? I say if the guy’s going to treat you like shit anyway, you might as well take the fucker’s money, especially when you need it right now.”

Daphne was trying to reason with the wounded boy. “So, you go back to that house, you ask for the money back and tell him to call you a cab - you can afford it with that much money. Justin, did you hear me?”

“Yeah, I heard you.” Justin answered but didn’t say anything more for quite awhile. “Fine. You’re right, Daph. Fuck. I hate this, but I might as well go back since I’m completely lost anyway. And, while I’m there, I’ll ask for the fucking money.”

“Call me back and let me know what happens, okay?” Daphne demanded as Justin hung up on her.

((((((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))

Justin rang the doorbell back at Brian’s home. The door was answered by the older asian lady who had come in right before Justin had run off. She looked up at him questioningly but didn’t say anything in greeting.

“Um. Hi. I’m Justin. I was here earlier. Is Brian still here?” Justin asked.
“Mr. Brian already gone. Off to work,” the woman replied.

“Did he maybe leave the envelope with the money for me?” Justin asked in desperation. “See, I kinda need the money, even though I’m not a hustler, like he thought, but I am about to get kicked out of the place I’m living and I can’t go home because my dad’s a complete bigot and I don’t have a job or anything. So, at least if I had that money then I could get an apartment, you know, and then I wouldn’t be homeless at least while I’m job hunting. Shit, I’m babbling aren’t I. Sorry. But, if Brian’s gone, I guess I’ll just. . . .”

“You come in,” the small woman directed, pulling on Justin’s sleeve and guiding him inside the door. “Wait here. I call Mr. Brian.”

The tiny woman then shuffled back towards the kitchen and Justin could hear her high pitched voice speaking off an on from the distant room. Ten minutes later, the woman came tottering back with the familiar envelope in her hand. She handed it to Justin with a small bow.

“Mr. Brian he say you leave phone number, please.” the woman said with a large smile on her pixieish face, handing Justin a small pad of paper and a pen.

Justin wrote his cell phone number on the paper. He then handed the pad back, thanked the woman and asked her to write the house’s address on the back of the envelope of money so he could call a cab for himself. All Justin wanted right now was to go back to Daphne’s and sulk in his bed for the rest of the day until he could bear the weight of his total humiliation.
Chapter 5 - The Proposal.

Brian was finally able to lean back in his chair, relax and congratulate himself. The pitch to New Seasonings had been brilliant, of course, and the client had signed a two year commitment. The account was worth over $10 million to the firm. Unfortunately, the downside of the deal was that, for the next three months or so, everyone at Kinnetik was going to be ass-deep in a shitload of work, including Brian himself. As he was working to close the deal, he had conveniently forgotten about the amount of work that would be required. But now that the contracts were signed, and he had time to mull over the production schedules and multiple deadlines, he knew he was fucked for at least the rest of the summer. So much for what he’d told Michael about having time to do a little clubbing after he won the account.

Thinking about Mikey and their conversation last night immediately brought to mind thoughts of the sumptuous blond that he had left not so many hours ago. God, that boy was simply amazing, Brian thought. He still couldn’t believe that the kid had been a virgin before last night - well, now that he thought about it, he could tell that the signs had been there all along, but he had been so incredibly good. . . . Anyone would have been fooled, Brian thought.

Kinney was so distracted by thoughts about what he had done with the boy last night that he didn’t hear Cynthia come into the office. She had to say his name at least three times to get his full attention. And even then, the capable and highly intuitive woman could see that her boss was distracted by something. She snickered at that thought and corrected herself - not something but likely someone.

“Brian, I need you to look over these revisions so we can get the art department on it right away. The deadline is only a week away,” Cynthia directed, but couldn’t help adding a little jab. “Oh, and, are you going to tell me his name now, so I can arrange a ‘playdate’ for you, or do I have to wait until you explode and threaten to fire everyone before you admit that you want me to follow up on that little issue for you.”

Brian couldn’t help but laugh - Cynthia knew him far, far too well. She already had that look in her eyes. It was the look that meant she was sorta kidding but not really and she would gladly do what she could to alleviate this particular need if it meant smoother waters at work.

“Hold on a sec, Cyn.” Brian said, punching the number for his housekeeper into his phone at the same time. “Mei Mei, did you get that kid’s phone number? Good. Give it to me. Thanks.”

“Here, Cynthia. His name is Justin. Set up an appointment with him. Here. As soon as possible.”

Brian smirked at his capable assistant and handed her the number he had written down from his housekeeper. Cynthia winked at him knowingly and then scurried back out of the office, intent on getting her boss what he needed to be happy and productive.

((((((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))))))))

Justin had made it back to Daphne’s parents’ house by about 10:30 am and went straight to the guest room he’d been living in for the past few weeks. He didn’t even want to shower - the memories of the showers with Brian from the past night simply adding to his sense of humiliation. How could he have been so stupid - he should have known better than to go home with someone who picked him up in a bar like that. Even if it hadn’t been a hustler bar, considering the way he’d practically jumped into Brian’s arms at the first suggestion that he leave with the man, well he shouldn’t be surprised
that the man assumed he was a whore.

No sooner had he closed the door and flopped down on the bed, though, when the door was reopened and his best friend slipped in and flopped down next to him. Daphne reached over to hold Justin’s hand in mute sympathy. They laid there like that for quite a while without talking, Daphne’s presence alone providing the support that Justin needed.

Justin must have actually drifted off - not surprising considering how little sleep he’d got last night - because his ringing phone caused him to jump a little. He tapped the button to answer the call, even though he didn’t recognize the incoming number.

“Hello?” Justin answered.

“Hello. I’m trying to reach Justin - is that who I’m speaking with?” said a very matter of fact female voice.

“Yes, this is Justin. Who is this?”

“My name is Cynthia Morgan. I’m Brian Kinney’s assistant. He asked me to call you to arrange a meeting for this afternoon if you’re available.”

“A meeting? What for?”

“I really wouldn’t know. I believe it is something of a personal nature.” You could almost hear the smirking smile woman’s voice, Justin thought. “What time would be best for you?”

“Hold on,” Justin tapped the ‘hold’ button on his phone and turned to Daphne who’d been listening in on Justin’s side of the conversation.

“Daph, he wants to meet me. What should I do?” Justin asked his friend.

“Why would he want to meet you? Didn’t the creep, like, kick you out of his house this morning? Is that him on the phone?” Dahne had a lot more questions but Justin effectively cut her off.

“It’s his assistant calling and I have no idea why he wants to meet with me. What do I do?” Justin answered her immediate questions.

“Do you think he’s changed his mind and wants the money back?” Daphne wondered aloud.

“Fuck that. I’m not giving it back. You’re the one who told me to take it, Daph.” Justin would have gone on but just then his phone beeped to remind him of the call on hold. “Shit. I don’t know what to do.”

Justin tapped the phone again to reconnect to the call. “Ms. Morgan. Yeah, I, uhhh, I guess I could meet with Brian. Anytime is good for me, I guess.”

“Great. How does 1:00 pm sound?” Cynthia efficiently began typing the meeting info into Brian’s computerized calendaring system. “Do you have the office address?”

“Um, yeah, Brian took my by there last night. So, I’ll be there at one, I guess.” Justin replied.

“See you then,” Cynthia said as she hung up.

“Shit. What am I doing?” Justin moaned as he dropped the phone on the bed and allowed his body to slump back on the bed next to Daphne’s.
“Why’d you agree to meet with the guy, Jus? He was kind of a shit to you.” Daphne asked.

“I don’t know,” Justin replied, hopelessness edging into his tone. “I just, well, I guess I just want to see him one last time. Even if he’s going to just kick me to the curb again, I . . . . I just wouldn’t mind seeing him, is all.”

“Oh, Jus,” Daphne sympathized. “You’ve got it so bad, already, don’t you?”

“Yeah. I’m so fucked!” Justin agreed.

The attractive young woman sitting at the reception desk just inside the main entrance at Kinnetik smile warmly at the young blond man who had just entered and was approaching her. Marissa decided that this young man was undoubtedly hot. She tried to get his attention by widening her exotic looking deep green eyes and winking as she asked him how she could help him. The blond seemed distracted, though, and didn’t really notice her flirting as he replied that he was here to see Mr. Kinney. Marissa sighed and was about to pick up the phone to call the boss, wondering again why all the cutest ones were always gay, when Cynthia came around the corner and stopped her.

“Don’t bother, Marissa,” Cynthia told the pretty girl. “You must be Justin. I’m Cynthia - we spoke earlier. I’ll take you to Mr. Kinney’s office. Please, follow me,” and the efficient assistant shook Justin’s hand in greeting without waiting for him to respond and, in perfect control of the situation, immediately guided the blinking, dumbfounded blond down the hallway towards the office he’d seen last night.

Tapping twice on the office door, Cynthia poked her head in saying, “Your one o’clock is here, Brian. Let me know if you need anything. I’ll make sure Marissa knows you’re not to be disturbed.” Then, with a quiet snigger, she stepped away from the door and ushered the young blond man inside, closing it behind her as she left.

“Justin. Come in, please,” the tall, sophisticated, brunet said as he came around from behind his desk, approaching the young man who was still standing just inside the door.

Justin had to bite back a groan at the mere sight of Brian walking towards him. He’d thought Brian was good looking last night, but in the full light of day and in that elegant business suit, Justin thought he looked even more appetizing. And the sight of the man alone was enough cause Justin to pop a woody just standing there. Then Justin remembered that he was supposed to be angry at this man, and he tried to clear his head so that he could deal with whatever this meeting was about without seeing it through this haze of lust.

When he stopped, Brian stood only a foot away from the young blond and he couldn’t resist reaching out to touch him. He ran his hand lightly down and up the man’s arm, stopping at the well-formed shoulder and rubbing small circles through the fabric of the boy’s shirt with his thumb. Brian huffed out a small breath laced with just a hint of desire and then stepped back, using the hand still on the younger man’s shoulder to conduct him over to the couch on the far wall.

“Please, have a seat.” Brian began as they neared the couch and then sat down together. “I’m glad you could meet with me today. I . . . . Well, I didn’t like the way we left things this morning. If I hadn’t had to rush off for this meeting, I would have preferred to stay and . . . . Let’s just leave it that I was not happy when you ran off. I was glad when my housekeeper called and told me you had eventually returned and called a cab, though. I’m pleased that you made it home okay.”

“Here,” Justin frowned and then held out the same envelope he’d received from Brian earlier this
morning, still filled with cash. “I had to use some of it to pay for the cab but I’ll get it back to you later.”

“What?” Brian was very confused.

“The money you gave me. You want it back, right? Here.” Justin tried to force the envelope into Brian’s hands.

“Justin, no. I don’t want that back. Keep it. From the little that Mei Mei told me over the phone, it sounds like you need it.” Brian returned the money to the younger man’s lap.

“So, if you don’t want the money back, then why’d you want me to meet you here?” Justin asked, his expression carefully neutral.

“Would you mind if I said that I just wanted to see you? That I’d been thinking about you all morning and couldn’t stop seeing that choice little bubble butt of yours in my mind,” Brian murmured seductively, his voice dropping an octave as he spoke and his hand moving to glide down the thigh of his companion. “I wasn’t lying when I told you that last night was great, Justin.”

“Brian, don’t,” Justin tried to scoot back away from the compelling older man.

Brian took a breath and reluctantly backed off just a bit, understanding that he needed to slow down with this boy and deciding to change the subject. “So. Tell me what you meant when you told Mei Mei that you were getting kicked out of your house by your dad and didn’t have anywhere to stay.”

“It’s . . . nothing,”

Justin tried to shrug it off, not wanting to expose himself any further to this man whom he’d already been humiliated by. But, when Brian didn’t say anything else, merely looking at Justin with one eyebrow raised in question, Justin felt compelled to continue. And with occasional prompting from Brian, Justin ultimately revealed the whole story about his father and his current housing and job crisis. The youth was a little surprised by the look of sympathy, even empathy, that he saw on the other man’s face as he related his tale. Justin got the feeling that this self-centered man didn’t often show concern towards others.

Brian didn’t say much for a relatively long time, his eyes seemingly searching Justin’s face for something. Justin noted when the man apparently came to some conclusion as his gaze became focused and the corners of his sultry lips curled up just a bit. Brian’s hands quickly captured both of Justin’s and pulled them towards him, cradling the smaller hands in his lap.

“Justin, I have a proposal for you that might satisfy both our current needs,” Brian began with a sexy smile. “I won that new account that I was working on the presentation for this morning. It’s a huge account and worth a lot of money, which means that I’m going to be working on it like a dog for the next few months. It also means that I won’t exactly have time for any kind of social life for the foreseeable future.”

Brian abruptly jumped up off the couch at this point and began pacing as he continued.

“I really enjoyed our time together last night. I was being completely honest when I said that you were . . . great. And, that I wouldn’t mind seeing you again.” Brian was fumbling a little with his words, uncharacteristically concerned with ‘how’ he was going to say what he was proposing to this boy and actually caring whether or not he would offend the young man. “Now that I know how, well let’s say ‘inexperienced’, you actually were, I’m even more impressed. And I rarely give out compliments like that to anyone.”
Justin was still sitting quietly on the couch watching as Brian paced back and forth in front of him. He wasn’t sure where Brian was going with all this. All he could think about was how elated he was beginning to feel at the praise he was hearing from the man he’d spent the night with. Was he wrong or was Brian trying to tell him that the older, more experienced man actually liked him? That was when Justin’s hopes were once again dashed to the ground as Brian went on to his next point.

“So, my proposal is this: I would like you to come stay at my house for the rest of the summer. You need a place to live and I need someone who will be available for - we’ll call it recreation - until I’m through with the initial phase of this new campaign. You can live in the pool house - it’s private and you can sort of have your own space that way. I’ll pay you, say, $20,000 in exchange, which should be more than enough for you to get yourself an apartment or pay for school, if that’s what you decide you want to do, or whatever you choose to pursue come fall. And, since I’ll be working most of the time during the day, you’ll have plenty of free time to do whatever else you want.”

Brian finally looked into Justin’s face now that he’d got the full proposal out there. Luckily, Justin had had time while Brian was propounding all the benefits of this deal to get his emotions back under control and arrange his expression accordingly. He didn’t want Brian to know how hurt and exposed he felt at first - knowing that the older man still considered him not much better than a whore who he could hire for some indefinite period of time to satisfy his sexual cravings. So much for his hopes that Brian was maybe starting to actually care for him. But Justin wouldn’t let the man know how badly he’d been wounded or how much more humiliated this ‘proposal’ made him feel.

Brian was now standing still, looking down at the younger man, waiting for his response. He had a sneaking suspicion he hadn’t handled this pitch quite as well as he’d worked the one earlier today, but this one had been kinda spur of the moment. Now, all he could do was wait and see what Justin would say.

A million different responses had already rushed through the young man’s mind. Justin’s first thought was to tell Brian to go get fucked and storm out of there. But, the longer he sat there thinking, the more his moral convictions began to waiver. What did it really matter if this man only really saw him as a rent boy? Who the hell really cared - his family had already kicked him out and except for Daphne he didn’t give a damn what his so called friends thought of him. They were talking a LOT of money - easily enough to pay for his first year of college. Plus, he wouldn’t have to worry about where he was going to stay for at least a few more months. Brian’s house was fabulous and way better than any dump he could afford on his own. And finally, he thought that he didn’t really mind the idea of a summer full of sex with Brian. . . .

“So, I accept,” Justin said in a low but confident voice, standing up and offering his hand to Brian to shake on the deal. “$20,000 and I’ll have room and board through, say, August 31st.”

Brian shook the offered hand, grinning at the tempting blond. “Just one more thing, though. You understand that this deal is simply sexual - nothing more. I don’t want you thinking that anything more is likely to come out of it. I’m not looking for any long-term relationship or anything. I don’t do relationships or boyfriends or anything else like that. This is just a business deal, okay?”

“I understand perfectly, Brian. I’m your rent-boy for the summer. Fuckable on demand, right,” Justin added, swallowing his pride and trying to keep the disappointment out of his voice as he said it. “Don’t worry, I wouldn’t want anything more from you either.”

“Good,” Brian replied, feeling somehow uncomfortable with the boy’s response, but already incredibly horny at the prospect of having this scrumptious little blond treat all to himself for the rest of the summer. “So, If you’d like, you could start right away. I have a half hour before my next
meeting.”

The leer and waggling eyebrows told Justin exactly what Brian had in mind for the next half hour. Oh well, Justin thought, might as well throw myself into my new job right away. Besides, that woody he’d had since he came in here was still going strong, and . . . well, what the fuck.

Justin stood up without saying anything more, rapidly undid his pants, letting them puddle around his ankles, toed off his shoes and then turned around to kneel on the couch where he’d been sitting while wiggling his bare ass in Brian’s direction. Brian let his lips roll in and laughed quietly as he watched the boy’s willing response. Then, bending to snatch a condom and small tube of lube out of a drawer on a nearby coffee table, he moved quickly to kneel behind the waiting blond.

“Ohh Justin, this is going to be one HOT summer,” Brian crooned as he rolled on the condom.

Then, going to his own work, Brian lost no time applying lube to himself and the boy’s ass, using several fingers to work it into the beautiful rosy pucker just waiting for his aching ready cock. Justin grunted slightly at first, obviously still feeling the effects of last night, but he didn’t try to move away, so Brian eagerly prepared the boy and then grabbed the slender hips to guide the boy backwards onto the hard, hot shaft.

Brian moaned loudly as he entered that tight, hot opening, feeling every inch of his dick being caressed by the smooth walls of muscle. Justin allowed the other man to take control, pulling him back and then pushing him away to press into the leather covered back of the couch. The blond let his head fall backwards onto the brunet’s shoulder, surrendering to the waves of pleasure radiating out from his ass and likewise enjoying the friction each time his dick rubbed against the smooth leather upholstery. Justin hadn’t yet become desensitized from last night’s epic and he knew that it wouldn’t take him long to climax, but he tried to hold out until he felt Brian nearing his own release.

After several deep, satisfying thrusts, Brian pulled almost all the way out, leaving just the tip of his throbbing cock inside the tight hole and then paused for a moment, letting the waves of tension recede slightly, before pushing back in just enough so that the ridge around the head of his penis cleared the tight outer ring of muscles. Continuing to tease both himself and the blond like this, with these shallow, slow, poking motions, he felt his desire mounting, the tingling in his balls and belly increasing rapidly. Then, to both men’s utter satisfaction, Brian finally allowed himself to slam in deeply again, sinking in up to his balls, hard and fast, two then three more times before he fell over the edge and felt himself shooting into the condom, his own head falling backwards and an embarrassingly loud groan pouring out of him at the same time. The sound of Brian’s pleasure and the final deep thrust of that gloriously large dick, pulled Justin down into the abyss as well, and the boy let go with his own streams of hot, sticky cum, splattering the back of the couch and even part of the wall.

Brian collapsed sideways onto the couch, pulling the boy with him as he fell, wrapping the smaller frame tightly in his arms as they lay there trying to catch their breath. Brian was dropping little kisses all along the boy’s slender, long neck as they lay together, making Justin smile.

But, all too soon, Brian began to stir, his mind already moving on to the next task he had to complete today. He carefully extracted himself from the blond and stood up, removing the used condom and reaching for some tissues to clean himself off. Then he patted Justin’s shoulder before he moved off towards his desk, opening his laptop as he sat.

“So, Justin,” Brian said as the boy sat up and began to adjust his clothing. “I’ll call Mei Mei and tell her to expect you later this afternoon. She’ll get you set up in the pool house. I should be home sometime after 7:00.”

“Okay,” Justin said, feeling that he was being officially dismissed by the ‘Boss’.
“Oh, and, Justin,” Brian added before the young man could go anywhere. “Could you please clean up that mess on the couch before you leave?”

Then the busy advertising executive turned his full attention back to his work and ignored the young blond who sighed with resignation, cleaned the couch off and left the office without saying anything further.
Justin moves into Brian’s Pool House. Just think of all the naughty things they can get up to now! Enjoy! TAG

Chapter 6 - The Pool House.

“No fucking way!” Daphne shouted as she tried to grab the large black duffle bag away Justin. “I can’t believe you agreed to this. You are NOT going to move into this guy’s place and be his personal pool toy for the summer! What the hell were you thinking, Justin?”

Justin retrieved the bag from his friend and continued packing his clothing, trying to tune out the ranting. “Daphne, I already agreed to the deal and I’m not going to change my mind, so just lay off, okay?”

“But, why Justin? What would make you ever agree to something like this?” Daphne was on the verge of tears she was so upset that her friend had agreed to Brian’s indecent proposal.

“Why not? I mean, what difference does it matter. My family doesn’t give a shit about me and I really haven’t had any better offers, now have I? At least I’ll have a place to live for the next few months. And $20,000 - well, I was thinking that with that much money I could even, maybe, get into art school come fall.”

“But, Jus. . . . .You weren’t even going to take the $1,500 this morning because you said it would make you look like a whore. What do you think taking $20,000 for a summer of sexual favors makes you?” Daphne was appalled at what her friend was contemplating.

“Well I did end up taking the $1500 - because YOU told me I should - so technically I’m already a whore,” Justin said, giving Daphne an ironic and slightly accusatory smile. “At least with this new deal I’ll be making real money. It could be a lot worse, Daph. Hell, if I hadn’t found a job soon, I would have probably ended up on the streets selling my ass anyway and at least this way I get to live in luxury while I do it.”

“Jus, please don’t do this. There has to be some other solution.” Daphne pleaded.

“Too late. I’ve already agreed. I’m going,” Justin said, his bag now packed and ready to go. Seeing the sadness on his friend’s face, though, he relented just a bit, adding, “Want to come with me and help me get moved in? You could drive me and save me cab fare. Plus, you’ll get to see how amazing Brian’s house is.”

“Fine.” Daphne said, still not happy with the plan but knowing she would never change Justin’s mind. “At least this way I’ll know where to come to get you when you call in a couple of days begging me to come save your ass.”

Daphne was speechless. She’d expected the house that Justin was moving into to would be nice - what Justin had told her about it earlier made her think it was big and pretty comfortable. But she had
not been expecting anything like this mansion. It was huge - she didn’t get the full tour or anything, but judging by the size, it had to have a least five or six bedrooms, maybe even more. The main room that led off the entryway was probably over 1,000 square feet in itself with a large fieldstone fireplace at one end. The kitchen, which she had peeked at as they passed, was almost as big with professional quality appliances. And the sun room which led out to the patio and then to the pool was one of the brightest, most charming rooms she had ever seen.

Then, the housekeeper, who had introduced herself as Mei Mei, had led her and Justin out to the pool house and Daphne was even more floored. In fact, she was thinking that for all this, SHE would agree to be Brian’s love slave too. The building itself was free-standing about 50 yards away from the main house with the large free-form shaped pool between the two buildings. It wasn’t a large building - its dimensions maybe only fifteen by twenty-five feet - but it was elegant nonetheless. The exterior matched the half-timbered, tudor style of the main house with double hung windows and large french doors opening right onto the paved patio. Inside, it had a full kitchen, a full bath complete with jacuzzi tub, laundry area, large storage closet and a central room with a small wrought iron table and chairs to one side and a sitting area on the other with a comfortable looking futon couch that would pull out into a queen-sized bed for the night. There was a 50” plasma television on one wall and a state-of-the-art stereo/tevo/CD/DVD system built into the wall next to it. And, in the far corner, there was a small desk with a computer station. Daphne thought this this pool house was nicer than a lot of the real houses of some of her acquaintances.

After she’d helped Justin put away his few meager belongings, the two decided to take a walk and check out the rest of the property, which Justin had no idea about since it had been dark when he’d arrived, not to mention that Brian had kept him pretty busy during the whole of his prior visit. They were both astonished to discover the extent of the grounds, plus a full-sized tennis court and even stables (but without any horses inside, for some reason). Justin was psyched to spend some time drawing in the gardens and the more woodsie parts of the property near the back. The landscaping was fabulous and obviously well-maintained by professionals. The whole place was simply magnificent.

Justin decided to use some of his money from this morning to lay in some groceries since he now had a full kitchen at his disposal. Even though he’d specified that the deal would include his room and board - he didn’t mind the idea of cooking for himself on occasion and since it was a hobby he actually enjoyed he was excited to try out the pool house kitchen as soon as possible. So, he talked Daphne into driving him to a local grocery store and then promised her to make her an early dinner.

The two friends were just finishing up their meal - Fetticini in white clam sauce - sitting outside since it was such a moderate evening, the remains of their meal still spread out on the patio table near the pool house door. They were busy discussing plans for Daphne to come out and play tennis or swim with Justin, when they heard a car driving up to the front of the house. A few minutes later, the door to the main house opened and Brian himself came striding out across the patio. Daphne and Justin both stood up as he neared the table - Justin just a little unsure how he was supposed to greet his new boss/lover.

“Hi, Brian,” Justin said, figuring he’d compromise between a mere wave and an all out tongue fucking by settling for laying his hand on the taller man’s arm and stretching up to his tiptoes to kiss the slightly stubbled cheek. “This is my friend, Daphne. She helped me move in and we were just finishing dinner. Are you hungry?”

“No thanks,” Brian said, looking at the carb-filled noodles with disdain. “Nice to meet you, Daphne. So, all moved in and settled?”

“Yeah. This place is great,” Justin responded. “And, since my dad kinda kicked me out with only my clothes and not much else, moving in wasn’t really too tough. If you’re done, Daphne, I’ll get this all
cleaned up.”

Justin started piling up the plates and silverware and headed back to the pool house kitchen, while Brian stood admiring the rear view on the retreating figure and Daphne stood scoping out her friend’s new ‘Boss’. He seemed pretty smug and condescending, was the first impression Daphne got from the tall brunet. She already knew he was completely gorgeous from the little she’d seen last night. And, from the additional tidbits Justin had let slip today, she knew the man looked just as nice without his clothes as he did in them. That didn’t mean though that Daphne was at all reassured about this deal he’d somehow managed to talk her friend into.

“You might as well say whatever it is you have on your mind,” Brian said, turning to the curly-haired young woman.

“Fine. I’m totally against this whole deal of yours, if you want to know.” Daphne started in, defending her best friend like the little pit-bull she was. “Justin is an amazing person and doesn’t deserve all the shit he’s had to go through this year already. And this whole pool boy thing - well, it just better not end with Justin getting hurt, is all I can say.”

The feisty demeanor on the petite fireball made Brian chuckle. “I think your friend is a big boy and can make his own decisions, Daphne. But, I appreciate your loyalty to him. I can reassure you that I don’t intend to hurt him. We have a simple business deal is all and hopefully, it will be mutually beneficial to the both of us.”

“Yeah, whatever,” Daphne was not yet ready to concede anything to this arrogant prick. “All I can say is that you might be paying for his services, but you damn well better not treat him like a whore or I’ll find some way of making you regret it.”

Daphne picked up her bag and yelled into the pool house. “Justin, I’m going to get out of here. Call me tomorrow, okay,” Then, the plucky little scrapper headed to her car.

“Bye, Daph!” came from inside the pool house.

Brian picked up the remaining glassware from the patio table and carried them inside, laughing as he went.

“What’s so funny?” Justin asked as soon as Brian came inside.

“Your friend. She’s really something!” Brian responded.

“She’s great.” Justin agreed. “I wouldn’t have made it the last couple of months if it hadn’t been for her. I was actually staying with her family the past few weeks. I’d promised to leave right after graduation, though, which is why I was so worried about finding someplace else to stay.”

“You know you don’t have to do the dishes,” Brian said, pulling the dish towel out of Justin’s hands and turning the young man to face him. “That’s what I pay Mei Mei for. And, seeing as how I’m rarely home much these days, she’s not exactly overburdened with work. Just let her take care of the rest of this in the morning.”

“I don’t mind,” Justin started to say, but he was interrupted by Brian’s lips crashing into his, stealing a kiss and leading the boy away from the kitchen sink at the same time.

“So, little boy, what do you want to do first, now that you’re all moved in,” Brian asked, his eyes lit up with a spark of anticipation.

“Whatever you want, Sir,” Justin said, playing along, and not exactly hating his new role. “But,
Justin turned and skipped over to the side of the pool, grinning over his shoulder as he went, and swiftly pulled off his shirt, stepped out of his flip-flop sandals and let his khaki cargo pants drop to the ground before diving neatly into the pool. As he surfaced near the diving board, Justin smiled up at the appreciative older man and gave a pert little wave as he tread water. Brian applauded the sassy little imp and his perfect dive, then hastily removed his own clothes and dove in to play with his brand new pool toy.

The pool toy was apparently feeling a bit playful this evening, however, and refused to stay put and wait for Brian. The two men ended up in a vigorous game of chase around the pool, with Justin trying to stay in the deeper water near the diving board, and Brian trying to corral him towards the shallower end where his longer legs and reach would be an advantage. Finally getting exasperated by the game, Brian expeditied matters by diving under water, and swimming stealth mode to surface underneath Justin while the younger man’s attention was directed elsewhere. Brian then dragged the thrashing and splashing young blond to the edge of the pool near the cascading waterfall and pinned him in the shallow water.

Once captured, Justin capitulated easily enough, especially when Brian began kissing him with deep, wet, open-mouthed kisses and fondling him provocatively until the youth’s cock was fully erect, regardless of the cold water surrounding them. When Brian floated down so that he could engulf the lovely stout schlong, the odd sensation of the man’s warm mouth along with the cold pool water sent shivers running up Justin’s spine and caused him to yelp. Brian thoroughly enjoyed the cute little noise Justin made which caused him to laugh around the hot hard cock in his warm wet mouth, adding those pleasant vibrations to the feelings of his sucking and sliding and licking. The combination was explosive and Justin didn’t even try to hold back, erupting with a loud groan letting the pulses of cum stream down Brian’s throat.

After lapping up the tasty treat, Brian immediately flipped them both over and reached up towards what appeared to be a small rock at the edge of the waterfall. Brian twisted the ‘rock’ on a hidden hinge, revealing a small dish-like compartment like the type where most folks would probably hide a spare house key. Brian was far more resourceful and much less conventional, though, so he used the compartment as a convenient storage area for condoms. Grabbing one and allowing the ‘rock’ to close itself as a result of some internal spring mechanism, Brian proceeded to roll the condom on himself, merely smirking at Justin’s delighted laughter over the fake-rock-condom-dispenser.

“I had the rocks all custom made,” Brian commented, eliciting even more guffaws from the teen. “Hey, don’t laugh. They’re very convenient and that particular one saves me lots of time swimming back and forth to the hot tub.”

“Very inventive of you, Mr. Kinney,” Justin teased as he sat straddling the older man’s legs while Brian reclined with his head propped against another conveniently placed ‘rock’, this one protruding up from the shallow water and apparently made out of some rubbery substance.

“Hush, you,” Brian said, swatting the pleasantly plump behind of the giggling blond boy. “Now, come over here and let me show you something else that’s rock hard.”

The bad pun caused the boy’s laughter to turn into a groan, but Justin didn’t resist as Brian lifted his hips slightly so that they were positioned directly above his groin. Justin reached back and grasped the sheathed cock, helping to position himself so that he could lower his body onto the red hot rod. Brian winced as he heard the grunt of pain from the boy, realizing belatedly that Justin was probably pretty sore after last night and this afternoon and they didn’t have any lubricant here in the pool. Justin held very still for several moments, breathing deeply with his eyes closed, but then seemed to
adjust and Brian was relieved when the young man smiled and began to flex his thigh muscles so he could raise and lower himself, riding along and pushing through the initial pain to find the pleasure he knew was there.

Brian was enchanted watching Justin riding his cock, an enthralled look on the boy’s face, his back arched and head thrown back, and little whimpers escaping those popsicle pink lips every time he lowered himself. Brian was aroused almost more by the sight of the abandoned wanton blond than by the stimulation to his cock. Each time the boy lowered himself and let out another of those adorable little noises Brian felt his dick throb and the mounting waves of pleasure would peak a little higher.

“Brian, touch me. I need you to touch me,” Justin moaned out finally, so close to coming but needing to feel his lover’s touch to bring him all the way there.

Brian obliged by wrapping his hand firmly around the boy’s leaking shaft, pumping in time to his rocking motions. When he lightly brushed his thumb over the tip and across the super-sensitized slip, Justin’s hips bucked forward violently and Brian felt his ass muscles convulsing as streams of warm cum shot out, landing on his chest and stomach, quickly being washed away by the cool lapping pool water. As Justin’s orgasm receded, the blond fell forward, and the abrupt change in angle was just sufficient to ignite Brian’s own release.

“Yesss. Ohhh, yes, Justin. God, that’s it.” Brian keened out his pleasure, pulling the blond down onto his chest and wrapping him in a tight embrace, holding him until they were both ready to move again.

The two men were still luxuriating in the shallows of the pool, when Justin shyly looked over at Brian.

“Um, Brian,” Justin started, hesitantly, not really looking Brian in the eyes as he spoke. “I know I just started this job, officially, today, but I think I’m gonna need a day off already. Or, at least, my ass is.”

At that quiet admission, Brian burst out laughing harder than he had in years and rewarded the young blond lying next to him with a friendly hug and a soft kiss.
Chapter 7 - Pool Party.

Justin was settling into his new home rather well, he thought. He liked that he usually got to sleep in late and that he got to swim pretty much every day. He also spent a lot of time in Brian’s media room playing video games, either on one of the game systems Brian had - and he had them all - or online. Plus, Brian had given him access to his Netflix account so he could watch movies in the Media room or his own pool house anytime he wanted, day or night. Brian also had a huge collection of books - both the nice hardbound ones he’d seen in Brian’s home office and also a large secret stash of trashy paperbacks he kept in one of the unused spare bedrooms - so Justin always had plenty to read. The only thing Justin was lacking was company.

Brian was gone almost every day before 8:00 am and rarely got home until after 7:00 pm. Even on Sundays, Brian often had to go into the office for at least a few hours in the morning. The only other people at the estate were Mei Mei, the housekeeper, whose English was a little limited, and four days a week a crew of gardeners. The house was far enough out of the city that it wasn’t really convenient to go in, unless you were planning to spend the whole day there, and there weren’t a lot of local businesses that were worth visiting. Besides, he didn’t have a car and it was too expensive to take taxis everywhere out here in the boonies, so he really didn’t go anywhere much. And, on top of everything, Daphne was working as an orderly at a downtown Pittsburgh hospital for the summer, so she wasn’t available most of the time. So, the bottom line was that, after not more than a week of being a ‘kept man’, Justin was getting a little lonely and more than a little bored.

Brian had actually been really great to him so far - a fact which kind of surprised Justin. He’d expected the man who was arrogant enough to hire a live-in lover for the summer to be cold and callous and completely businesslike about their arrangement, sort of like he’d been when making the original proposal. But, he hadn’t been. He’d been kind. Really, really kind. And that was what threw Justin.

After Justin’s admission the first night that he was really too sore to ‘keep up his end’ of the bargain, he’d been worried about Brian’s reaction. Brian had just laughed and then gone inside to get him a jar of some kind of cream that he said would help. Brian had even taken Justin into the main house, up to the bedroom and laid him on the bed then spent fifteen minutes applying the cream for him, along with giving him a pretty nice massage. Justin had been so relaxed that he’d fallen asleep in the middle of the rub down and didn’t wake until he heard Brian’s alarm going off the next morning. When he did awaken, he found he was spooned up with his rear snuggled against Brian’s front and Brian’s arms wrapped around him protectively. The older man didn’t even blink at the situation he found upon waking - Brian just rolled over to switch off the alarm, kissed Justin softly on the lips and then padded off to the shower, leaving the younger man to percolate in bed.
In fact, Justin had yet to actually sleep in the futon bed in the pool house. Every night, the first thing Brian would do when he got home from work was to seek out Justin wherever he was and pretty much devour the blond. After that first night, Brian was careful not to ‘overwork’ his boy but there was always something pleasurable they could do even when Justin was a little too sore for the full meal deal. Justin, for his part, was astounded by how insatiable the older man was, especially considering he rarely got more than three or four hours of sleep a night. Altogether though, the situation was working out pretty good for both men so far.

The only break Justin got from his solitary daytime existence during the first week was the couple of days that he’d had to go into town to take his last few finals at St. James’ Academy. By the time he’d met Brian, he’d only had a week of school left and since he was a senior, there wasn’t really anything new that any of the teachers were presenting. He didn’t mind blowing off the rest of his classes and only bothered to show up for the finals. He couldn’t care less about all the ‘senior class’ events that the other students were wasting their time on the rest of the week. Justin would rather be alone, sitting by the pool and reading or studying at Brian’s than participating in “Senior Ditch Day” with the rest of the idiots.

However, the second week he was there, Justin decided that he really did need to get some company other than Mei Mei or he was going to completely lose it. He thought he would invite Daphne and maybe some of his other friends from school out to spend the day with him. Daphne had Tuesdays off, so that was the day he was planning his little pool party. He got Daph’s agreement to come over without even trying - she’d just finished her last final the day before and was eager to see how her friend was doing, plus she looked forward to spending some time at the luxurious country estate. Daphne asked to bring her best girl friend, September, for the day, and Justin readily agreed. There were only two other friends that had stood by Justin after the Hobbs thing, Derrick and Jake, both total geeks but actually good, loyal friends, so Justin called to invite them along - Daphne volunteered to drive everyone.

The only other person he thought about inviting was Chris Hobbs. He hadn’t actually seen or talked to Chris since he’d moved to Brian’s. Even before that they’d only been able to wave hello from a distance at school, since Chris was under strict orders from his parents to stay away from Justin and most of the staff at the school knew it. The last time Justin had seen his pseudo boyfriend, Chris had been walking Cindy Bradford, the head cheerleader, to her car, Chris’ arm draped casually over the girl’s shoulders as they walked. The sight had angered Justin so much he’d vowed to never talk to the stupid jock again. But, after his anger had cooled, Justin found he still thought about the other boy a lot and it wasn’t so easy to just shrug off an all-consuming crush like the one he’d had on Chris for more than two years. In the end, he caved, called Chris late Sunday afternoon and included him in the pool party as well.

Monday night, Brian didn’t get home until after 9:00 pm. He was unmistakably in a bad mood when he finally did get home. Justin, ever the attentive pool boy that he was, enthusiastically greeted his man at the door with a glass of white wine and then led him out to the patio where Brian had been divested of his tie and jacket, seated in a comfortable lounge chair and served a nice chef’s salad which Justin, who had learned early on about Brian’s ‘no carbs after 7:00’ rule, had made earlier and which had been left chilling in the fridge until Brian arrived. Brian’s bad mood was instantly mollified by the solicitous behavior from his little pool boy.

Brian had so far been really pleased with the arrangement he and Justin had. He’d never felt this contented or cared for. In the past, his motto was always, ‘don’t get involved’. That meant never, or at least rarely, spending more than one night with any one man. He'd convinced himself that it was easier that way - less messy, no emotional entanglements and therefore no pain. The week plus he’d spent with Justin had been the longest he’d ever spent with one guy since college, but so far it hadn’t been nearly as bad as he’d worried it might be. In fact, he'd been enjoying himself immensely, to his
Once Brian was fed and had imbibed enough alcohol to calm him a bit, Justin moved him to the futon couch, snuggled up against him and tactfully, trying all the while not to sound like a concerned hetero housewife, asked Brian what happened at work to get him so upset. Brian started to rail at the ongoing idiocy of the art department and the delays that were causing him so much worry. After about ten minutes, he found he was actually feeling somewhat less stressed and that Justin’s quiet deferential concern was soothing, even if it did feel a little lesbionic to be sitting here discussing his day with someone.

Justin waited until Brian’s complaints finally ran down, then he helped him take off his shirt and made him lie down on his stomach on the couch. Brian complied thinking that something hot and heavy was about to occur. To his surprise, Justin merely got out some scented lotion that had the clean, fresh fragrance of barley and acacia trees, climbed onto the couch so that he was straddling the tired, stressed man, and proceeded to give Brian the best body massage he’d ever had. Justin’s deft artist’s fingers quickly found all the knots of tension in his back and shoulders, and were strong enough to work out the kinks but sensitive enough not to dig too deeply. Brian was a puddle of jelly by the time the young blond was done and he couldn’t remember the last time he’d felt so relaxed.

“Feeling better?” Justin whispered into the somnolent man’s ear, getting a faint grunt in affirmation. “Good, because I wanted to ask you something, Brian. Would it be okay for me to have a few friends over tomorrow to hang out around the pool? It’ll only be four or five people and I promise they won’t be a problem.”

Brian propped himself on one elbow and smirked at Justin. “So, you did all this - the wine, dinner, massage and all - just to butter me up to ask if you could throw a wild teenage party at my house tomorrow, little boy?”

“Maybe?” Justin admitted. “It’s just that we never discussed whether or not you cared if I had friends over and I didn’t want to just do it without you knowing so I thought I should ask. And, it would be really great if you didn’t mind, because I’m getting really kinda bored and lonely out here all alone all day. I’m not complaining, mind you, you’ve been really nice and all, but you’re not home all day and there is only so much conversation you can have with Mei Mei or the gardeners, and . . . .”

“Stop, Justin. Stop.” Brian sat up and put his hand over the younger man’s mouth to quiet him. “It’s fine. Go ahead and have your little party. I don’t want you to be bored or lonely.”

“Really?”

“Really, Justin,” Brian smiled sincerely at the eager youth.

“Thank you, Brian. Thank you!” Justin gushed, and jumped into Brian’s lap, covering his face with kisses in his excitement.

“Mmmmm. If I’d known you would get this excited about an afternoon pool party, I would have invited your friends over myself,” Brian teased as he returned the enthusiastic kisses, his own a little more ardent than those of the blond.

“I want to do something special to thank you, Brian,” Justin said, as they traded kisses. “Tell me what I can do to thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me, Justin. Really, I don’t care if you have your friends over during the day,” Brian said, slowing pushing the blond over backwards as he trailed kisses down the perfect ivory neck.
“I know!” Justin wriggled out of Brian’s arms, struck by a sudden inspiration. “I know exactly what you’ll like. But, first, the pants have to come off.”

Brian wasn’t going to argue since he was all for anything that involved his pants being removed by this provocative boy. He raised his hips helpfully while Justin undid the fly and struggled to get the slacks pulled all the way down. Then, Justin slapped Brian’s hip playfully to get the man to roll over onto his stomach. Brian looked up at Justin with just a hint of concern in his beautiful hazel eyes, but complied nonetheless, propping his upper body with a cushion and spreading his legs a little for comfort.

Justin leapt up onto the couch, and kneeled in between the other man’s legs, spreading them a little wider to give him better access. Then, the nimble young blond stretched himself out, sliding his arms under Brian’s thighs and gripping on to the man’s hips from underneath, using his elbows to prop himself up just enough. At that point, Justin let his eyes close briefly, trying to envision exactly what he wanted to do, remembering his first night with Brian. Then he opened his eyes and dove right into his work.

Starting off tentatively at first, Justin began by leaving a trail of butterfly-light kisses along Brian’s thighs and up over the rounded globes of his cheeks. Then, he started to lick and nibble at the warm, firm flesh and slowly worked his way over towards the enticing cleft and his intended target. Sticking out his soft pink tongue, Justin began to lick downwards from the top of Brian’s crack, leaving a wet trail of saliva as he went. When he reached the rosy little pucker, he licked around it then over it and then blew a cool puff of air over the wetness, evoking a contented murmur from Brian.

Encouraged by Brian’s response, Justin started to suck at the folds of skin, even using his teeth very gently to nibble at the sensitive spot. Finally, Justin ventured to press in a little deeper, inserting his tongue just barely into the hole and feeling the constricting ring of muscles clenching at the initial intrusion. Then, as the tension relaxed, he thrust his tongue deeper, finding he actually enjoyed the squeezing sensation and the wet heat of the opening around his tongue.

“More, Justin. Faster,” directed Brian, gently instructing the neophyte.

Justin increased the speed of his thrusts and went deeper at the same time. Brian, his head on the cushion while his hands gripped convulsively at the fabric, was now gasping for breath all self-restraint forgotten. Shifting his position a bit and pulling up on the other man’s hips slightly, Justin discovered he could get access to Brian’s cock while continuing his ministrations on the hungry little hole behind. Wrapping his fist around the solid flesh, Justin began pulling in time with the motions of his tongue.

Justin knew he must be doing something right from the adorable little mewling sounds he was evoking from the trembling man under him. Then, he felt Brian suddenly still for two heartbeats before the man arched back, gasping out an almost noiseless ‘Justin’ and then collapsing into the couch cushions while a deluge of hot wet jizz filled Justin’s hand and the muscles around Justin’s tongue clenched hard. Justin finished his performance with a few tiny love bites on the firm tanned ass cheeks before pulling back onto his knees and wiping his lips, a self-satisfied grin very evident on his beautiful face.

Brian cracked up when he saw the look on the young man’s face, laughing unrestrainedly and pulling the amazing little blond down onto his chest, trying to kiss that smugness away.

“You certainly are a fast learner, I’ll give you that, little boy,” Brian complimented his protege.

“Was it okay?” Justin asked, partly unsure and partly, maybe, just fishing for another compliment.
“You did very, very well,” Brian reassured him with another series of kisses. “I’ll have to let you thank me for things more often.”

Then Brian got up from the couch and pulled Justin after him, moving towards the main house.

“It looks like I need a shower. You helped make this mess, so you’re going to have to help me clean up too,” Brian was saying as he led the boy upstairs to the shower. “Then, if you’re a good boy, I’ll give you a bedtime treat,” he added, causing Justin to giggle with anticipation.

Daphne arrived about 10:30 with a car full of eager teens. Justin had been up early - he actually got up when Brian did today - so he could take a quick trip to the closest market to stock up on chips, dip, soda and other pool party essentials before his guests arrived. Everything was ready long before the crew was due, which gave Justin time for a little catnap on a shady lounge chair to catch up on the sleep he hadn’t gotten the night before due to a even more than usually energetic Brian.

The sound of a car pulling up the drive woke him from his snooze, and Justin jumped up to run around the house and welcome his visitors. Derrick and Jake piled out of the small back seat of Daphne’s economy compact, while she and September got out more elegantly from the front seats. Justin was already fist bumping the guys in greeting and hugging the two girls as they heard the sound of another car just approaching and then being buzzed in through the gates. Justin and Daph shared a private look before Justin quickly directed her to take everyone around back and get them settled while he waited for the last guest to arrive.

“Hey, Chris,” Justin said, as his last guest got out of his oversized cherry red Dodge Ram pickup. “Glad you were able to escape.”

“Hey. Yeah, it wasn’t easy,” Chris explained as he came to stand next to Justin. “I told the ‘rents that I was going to a pool party and kinda let them think that Cindy and the other cheerleaders would be here. I think my dad has a thing for cheerleaders - how sick is that, huh?”

“Yeah,” Justin said, a little nervously. “So, come on around back and I’ll show you around.”

“This place is sure way the fuck out here, Jus. How’d you find this place?” Hobbs asked.

“It’s a friend’s place,” Justin said, evasively. “He’s letting me stay in the pool house for the summer and then, hopefully, if I get everything arranged for school, I can live on campus after that.”

“Wow. This place is fantastic,” Chris said as they rounded the back of the house and Justin led him through the back fence to the patio area.

“Yeah, Jus! You lucky dog - you get to live here all summer?” asked Derrick, who had already stripped down to his swim trunks and was getting ready to dive into the pool.

“Yes! Daph, did you show everyone around inside already?”

“No. I didn’t get a chance yet, you clown,” Daphne said, playfully punching her friend in the shoulder, happy for him at his chance to show off a little.

“Come on then you guys,” Justin waved them all over. “The drinks are in the fridge in here, anyway.

Justin spent the next few minutes showing off his new digs - everyone oooh’d and aaaah’d at the sweet set up he had and the two nerd boys getting almost teary eyed at the electronics and computer set up. Justin wasn’t sure, now that they’d seen the computer, whether he’d actually get Derrick or
Jake back out to the pool, but at least they were enjoying themselves. When everyone was suitably impressed and they’d all found sodas or water, the group headed back out to the pool to get some sun and swim.

The day was going great. They kicked back and floated or swam in the pool or soaked in the hot tub and laid under the patio umbrellas on the cushy lounge chairs. The friends got each other caught up on the latest school gossip and discussed who was going where for college and what summer jobs they all had and any vacation plans. Justin served them all sandwiches for lunch then they all piled into the pool house to watch a movie for the rest of the afternoon. After the movie, they all headed back outside for another dip in the pool.

Justin and Daphne were idly floating together on a large two-person raft while September and Jake were splashing at each other in the shallow end by the waterfall, when Chris swam up to them, resting his crossed arms over the end of the raft.

“So, Jus. You never did say how you know the guy that owns this place,” Hobbs pried.

“He’s just a friend,” Justin didn’t really want to get into the nature of his relationship with Brian with his friends, and especially not with Chris.

“Yeah, you said that. But how do you know him. Is he a friend of your parents or something? He’s got to be loaded to have a place like this - he can’t be our age.” Chris kept pushing.

Daphne snorted when she heard the question about Brian being friends with the Taylors. “Brian? Being friends with Craig? Not likely in this universe.”

“Daph.” Justin cautioned.

“Why not? What’s wrong with the guy?” Chris asked the still snickering girl.

“It’s not what’s wrong with Brian - it’s what’s wrong with Justin’s bigoted father.” Daphne explained, ignoring Justin’s attempts to get her to shut up. “Brian’s about as ‘Out and Proud’ as you can get. I can’t see Craig having anything to do with him. He wouldn’t even accept his own son when he found out Justin was gay, there’s no way in hell he’d even be caught dead in the same room as someone like Brian.”

“It would actually be funny to watch though,” September interjected from the other side of the pool - Daphne had already told her a lot more of the story behind Justin’s new housing arrangements so she’d already heard the tales about Brian.

Justin was getting just a little uncomfortable with the direction the conversation was heading so he rolled off the raft and swam over to the ladder to get out of the pool. Calling over to Jake, he offered to show the guys how to get to the online games on the computer system, and moved off towards the house. Chris watched them go with a curious look on his face.

It wasn’t long afterwards that the party started to break up. Daphne had to be back home before 5:00 to go to dinner with her family. So her carload of kids all started packing up and getting ready to go a little after 4:00 pm. Justin had enjoyed the company and the get together had gone pretty well so they all discussed plans to come back out again next Tuesday. Justin walked the group back out to the driveway and waved goodbye to them before turning back to his last remaining guest.

Justin had been looking forward to some time alone with Chris all day. Chris was still in denial about his feelings for the blond, so around others he always acted like they were just friends - even though everyone that had been here today knew at least a little of the story of what had happened to get
Justin tossed out of his parents’ home. But, now, with everyone else gone, Justin thought they might have some time to reconnect.

Chris was still on a lounge chair near the pool when Justin got back from seeing his other friends off. Justin boldly walked over, straddling the chair and seated himself facing the other boy with his legs draped over the well-muscled thighs of the jock. Chris was a little startled at first by Justin’s assertiveness, but he didn’t hold back for long when the smaller blond boy pulled his body close and claimed the reluctant jock’s lips for a long, deep kiss.

Justin had always been more of the aggressor in their relationship, but Chris knew right away from this kiss that something had changed. Justin wasn’t just his usual bold self, he was even more assertive and his kissing had definitely gotten more dynamic. Chris wasn’t sure he was comfortable with this new improved Justin, and especially with the way his hands were wandering much more assuredly southward. But, while Chris Hobbs might seem like the bigger, more prepossessing and outwardly more self-confident of the two, in this particular arena, he was more than happy to let Justin lead the way and he wasn’t going to fight anything that felt this good.

The boys were so wrapped up in themselves by this point that neither heard the car pulling up the drive or, a few minutes later, the door from the main house opening and closing. They didn’t actually hear anything, until they were both startled by the sound of a large shopping bag being dropped to the paving stones next to the lounge chair where they were sitting and the bag’s contents clattering out onto the ground. That’s when Justin pulled back and looked up to see Brian towering over them, looking down at the tableau of his new pool boy wrapped around some half naked muscle-bound teenage jock.

Chapter End Notes

Reviews and kudos are very much appreciated. Please let the author know you care.
TAG
Bye, Bye Hobbs.

Chapter Notes

Brian doesn't DO jealous, but he still manages to communicate his dislike of Hobbs.
Good thing too! Enjoy! TAG

Chapter 8 - Bye, Bye Hobbs.

Brian realized that his heart was racing and that he was standing there with his fists and jaw clenched. His rational mind was desperately trying to catch up with his emotional reaction to finding Justin tonsils-deep in this other boy. That small rational voice in his head was telling him that it really wasn’t a big deal and that there was no reason why Justin shouldn’t be enjoying himself with this hot kid. Unfortunately, the irrational, angry parts of his brain were screaming much more loudly and it was hard to hear those small rational thoughts.

“Um. Brian,” Justin said, unfolding himself from the other boy’s grasp, his voice unsure and maybe even worried. “Hi.”

“A word, Justin,” Brian said, indicating that the boy should follow the older man into the house.

Justin got up from the lounge chair slowly, giving Chris a little shrug as he did, and followed behind Brian to the main house. He was chewing at his lip, a sure sign of his anxiety, but not really sure why he was so anxious or why Brian seemed angry. Brian had told him it was okay to have friends over, right? And it couldn’t be that Brian was upset because . . . . no, that wasn’t possible. . . Brian had told him right from the start that this was just a business deal, that he didn’t do relationships, etc.. . . so, why did Justin get the feeling that Brian was. . . . jealous? It just wasn’t possible. Justin figured he had to be reading the older man wrong.

“So, it looks like your little party is going well, hm?” Brian started as soon as he’d closed the patio door behind Justin. “This was not exactly the kind of party I thought we’d discussed, though.”

“The others all left a while ago. Daphne drove and she had to get back so they all had to leave,” Justin started to explain, still not completely sure why he felt he had to. “We did have a great day though. They all loved the pool and then we had lunch and watched a movie, and then . . . .”

“Whatsoever, Justin. I don’t need a minute by minute recap of your entire day.” Brian snapped. “It’s a little late though and I think your ‘party’ needs to be wrapped up now. Tell your beefy little buddy out there that it’s time to hit the road. And then get that shit out there all cleaned up.”

“Okay, already. I’ll get rid of him. Don’t get your panties all in a twist, Brian,” Justin reacted to the anger in the other man’s voice with a little heat of his own, grumbling as he headed back out to the patio. “Shit. You said it was okay for me to have friends over and there’s not that much mess.”

Brian spun about and stomped up to his bedroom, slamming the door behind him. Meanwhile, Justin found Chris already getting his towel and clothing together out in the pool house.

“Sorry about that Chris,” Justin apologized. “I guess Brian is just upset about all the mess.”

“That guy is your ‘friend’, Jus? The asshole doesn’t seem all that friendly to me,” Chris was angry
too, not only because he and Justin had been interrupted, but also because he had taken an almost instant dislike to the tall, elegant and handsome ‘friend’ that Justin was living with now. “Does he always act like such a shit to you?”

“Of course not, Chris. Brian’s been really good to me so far. He’s really a great guy most of the time. I mean, he’s letting me live here rent free and all.” Justin started to defend Brian.

“Yeah. That makes sense. He’s letting you live here rent free for the whole summer and you don’t have to do ANYTHING to repay him. Yeah, right. How fucking naive can you be, Justin. Of course that guy doesn’t want your money, he’s way more interested in your ass.” Chris said accusingly, punctuating his words with his index finger, poking into Justin’s chest as he drove the smaller boy back against the pool house door.

“Fuck you, Hobbs. What the hell business is it of yours where I live or what I do? At least living here is better than being homeless, which is what I would have been by the end of the week if it weren’t for Brian, thanks in no small part to you,” Justin yelled back, not intimidated by the larger boy.

“So, you’re not even going to fucking deny it are you? What the hell! You’re a fucking whore now? You’ll do anything for a free meal and soft bed? I’m so out of here.” Chris turned his back on Justin and moved off towards the side fence and the driveway beyond.

“What the fuck do you care anyway, Chris.” Justin was shouting at the other boy, following a few steps behind him as he headed for his car. “You have no fucking claim on me. If you’d wanted to be with me you would have stuck up for me when we got caught back at school. You wouldn’t have let your parents tell you that you couldn’t see me anymore. You would have said something at least, maybe even supported me, when my father kicked me out of the house. But you didn’t do any of those things, did you, Chris. No. You just let ME take all the shit, all the ridicule at school and the abuse from my asshole father, all alone. Why? Because you’re too chicken shit scared to admit that you’re gay.”

Justin had apparently hit a nerve with that last statement, because as soon as the words were out of his mouth, Hobbs dropped the bundle of clothes he’d been holding and turned on Justin.

“I’m NOT gay! I’m not anything. Don’t you ever say that again, you hear me. Whatever we’ve done - whatever YOU’VE done - it’s been all you, not me. You’re the fucking faggot, not me. Do. YOU. HEAR. ME!”

“I think everyone in the county hears you,” came a calm yet intimidating voice from around the front of the house, as Brian strode into sight coming right up to the arguing boys. “And, I think it’s time you shut the fuck up and leave.”

“Fuck you! You fucking faggot pervert.” Chris blurted out in his anger, glaring at Justin as he spoke. “You know what, Jus. You two fucking deserve each other. Just leave me alone from now on, okay. You two have a great life together - the little fucking whore and the big fucking faggot perv. . . “

Chris’ ranting diatribe would likely have gone on a lot longer except that it was cut brutally short by Brian’s fist slamming into the side of the angry young man’s jaw, knocking him to the ground.

“Good. Now that you’ve finally shut up, maybe you’ll be able to hear when I tell you to get the fuck off my property,” Brian spat, picking the younger man up by the back of his collar and practically dragging him over to his car. “Thanks for visiting. And, DON’T bother ever coming back.”

Brian pulled the truck door open and shoved the now cowering Hobbs into the truck. Then he
returned to pick up the scattered clothing on the ground near Justin’s feet, threw that in on top of the surprised and scared boy and slammed the truck’s door shut. Finally, brushing his hands off as if to removing any taint left from touching the odious Hobbs, Brian wrapped his arm around Justin’s shoulder and led the shaking younger man back inside the house, not bothering to wait while Hobbs started his car and drove off.

Once inside, Brian seated Justin on the couch then went to the bar and poured them each a double scotch, which he brought back to the couch with him, sitting next to Justin and handing the younger man the drink. Justin was still visibly shaking, his skin still flushed an angry red. Brian put his hand on the trembling thigh and squeezed gently to let Justin know he was there.

“So, that was the kid you got kicked out of your parent’s house for?” Brian finally said as soon as Justin had gulped down his drink. “Well, he is hot, but I don’t really know what you saw in him that was worth getting kicked out over.”

Brian’s comment got a little chuckle out of Justin which unfortunately then led to hiccups. Brian got back up to get Justin a bottle of water and himself another drink. When he got back to the couch, Justin was smiling again and no longer shaking.

“Thanks, Brian. You probably didn’t really need to hit him, but the look on his face was definitely worth it,” Justin snickered between hiccups as he grabbed for the water.

“It felt pretty good too,” Brian added, shaking out his right hand and then examining a small cut on one knuckle. “Damn, though, he had a pretty bony jaw.”

“Let me see,” Justin asked as he grabbed Brian’s wrist and examined the cut. “It’s not too bad, but I could get a bandage for it if you want.”

“Don’t bother. It’s nothing.” Brian said, taking his hand back and having another sip of his whiskey. “Hey, Justin?

“Yeah?”

“I really don’t mind you having Daphne and your other friends over, but, I think maybe we need to set down some rules,” Brian started.

“Like what?”

“Well, maybe, for starters, no old boyfriends. Especially the ones that threaten you and make me want to hit them?” Brian ventured, not looking Justin in the eyes while he spoke.

“Deal,” Justin agreed quietly, scooting over closer to Brian and snuggling into the larger man’s side.

The two men sat without talking for a little bit longer while they finished their drinks. Then Brian kissed the top of Justin’s head lightly and got up, walking out through the patio door once again. When he came back he was carrying an extra-large paper shopping bag which he set down on the coffee table in front of Justin. Getting one last refill on his drink, Brian returned to the couch and joined the young artist once again.

“About earlier. . . I’m. . . I didn’t mean to pick a fight. I actually just wanted to give you this.” Brian said, pointing at the shopping bag in front of them.

“For me?” Justin asked, pulling the bag towards him.

Justin readily pulled the handles of the bag apart to see what was inside. The squeak of delight from
the young blond brought an instant smile to Brian’s lips as he watched the boy pulling items out of the bag. The first thing Justin grabbed was a large sketch book. Next came a large wooden case which, when opened, showed rows of professional quality pencils, charcoal sticks, pastels and watercolors along with a complete set of brushes. Also in the bag, Justin found a ream of watercolor paper, watercolor pencils, illustration markers and a whole slew of other accessories, including a couple gadgets that even Justin didn’t know what they were. He was oohing and ahhing and opening everything, while Brian delighted in the over-the-top reaction to his little gift.

“Brian, what did you do - buy out an entire art supply store?” Justin asked, looking through the wooden case of pencils and pastels.

“Not quite,” Brian laughed, then went on to explain. “You said you were bored so I just thought maybe this stuff would help keep you busy. I didn’t know what kind of stuff you liked to do so I got sort of a variety pack. If you want anything else, like oil paints or something, we can get that too.”

“Oh, Brian. This is absolutely wonderful,” Justin hugged the kind hearted man tightly, trying to contain his emotions. “My dad destroyed all my old stuff when he kicked me out. I haven’t had the money to get any of it replaced. This is just...the nicest thing. Thank you.”

“It’s nothing,” Brian said, getting up quickly to hide his embarrassment at the blond’s over-reaction.

Justin wasn’t about to let him get away without being properly thanked, though, so he jumped up to follow as Brian retreated back to the bar.

“Brian. It’s not nothing. It’s one of the nicest things anyone has ever done for me. So, like it or not, I’m going to thank you.”

And, Justin reached up, laced his fingers in the soft chestnut colored locks and pulled Brian’s face down for an intense, passionate kiss that went on for a long, long time.

“You hungry?” Brian asked when Justin finally let him come up for air?

“The downside of living way out here is that there isn’t any decent take out. But, there’s this out-of-the-way steakhouse not too far away, if you want to join me?”

“I’m always hungry,” Justin laughed. “I’d love to join you for dinner, Brian. Just let me change real quick, okay. And, can I bring my new sketch pad?”

((((((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))

Justin was snoring softly, lying on his stomach, sprawled diagonally across two-thirds of the large bed. Brian was propped up on one elbow, perched on his remaining third of bed, watching the beautiful young man as he slept. Every so often Brian would reach out and play with a strand of silky blond hair, thinking that it was starting to get long.

He was still not able to sleep, even after the vigorous ‘exercise’ they’d had earlier after getting back from dinner. Brian couldn’t get over how happy and excited Justin had been with the little bag of art supplies he’d brought home for the boy. It still made him smile to think about how the present had caused Justin’s eyes to glitter. And that smile - god, that smile light up the kid’s whole face and pretty much everything around him too. Brian just couldn’t get over this boy’s beauty - at least when he was happy.

When he wasn’t happy, though... Brian remembered the fierce, combative look on the young man’s face when he’d come around the corner earlier and seen Justin and that jerkwad arguing. Okay, Brian admitted, he was beautiful then too, just beautiful in a really almost scary way. This kid
might not be that large physically, but he could definitely stand up for himself. Brian probably hadn’t
needed to hit that little weasel - what was his name? Knobs? Whatever - Justin would have likely
been just fine, but it had felt really, really good.

At first, when Brian had seen the two of them together kissing, he’d been too angry at both of them
to stick around, and had decided the best thing to do was just get out of there - which was why he’d
retreated to his bedroom in the first place, But, the shit that prick had been shouting at Justin had just
really gotten to him. He’d heard pretty much everything through the open window in his
bedroom, which conveniently overlooked that part of the yard. When the voices started to get louder,
he’d rushed downstairs, concerned about how fast the argument was escalating. And when he’d
heard that Nobbs kid yelling at Justin and calling him a faggot, Brian just couldn’t help himself. That
had been one really satisfying punch, even if his knuckles did still smart.

So, if that wasn’t what was keeping him awake, Brian wondered, then what was it? Justin shifted a
little in his sleep just then, causing the duvet to slip down, exposing an expanse of creamy ivory
shoulder. Brian couldn’t stop himself from touching that tempting soft skin, letting his finger tips
trace spiralling patterns over the lightly muscled lats. When the word ‘mine’ popped into his head
while he was watching the contrast between his skin color and that of the sleeping blond, it literally
caused him to jump a little. The image that came along with that odd word was the picture of that
little asswipe, Nobbs, with his arms wrapped around Justin as he’d seen them when he got home
earlier.

“Well, the fuck did that come from?” Brian muttered quietly under his breath. He tried to shake away the image and the word, but it wouldn’t just leave that easily. Brian thought
that maybe that picture and that idea, ‘mine’, were the things keeping him awake right now. But,
since that idea was not one that Brian Kinney was prepared to deal with, he decided to instead take
affirmative steps to get the image and word out of his head as quickly as possible.

Pulling down the duvet more, so that the sleeping blond was completely bared down to his calves,
Brian started to caress the exposed back much more vigorously, adding in a wet flick with his tongue
every few seconds and the occasional cooling stream of air. The gentle sensations slowly seeped into
the sleepy man’s consciousness, eventually bringing Justin around enough to generate a happy
pleased little noise.

“Mmmmm?”

“I can’t sleep, little boy. Care to keep me company while I’m awake?” Brian whispered into the
receptive ear.

“Mmmm Hmm,” was the affirmative response.

Brian pulled another condom off the pile they’d left on the edge of the nightstand and shimmed his
body down so that his hips were snug against those of the warm little creamy white body next to
him. He quickly rolled on the latex sheath and then moved to drape himself over the accepting, not-
quite-awake young man. Brian didn’t need to waste anytime preparing the boy, who’d only just
fallen asleep a short time earlier. Instead, he just pushed into that warm inviting wet tunnel, ramming
in as hard as he could in one fast sure stroke, fully rousing his partner in the process.

Brian knew that this was not going to be slow, tender and drawn out. What he needed right now to
clear his head was a fast, hot, hard fuck. He needed to get himself off and didn’t want to waste any
thought on how he did it. To make sure he got the easiest entry, He pulled two pillows down and
inelegantly shoved them under the boy’s hips. Then, with a tight grip on the delicate pale hips, Brian
began pummelling into those welcoming depths over and over again, each stroke going deeper and
hitting harder, his balls slapping almost roughly against the other man’s skin with every thrust.
Justin was fully awake now and working to angle himself to get the most pleasure from Brian’s rapid motions. Brian would have none of it though - he ruthlessly held the slighter frame down, pinning the hips in place on the pillows so that he could ram even faster and deeper. It took no time at all for the frenzied man to reach his own climax, every fiber of his being straining as he released his essence into the warm, wet, enveloping depths. That was when his subconscious betrayed him once again, and Brian heard himself voicing the uncomfortable word as the last shuddering wave of his orgasm broke - “Mine,” he heard himself moan.

It wasn’t until the echo in his brain of that word died down that he realized that Justin hadn’t yet reached his own release. Brian, never selfish in bed, at least not where it might affect his reputation, rolled onto his side and continued to pump into the blond, reaching around with his hand to jerk him off at the same time, bringing Justin along over the edge with little more effort and relishing the wet sticky streams of cum dripping through his fingers as the other man came.

“Thank you, Brian,” was the soft gratifying response from the blond in his arms as Brian pulled out to dispose of the condom.

“Shit.” Brian mumbled as Justin began to snore again almost immediately. “I’m still not sleepy.”
Chapter 9 - Graduation.

The next couple of days were heaven, as far as Justin was concerned at least. He spent most of each day playing with his new art supplies, sketching, painting and just enjoying all of it. Brian even had his IT guy from the office come by and install a scanner and a new graphics program on the pool house computer for Justin to use. The young artist had never had this much time to spend on his art or this much support for his endeavors. And, each night, when Brian got home, Justin did his utmost to show his appreciation to the big-hearted man who’d given him all this.

It wasn’t until Friday that real life again intruded on Justin’s happiness. The alarm had gone off only a few minutes earlier and Brian was still in the shower when Justin heard his cell phone ring. Digging through the pile of clothes on the floor by the bed, he eventually found the phone and managed to answer it before it went to voicemail.

“Hey, Jus,” Daphne’s always cheery voice came through the phone loud and clear. “Sorry to call so early, but I’ve got to be at work by 9:00 and I didn’t know if I’d have time to call you later. Hope I didn’t wake you.”

“No. It’s okay, Daph. Brian already got me ‘up’ earlier,” Justin responded suggestively, making Daph giggle on the other end of the call.

“That sounds like a pretty pleasant way to wake up if you ask me! *He he he* Anyway, enough about your sex life, Jus, especially since I don’t have one yet. The reason I called was to see if you need a ride tomorrow.”

“What for?” Justin asked.

“Dun, Graduation?” Daphne replied, “You know, you put on a hideous polyester dress and a funny hat and then walk down the aisle between rows of uncomfortable folding chairs set up in the gym while everyone claps as they call your name?”

“Ha. Ha. But, to answer your question - No, I don’t need a ride because I’m not going,” Justin said matter-of-factly.

“Why not?”

“Because I hated that place, they were all horrible to me there and for the last two months pretty much everyone from the principal down to the nerdiest freshman acted like they had a free pass to bully and denigrate me. Why the hell would I ever voluntarily go back there?” Justin said heatedly.

Brian had heard the last part of this as he was shaving in the adjacent bathroom. The angry tone of Justin’s voice what what initially got his attention, but then when he heard the subject of the discussion, he started to get interested.
“Come on, Jus. This is Graduation. Who cares what everybody else says or what they did to you in the past. You should do this for YOU. We deserve this. We earned it.” Daphne tried her best to convince her friend.

“Fuck Graduation, Daph. It’s just a stupid meaningless ritual. Besides, it’s more for the parents and families anyway and I conveniently don’t have one of those anymore to worry about.”

“My family will be there and so will I. It’s not like you won’t have anyone. Plus, who else is gonna cheer when I finish my Valedictorian speech?” Daphne asked smugly.

“You’re the Valedictorian? That’s fantastic, Daph. Way to go!” Justin raved.

“So, does that mean you’ll come?”

“Sorry, Daph. You’ll have to give me the recap of your speech later. I’ve got no reason to be there. Nobody really wants me there anyway. You’ll be fine without me, Daph.” Daphne knew by his tone that Justin had already made up his mind and she knew when to give up.

“Oh. But, if you change your mind, just let me know and I’ll be happy to come get you!” Daphne tried to leave the door at least partially ajar, hoping that something would change Justin’s mind.

“You have fun, Daph. And, good luck with your speech. Later.”

Justin hung up and tossed the phone back onto the pile of clothes. Then he rolled over and grabbed Brian’s pillow, a habit he’d gotten into already since it usually helped him drift back to sleep after Brian had left in the morning. He secretly found the scent of Brian’s ridiculously expensive cologne mixed with his sweet, clean sweat unbelievably comforting - although there was no way he was going to tell Brian that.

“You should go, you know,” Brian said while he adjusted his tie using the mirror on the inside of his closet door.

“Huh?” Justin said from his nest of pillows and covers.

“Your Graduation. You should go.”

“Why the fuck would I go back to that hell hole?” Justin raised his head off the pillows just enough to answer.

“Because if you don’t you’re letting the fucking breeders and bigots win. You should go and show them all that you’re the biggest fucking success of any of them and that they can kiss your big fat fairy ass if they don’t like it,” Brian said all this in a calm voice with an undertone of conviction.

“But I’m not a success, am I, Brian?” Justin said resignedly as he rolled onto his side, propping up his head with his hand. “I’m nothing. If it weren’t for you, Brian, after tomorrow I’d probably be living in a cardboard box in an alley somewhere. All I am is your rent boy for the summer.”

Justin rolled back and pulled the pillow over his head so he wouldn’t have to say anything or listen to anything more. Brian merely patted his shoulder in goodbye and headed towards the door as he always did, off on his way to work. This time, though, he surreptitiously picked up Justin’s phone off the floor as he passed.

“Hey, Jus. Changed your mind already?” Daphne said when she noted the caller ID on her phone a few minutes later.

“Daphne. It’s Brian Kinney,” Daphne was surprised to hear the older man’s voice. “I could use your
help with something. Do you have a minute. . . .?”

((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))

Saturday morning Justin was surprised when Brian rolled over him to turn off the alarm as usual, but then didn’t get out of bed. Instead, Brian just pulled Justin closer into his chest, nuzzling into the crook of the younger man’s shoulder and started to drift off back to sleep. Justin was thrown by this odd behavior and tried to wiggle out of the tight embrace so he could nudge Brian awake.

“Brian. You’re going to go back to sleep. You better get up.” Justin said and added a kiss on Brian’s cheek along with the warning.

“Relax. I’m taking the day off,” Brian said, trying to get Justin back in a more comfortable snuggling position - although if you’d pointed this out to the man he would have denied it.

“What for? You never take a day off,” Justin was more than curious.

“It’s my company. I’m the boss and I can take a day off when I want,” Brian said defensively. “Besides, they say that all work and no play makes Brian a very dull boy. And, you don’t want me to get dull on you, do you?”

“Brian, I don’t think you could be dull if you tried,” Justin laughed, rather pleased that he might get to spend a little more time with the sexy brunet today.

“Besides, we have a lot of other stuff we need to get done today, little boy,”

“What?” Justin was confused by Brian’s obvious use of the word ‘we’.

“Well, first of all, we’re going shopping.”

“Why? I hate shopping?” Justin moaned, flopping back into the pillows and trying to hide from the mere idea of shopping.

“Justin Taylor. Did I just hear you say you hate shopping,” Brian teased. “Are you sure you’re gay?”

“You mean you like it?” Justin accused - he couldn’t imagine a more masculine man than Brian and the thought of the elegant man in a suburban shopping like his mother was ludicrous.

“What, do you think I was just born wearing Armani? Of course, it all depends on ‘where’ you shop. I wouldn’t be caught dead in the Big Q or getting ‘malled’. However, real shopping is a completely different manner.” Brian replied haughtily.

“Oh. Real shopping. Well, I’ve never been real shopping, so I wouldn’t know,” Justin laughed.

“Just stick with me, little boy, and we may turn even you into a real gay boy someday.”

“I thought I WAS a real gay boy,” Justin said, rolling over and quickly maneuvering so he was sitting astride Brian. “How about I show you everything I’ve already learned about being a good little gay boy, hmm?”

“That’s a great idea. And I can maybe give you pointers along the way if you need any prompting,” Brian said, smiling up at the provocative young blond and already reaching for another condom and the lube from the table next to the bed.

((((((((((((((((((B/J)))))))))))))))))))
By lunchtime, Justin found himself in possession of a brand new Hugo Boss suit along with several
dress shirts, a pair of prada boots and a couple of random outfits that Brian had informed him would
be appropriate for ‘clubbing’, whatever that meant. He had tried repeatedly to protest Brian buying
him all these things but Brian didn’t listen at all - he just kept picking out additional things which
Justin was ordered to try on. Eventually, Justin gave up hoping that would keep Brian from forcing
more things on him. And soon after that, Brian determined that they were finished, directed that
everything be delivered to an address that Justin didn’t recognize and Justin finally got to leave the
high-end boutique where he’d been held captive for the last several hours.

“Brian, when you said we were going shopping I thought you meant to get YOU stuff,” Justin tried
again to figure out what Brian was up to with this uncalled for consumerism. “You hardly got
anything. And where the hell am I going to wear all this stuff anyway. I mean, a custom tailored suit?
That’s not going to be much good in a few months when I’m homeless again, now will it?”

“Justin, stop complaining,” Brian admonished. “I am allowed to buy you a suit or other clothes if I
want. There wasn’t anything in our agreement against it. So, just be quiet and graciously accept it all
like the good little WASP you are. Now, are you hungry? Wait - forget I asked, since we both
already know the answer.”

Brian drove them a few miles from the boutique back to the Liberty Avenue area. Justin vaguely
recognized a few of the places from his one previous trip here with Daphne. He parked several
blocks further down the street than the bar where they’d met, though. When they got out of the
corvette, Brian wrapped his arm around Justin’s shoulders in a familiar manner and led the young
man to a colorfully decorated diner on the corner. The neon sign in the window said this was the
Liberty Diner.

As soon as the pair had entered the building, and the little bell over the door had chimed, they were
inundated with greetings from several different directions. Justin tried to shrink back a little behind
Brian, but the arm around his shoulders wouldn’t let him. Brian simply guided him through the
throng towards an empty booth in the back of the restaurant.

“Brian, sweetie, It’s fucking fabulous to see you. I was beginning to think you’d fallen off the face of
the planet it had been so long since you were in here.” a large, loud, red haired woman clamored at
Justin’s companion before she was even halfway across the room from them. “So how have you
been, baby?”

“I’m fine Deb. I’ve just been busy - I’m sure Mikey told you since we were just out together a week
or so ago.” Brian tried to quell the vociferous woman.

“All Michael told me was that you were too busy to tell him why you were busy. But, whatever. I’m
glad to see you anyway.” Then the boisterous redhead turned her attention to Justin and started in on
him. “And who the fuck do we have here, hmm? God you’re fucking adorable, that’s what you are,
Sunshine. Where’d you find this one, Brian?”

“Deb, this is Justin. Justin, this blustering beldame is the closest thing I’ve had to a mother since I
was fourteen. And, now that the introductions are over, Deb, can we please get some lunch?” Brian
asked, his lips curling in to show that no matter how harsh his words he meant it all with a certain
degree of humor.

“Of course, you little asshole.” Debbie always returned as good as she got. “I assume you want a
turkey sandwich on wheat, dry and ided tea, right? Now, what can I get you, Sunshine?”

“ He’ll have a bacon cheeseburger, fries and a cherry coke. And, since I’ve starved him AND forced
him to shop against his will all morning, you’d better bring him a slice of your chocolate silk pie for
“dessert, too.” Brian said, silently checking with Justin to confirm the order was okay.

As soon as Debbie left to put in their orders, Justin turned to Brian and finally pressed him for answers. “Brian, are you going to tell me now what all this unheard of generosity is about? Come on - what are you up to? What exactly did I do to deserve all this - clothing, lunch, everything?”

“Well, for starters, you managed to survive four years of high school in that, and I quote, ‘hell hole’ out in the breeder burbs. So, since today is supposed to be your Graduation, I thought you deserved a little celebration.” Brian answered nonchalantly.

“You didn’t have to do this, Brian,” Justin was embarrassed. “I really didn’t mean all that shit I said yesterday. I was just pissed off, you know. But, really you don’t have to do anything for me and you really shouldn’t have bought me all that stuff.”

“I’ve already told you to stop it about the shopping, Justin. Enough. I never do anything I don’t want to do. I wanted to do this and you complaining about it isn’t going to change anything, so quit grousing.” Brian was never good at accepting thanks and today was no exception. “Now, can we please just change the subject?”

“Whatever,” Justin capitulated. “So, tell me about Debbie. You said she was like your mother - what’s that mean?”

Maybe it was a sign of how much Brian didn’t want to talk about the shopping any more or maybe it was something else, something less well defined, but, while they waited for their lunch order, Brian found himself telling Justin a little about how he’d met his best friend, Michael, and his mother Debbie. And, to his own amazement, Brian even heard himself telling this man he’d only known for a few weeks about his shitty childhood, his abusive drunken father and his cold, uncaring mother. Debbie, who overheard some of this conversation, was almost more amazed that Brian was opening up to this boy than Brian was. And, while she was dying to find out about the younger blond man that Brian was with, she didn’t dare jinx it by asking about him directly, so she just watched and listened from a distance.

When Justin was finally done eating enough food to astound Brian, it was almost 1:00 pm. Brian immediately hustled the young man out of the Diner, back to the car and then drove a few blocks away and parked behind what appeared to be a renovated red brick warehouse. Justin had no idea where they were or why they were here, but, since he figured he was just along for the ride today, he followed along behind Brian as he entered the building, got in the ancient elevator and then got out on the top floor. Brian then went over to a large grey metal sliding door - the only one on the top floor as far as Justin could see - pulled out his keys, unlocked the door and slid it open, ushering Justin inside.

Inside, Justin was amazed at the glamorous loft apartment. He wandered around looking at the luxurious furniture and expensive art work on the walls as well as the top-of-the-line appliances and electronics.

“What is this place, Brian?” Justin finally gave in to his curiosity and asked.

“It’s the loft I used to live in before I bought the house out in West Virginia. I still use it occasionally when I need to be in town or when I’m out late,” Brian answered. “Now, we’re running a little late. The shower is through there. Go get yourself cleaned up. The clothing we got earlier should have already been delivered and I asked the super to put everything in the bedroom. When you’re done with your shower, put on the suit and then we’ll get going.”

“Why? Where are we going, Brian?” Justin was so confused.
“Don’t ask questions, Sunshine,” Brian directed, unconsciously using the nickname Debbie had given the blond earlier. “I’m taking you out and you need to look good so just do as I ask and wear your new, suit. Okay?”

“You are unbelievable, Brian.” Justin said but headed towards the shower nonetheless.

“I know. Now, hurry. I would join you in the shower, but then we’d never get out of here and we’re on a timeline. Go.”

By 2:15, both men were dressed to kill in elegant designer suits and Brian was helping Justin with his tie when Brian got a text message.

He looked at the text briefly and then told Justin, “it’s looks like out ride is here, Sunshine. Are you ready?”

“I have no idea, Brian. You haven’t actually told me what we are doing, so how would I know if I’m ready?” Justin teased, still angling to get more information on what Brian was up to.

“Shut up you twat. Let’s go.” Brian said indulgently, lacing his fingers with those of the young blond and towing him out the door.

Downstairs, in front of the loft, Justin was stunned to see a black stretch limo waiting for them. Brian walked to the limo confidently and waited while the chauffeur opened and then held the door for him. When Justin hesitated to follow him, Brian smiled back at the youth with true affection.

“Coming?”
“I guess. Where are we going, Brian?”

“You’ll know soon enough. Just get in here and kiss me, Sunshine,” Brian smirked at the other man and held out his hand to lure Justin into the lavish limo interior.

Brian managed to keep Justin, and Justin’s lips, busy for the entire time they were in the limo, effectively quashing any further questions from the curious boy. When the limo finally stopped, Justin looked up and, when he discovered where they had ended up, he turned to Brian, anger evident in every plane of his face.

“What the fuck, Brian. Why are we at St. James”? I already told you that I don’t what to be here.” Justin accused.

“I know what you said, Justin. But, you’re wrong. You are NOT nothing, Justin, and I don’t want you to think like that,” Brian tried to explain his reasoning to the angry young man. “From what I’ve learned about, I know that someday you’re going to be an amazing man. You’re already amazing - look what you’ve already been through on your own at your age - and you’ve managed to survive with style. Just forget what your asshole father and all those other breeder bigots told you. So, let’s go in there and show them that you don’t care what the fuck they think of you. Be proud of yourself. I am.”

“You’d come in with me?” Justin was amazed.

“Of course. I love making breeders look like idiots. I wouldn’t miss this for the world.” Brian was smiling, and Justin melted inside at the look of pride and affection on the older man’s face as he said this. “Now, come on. We’ll make a big splashy entrance getting out of the limo and then, while everyone else is waiting to get their gown and mortarboard, I’ll take you in the men’s room and give you a celebratory fuck that will make you glow all through the ceremony!”
Brian then knocked on the glass panel separating the driver from the rear compartment and told the chauffeur they were ready to get out. The man proceeded around the back of the car, opening the door with a flourish and first Brian and then Justin emerged from the back of the limo, watched by several dozen sets of eyes. Brian then firmly took hold of Justin’s hand, lacing their fingers together and with a huge ‘fuck you’ grin on his handsome face, confidently led the graduate up the walkway and stairs to the front entrance of St. James Academy.

Daphne and her parents were waiting for the pair next to the front doors. The petite young woman squealed when Justin got near and ran to hug him. She then surprised Brian by pulling him down by his lapel and giving the tall brunet a huge smack on his lips as a thank you for managing to get her friend there.

“Justin! I’m so glad you came after all,” Daphne gushed. “And, thank you Brian for making him.”

“I should have known you were in on this, Daph,” Justin said, disapproval heavy in his voice.

“It was Brian’s idea, not mine, Jus. I just gave him the address and told him what time to be here.” Daph winked at her co-conspirator. “But I’m really glad he got you here anyway.”

Daphne then introduced her parents to Brian and promptly shooed everyone inside. Daphne and Justin, with Brian in tow, headed off to the library where all the graduates were supposed to pick up their caps and gowns and assemble, while Mr. and Ms. Chanders went with the other parents towards the gym. They promised to save Brian a seat.

“God, Jus,” Daphne couldn’t help but comment as the three of them stood in line for their gowns, “you look amazing. Where’d the suit come from?”

“It was a graduation present,” Brian interjected, winking at his young companion, who in turn gazed back adoringly.

“Nice present!” Daph gushed, unable to get over how amazing Brian was being about all this and how attentive he was being to Justin.

“Brian, you got me here, alright. You don’t have to stand in line with me here.” Justin said. “Why don’t you go sit with the Chanders?”

“No way, Sunshine. From what you’ve said so far, I don’t trust these breeder spawn not to act like the pricks they are and give you a hard time,” Brian was in full-out Protector Mode by this point, if anything further endearing himself to both Justin and Daphne. “Besides, don’t forget that one other little Graduation present I promised you. As soon as you get your cap and gown, I’ll help you try it all on in the men’s room.”

“Justin. You wouldn’t,” Daphne was shocked by the implication.

“Fuck yes he will,” Brian answered for his blond. “He’s going to love it. And, I hope all the bigots listening enjoy the show, too. They have no idea what they’re missing, right Sunshine?”

Justin was already flushed bright red and absolutely unable to comment by this time. He’d been watching the stunned faces of his classmates standing behind Brian as the older man spoke and he was embarrassed, amused and aroused all at the same time. And, in spite of the embarrassment, this had to be the most fun he’d had at the St. James Academy in the entire four years he’d been here.

It took only a few more minute for Justin to claim his cap and gown from the Assistant Principal, who eyed Brian with obvious disapproval as he handed the accessories to Justin. Brian refused to let go of Justin’s hand the entire time they were standing in line and didn’t even blink at the annoyed
man handing out the regalia. As soon as Justin had what he needed for the ceremony, Brian dipped to give Daphne a chaste kiss on her cheek, telling her they’d be back soon and to save Justin a place in the line, then led the blushing blond arrogantly out of the library and down the hall to the closest men’s room.

Nodding politely to the other students that were already in the bathroom, Brian walked directly to the large ‘handicapped’ stall on the end of the row of toilets, pushed open the door and pulled Justin in behind him. Then Brian locked the door and carefully hung the gown, still in its protective plastic cover, over the stall door where it would be safe. Finally, he removed both his jacket and Justin’s and added those to the other garment draped over the door.

“Happy Graduation, Justin,” Brian said loudly enough so that everyone still in the room would hear, eliciting a bold laugh from the Graduate himself.

And, without further delay, Brian quickly undid the younger man’s belt and dress slacks, kissing him heatedly all the while then turned Justin around and slammed his body loudly against the metal wall separating the stall from the rest of the row. Justin, who was still marveling at Brian’s unbounded audacity, hadn’t yet said anything, but was continuously shortling under his breath at the remembered looks on the faces of the other boys as they’d entered the room.

“Stop laughing, Justin,” Brian whispered in his ear, consipratorily. “I won’t be able to keep it up if you keep giggling like that.”

Then Brian kissed his ear affectionately, and unzipped his own slacks, sliding them down just enough to get access to the necessary equipment. Fishing a condom and travel packet of lube out of his pocket, he efficiently got himself ready and then started fingering Justin’s already throbbing hole to get the younger man ready as well. Justin’s laughter died out rapidly at the exquisite feeling of Brian’s talented fingers entering him, distributing the lube and stretching him. When Brian crooked his middle finger just enough to brush against Justin’s prostate, he couldn’t without the groan the sensation provoked.

“Don’t hold back, Justin. I want to hear you scream. I’m not going to stop until you scream my name, Sunshine.” Brian was saying as he reached up under Justin’s shirt, tweaking and pinching at the already erect nipples of the worked up teen.


“Good little boy,” Brian moaned out as he finally deemed the writing blond ready. “Here we go, Sunshine.”

Brian removed his fingers and immediately pressed his aroused dick into their place, entering that inviting warm deep hole in one steady, constant motion. Justin let out another plaintive wail at the excruciating pain and pleasure caused by Brian’s entrance. Then, when Brian began to pummel into him in earnest, Justin hooked his hands up over the top of the metal wall so he could hold on while his ass was being manhandled relentlessly by the eager brunet.

“Fuck yes, Justin. You are so good. So fucking tight. I want to stay inside you forever. Tell me what you want, Justin. Tell me,” Brian was shouting now, egging his lover on, and reveling in the gasps and complaints he was hearing from outside the stall.

“Fuck me, Brian. Harder, Brian. Fuck, yessssss. Ohhhhhhh!” Justin did scream then as Brian deftly reached around and pulled at his pud, making sure that the boy was going to experience every single ounce of pleasure he could give him.
It took practically no time at all for both men to reach a climax, both stimulated by the idea of their hetero audience. As Justin let go of everything, moaning and yelling out Brian’s name over and over, he felt his hot cum shooting out in streams and coating the bathroom stall with buckets of jizz. The boy’s convulsions and clenching ass muscles brought Brian’s climax at almost the same time, and the older man voiced his pleasure as loudly as he could, delighting in the exhibitionism.

As Brian pulled out and flushed the condom and then helped Justin to clean up and restore his clothing, both men were laughing maniacally, kissing and touching and smiling without constraint. As soon as they were both presentable once again, Brian opened the door and ushered Justin out, smiling smugly at the circle of stunned faces standing around their stall and winking at the occasional bystander. Both men washed their hands then, grabbing the almost forgotten garment bag, they left the room, once again hand in hand.

A half hour later, when Justin Taylor was called forward to accept his diploma from the Principal, Brian thought it was true that the boy was still glowing with that freshly fucked air that suited him so extremely well. Brian stood as the boy walked back to his seat, applauding loudly and giving one ear-splitting cat call, to almost everyone’s amusement.
Welcome to Babylon.

Chapter Summary

Justin is introduced to club life and boy is he 'gung-ho'! Enjoy! TAG

Chapter 10 - Welcome to Babylon.

After the Graduation ceremony, Justin was standing in the hallway talking with Daphne and some of his other friends when Brian found him again, the strong arms wrapping around his waist from behind.

“Hey, Beautiful,” Brian said loudly, still getting off on fucking with the crowd of breeders. “You looked so hot up there in your pretty blue dress. It brings out your eyes, you know.”

“Brian! Stop shocking all of Justin’s friends,” Daphne said, laughing all the while.

“Isn’t that why I’m here, dear?” Brian laughed back at the pretend outrage displayed by Justin’s best friend. “Besides, it’s true - he does look beautiful!”

“Brian, this is September, Derrick and Jake. They were all out at the house the other day but I didn’t get to introduce you then,” Justin said, trying to change the subject.

After saying hello to all and accepting ‘thank yous’ for letting them all use his pool, Brian stood quietly, waiting while Justin talked with his friends and accepted random congratulations from others who passed by. Daphne noted how the two men were always touching in some way, as if to reassure each other with their physical presence. The more she saw of this man, the more Daphne was amazed at his kindness and his obvious concern for her friend - two qualities she had never expected in the type of person who would enter into the kind of ‘Deal’ he had with Justin. But the more she knew about Brian Kinney, the more Daphne liked him.

Daphne’s parents had just come up to the group and invited Brian and Justin to join them for dinner, when they were interrupted by a loud group of teens walking through the hallway and rudely causing other quietly chatting groups to be pushed aside. Right in the middle of the bunch, wearing a letter jacket and with a ditzy looking blonde hanging on his arm, was another face Brian recognized - Chris Hobbs. Brian instinctively moved around so he was between Justin and the glaring jock, expecting a confrontation. Luckily, right at that moment, an older man and woman called to Chris, who went off to join his family, sneering all the while at Justin’s gorgeous protector and rubbing at his jaw, which was still visibly bruised.

Brian was pulled back into the conversation at that point by Daphne’s father, who again extended the invitation to join them at a local restaurant for a celebratory dinner. Brian accepted the offer, but only if they all went together in the limo - reassuring Earnest Chanders that they would happily drop them back here at the school to pick up their car afterwards. The little group then began to break up, all saying their goodbyes and making their plans for later in the summer, while Brian steered them towards the front entrance. Right on cue, as they exited the building, Brian’s classy, sleek black limo drove up to the curb at the bottom of the walk and the driver got out to open the door as the party neared. Brian helped the ladies and then Justin into the car, enjoying the giggles and exclamations of excitement over the opulent interior. He was just about to follow Mr. Chanders into the car when he
felt someone staring at him, and he turned to once again see the derogatory sneer of an angry, jilted jock, watching his every move. Brian contemptuously gave the staring boy a middle-finger salute before getting into the limo himself.

((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))

That was hardly the end to the celebrations Brian had planned for the graduates though. Justin had been surprised when they had returned Mr. and Ms. Chanders to their car and found that Daphne wasn’t getting out of the limo to join them. Brian calmly told him that he’d invited Daphne to join them for the rest of the evening and that the three of them were going out clubbing.

“Ah ha! That’s what the rest of the clothes were for,” Justin was finally catching on.

Brian didn’t say anything, he just smiled and wagged his eyebrows in the endearing way he had. When they arrived back at the loft, Justin noted a tall, lanky, sandy brown haired man waiting for them near the building’s entrance. The man’s hands were full of several shopping bags.

“Honeycutt. Did you have any trouble?” Brian said as soon as he saw who was waiting for them.

“Don’t call me Honeycutt. And, of course I didn’t have any trouble, Brian.” The man said with a lilting southern accent as he greeted Brian and his group of wayward teens.

“Justin. Daphne. This is Emmett Honeycutt, a friend of mine and semi-professional club queen.” Brian smirked at the man currently giving him a sulky pout. “Of course I’d never let him near my clothes, but I figured he could be trusted to get you something to wear out tonight Daphne.”

“Cool, Brian. Thank you sooo much!” Daphne gushed, eager to see what was in the bags.

“You don’t have to go through the bags out here on the curb,” Brian scolded Emmett as he hustled everyone inside.

Justin hung back a bit, grabbing the older man by the sleeve to get his attention. He was beaming up at Brian with that mega-watt smile of his that gave the man an odd feeling in the pit of his stomach every time he saw it.

“Brian. You are absolutely incredible. You know that, don’t you?” Justin said. “Thank you for doing all this for me. I’m... I really have no idea what to say to thank you enough.”

“Then don’t thank me. Just enjoy it. I know what it’s like not having anyone there for you at shit like Graduation.” Brian then abruptly turned away from the younger man to follow Emmett and Daphne up to the loft, clearly uncomfortable with Justin’s thanks and his own little slip-up by showing his emotions.

By the time the two men got up to the loft, Daphne was already adorned in her new clubbing outfit, courtesy of the shopping talents of Auntie Em. Daph was strutting around the living room showing off her hot red, skin-tight ‘pleather’ pants and the matching (?) purple sequined tank top, all topped off with a red sequined bow tie headband. Emmett was trailing along behind the young woman, trying to pin up her hair as she walked. Justin immediately ran up to admire his friend while Brian made himself a drink and leaned against the kitchen island laughing at the rowdy trio.

“So, how do I look?” Daphne preened as Brian was passing by.

“You look HOT, Daphne. I’d fuck you!” Brian teased, giving the girl a quick peck on the cheek, and then heading off to change into his own club attire, leaving the three others giggling together in his wake.
Justin couldn’t remember when he’d had more fun in his entire life. It had been a whirlwind day right from the start and he owed it all to the resplendent man dancing with him right now. Babylon was such an amazing place - Justin couldn’t even have imagined a place like this, with the freedom, the pulsing fast music and the hordes of beautiful, half-naked men - it was a gay boy’s idea of heaven.

Brian had his arms draped over Justin’s shoulders, their foreheads leaning together as they swayed to the hypnotic beat of the usual thumpa thumpa dance music. Justin’s hands were resting on Brian’s hips, pulling him in closer so their groins were mashing together along with the beat as well. It felt so fucking good and Justin didn’t want it to ever end, but on the other hand, he was so horny by this time that he was in imminent danger of cumming in his pants soon if they kept going this way. When Brian swayed again, his thigh brushing extra hard against Justin’s crotch, the blond boy’s little whimper of need caught the more experienced man’s attention.

“That’s a fucking huge steel rod you’ve got hiding there in your tight little black jeans, Sunshine. What exactly should we do about it, huh?” Brian breathed into the boy’s ear.

“You’re going to have to fuck me, Brian,” Justin said in all seriousness. “Please.”

The slow lecherous smile that spread over Brian’s face in response to Justin’s plea was even more of a turn on for the almost desperate boy and he mewed again at the sight. Brian straightened up, hooked his fingers into Justin’s waistband and pulled him off the dance floor, past the bar and down a dark hallway. The sounds of groaning and grunting coming from the opened doorway at the end of the hall gave Justin a pretty good idea what he’d find when they arrived. He wasn’t disappointed.

The beautiful blond tyro might have heard about the infamous back rooms of Liberty Avenue, but he’d never visited before. It was definitely an eye-opening experience. Along every stretch of wall space there were men - grunting, groaning, fucking, sucking, naked men. The smell of cum and sweat was almost overwhelming and it was hot and humid inside causing perspiration to bead on Justin’s temples before they’d gone more than a couple paces. Brian was obviously not a newcomer here though, because he knew exactly where he was heading and steered Justin to a back corner where there was a small ledge running around the wall, just about thigh high to the taller man.

Brian pushed Justin backwards so he was leaning against the ledge. He smiled down at the round-eyed neophyte and kept eye contact the entire time he was divesting Justin of his pants and briefs and then his shirt. Then, he lifted the smaller man up so he was perched with his back against the wall and his ass braced against the ledge. Justin felt incredibly exposed sitting there naked in this room full of sweating, horny men, but he was equally as turned on by the experience. He waited the few seconds it took for Brian to lower his own pants and get a condom out of his pocket.

“Welcome to the back room, Sunshine,” Brian purred as he bent to kiss his blond deeply. “You ready to give the rest of these boys a little show?”

Justin didn’t have to respond, though, because Brian had already started to slide two well lubed fingers up his ass as he spoke. Justin only had to groan in appreciation while he wrapped his legs around Brian’s waist and used his hands hooked over the little ledge to hold up his weight. Brian didn’t waste much time in preparation, the boy was already so hard and so ready. Brian was just as ready and equally eager to get started on Justin’s initiation to the back room of Babylon. With a growing crowd of bystanders gathering around, Brian gleefully thrust into that tight hot little body, eliciting the perfect little gasp he loved hearing each time he entered Justin. He started right in with a steady, driving rhythm and then turned his mind to the floor show he intended to put on for his little audience.
“That’s good, Justin. You are always so fucking tight, little boy. God, you’re good.” Brian kept up the constant stream of good natured taunting. “Tell me what you want, Justin. Tell me. You want it hard, don’t you? I know you do, little boy. Come on and tell me what you need.”

“You, Brian. I want you,” Justin was moaning already. “I always want you.”

“You’re mine tonight, little boy,” Brian said possessively, driving into Justin ever harder with each minute. “I’m going to fuck you so hard. Just the way you like it.”

“Yessss. Fuck me, Brian. Oh god, yes. I want you to fuck me so hard I can’t walk for days. Ohhh Yesssss.” Justin had already forgotten the mob of horny men surrounding them - he was only performing for Brian now.

Brian began to fondle Justin’s balls lightly and used his free hand to tweak the boy’s hard little brown nipples while he sucked and nibbled away at the pale ivory neck. He could feel how ready Justin was and he increased his pace accordingly, impatient to get his boy off. As horny as Justin was, it didn’t take long at all before the sweet hot young blond was shooting off freshets of cum, the pulsing long sticky strings bursting out so strongly they hit the walls over his head as well as his face and chest. The appreciative murmurs from the assembled peanut gallery behind Brian made him smile even wider than before.

“That’s so fucking hot, Justin. You’re fucking amazing, little boy. You don’t even need me to touch you, do you? Not you, because you’re such a dirty, hot little boy.” Brian hadn’t cum yet, he’d been holding back, waiting for the right time for his big finale. “You are my good, little boy, aren’t you Justin. Huh?”

“Yesss, Brian. I’m yours,” Justin panted out, not being allowed to even catch his breath due to Brian’s incessant pounding. “I’m always yours, Brian.”

“Good boy, Justin. Now, I’m going to make you cum for me again, little boy. You want that. You are such a hot, nasty little boy and you’re going to cum for me over and over again tonight. I’m going to fuck you and make you cum until you’re dry, Justin,” Brian was nearing his own climax, the crowd egging him on as much as the throbbing muscles in Justin’s tight hot ass, but he wanted Justin to come with him this time so he started working the younger man even harder than before.

Justin was gasping for air by this point, his body slamming repeatedly against the wall, he started to reach for his cock, needing to bring himself release again already, but Brian slapped his hands away.

“You don’t need that, little boy. You’re going to cum for me again without even being touched because that’s what you need, isn’t it, Justin. Are you ready to cum for me? Are you ready, you nasty, naughty little boy. Come on! Do it Justin. Cum for me again.”

“God! BRIAN. Ohhhhhhhhh.” Justin screamed out, completely out of control, his head thrashing, his balls on fire as his skillful lover brought him to orgasm again.

Brian groaned out his own release, no longer holding himself back and letting the waves of bliss wash over him and the hot blond in his arms together. He collapsed against the wall as he finished, barely able to keep himself and Justin from falling to the floor after the explosion they’d both just endured. The smattering of applause and the occasional slap on his shoulder or ass from the appreciative masses giving him the needed spurt of energy to keep on his feet until the two of them were recovered enough to stand on their own. God how he loved performing in public, Brian thought!

Daphne had just returned to the bar after dancing a couple songs with a butch looking lesbian who’d
been nice enough not to care when Daphne told her she was straight. She sauntered up to where Emmett was standing sipping on his cosmo and checking out the local attractions. Before she could even say ‘hi’ though, she caught a familiar name being discussed by two men who were waiting to order drinks on Emmett’s other side.

“That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. Those two should do porn. They’d make millions,” the first man was saying.

“Who WAS that cute little blond with Kinney? I haven’t ever seen him around?” The second man responded.

“I don’t know but I’ve got dibs on him, baby. Did you see that impressive package and, fuck, the way he shot - better hurry up with that wine cooler or I’m going to be shooting just thinking about it.”

“Forget it, sweetie. You’re a bigger bottom than I am and that little blondie obviously likes big brutal tops if he’s with Kinney.”

*Hhh Mmm* Emmett cleared his throat, trying to distract Daphne from the conversation going on next to them, thinking that maybe the girl didn’t want to know quite so much about her best friend’s back room antics. Although, Em was thinking, he wished he’d been there to see - it sounded like it had been a rather good show.

“So how was your dance partner, Sweetie?” Emmett asked the astounded girl.

“Ummm. Uh, okay I guess. She seemed nice.” Apparently the distraction techniques weren’t working. “So, Em, tell me about Brian.”

“What about him, sweetie?” Emmett wasn’t sure he liked where this was heading.

“I mean, he comes off as Mr. Cold-blooded-fuck-em-all when you first meet the guy. But then, he’s being kinda sweet and all to Justin lately. I can’t figure him out, you know?”

“Nobody’s ever been able to do that, honey.” Em answered truthfully. “But, if you ask me - and don’t you ever tell him I said this, ’cause he’d bite my head clean off - I think that deep down, Mr. I-don’t-care Kinney’s got a heart bigger even than his cock. He just doesn’t want anyone to know. But, he’s always doing stuff for his friends and family and then trying to hide the fact that he did something nice.”

Em was about to go on and dish about some of Brian’s more altruistic moments, but Daphne stopped him with a hand on his arm as she saw Brian and Justin nearing the bar.

“Hey, Jus! Having a good time?” Daphne asked, trying not to laugh at the almost guilty look that came over her friend’s easily read face.

“Yeah! How about you?” Justin asked.

“Well, not as good as you, if what I just overheard is true, Baby.” Em interrupted, giving Brian a knowing little smile.

“Charlie, two beers and two waters,” Brian ordered from the bartender, ignoring Emmett’s innuendos. “Here, Sunshine. Drink the water first or you’ll get dehydrated.”

Em and Daph shared a look at the solicitous exchange between Brian and Justin and both giggled a little thinking about their earlier conversation. Brian might have called them out on it, too, but right
then two other men joined their little group.
“Teddy! Michael!” Em spouted enthusiastically as soon as he saw the newcomers. “Come over here and meet my new friends, guys. This gorgeous young thing is Justin, but keep your hands off because Brian’s already called dibs. And this little firecracker is his fag hag, Daphne. Jus, Daph, this is my roommate, Michael and my best friend, Teddy.”

“Cool! I’m a ‘fag hag’ now!” Daphne laughed at her newly bestowed title.

“You’re a freak, Daph!” Justin teased.

After they’d finished their drinks, Em pulled Justin and Daphne out to the dance floor, while Brian leaned against the bar and watched. Michael was trying to get Brian’s attention, asking him about work and other inconsequentials, but Brian was only listening with half an ear. That’s when it finally hit him where he’d seen the little blond before.

“Fuck, Brian. Isn’t he that hustler you picked up a couple weeks ago when we were at Images?” Michael asked in astonishment.

“What the fuck are you doing with him here?”

“Shut it, Mikey.” Brian ordered.

“It is him, though, isn’t it?” Michael pushed.

“So what if it is?” Brian replied with a shrug.

“So, why the fuck is he here tonight following you around.”

“Because I want him here tonight, Mikey. So, just leave it the fuck alone, okay?” Brian warned his friend, and moved away to join the group on the dance floor.

Michael finally took the hint, but was still fuming about Brian’s dismissive behavior when the three dancers returned to their spot at the bar. Daphne and Emmett were giggling together like old friends and rating the men that passed by their perch, while Justin laughed at their outrageous antics. Brian was smiling indulgently at the ridiculous rating system the ‘girls’ were trying to work out. Ted was trying to cajole Michael into a better mood. But they were all interrupted by a disturbance out on the dance floor.

The crowd of gyrating men had parted to allow a tall, dirty blond haired man wearing a black cotton wife beater and tight black jeans with cowboy boots to walk through the club. The newcomer was eyeing the men as he passed with an arrogant expression. His gaze briefly brushed over Brian and the rest standing at the bar, but didn’t linger.

“That’s him, Brian,” Michael said, tugging on Brian’s arm and pointing to the blond now wending his way towards them. “It’s that guy, Brandon. The one I was telling you about the other night.”

“Right. The newest plebe trying to take over the title of ‘Stud of Liberty Avenue’,” Brian nodded, then walked over to meet Brandon halfway.

“Hey there, fresh meat,” Brian said to the newcomer, looking over the shaggy long hair cut and too-thin lips of the younger man, not all that impressed. “Come to meet your competition? We don’t have to be rivals, though, you know. I’ll be happy to take you under my wing and teach you a thing or two.”

“And, who the fuck are you?” the arrogant blond asked with disdain.

“Brian Kinney. At your service.”
“I expected... well, more, I guess.” Brandon replied.

“There’s a lot more, but you’ll have to come with me to the back if you want to see it all.” Brian offered with one raised eyebrow.

“Sorry, pops. I’m not into aged meats,” Brandon dismissed Brian, already turning to scan for other possibilities.

“Fuck you! You don’t just get to waltz in here and be the best just because you say you are,” Brian accused. Then, added as he turned away. “and from the looks of you, you never will be.”

“From what I hear, Kinney, your days as the Stud of the Avenue are already over. Getting too old to keep up with the scene every night?” Brandon spat back. “Anyway, it looks like you’re already ‘taken’ stud,” Brandon said nodding over to the bar where Justin was keeping a possessive eye on the two men’s conversation. “Looks to me like Kinney’s got himself a little boyfriend now - kinda puts you out of the stud business, doesn’t it?”

“Fuck you know.” Brian bit back. “The kid is just a hustler I hired as my personal cabana boy for the summer. When you grow up, maybe you’ll be able to afford toys as nice as mine. Until then, fuck off you little pissant.”

Brian didn’t give the other man a chance to reply. He turned his back on the insolent little prick, strode back to the group waiting at the bar, pulled Justin towards him by the hem of the boy’s shirt and led the uncomplaining blond towards the back room for another mind-bending, crowd-pleasing round.
Chapter 11 - Betrayal.

Justin woke to the feeling of warm sunlight streaming across his face. He stretched and then rolled closer to the warm body next to him, remembering again what a wonderful day Brian had given him yesterday. And to think that he almost didn’t go to Graduation, when it had turned out to be one of the best days of his life. He couldn’t stop thinking about how wonderful Brian had been all day - buying him things, taking him out to eat, the limo, the club, not to mention the sex. And, the looks on the faces of those kids at school - he’d never forget that final ‘fuck you and farewell’ - it was the perfect way to leave his high school years behind.

How was he ever going to thank Brian enough for all of that? There was no way he could ever repay him, but Justin had to do something special for the phenomenal man. Justin sat up in bed and watched the gorgeous brunet while the older man slept. He was so overwhelmingly handsome, Justin couldn’t get over the fact that this man - this beautiful, successful, sexy as hell man - would have taken the time and effort to make his Graduation day so perfect. He was almost too beautiful when he was asleep like this. Justin thought that he looked so peaceful and even innocent. Overcome suddenly with the desire to draw this enchanting scene, he slipped out of bed to grab his sketchbook and pencils.

Brian woke about an hour later but was disappointed to find the bed next to him - the place he was already coming to think of as Justin’s side of the bed - empty. The sheets were cold to the touch, which meant his little blond bedmate had been gone for quite awhile, too. Before Brian could get too upset, though, his left hand discovered a folded piece of paper setting on the pillow next to him. He grabbed it and read the note written on the outside: Brian, thank you for everything you’ve done for me. You are simply amazing. Open this note and then follow the instructions inside to find your thank you gift.

Brian smiled at the idea of this little game as he unfolded the sheet of paper. Inside, was the most exquisite drawing of him, sleeping in this very bed, naked except for a sheet draped artfully across his legs. It was incredibly detailed. Brian loved it the moment he saw it. He was so busy examining the drawing that he almost forgot the game he was supposed to be playing, but then in the lower right corner of the drawing, next to the artist’s signature ‘JT’, was the word ‘shower’. Brian left his bedroom picture on the side table and went in search of the next clue.

In the bathroom, there was another sheet of sketching paper, this one propped on the floor, leaning against the shower door - a drawing of Brian in the shower back in the house in West Virginia. This one was equally amazing, each droplet of water beading on his skin, each tress of his dripping wet hair, each muscle in his back and rear, all clearly delineated. He couldn’t figure out when Justin had drawn this but it was a perfect likeness. In the bottom right corner on this drawing was the word ‘couch’.

Brian followed the direction on each drawing, every single one a magnificent portrait of him in a different setting. On the couch was a drawing of him lying on one of the lounge chairs by the pool. On the desk was another of him with his face buried in his hand, sitting behind the computer in his home office, apparently frustrated with something he saw there. On the counter in the kitchen was a stunning sketch of just his hand holding a coffee cup - simple, clean lines showing each vein and wrinkle of his skin. Taped to the mirror next to the front door of the loft, there was an absolutely beautiful watercolor pencil drawing of him adjusting his tie in the mirror of his closet.

This last portrait had the word ‘roof’ on it. Brian went back to the bedroom and quickly threw on a
pair of jeans and then ran back to the door and climbed the stairs from the landing up to the roof. The
door to the roof had been propped open with an empty planter. He stepped over the planter and
pushed through the door and found his missing blond boy - Justin was lying, completely naked on a
blanket spread out over the roof next to a pot of hot coffee and a plate of sweet rolls.

“You followed all the clues so now you win, Brian!” Justin announced as Brian stood there shaking
his head in astonishment.

“Justin, you’re too much.” Brian said as he joined the boy on the blanket.

“Nope. I’m just right! Now come here and have your breakfast, Mr. Kinney, before the coffee gets
cold!”

Justin patted the cushion he was leaning against to tempt Brian to come closer. Brian was happy to
comply and scooted close enough to claim the juicy pink lips of the beautiful boy, forgetting for
several minutes that there was something other than Justin to nibble on. The beautiful artist
eventually got his man to lie back on a cushion, so he could feed Brian bites of the fresh sweet rolls
and sips of his coffee. Brian was easily distracted from the food, though, by the even more appetizing
body of the boy doing the feeding.

Brian let Justin place a large piece of pastry in his mouth but instead or just chewing the food, Brian
sucked in Justin’s fingers as well, sucking on them and wetting them with his saliva. Then, he
grabbed that hand, and moved it purposely towards his own backside. Justin was a quick study and
knew exactly where Brian intended those wet fingers to end up. He welcomed those lovely artistic
fingers which conveniently slipped into his hungry snug little hole. Brian relaxed into the cushions
and let the blond’s natural instincts take over. Justin kept up a steady pace with his fingers, thrusting
them in and out of the older man’s willing hole, reveling in this unexpected pleasure, one that Brian
rarely let anyone enjoy.

When Brian was happily mewling, fully caught up in the pleasure of the moment, Justin took a large
mouthful of hot coffee and then quickly engulfed Brian’s fully engorged penis. The almost boiling,
tannen laden liquid against Brian’s most sensitive skin caused him to squeal. He tried to pull away
from the hot mouthful, but Justin had a firm grip on his thighs and wouldn’t let go. The eagerly
experimental blond then went to work on the semi-scalded, extremely sensitized cock, sucking
strongly, swallowing the coffee and all other juices that he could stimulate. Justin sucked and licked
and tongued that full, hot dick until Brian didn’t want to resist any more. With Justin’s last swipe of
the tongue over Brian’s dripping slit, the hot brunet let go and watched, wide-eyed, as arching
streams of cum streaked across the bright blue sky over his head, painting the asphalt roof tiles with
streaks of white.

Brian hugged his little artist closer into his chest. He loved his drawings and he adored the artist. He
didn’t know how to tell the boy, yet. But Brian knew that this was one hell of a great way to wake
up in the morning, and he didn’t want his artistic little blond going far - not for a very, very long
time.

((((((((((((((((((((((((((B/J)))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))

Brian had to stop in at the office for a few hours Sunday morning to make up for taking all day
Saturday off. Justin had asked if he could use the car for a bit while Brian was working to go to his
favorite art supply store, Utrecht’s. He promised to take good care of Brian’s baby and that he would
be back to pick Brian up around noon. Their plan was to go back to the country estate and then
enjoy the rest of the afternoon relaxing together.

Justin had no sooner dropped Brian off at work and then driven to the biggest art supply store in the
city, Utrecht’s, which was conveniently located just off the highway in a strip mall not far from the suburb where Justin had grown up, when he heard someone calling his name.

“Justin! Justin!” Jennifer Taylor called to her son as she came running across the parking lot of the strip mall.

Justin heard his name being called out and turned to see his mother rushing over to him. He thought about just walking away or even getting back in the car and driving off, but in the end he stayed where he was and waited. He watched his mother, who he hadn’t seen in more than two months now, as she dodged traffic to get to him. When she finally reached the sidewalk she came up to him her arms held wide as if to hug him, but stopped when Justin flinched away from her, and instead just reached up to grab his shoulder.

“Justin, I’m so glad to see you,” Jennifer said, looking her son over with a critical eye. “How are you? I’ve talked with Emily Chanders a few times so I know you were staying with them but I didn’t know if I should call or not. I didn’t know if you would even want to talk to me. . . .”

“I’m fine Mom,” Justin said, trying to forestall any other questions, looking like he was already ready to bolt.

Jennifer searched her brain frantically for something else to say to keep Justin there. “So, were you heading to Utrecht’s? Mind if I tag along? I could help you get some art supplies if you need any?” Jennifer offered.

“I don’t need any help, thanks,” Justin answered, still just standing there, waiting till she left.

“Justin, please, talk to me. I’m so sorry about what happened. I just . . . . I just want to talk, okay.” Jennifer tried again. “I want to know that you’re okay and what you’re doing and. . . . how about this - I’ll help you pick up whatever you were going to get at Utrecht’s and then I’ll take you to lunch and we can talk while we eat. . . . Please?”

Justin wanted to trust her - he really did. But, he’d been so hurt by her and his father that he didn’t know if it would ever be possible to trust her again. Still, she was trying to make an effort, so maybe he should try too?

“Just, let me make a quick call,” he told his mother, not sure when Brian needed to be picked up.

Justin moved a few paces away from Jennifer and opened his phone to speed dial Brian. “Hey, it’s me. I . . . . I ran into my Mother at the store. She wants me to come to lunch with her. Did you need me to pick you up earlier?”

“Are you okay,” Brian asked, concerned by the tone of Justin’s voice.

“Yeah. I guess,” Justin didn’t know what else to say with his mother listening in.

“You don’t sound okay,” Brian replied. “But, to answer your question, I’m fine here for awhile. Go have lunch with your Mother, if you like. Just, come by and get me when you’re done.”

“Thanks. I’ll call and let you know when I’ll be there. Later.” Justin hung up.

“Okay. I can do lunch. I just want to pick up some paints and a couple canvases, first, okay,” Justin capitulated.

“Great. Well, let’s get your art stuff and then you can pick out where we go to lunch.” Jennifer was thrilled to have at least this one little victory.
A half hour later, Justin and Jenn walked out of the art supply store with a bag full of acrylic paints and two fresh new canvases. Justin put the supplies in the passenger seat of the corvette, Jennifer eyeing the luxury car suspiciously all the while, and then the two of them walked across the highway to the Olive Garden which happened to be in the next strip mall over. Jennifer had been making small talk the entire time they’d been shopping, worried that she would scare Justin off if she started asking the big questions. But, once they were seated with drinks in hand, she decided to start in.

“So, Justin. Tell me what you’re up to these days?” Jennifer began.

“Um. Yesterday was Graduation.” Justin volunteered.

“Oh. I’m sorry I missed it.” Jennifer said, but Justin was unsure of her sincerity. “Was the ceremony nice?”

“I don’t know. At least it was short. Daphne ended up being the Valedictorian, which was great for her.” Justin was so ultra-cautious about what to tell his mother that his conversation was stilted.

“Did you do anything fun to celebrate?” Jenn asked.

“Daph and I and a... a friend went out dancing last night.”

“That sounds wonderful. So... are you happy at the Chanders’?”

“I’m not living there anymore,” Justin answered, concerned about where this was heading. “I didn’t know you’d left the Chanders’. Where are you living now, honey?” Jennifer asked.

“With a friend,” Justin did not want to talk to his mother about Brian or his living arrangements - she hadn’t cared what happened to him when his father kicked him out and it was none of her business where he was living now.

Jennifer was about to press for more information when they were interrupted by a tall, dirty blond-haired man who had approached their table without their noticing.

“Hey, there,” said the sultry blond man, looking in Justin’s direction.

“Uhh. Do I know you?” Justin asked, not recognizing the man who was standing in front of him.

“No. But I know you, sweetheart. My name is Brandon. I saw you last night at Babylon. Kinney told me you were his new ‘pool boy.’” Brandon said, moving close to the young blond as he spoke and smirking suggestively. “What’s your name?”

“Fuck off!” Justin responded instantly without thinking about who he was having lunch with.

“Justin! That’s no way to talk to someone,” Jennifer admonished her rude son.

“Shut up, Mom!” Justin ordered, turning his attention to the man who was still standing next to their table. “I told you to fuck off. Why the fuck are you still standing here?”

“Because I thought that maybe, when Kinney is finished with you, you might want to come spend some time with a REAL man, Sweetheart,” and Brandon slipped Justin a slip of paper with a phone number on it, then ran his finger up Justin’s chest along the way. “Call me, little man, when Kinney is done with you. I’ll be more generous than he would ever be. You won’t be disappointed.”

Justin wadded up the slip of paper and threw it back in Brandon’s face. He didn’t bother to respond to the arrogant prick. All he could think about was the man’s comment about Brian - that Brian had
told this asshole about their arrangement. He couldn’t believe that Brian would have told this ass about him. But, how else would this dickwad have known anything about him. As far as he knew, Daphne was the only other person that knew about his arrangement with Brian and she would never have told this ass.

“Mom, I have to go,” Justin said immediately, standing up and throwing his napkin on his still full plate. “Sorry. I’ll call you later.”

Justin stormed out of the restaurant, not bothering to stop and watch for traffic as he made a beeline for Brian’s corvette. Luckily, the suburbanite drivers stopped for him. Jennifer watched from the doorway of the restaurant, completely confused about what was happening to her son. He was not concerned with his Mother’s worries, though. All Justin could think about was Brian and what the man must have revealed to this odious Brandon.

Jennifer wasn’t giving up on her son, though. She dashed through traffic and even crossed the highway against the light to catch up to Justin before he could get back to the corvette which was still parked in front of Utrecht’s. Jenn managed to grab ahold of Justin’s jacket when he was only feet away from the car.

“Justin, wait.” Jennifer demanded. “I want to know what that was all about. I’m still your Mother and I still love you. I want to know what that was about and you ARE going to tell me.”

“Fuck you, Mom. You let your husband kick me out of your house. You forfeited any right you had to know what I was doing when you let that happen,” Justin yelled out his frustration, tears streaming down his beautiful face. “Do you really want to know what that was about, Mom? Do you?”

“Justin,” Jennifer pleaded.

“That was simply about sex, Mom. That’s all it was. It was simply sexual.” Justin screamed across the suburban parking lot for all to hear. “That’s all I am now, Mom. A sex toy. How the fuck did you expect me to make a living when you threw me out? Happy now? I’m sure Dad is - this is what he always wanted me to be, right? Well, you can tell him that his wish finally came true. His little boy is a fucking WHORE! Fuck all of you. I don’t ever want to see you again. You hear me? Get the fuck away from me!”

Justin didn’t wait to hear his mother’s response. He got into the corvette, slammed the door shut and drove off while his mother was still standing there in shock with her mouth hanging open. He was crying so hard he could barely see the road. All he could think about was getting back to Kinnetik and confronting the man who had betrayed him.

((((((((((((((((((((((((B/J)))))))))))))))))))))))))))

“You can’t just pass me around to your friends when you’re done with me, you know,” Justin yelled as he stormed into Brian’s office. “I’m not your little play thing that you can parade in front of your buddies to prove your manliness. Fuck you, Brian. How dare you tell all your friends that I’m just your whore for the summer! Fuck you! You fucking arrogant asshole. Your car is parked out front. I’ll come get my clothes later and you can pay me for my time served when I come to pick up my stuff.”

“What the fuck are you talking about, Justin,” Brian was taken aback at the very vocal assault from the blond attack dog that was barking at him from his office carpet.

“You fucking betrayed me, you arrogant asshole,” Justin tried to calm himself enough to explain, but it really wasn’t going to happen. “Your buddy, Brandon, saw me out at lunch with my mother
today and came over to introduce himself. He said that he was more than interested to take me on when you were through with me.”

“Justin. I didn’t mean it that way. . . “ Brian tried to explain, but Justin wasn’t about to let him try to assuage his guilt this way.

“Oh no. You would never!” Justin was beyond hearing any explanations or excuses, crying uncontrollably. “Fuck you, Brian. Of course you would. No one else knew about our little deal except the two of us. But then this Brandon waltzes up to me when I’m at lunch with my Mother and tells me that you said when you were finished with me I might want to spend some time with him. How the fuck did he know that I was for HIRE, huh, Brian? YOU fucking told him. Well, fuck you. The deal is off. I’m not going to be passed around to all your friends when you’re done with me. I’d rather live in a fucking cardboard box than be your toy any longer.”

“Well, it’s the truth, isn’t it?” Brian yelled back, pushing the angry blond down onto the couch in his office. He wasn’t prepared for this conversation with the screaming blond and he didn’t have a prepared response ready, so he was forced to fall back on the truth. “I didn’t tell him anything that wasn’t the fucking truth. You ARE my pool boy for the summer. I never told him he could have you afterwards, but what are you complaining about if he came to that conclusion on his own. I won’t lie or hide myself for you or for anybody else. If you can’t stand the truth then you know where the front door is.”

“Yes, I do. I’m gone, Brian. Pay me what you owe me to date and I’ll never darken your fucking doorstep again.” Justin demanded, holding his hand out in front of him, prepared to accept either cash or check.

“Fuck that!” Brian was scrambling to figure out a way to save this situation from deteriorating beyond control. “The deal was $20k for the full summer. If you leave now, you get nothing.”

Justin stood there, his sides heaving and tears still streaming down his beautiful face. He still couldn’t believe how Brian had betrayed him. And, on top of everything, the arrogant asshole was going to hold him hostage for the rest of the summer, dangling the $20k cash as his incentive. Where, Justin wondered, had all this morning’s feelings of affection, caring and concern gone so quickly? How could Brian treat him like this after everything he’d done yesterday and last night? How could Justin have so misjudged this man?

But, fuck Kinney if he thought he could get the best of Justin Taylor. Justin might not have much pride left after all this, but he had enough to fight for what he was owed. He needed this money and according to his estimations, he’d already more than earned it. So, fine. Kinney wanted a willing sex slave for the rest of the summer. That was exactly what he would get - and absolutely nothing more!
Chapter 12 - The Art’s the Thing.

Brian wasn’t happy this morning. Actually, he hadn’t been happy for most of the past week. For the first time since he’d proposed that Justin move into his home for the summer, Brian was unhappy with the deal. Damned little blond twink - why did he have to be so fucking stubborn, Brian kept thinking. It had been a full week now since they’d argued about the confrontation with Brandon and Justin was still obviously angry. Just then the alarm went off and Brian rolled over to turn it off. Not that he’d gotten much sleep anyway since he’d been lying here awake most of the night trying to figure out what to do about Justin.

Brian really missed Justin being there in bed with him when he woke up. It’s not that he couldn’t go out to the pool house and find the boy. If he did, Justin would compliantly lie there and let him do whatever he wanted - fuck him, suck him, whatever - but that was all Justin would do. He’d just lie there, waiting patiently for Brian to finish, and then the boy would clean himself up and completely ignore Brian from then on. Not exactly the fun little cabana boy that Brian had come to expect. The eagerness, the joy, the playfulness were all gone. So was the warm body from Brian’s bed - Justin hadn’t slept through the night with Brian since their argument and Brian was suffering because of it. He would NEVER admit it, but Brian wasn’t sleeping well at all without his warm little bedmate. And it was all because of that fucker Brandon and that damned stupid argument they’d had.

Enough. Brian decided right then that things wouldn’t be allowed to go on like this. It was time to fix this - if he only knew how. But Brian was a smart man and he was going to figure this out. Today. Somehow. Brian rolled out of bed and started to pace - he always thought better when he was moving for some reason.

Brian knew instinctively that it was going to take more than a fucking Hallmark card and flowers to appease Justin. But, what did Justin like? What did the boy want or need that Brian could provide that would get him to forgive and forget? It wasn’t going to be ‘things’ - the young man wasn’t materialistic at all and even the fact that he’d lost almost all his possessions when he’d been kicked out of his house hadn’t phased him. Brian obviously couldn’t buy him back with presents.

What else was there? Sex? Obviously not - that’s what got them into this fucking mess in the first place. What else? Food? Well, yeah, the kid did love to eat. But Brian didn’t think that alone would be enough. Brian kept pacing, racking his brain for something more. Something that would get to Justin. It was going to take something big too. That’s when Brian’s eyes landed on the stack of pencil sketches Justin had done of him and used for the little treasure hunt game last Sunday. Art? YES - That was IT!

An hour later, after a lot more pacing and a few phone calls, Brian thought his plan was ready. Just then he heard the doorbell ring - perfect timing, Brian thought. He quickly gathered up the stack of sketches, dashed down the stairs, gathered the two finished canvases that Justin had done earlier in the week as well, and gave the whole pile to the man from the courier service who was waiting for him at the door. Now, all he could do was wait for everyone else he’d tasked with helping him to do their parts and hope that it would be enough.

((((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))

“Brian, Mei Mei said you wanted to see me?” Justin was standing in the doorway to Brian’s home office, his tone neutral and his face empty of all emotion.
“Yeah. We’re going out tonight. Wear something nice but casual,” Brian directed.

Justin sighed but didn’t bother to raise any objection. “What time do you want me to be ready?”

“Now. We’re leaving in thirty minutes.” Brian said, trying to keep his tone casual and unworried, even though his stomach was doing flip flops on him.

“Fine. I’ll be ready.” Justin turned and left without displaying any emotion at all.

“This better work,” Brian muttered as he watched the perfect little bubble butt walking away.

The elegantly tasteful lettering on the huge plate glass window on the front of the building said this was the ‘Sidney Bloom Gallery’. Justin could see several large pieces of art through the front windows - all modern pieces and quite good. When Brian came around to his side of the car and opened the door for him, Justin got out - avoiding the hand offered to assist him, though.

As he followed Brian from the car into the gallery, he was actually starting to feel curious about what the other man had planned for this evening. Brian held the door to the shop open for him and then followed closely behind, his hand resting lightly at the small of Justin’s back as they walked. He saw Brian nod to a tall graceful blonde woman who hurried to meet them as they entered.

“Mr. Taylor? I’m Lindsey Peterson, the Gallery Manager. I’m so glad to meet you,” the woman said in greeting as she shook Justin’s hand. “If you’ll just follow me I’ll show you where we’ve decided to display the art. I hope you’ll approve of the display and the placement. I can, of course, make any changes you wish later.”

Justin didn’t move to follow at first. He looked over at Brian, chewing on his bottom lip in his confusion. Brian was trying to look detached and cool, but his darting eyes gave away his inner nervousness. Justin knew something was up, and that Brian was responsible, he just didn’t know what it was yet. But, he followed along in Lindsey’s wake nonetheless.

In the rear corner of the Gallery, there was large white display panel with raised gold lettering that read: ‘Emerging Artists Series’ with a list of sponsors below which included several wealthy Pittsburgh residents and businesses along with the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Art. Justin followed the tall blonde woman as she rounded this panel and stood waiting for Brian and his companion in the delineated area beyond.

Justin was floored by what he saw hanging on the walls of this space - It was HIS art. His drawings and his paintings too. All had been professionally mounted and framed and were masterfully displayed. Justin didn’t know what to think or say.

“I hope you like the placement?” Lindsey was saying, a little worried by the artist’s lack of comment. “We did have to rush a little to get this all together for tonight, but the placement isn’t final until you okay it all, so please just let me know if you want anything changed.”

“It’s. . . . fine. Great actually,” Justin managed, trying to reassure the woman.

“I’m so glad. I have to say, Mr. Taylor, you have an amazing amount of talent, especially for someone your age. My boss, Mr. Bloom, was very impressed with your work and he’s excited to see what kind of response we get to this exhibit. So am I.” Lindsey said, genuinely affected by the young artist’s work. “The official opening for the exhibit is going to be in conjunction with our ‘First Thursday’ celebration later this week. I do hope you’ll be here to meet any critics or buyers who might be interested in your work. Pieces always sell better when the artist is here to meet the buyer in
“Of course I’ll be here Thursday. Thank you so much, Ms. Peterson,” Justin finally said.

“Please, call me Lindsey. And, is it alright if I call you Justin? After all, Brian and I are old friends and I’m sure we’ll be seeing a lot of each other.” Lindsey winked at Brian as she said this - Brian shook his head and cleared his throat but didn’t respond.

“Thank you, Lindsey. I don’t know what to say. Just, thank you for giving me this opportunity. I’ve never had my art on display before except in school or at home. This is... awesome. Really.” Justin was still too shocked to verbalize everything that was going through his head at this moment.

“We should thank you, Justin. I’m sure this is going to be a great exhibit.” Lindsey started to move away as she spoke, apparently getting her directions from Brian, who was standing behind Justin and passing on nonverbal cues to let his friend know it was time for her to make herself scarce. “I’ll just leave you two alone for a minute so you can...”

Justin continued to stand with his back to Brian for several more minutes, just staring at his artwork. When he finally did turn and look at the nervous older man, Justin’s expression was unreadable. He seemed to be trying to look into Brian, searching for something not apparent on the surface of the man.

“Why?” was all Justin said.

“Because, you deserve it. Your art is fantastic and when Lindsey saw it she flipped - it’s great and it’ll be good for the gallery as well.” Brian as usual tried to blow off any responsibility for his kind deed.


“Because... I want you to forgive me for being such a shit.” Brian said so quietly that it was difficult to hear him, his eyes darting around looking at anything except Justin. “I’m... *sigh*... I’m sorry, okay. I shouldn’t have told that asshole Brandon anything about you. I’m sorry about what he said to you and that he embarrassed you in front of your mother. I can’t do anything to take it all back, but I really, truly am sorry, Justin.”

When Justin still didn’t say anything, Brian moved closer and put one hand on the young man’s shoulder and reached with the other to caress his cheek.

“Justin, please. Can’t we... Could we please just start over?”

Justin closed his eyes and nodded - too unsure of his voice to say anything. Brian didn’t need words though. He happily enveloped the beautiful young man and squeezed him tightly in his arms, glad to have Justin back. Then, Brian tilted Justin’s head up and let himself kiss those soft, full lips, feeling a tight knot of tension dissolve as Justin willingly kissed him back for the first time in days.

“Bri? Oops. Sorry to, uh... I need to lock up and get out of here, Brian. Sorry, but Mel and Gus are waiting on me for dinner.” Lindsey interrupted.

“Of course. We’re done here anyway.” Brian smiled at his friend and then grabbed Justin’s hand to lead him back out to the car, giving his friend a quick peck on her cheek as they left. “Thanks, Lindz.”

“Anytime, Brian. Nice to have met you Justin. I’ll see you on Thursday.”

((((((((((((((((((((B/J)))))))))))))))))))))))
The dinner that Brian had taken Justin to after they left the gallery was fantastic. It was a lovely little Italian Bistro and had served the best penne with carbonara sauce that Justin had ever had. Brian had even waived his ‘no carbs after 7:00’ rule and had linguine with pesto. The gelato for dessert was equally delicious. The two men had talked amiably throughout the meal, and now Brian was fairly confident that he was truly forgiven. However the true test was still to come.

He’d laid out logs in the fireplace before they’d left, so it was a simple matter, as soon as they got back to the house to light a fire. It had been raining earlier and was cool enough this evening to make having the fire pleasant. Once that was set, Brian spread out a blanket that was left conveniently close by on the floor in front of the fire and pulled the coffee table closer so that they would have easy access to the bottle of Merlot he’d already decanted earlier. Add in a little soft jazz and the scene was set, Brian thought. Now, he just had to add the naked young blond that he wanted to share this all with.

Brian went over to the couch where Justin had been sitting and watching all these preparations. He pulled the young man up to stand with him.

“This is only the second date I’ve ever been on in my life, Sunshine,” Brian started to explain. “The only other time . . . well, let’s just say it ended badly - I probably shouldn’t have been fucking the waiter in the men’s room between courses. Anyway, bear with me if I haven’t got this ridiculously romantic shit right, okay?”

“It looks like you’re doing okay to me,” Justin conceded, trying to keep the corners of his mouth from turning up and revealing the smile he was holding back.

“Great. All we need to do now, it seems, is for you to join me here on this blanket with a glass of wine and we’ll be all set.” Brian said. “Care to join me, Sunshine?”

“So, I didn’t think you were the type to do romantic, Brian, let alone dates” Justin commented as he moved to the blanket and took the glass of wine Brian was offering.

“Oh, I don’t. This isn’t me doing all this,” Brian said, his lips curling in over his teeth in amusement. “You’re imagining everything. And, if you ever dare tell anyone, I’ll have to deny it and point out your unstable mental condition.”

“Wow. I sure do have a pretty good imagination! I could swear that I just felt you unbuttoning my shirt. And, there go my pants too.”

“That’s one hell of a great imagination, Sunshine. Do you always have such dirty little fantasies about me?” Brian asked as his hands began to roam over the creamy skin, lit now by the flames from the fireplace.

“Actually, yes. Quite frequently, too, I’m afraid.” Justin jumped a little and almost spilled his wine as Brian pinched his nipple a tad bit hard. “In fact, just the other day I had this one particular fantasy where . . . Oh, I shouldn’t really say. You wouldn’t be interested anyway.”

“Oh, do tell. *kiss* I’m sure I’d find it fascinating. *kiss* From a clinical point of view, of course. *kiss*,” Brian said as he worked his way up Justin’s torso, kissing and licking his way along from Justin’s navel up to his throat.

“Well, I imagined that I was completely naked, and you were too, and you were lying on a pile of cushions right here in front of the fireplace on a rainy cool night. And, then, after you spent twenty or thirty minutes kissing and biting me all over, you let me ride your beautiful dick for hours and hours until we were both all sweaty and dripping wet.” By this point, Justin had been pushed back onto his
elbows as a result of Brian’s errant lips, travelling about in search of adventure without any certain
course.

“Go on. *kiss* I’m finding this little fantasy *kiss* very interesting *kiss*,” Brian expressed his
interest, punctuating each sentence with a particularly sharp little bite, causing Justin to squirm and
yelp, and significantly disrupting the story.

“Ohhhh. Um, well, after riding you for hours, you see, *sigh* I . . . I get these two fingers really,
really wet, like this *slurping*. Then, I . . .Mmmmm. . .”

At this point, while trying to demonstrate exactly where those two fingers were going to be used,
Justin became a little too distracted to continue the story. But it was okay, since Brian had pretty
much already got the idea and was working to re-enact the fantasy for himself.

Brian had previously grabbed a couple of cushions off the nearby chair and was lying back on them.
He pulled Justin’s shoulders as he lay back, effectively swapping their positions so that Justin was
now on top and straddling Brian’s thighs. Brian opened the small drawer on the side of the coffee
table and fished around inside then handed a condom and some lube to Justin, who laughed, once
again amazed at the number and ingenuity of all of Brian’s many sex supply hiding places.

“What’s so funny, huh, Sunshine,” Brian teased, poking the laughing blond in the ribs a little to
encourage a few more giggles, loving the sound after having gone without for the past week.

“You are, Mr. Kinney. You and all your little hidey-holes. I don’t think that you are ever more than
five feet away from a condom anywhere in this entire house.”

Brian thought about it for a minute or two and then answered, “Maybe in the basement - depending
on where you’re fucking down there you might have to go five or six meters to get to my stash over
by the washing machine.”

This comment elicited another peal of giggles from the amused young blond, and the brunet joined in
as well. But, the sight of Justin, lit up by the firelight giggling nakedly over him was irresistible, and
Brian pulled Justin down onto his chest to kiss away the laughter.

“God, I love that laugh, Sunshine,” Brian moaned into his boy’s mouth between kisses. “I’m so glad
it’s back.”

“Me too,” Justin whispered back, then sat back up to resume his work on the fantasy creation front.

Justin briskly rolled the condom on the beautiful dick he’d been fantasizing about, then added a
generous amount of lubricant. Then he shimmied around so Brian would get a better view while he
prepared himself with the lube left on his fingertips. Brian was thoroughly enjoying the show, as the
wanton boy worked two of his fingers into the beautiful tight little hole, stretching himself and
exposing more of that rosy pucker to Brian’s lustful gaze. Brian’s hands couldn’t resist kneading the
gorgeous plump butt cheeks as Justin worked himself, and then, as Justin’s mewling got louder with
the deeper his fingers went, Brian added his own thumb to make sure the lube was extra well
distributed.

When he felt himself to be adequately prepared, Justin scootched back around facing Brian and
maneuvered until he was properly aligned. Then, with a wicked smile on his beautiful pouty lips, he
slowly lowered himself down onto the hot hard rod of his lover.

“So, then, in my imagination, I start wiggling, like this,” Justin continued, gyrating his hips around
just enough to drive Brian crazy. “And, then in my fantasy, you of course grab my hips in frustration
and try to make me behave. But, since I don’t, you usually have to spank me a few times. *smack* Oh yeah. Just like that. Except, I think you keep spanking me for a lot longer in my imagination. *smack* Ooooh. *smack*.”

“When exactly does the riding part of this fantasy start, Sunshine?” Brian asked, still trying to get the squirming blond to settle down to business.

“After the spanking and then the oral sex, of course,” Justin was giggling again, but Brian had finally gotten a good grip on the boy’s hips and had managed to guide him into a much more effective rhythm, and the giggles rapidly turned into gasps.

Brian was altogether delighted by the sight of a wild and unrestrained Justin, glints of red and orange from the firelight sparkling in his hair and eyes, riding his cock. The man’s head was thrown back and his back arched with his hands braced against Brian’s chest and his strong thigh muscles tensing and flexing in rhythm. This was exactly the sight he’d needed all week - the playful, energetic and frisky youth who was always inventive and who loved fucking as much as Brian did.

“Yeee Haw!” Brian yelled as Justin began to increase his pace, both men getting closer and closer to the culmination of their passion.

Justin was panting heavily now, his eyes half closed in ecstasy and droplets of sweat flying every time he shook his head. With one hand, Justin reached out blindly and Brian reached up to grab it and steady his little cowboy, their fingers lacing together. With his other hand, Brian began to stroke and caress one of Justin’s pumping thighs, squeezing to let the boy know that he was getting close.

“Oh, Brian. Fuck, yessss. Are you ready? I’m going to make you cum on command this time, Brian. So tell me, are you ready for me?” Justin demanded.

“Fuck yeah, I’m ready.”

Brian was spellbound by the stunning spectacle of the uninhibited crazy blond who was riding him so hard and so well. Then, Justin got an mischievous look in his eye and, after impaling himself one last time on Brian’s rock hard cock, he paused and squeezed his ass muscles as tightly as he could, calling out Brian’s name at the same time.

“Now, Brian. Cum for ME now.”

“Fuck!” Brian moaned and let go, loving the feel of the swarming tremors that rushed through his body and erupted through his cock.

As soon as Justin saw his lover reach a climax, he let go as well, watching the sticky, warm strings of cum shoot out to coat the man he’d been riding. Brian adored the triumphant smile this brought to the boy’s face as he crumpled into a heap, falling backward as he pulled off Brian and let himself sprawl over the other man’s legs.

Brian pulled the tired blond around so he could get access to those wonderful popsicle pink lips again and the two men smooched quietly while they waiting for their racing hearts to slow.

“You know, Sunshine, that has to be the first time, ever, that I’ve had a wet dream based on someone else’s dreaming. You have one fucking fantastic imagination there!” Brian complemented the chuckling, contented young man who was just as glad as Brian was they they had finally made up.
Two for the Show.

Chapter 13 - Two for the Show.

First Thursday is a monthly art event, appropriately held on the first Thursday of each calendar month, in which galleries all over the city open new exhibitions of works by various artists, painters, sculptors, photographers and glass artists, as well as innovative conceptual works and site-specific installations. It is one of the most vibrant and active local arts events around. And, this week, one of the openings was for Justin Taylor. As it was, though, the young artist was almost too nervous to enjoy it. Daphne was supposed to be helping him get ready, but after watching him try on the same outfit for the third time, she was thinking of strangling him instead.

“You’re sure I shouldn’t wear the suit? I know it’s a little over-formal but I do look damn hot with it on.” Justin asked for the tenth time.

“No, Justin. You are fine in what you’re wearing right now. Besides, I’m not going to wait while you change again anyway, so can we please just go now?” Daphne whined.

“Hey. You’re supposed to be here to support me, not nag!”

“I’m not nagging I’m just bored! Please, Justin, let’s go, please.”

“Okay, okay, I’m going. This is just a really big deal for me, Daph. I want to look good, you know.” Justin took one last look at himself in Brian’s full length bedroom mirror before Daphne dragged him away and almost pushed him down the stairs.

Forty minutes later, the pair drove up to the Sidney Bloom Gallery. Justin’s sunshiniest smile broke out as they walked up to the door - Brian was standing right there waiting for them, clad in his Armani best and looking like he’d just walked off the pages of GQ. He dropped his cigarette butt and crushed it under his heel as Justin and Daphne neared, then bent to kiss Justin on the lips and Daphne on the cheek in greeting.

“How many times did he change clothes?” Brian asked Daphne, noting with a smirk that Justin was wearing a completely different outfit from the one he’d shown Brian that morning.

“I lost count after the tenth outfit,” Daphne responded, laughing as Justin stuck his tongue out at her.

“You look gorgeous, Sunshine,” Brian whispered in the young artist’s ear, giving the plump earlobe a little bite at the same time just for good luck. Then Brian opened the door for the two teens to usher them inside. “Shall we?”

“Fuck. I think I’m gonna hurl,” was Justin’s response as he hesitated in the doorway.

“You’re going to be just fine. Now, come on.” Brian said, giving the younger man a little shove so that he would finally clear the door.

Lindsey greeted them enthusiastically before they were ten feet inside the door. Brian bussed his friend hello and then excused himself to get drinks for the group while Lindsey hustled the up and coming young artist over to meet and greet about a million people - at least that was what it felt like to Justin. He didn’t get to come up for air for at least and hour, but finally got a chance to scan the crowd and locate Daphne and Brian who were standing together in an out of the way corner with a petite, dark haired woman who was holding a small child. Brian caught Justin’s eye and held up a glass of wine for him as enticement to get the boy to come and join him.
“How is my little artiste doing?” Brian asked as he snaked his arm around Justin’s waist and handed him the glass of white wine.

“Oh, I guess. I had no idea there would be this many people here though. If I have to shake one more hand, I think I might lose all feeling in my fingers,” Justin laughed as he wrung out his wrist.

“Well, then I’ll spare you the handshake and just say hello,” said the brunette standing next to Brian.

“Justin, this is Melanie Marcus, Lindsey’s partner,” Brian made the introductions, then reached to take the little boy into his arms. “And, this little ankle biter here is my son, Gus. Hey, Sonny boy, can you say hello to my friend Justin?”

It was hard to say who looked more frightened at this particular introduction, the young artist or the toddler. Gus simply hid his head in his father’s shoulder. Justin didn’t have that luxury, and instead was laughed at by Brian and the two women because of the look of utter amazement that spread over his lovely features. Daphne even snickered a little.

“Your... your son?”

“Surprise!” Melanie answered Justin for her friend.

“It’s a long story, Sunshine.” Brian explained. “Short version - Lindsey and Mel wanted a kid and eventually wore me down until I agreed to help. Gus lives with them, so don’t panic.”

“I wasn’t panicking, Brian. I was just surprised is all.” Justin responded, swatting affectionately at Brian’s arm. “He’s beautiful, Mel.”

“We think so!” Mel agreed.

“Oh shit!” Daphne interrupted the otherwise cheerful banter, looking at something near the gallery entrance. “Justin, please promise me you won’t hate me for butting my nose in where it didn’t belong.”

“What the fuck are you talking about, Daph?” Justin asked.

“Well, remember how I told you that your Mom had called me a couple times since you saw her at the mall? And, you made me promise I wouldn’t tell her where you were or anything about you and Brian?”

“Yeah. I remember. You didn’t tell her where I was living did you?” Justin was getting suspicious.

“Of course not. I promised,” Daphne said, but then scrunched her face up worryedly. “But... I may have let slip about the show tonight. She kept hounding me, Jus. I wouldn’t tell her anything and she kept saying she just wanted to see you, that she was worried about you, especially after what happened the last time she saw you, so I kinda figured that this would be a safe, public place to meet.”

“Fuck, Daphne. I don’t want to see her. Why the hell did you... “ Justin didn’t get any further with his complaints because that was when Jennifer Taylor finally managed to skirt through the crowd to her son and she gently tapped him on the shoulder.

“Justin. Hi, there. Hi, Daphne,” Jenn smiled at her son’s friend. “Justin, please don’t get angry at Daphne for telling me about this. I forced it out of her. Really.”

“Mom.” Justin said, grudgingly.
Grasping for a way to break the tension, Jenn ventured on. “When Daphne told me you were having an exhibit of your artwork, I was so proud, honey. This is just so wonderful. Where are your pieces, Justin?”

Justin nodded his head in the direction of the Emerging Artists Exhibit but didn’t say anything more.

“Well, I’ll just go and take peek.” Jennifer said, sidling away, but stopped before Justin could turn away. “Justin, I just want to talk okay. Please don’t run off. I’ll . . . . I’ll be right back.”

“Fuck me. I’m outta here. Are you coming, Brian?” Justin said as soon as Jennifer was out of earshot.

“You sure you want to do that?” Brian questioned. “She is your mom and she doesn’t look like she’ll bite.”

“I just can’t do this. Not tonight.” Justin replied, already taking a step towards the door.

“Justin, there you are.” Lindsey grabbed his arm before he could take a second step. “I’d like to introduce you to a friend of mine, Mitchell Boldster. He’s a professor at PIFA. Mitchell and I actually went to college together, about a million years ago.”

“It’s great to meet you, Justin,” Mitchell offered his hand and Justin wasn’t quite rude enough to refuse to shake it. “I’m very impressed with your work, Justin. Do you have a minute to talk?”

“Uh. Sure.” Justin capitulated, allowing the art professor to pull him back towards the exhibit and away from the door.

“So, Daphne,” Brian pierced the young woman with an accusatory stare. “Are you going to referee when Justin and his mom meet again, or are you going to bail and leave it to me?”

“Leave it to you?” Daphne hoped that she could somehow evade the job and also the likely quarrel with her friend.

“Chicken.” Brian rightly pointed out, then handed Gus back to Mel and headed off to provide his favorite blond some necessary back up.

“Here’s my card. I know that the official application deadlines have already passed, but we always hold a few slots open for promising students like yourself. If you’re interested, let me know and I will be happy to run whatever interference I can with the applications committee.” Boldster was saying as Brian came up behind Justin, noting at the same time that Justin’s mother was hovering nearby, eavesdropping.

“Thank you very much.” Justin said, pocketing the card as Boldster moved away.

“That sounded promising, Sunshine,” Brian offered, wrapping his arms around Justin from behind.

“Maybe.” Justin wasn’t ready to start hoping just yet.

“Justin, honey. I couldn’t help overhearing what that man was saying. It would be wonderful if you could get into such a prestigious school, sweetie. I had no idea that you were getting to be so well known.” Jennifer was gushing, smiling at her son while trying at the same time to ignore the tall dark haired man whose arms were wrapped possessively around her boy - the same man who was obviously the subject of several of her son’s drawings.

“Mom, I don’t really feel up to dealing with you today. Can you please just leave?” Brian could tell
from Justin’s voice that he wasn’t going to be able to maintain his composure much longer and so the charming older man opted to intervene.

“Mrs. Taylor. I’m Brian Kinney. I’m a friend of Justin’s. It’s nice to meet you. Would you like to join me for a glass of wine? That way Justin can go back to meeting and talking with all his fans.” Brian said, winking at Justin as he moved away from the young artist, and at the same time, efficiently steering Jennifer towards the bar with his hand cupping her elbow.

“What are you doing, Brian?” Justin muttered under his breath, right before he was accosted by another handshaking admirer who wanted to discuss his paintings.

“Mrs. Taylor,” Brian started as soon as he’d gotten the woman a glass of wine and himself a scotch. “Justin’s a bit nervous about tonight - you understand, I’m sure. And, I don’t think that this is really a great time for you two to try to talk.”

“I’m sorry, Mr. . . Kinney, was it?,” Jennifer bridled. “But, I don’t know what business it is of yours what goes on between me and my son.”

“Actually, the way I look at it, I don’t see what business it is of YOURS what your son is doing tonight or any other time, since you threw him out of your house.” Brian spat right back. “However, I’m not trying to argue that point right now. I’m just saying that this isn’t the best time or place to be having this conversation. Now, could I perhaps suggest an alternative? How about we all get together for lunch tomorrow, or whenever you’re available, and you two can talk then.”

Jennifer started to respond aggressively but then stopped herself, realizing that this man had a valid point. And, if she pushed it, she ran the risk of driving Justin even further away. So, Jennifer swallowed her pride as well as her objections. She looked back at the incredibly handsome man standing in front of her - a man who apparently was a significant part of her son’s life now and who seemed to be genuinely concerned about him. She realized that even if she didn’t like this man, she was going to have to trust him.

“How do I know Justin will show up? I had to practically threaten Daphne’s life to get her to tell me about this show tonight so I could see him. I have no way to reach him or find him once I leave here and if he doesn’t want to see me, then . . .” Jennifer pleaded.

“Here’s my card. Feel free to get in touch with me at work any time. I’ll be able to get a message to Justin for you. I can’t promise that he’ll respond, but I can promise that I’ll give him your messages.”

After Jennifer had left, the rest of the show had gone smoothly. Justin, Daphne and Brian left around 10:00 pm, the artist exhausted by the endless streams of well wishers and fawning sycophants. Amazingly though, especially for an unknown artist with his first show, six of the ten pieces that were displayed sold by the time they left. Daphne wanted to go out and celebrate, but Brian could tell that Justin had already had enough tonight so he begged off for the two of them with the excuse that he had work in the morning.

Justin was oddly silent on the ride back to the house. Considering the success of his first professional show, Brian had thought the man would be bubbling over with excitement. He thought about asking what was the matter, but, Brian wasn’t much for talking, especially talking about feelings and in the end he chickened out. Instead he opted for a quiet show of support by resting his hand on the silent artist’s thigh and every so often giving it a squeeze.

At the house, Brian continued to take his cue from the still silent Justin. He got them out of the car
and led Justin through the house and across the patio to the pool house, where he helped the younger man out of the midnight blue cashmere pullover and grey dress slacks he was wearing and even hung the clothes up for him. While Justin pulled on a pair of sweats, Brian got them both beers from the fridge and then led Justin out to the patio where they curled up together on a lounge chair and admired the stars in silence.

“I think I’m going to call that professor guy tomorrow.” Justin finally broke the silence. “He said that he could probably get me accepted for the fall class. Can you believe it? It’s ironic, isn’t it, that the only way I would get into PIFA is by getting kicked out of my house and meeting you.”

“Life is pretty fucking weird that way, sometimes, Sunshine.” Brian commented.

“What did you say to get my mother to leave?” Justin asked.

“Oh that. Well, I just explained to her exactly how and where I planned to fuck her little boy tonight after we got back here - in graphic detail, of course - she ran screaming and tearing her hair out after that. I don’t think we’ll have to worry about her much anymore.” Brian managed all this without laughing, amazingly enough.

“Oh well, that’s okay then. I thought maybe you did something really tasteless and offensive.” Justin snickered.

“Actually, Justin, I promised her we’d meet her for lunch tomorrow.” Brian fessed up. “Don’t get mad, okay. It was the only way to get her out of there and I knew she wouldn’t back down altogether. It was either have the conversation that we both know is coming tomorrow at lunch or tonight in front of everyone at the gallery.”

“It’s okay. I figured that I couldn’t put this off forever.” Justin sighed. “Thanks for handling her for me though. I . . . . well, I couldn’t have dealt with her tonight, you know.”

“Yeah. I know.”

“Brian?”

“Hmm?”

“What did I do to deserve someone like you?”

“You agreed to be my sex slave for the summer, Sunshine.”

“Oh yeah. Right. I remember, now.”

“Hey, Sunshine?”

“Yeah?”

“I’m gonna fuck you now, you know?”

“I figured as much.”

“Any requests?”

“Well, I’m pretty comfy right here. Do I have to move?”

“Nope.”
“Then, no - no requests. Go for it.”

Brian very gently pulled Justin’s sweats down and then did the same with his own slacks. It was getting rather chilly out so he didn’t want to expose any more skin that he had to. But, it didn’t take much - the cold kiss of the breeze on his bare behind along with the warmth of Justin’s skin pressed against his groin was incredibly stimulating. He was hard within seconds. He didn’t wait to pull a pre-lubed condom out of his pants’ pocket and put it on. Then, he latched on to the beautiful, slender, pale neck with his mouth, kissing and nibbling as Brian ran his hands up under Justin’s shirt, reveling in the warm soft skin.

Lying on their sides on the narrow lounge chair, they were already snuggled close. But Brian still pulled Justin closer, in the process, allowing his cock to meet with the warmth of Justin’s inviting, tight, little hole. He pressed lightly so that just the tip entered his boy and then waited patiently for the muscles to relax. Then he pressed in more and more, little by little, incredibly slow and so gently that Justin felt virtually no pain at all, just the pressure and the pulling drawing need for more. Justin sighed when he felt Brian all the way seated inside him. He twisted his neck so that he could meet Brian’s lips in a long, deep wet kiss, tenderly stroking the stubbly jaw and strong sinewy neck as their lips explored each other’s mouths.

Brian raised himself up on one elbow to better reach the yielding sweet lips. As they kissed, tenderly and deeply, Brian started moving with a long slow rhythm, taking his time for this once, willing to let this fuck go all night long if needed. Holding on to the slim, delicate hips with one hand, Brian steadied the other man while he worked in and out, angling his strokes so that Justin would get the maximum pleasure with each pass. Justin let himself be taken care of, let Brian take charge and gave in to every emotion and fleeting feeling that Brian was evoking.

It seemed to go on forever, this steady, unending, relentless rhythm. Both men forgot about time altogether, only aware of each other and the mounting and receding tides of pleasure they were both awash in. When Brian heard what he thought was a quiet sob, he looked down at his beautiful blond lover and at first was surprised to see beads of water running all down that sweet elated face, but then quickly realized that they weren’t tears, these were droplets of warm summer rain that were falling and beading on the supple skin. Brian laughed softly and began lapping at the precious drops, licking up each one as it landed on the luscious skin.

Justin was inundated with a mixture of powerful feelings that he could barely identify, let alone name. But suffusing all, he knew he felt loved - it had been so long since he’d experienced that feeling that it took him by surprise. But, it was undeniable and potent. He knew that he loved this man now with all his heart. If only it was possible that Brian could love him back . . .

As the rain increased in magnitude, the drops beginning to fall harder and faster, Brian began to increase his pace as well. Shifting his hips slightly, he found an even better angle and began to drive in harder, evoking a moan of approval from his willing young lover. He kept up this new faster pace then reached down to touch his lover’s hot hard cock, pumping it in time with his thrusting.

When Brian knew he was close to his climax, he sighed - this wasn’t going to be a pounding, earth shaking orgasm. He knew that this was going to be deeper, more intense and more fulfilling than ever before. He had time only to whisper Justin’s name, before he was taken over by the violently racking emotional overload of this orgasm - something more than he’d ever felt before in his life - but also somehow pervaded by the quiet of the summer rainstorm that surrounded them at the same time.

And, with the last shudder of his waning release, Brian felt Justin follow him down into the abyss of pleasure, his essence drenching Brian’s hand. Justin’s trembling took much longer to quiet than usual after this unbelievable coupling. Brian could only hold him and kiss him gently until the sobbing and
shaking stopped and he realized that Justin had fallen to sleep in his arms, his cock still buried deeply in the younger man’s ass, their connection still complete.

*Fun Fact - First Thursday was actually started in my hometown, Portland, Oregon, 25 yrs. ago. It’s one of the oldest arts events of its type in the US and now many other cities have started their own versions.*
Chapter 14 - The Grand Slam.

The lunch crowd in Alejandro’s was noisy and the place was packed when Brian and Justin arrived the next day at a little before 1:00 pm. They didn’t have to wait in line for a table though - all Brian had to do was nod and smile at a short, dark haired man behind the counter and they were ushered to a freshly bussed table in the rear. Brian thanked ‘Alex’ and slipped him a twenty while Justin seated himself. However, before he could get comfortable, Justin glimpsed his mother’s bright blonde head hovering near the door and he stood up to wave her over.

“Here goes nothing,” Justin commented to Brian.

“It could be worse, Sunshine,” the older man commented. “We could be having lunch with MY mother.”

“Hey, Mom.” Justin said when Jennifer reached them, leaning over and allowing the woman to peck at his cheek before they both sat.

“Justin. I’m so glad you’re here. I didn’t know if you would show or not.” Jennifer said.

“Why wouldn’t I - Brian told you I’d be here so I am.” Justin was trying not to start out this conversation on a hostile note, but it wasn’t going to be easy.

“Nice to see you again, Mrs. Taylor,” Brian interjected, a little peeved that Jennifer hadn’t yet acknowledged his presence.

“Mr. Kinney” Jennifer responded coolly.

“Just Brian, please,” the calm older man returned, equally cool.

“So, Mom. I’m here. You’re here. What did you want to say to me?” Justin figured it was better to just get this over.

“I just wanted to talk and make sure you’re okay, honey. I was worried about you - especially after the way you left when we were having lunch last time…” Jennifer started, wanting more of an explanation for what Justin had said to her then, but approaching the topic with caution.

The discussion was interrupted at this point by their waiter who came to get their lunch order. The brief break in the conversation was welcome though, allowing Justin a little more time to think over his response and the direction in which he wanted this conversation to proceed. By the time the waiter left, he was ready.

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“Mom, I’m sorry about the way I left that conversation. I was just upset by that man who interrupted us. He was… His comments just took me by surprise is all,” Justin hoped this would be enough to assuage his mother’s fears. “I’m doing fine, really.”

Brian reached over and grasped Justin’s hand at this point, smiling a little apologetically. Justin smiled back, heartened by the small show of support.

“Justin, you said some things then that have me really, really concerned.” Jennifer wasn’t ready to let this go. “I just want to make sure you’re okay. I didn’t approve of the way your father handled things. Of course, I… I’m sorry for what he did - for telling you to leave. But, whatever your father
did, I’m still your mother and I still worry about you. I just don’t want to see you getting yourself mixed up in something . . . with people who . . . ”

“Spit it out, Mom. People who what? People who are gay?” Justin was quickly losing the struggle with his temper.

“Justin, please. I didn’t mean it like that . . . “ Jennifer tried to calm the volatile young man.

“Then how did you mean it? What people are you talking about, hmm? People who have helped me out when my own family couldn’t care less about me? People like Brian - who you haven’t even looked at the whole time we’ve been sitting here? You being worried about me hanging out with the wrong sort of people doesn’t concern me anymore, Mom.” Justin would have gone on but a squeeze from Brian’s hand helped steady him and he stopped.

“Mrs. Taylor.” Brian tried to intervene. “Whatever your other concerns about Justin may be, I think that the important thing is that you know he really is fine - he has a safe place to live right now and his art show last night was a huge success. He’s a big boy and he’s doing a damn good job of taking care of himself despite your husband’s having kicked him out of your home. That’s all you really have the right to ask about, isn’t it. As for our personal life, well, you don’t really have any right to even ask about that, let alone judge us for it, now do you? “

“Mr. Kinney, I don’t really think this is any of your business. I appreciate you helping to get Justin here today, but this is between me and my son.” Jennifer tried to exclude the interfering man.

“How dare you just dismiss Brian like that, Mom. He’s the best thing that’s happened to me in a long time,” Justin wasn’t even trying to rein in his temper anymore. “I wouldn’t have a place to live right now if it weren’t for Brian. And I wouldn’t have had that show last night or the possibility of going to college in the fall or anything else for that matter. I’d probably be living on the streets right now if it weren’t for him. So, you can just take all your concerns over me associating with the wrong kind of people and shove them up your ass. I’ll get out of here so you won’t have to be exposed to my ‘disgusting lifestyle’, as Dad so eloquently put it.”

Justin got up to leave, for a second time abandoning his uneaten lunch and his mother. Brian did likewise, dropping some money on the table as he left. Jennifer however still wanted to try to save this relationship somehow.

“Justin, please, wait. I’m sorry. I didn’t want this conversation to end like this. Please. How can I contact you, Justin? Jennifer was running along after them.

“You can’t. I don’t want to talk to you again, Mom. And, please stop harassing Daphne - she won’t tell you where I’m at so just leave her alone.” Justin yelled over his shoulder then got in the corvette and waited for Brian to drive them away from this ridiculous scene, leaving Jennifer standing alone in the parking lot.

“That went pretty well,” Brian said, trying to lighten the mood.

“Oh yeah? What makes you say that?” Justin asked.

“Well, if we’d been having lunch with my Mother, we’d have been condemned to hell and had a bible thrown at us on the way out the door,” Brian offered as consolation, provoking a tiny huff of laughter from the still seething blond.

“Hey, Brian?” Justin said after sitting in silence for a few minutes.

“Yeah?”
“Do you have any appointments right after lunch today?”

“No. Why?”

“Cause I really need you to fuck me in the shower at your office as soon as we get there.”

“I think I can accommodate that request, Sunshine,” Brian smiled over at his distressed little blond, kinda liking this reaction to the stress of dealing with his mother.

Justin was surprised when Brian stayed home from work the next day. Two Saturdays in a row of Brian not going to work was phenomenal. Brian’s excuse was that there weren’t any vital deadlines looming with the New Seasonings account, but Justin suspected that the man just wanted to play hooky for a day and have some fun.

After sleeping in late, Brian took Justin out for a good old fashioned country breakfast at this little dive not far from the house - Justin thought he wouldn’t have even known the place was a restaurant if he’d seen it without Brian pointing it out, but from the number of locals eating there, it was obviously a local favorite. The food was delicious too, although hardly dietetic, considering pretty much everything was fried in butter. Justin was in heaven.

After breakfast, Brian insisted that they do something to work off all those ridiculous calories. Justin suggested tennis - he’d been living there for weeks but hadn’t yet had a chance to try out the court. Brian agreed and met him on the court about a half hour later with two tennis raquets in hand.

Brian, of course, excelled at tennis, like everything else the man touched. He soundly beat Justin four sets to two. Both men were drenched with sweat by the time they were through - the rain from earlier in the week had moved off but the added moisture, now that the sun was back, made everything horribly humid. Brian and Justin sat in tall, black canvas directors chairs placed at the edge of the court in the shade of a tree and drank the lemonade that Mei Mei had brought down to them.

Justin couldn’t understand why Brian wasn’t dripping nearly as much as he was. He concluded that it was simply impossible for Brian not to look gorgeous no matter what he was doing. Justin on the other hand, looked and felt like he’d been run over by a water tanker. He pulled off his shirt and used the one dry corner to wipe the sweat off his face and tossed it on the ground when he was finished. Then he stood up to stretch so his muscles wouldn’t cramp on him later when he cooled off.

Brian meanwhile was enjoying the post-game show - Justin without his shirt on, beads of sweat running in rivulets down his chest and back, his thin cotton shorts glued to his perfect ass with sweat and pulled extra-tight as he stretched. Brian didn’t remember tennis ever being this exciting before. When Justin bent over with his legs spread apart to stretch out the backs of his thighs, Brian couldn’t take it anymore - he moved quickly to stand directly behind the limber wet blond, pulling the slender hips into him so that his dick rubbed right against the crack of that sweet little ass.

“Need me to help you with those stretches, little boy?” Brian rasped out, his voice thick with lust.

Justin wiggled his ass even more provocatively, grinding it back against Brian’s crotch, and added, “Mmmmm. That would be super. You could be my own personal trainer.”

Brian pulled off his own shirt and threw it and the two hand towels they’d brought down into a pile on top of Justin’s discarded shirt. With one swift motion, Brian pulled off the boy’s tennis shorts as well, letting them puddle around Justin’s ankles. Then, he pushed on Justin’s shoulders with both hands until the boy dropped to his knees, the pile of clothing cushioning his fall. His own shorts
followed the rest into the pile and then Brian sank to his knees as well, sighing as his bare flesh met with Justin’s, their thighs practically glued together with their combined sweat.

Brian reverently spread apart the plump downy cheeks of the perfect blond boy ass and swiped his fingers through a small puddle of sweat accumulating in the small of Justin’s back, using it instead of lube to help ease his fingers into the tight little hole. Justin’s body was so hot from the sun and the exercise and his deep, welcoming hole felt even warmer than usual to Brian’s questing fingers. The skilled older man knew exactly where to rub and how to bend those talented fingers to prepare the moaning boy and he adeptly tapped at the secret sweet spot inside at the same time.

Each wiggle of that tempting ass and every tiny whimper and moan from Justin’s hot pink lips went straight to Brian’s aching cock. He wanted to be inside this hot little blond so badly right now he thought he might shoot before he could even get the condom on. But he somehow managed to get the condom on one handed and then, rubbing his dick up and down the boy’s sweat drenched inner thighs, getting himself dripping wet, he merrily shoved into the place he so wanted to be - balls deep in that perfect ass. Brian immediately started slamming into that beautiful ass as hard as he could, spurred on by Justin who had braced his hands against the rubberized court surface and was thrusting himself backward onto Brian’s cock just as hard.

In the dripping humidity, their motions induced even more sweat, creating a sheen over both beautiful naked bodies. Brian was aroused even more by the sunlight glistening off Justin’s damp creamy smooth skin. He knew he was going to cum fast this time and reached around to pump at Justin’s hard shaft to help bring him off too. The heat seemed to hasten their drive and within mere moments Brian pummelled into Justin for the final drive, reaching his peak and releasing into the condom with an abandoned groan at the same time that Justin shot his own load, splattering the court surface with streams of hot sticky cum.

Brian let himself fall over, draped across Justin’s sweat dampened back, the smaller man just barely able to hold them both up on his shaking arms still braced against the ground. After a moment or two, Brian became concerned that Justin was trembling even harder. He moved to pull his body away, but Justin simply grabbed his wrist, pulling Brian’s arm under him and rolled the two of them over together. That was when Brian realized that the shaking was caused by Justin laughing silently, almost uncontrollably.

“That gives *he he he* a whole new *he he he* meaning to *Ha ha* the term *Haw Haw* ‘Grand Slam’,” Justin finally managed to say between bursts of wild unrestrained laughter.

“You can be my ‘ball boy’ anytime, Sunshine”, Brian joined in with the banter and the laughter.

“I think I managed to ‘lose my seed’ this time, though,” Justin enjoined.

“You certainly did that, little boy. But only because I found your ‘sweetspot’.”

By this time, Justin was literally rolling around on the court, laughing so hard he could barely breathe, Brian smiling down at him indulgently. A random thought blew through Brian’s mind that he’d never had this much fun having sex before. He’d had great sex, lots of it, but he didn’t remember it ever having been accompanied by so much laughter, fun or joy as when he was with Justin. With Justin the sex wasn’t just great - it was phenomenal - and the laughter they often shared afterwards definitely added to that feeling.

“Hey, little boy. I think that I was a bit distracted on that last serve. How about giving me a ‘let’. We can move to a less uncomfortable surface and I’ll show you how great my ‘service’ can really be.” Brian added, bringing on a fresh wave of glee in the still giggling blond, who readily agreed to another match in the showers, thinking secretly that even if Brian didn’t know it, this was definitely a
After their tennis match in the shower, Brian let Justin get in a nap while he worked a bit in his office downstairs. Justin didn’t get too long to sleep though, since they had plans this afternoon. Brian got his sleepyheaded boy up about 2:00 pm and fed him a late lunch and then the two put on suits and headed into the Pitts to attend a benefit at the Carnegie Museum of Art, which Lindsey was forcing Brian to attend.

Like all such affairs, there was a lovely buffet set up - this time in the gardens behind the museum - and the alcohol flowed freely to the strains of a string quartet playing in a shady glade of trees. But overall, Brian thought it was unbearably boring and if Justin hadn’t been there to lighten the mood by continually coming up with humorous insulting comments about the other stuffy benefactors, he would have bolted long since in spite of his promise to Lindsey.

Lindsey and Mel didn’t even get there until almost an hour after the boys had arrived - and they had been fashionably late themselves. Lindsey apologized, explaining that they had a last minute crisis with the babysitter and had to take Gus over to Deb’s in the end. However, Brian was at last placated by Lindsey’s presence, not to mention his third Beam.

The four of them were standing together and chatting in the shade by the entrance to the gardens, Brian’s arm casually encircling Justin’s waist, when he felt the young man’s body tense. He looked at Justin and saw his attention directed towards a figure approaching from the walkway to the parking area. It took Brian a moment to recognize the tux-clad man approaching him - the man looked much different in daylight and dressed in formal attire, Brian thought.

“Brian Kinney. Fucking small world, isn’t it,” Brandon said as he neared the little knot of people.

“Brandon,” Brian responded, the contempt he felt clear from his tone.

“And if it isn’t the most beautiful pool boy in Pittsburgh,” Brandon said, addressing Justin, his hand reaching out so his index finger could trail down the younger man’s chest.

“Fuck off Brandon,” Brian instantly slapped the man’s hand away from Justin and moved so that Justin was sheltered behind his body.

Brandon wasn’t to be put off by the little show of machismo, however. “My offer still stands, Justin,” Brandon said, focusing his attention on the younger man over Brian’s shoulder. “When Kinney’s contract is up, I would love to show you what I can offer.”

“He’s not interested in ANYTHING you might have to offer, so just FUCK OFF,” Brian responded for Justin, not willing to let this odious man anywhere near his blond.

“Becoming a little too attached to your toy I see, Kinney,” Brandon drawled. “Like I said before, old man, your days as the King of Liberty Avenue are already over.”

“Get the fuck away from me right now or you’ll be spending the rest of the day at the dry cleaners trying to explain to them how to get the blood out of that tacky rental tux,” Brian hissed, now chest to chest with the sneering blond who was threatening him.

“Fine, I’ve got better places to be anyway,” Brandon said as he started to move away. “But don’t forget what I said, Justin. I will have you eventually, you know, no matter what this used up old club boy thinks. See you around, beautiful.”
Justin and Melanie together only just managed to hold Brian back from going after the rude interloper. Brandon was really starting to get on Brian’s nerves and he wasn’t going to take it much longer. Fuck, why did that fucker have to keep turning up at the worst possible moments? Brian made a mental note to find out more about this guy - he would be ready the next time the asswipe turned up unexpectedly.

((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))

Tennis Terms: (courtesy of Wikipedia)

Grand Slam: Like the Grand Slam in golf or the Triple Crown in American thoroughbred racing, the Grand Slam means winning all four Major tournaments in a calendar year. Since it happens so rarely, "Grand Slam" is commonly misused to refer to any one of the four most prestigious tournaments ( Majors): the Australian Open, the French Open (or Roland Garros), Wimbledon, and the U.S. Open. See also Career Grand Slam and Serena Slam.

let (do-over): Call that requires the point to be replayed. This typically occurs when an otherwise valid serve makes contact with the net. However, a let call can also be made when there is some distraction to either player not caused by the players themselves, such as a ball boy moving behind a receiver, debris flying across the court in windy conditions, or a ball accidentally falling out of a player’s pocket or entering from a neighboring court.

seed: Player whose position in a tournament has been arranged based on his/her ranking so as not to meet other ranking players in the early rounds of play. To lose one’s seed means to be ranked lower than previously.

sweetspot: Central area of the raquet head which is the best location for making contact with the ball.

love game: Shutout game, won without the opponent's scoring.

ball boy (or ball girl or ballkid): Child tasked with retrieving tennis balls from the court that have gone out of play and supplying the balls to the players before their service.

serve: Also, as a noun, service. To begin a point by hitting the ball into the opponent's half of the court.
Justin had noticed that after the art show at the gallery, Brian began to take him more places. He was thrilled to be getting out more - it certainly relieved any potential boredom - plus there was the added bonus of spending more time with Brian. Justin had finally admitted to himself how much he cared for the beautiful brunet who had taken him in and who treated him with such tenderness. When Brian defended him from Brandon’s advances yesterday, Justin became even more enamored with the man. He knew that Brian wasn’t ever going to reciprocate his feelings, but that didn’t stop him from relishing every moment he could spend in Brian’s presence.

Justin was even more excited about tonight’s outing. Brian had asked him if he wanted to go to the ‘family dinner’ at Deb’s with him tonight. He couldn’t help but think that this meant something more than just dinner. The only time he’d met Debbie, Brian had described her as more of a mother to him than his biological parent. The way Brian referred to this group of people as his ‘family’ made Justin very aware of how important these people were to the man he adored, which all served to make the boy very nervous.

Luckily, Justin had met almost everyone at the dinner before. Michael and Ted he’d met briefly at Babylon the night of his graduation celebration. Emmett he’d met that day as well. And he was excited to see Lindsey, Mel and Gus - he’d almost instantly bonded with Lindz, who was a fellow artist - and Mel seemed so easy to like that he already felt comfortable around her. Gus was a joy to be around so that wasn’t hard either. And Debbie made him feel instantly at home. The only person at the dinner that he hadn’t met before was Debbie’s brother, Vic, who was incredibly down to earth and not hard at all to like. So, Justin was feeling pretty comfortable at dinner so far.

At least he was feeling comfortable until Michael cornered him alone for a few minutes right before dinner was served. Justin had been sitting on the couch in Debbie’s wonderfully tacky living room, talking with Emmett and Ted and listening in on random gossip the two were exchanging, when Michael came up to him. The compact, boy-next-door-type brunet put his arm around Justin’s shoulders in a familiar way that sort of disturbed Justin - he didn’t really know this man that well and he didn’t like to be touched this intimately by just anyone. Michael seemed oblivious though to Justin’s discomfort.

“So, Justin, what are your plans for after the summer?” Michael asked him.

“Sorry?” Justin asked, not sure where this was coming from.

“I mean, what are you going to do when the summer is over and your deal with Brian is up?” Michael pressed.

“What the fuck business is it of yours?” Justin spat back, annoyed that yet another person seemed to know about his bargain with Brian.

“Well, it’s just that I’m Brian’s best friend. I don’t want to see him hurt. And I don’t want him to have to deal with you hanging on after you’ve worn out your welcome. So, I wanted to know what, exactly, your plans are for moving on after the summer’s over.” Michael said all this with the most amiable expression, as though he was asking when Justin was going to take out the trash.
Justin simply sat there with his mouth hanging open. Except for Brandon, no one had been so brazen as to bring up this issue with him. He had felt so comfortable here and was therefore taken completely by surprise by this blind side attack. He didn’t even have a response prepared because he still had no idea what his plans were for the fall. He’d contacted the PIFA professor but knew that the application process was going to be drawn out and he wouldn’t know for weeks whether or not he would be accepted to the prestigious art school. In the meantime, Justin was left without any tangible plans.

“I don’t really have any plans yet,” Justin managed to say.

“Well, you really should be making some, you know,” Michael pressed. “Once Brian gets through setting up this new account and can get back to his normal life, he won’t need you anymore. So, you really need to be prepared with a plan, you know. It’s already high time he gets back to his normal life. Assholes like that Brandon guy are already gunning for Brian’s title, so the sooner he gets back to the way things were the better.”

“Michael! I think that Brian has better things to do with his time these day than to engage in pissing contests with the latest cocky top that comes along,” Emmett interrupted the conversation, to Justin’s great relief.

“Em’s right, Michael,” Ted added. “Kinnetik is growing incredibly fast these days. Brian is a fucking genius when it comes to advertising and he’d just be wasting his time trying to maintain his club boy image when he could actually be making something real of himself at work.”

“Whatever, Ted. All I know is that Brian told me that once he’d landed this account and had the money in hand to shut them all up, he’d take care of the likes of Brandon. And, until then, he’d make do with a rent-boy since it was easier than wasting time trolling at Babylon.” Michael paraphrased Brian’s ill thought-out statements from back at Images.

At that, everyone fell silent, darting sympathetic glances in Justin’s direction but saying nothing. Everyone here thought they knew Brian Kinney. He’d always been the ‘I-don’t-care-what-the-fuck type - the one who didn’t do boyfriends, who didn’t need a relationship or anyone there for him. The Brian Kinney they all thought they knew was fiercely independent and constantly shied away from any entanglements. So, even though both Ted and Emmett felt in their hearts that something about Brian’s relationship with Justin was different, they weren’t comfortable voicing that feeling just yet.

Justin, on the other hand, had nothing to support him or his feelings that what he had with Brian meant something more than just a summertime business deal. He’d only known the man for a month - who was he to dispute with Brian’s best friend who’d known him for years. So, Justin said nothing. He just sat there, looking like he was trying to melt into the couch cushions, all the fun of the evening and the thrill of getting to meet Brian’s family instantly gone. If he’d had a way to leave, he would have, but he couldn’t go anywhere without Brian, so he just stayed. He didn’t say much the rest of the night.

Brian noticed how quiet Justin was but had no inkling what had happened. He tried to stay close to the young man for the rest of the evening, but still wasn’t able to get him into a better mood. He knew it was something fairly serious when Justin hardly ate any of Debbie’s lasagne.

That night, when they returned home, for the first time since he’d moved in, Justin told Brian ‘no’ when the older man started to caress and fondle the young blond. Justin tried to tell Brian that he didn’t feel good, but Brian knew that something else had caused this bad mood. He didn’t know what had happened, but he was damn sure he was going to find out.
“Brian, you have a message from Neva Swanson at New Seasonings about the television spots and four messages from a Jennifer Taylor who said it was ‘personal’,” Cynthia said as she came into Brian’s office on Monday morning, his latte in hand and a pile of files ready for his review.

“Thanks, Cynthia. Go ahead and schedule a phone conference with Swanson for after lunch - I need a little while to work out the tv spot fiasco. I’ll deal with the Taylor issue now, though.” Brian responded. “Oh, and Cyn, get that P.I. we used before on the Diverson Account in here this afternoon, I’ve got something I need him to follow up on for me.”

Brian looked over the files that Cynthia had handed him and noted that nothing was critical, yet. Better to get the most odious task out of the way first, he thought, picking up the messages from Jennifer Taylor and dialing the number she’d left.

“Hello,” answered a deep male voice when Brian dialed the number Jennifer had left.

“Is Jennifer Taylor available?” Brian asked, sure that the male voice probably belonged to Justin’s father and equally sure he didn’t want to talk to that man.

“Sure. Hold on.”

“Hello, this is Jennifer,” the woman’s voice finally came on the line.

“Mrs. Taylor. This is Brian Kinney, returning your calls.”

“Uh. Thank you for calling me back. I, uh,. . . .”

“You can’t talk now, I assume? Because your husband is there. Am I right?” Brian asked.

“That’s right.” Jennifer responded quickly.

“I’m in my office this morning, Mrs. Taylor. Why don’t you call me back when you can speak freely,” Brian offered.

“Thank you. I’ll do that.” Jennifer said and hung up abruptly.

Twenty minutes later, Cynthia interrupted a meeting between Brian and Ted, announcing that Mrs. Taylor was back on the line. Brian told Ted to wait and took the call.

“Kinney.”

“Mr. Kinney, this is Jennifer Taylor again.”

“Yes, Mrs. Taylor. What can I do for you,” Brian said solicitously.

“Sorry I couldn’t speak earlier, but my husband is. . . well, he’s not all that understanding where Justin is concerned, you understand.” Jennifer started.

“I get that. What is it that you wanted?” Brian was rather short.

“I want to talk to Justin, of course.” Jennifer said bluntly.

“I think he made it clear that he really doesn’t want to talk to you.”

“Mr. Kinney,”

“Brian.”
“Brian, then. I know that Justin is angry - I don’t blame him after what he’s been through. But, I still love him and I want to make sure he’s alright.” Jennifer tried to put her feelings into words that this man would understand and that wouldn’t instantly offend him. “Please. I know I haven’t handled this very well. I just don’t know what to say to him half the time. I don’t . . . I . . . I don’t understand why he . . . why he wants to be . Shit! I don’t know what to say or how to say it without him or you getting angry at me. I just need Justin to know that I still love him, whether he’s gay or not. And I am worried about him - the way he spoke the first time we had lunch - like he was . . . “

Justin had told him exactly what had been said in that conversation, so Brian knew what Jennifer had heard that had concerned her. “Mrs. Taylor, I don’t know what you want me to say. All I can tell you is that Justin is fine. He’s safe. He doesn’t want to talk to you and I won’t betray his wishes on that front. I can tell him that you’ve been calling and if he wants to talk to you he’ll call you. I don’t know what else you want from me.”

“Do you love him,” Jennifer asked bluntly.

“Excuse me?” Brian was taken by surprise.

“I said, do you love him? Or are you just using him for whatever purposes and then you’ll just throw him away like yesterday’s trash?” Jennifer decided to just get to the point.

“I . . . I care about him. I don’t want him to get hurt - by you or anyone else. Is that enough?” It was all Brian could offer at this point.

“I don’t suppose I can expect anything more at this point,” Jennifer conceded. “Just, well, if Justin needs anything, can you please call me. I just want him to know that I will do what I can for him. And, please let him know I called, okay.”

“I’ll tell him.” Brian agreed as he hung up.

“Problems, Bri?” Ted asked.

“Justin’s mother,” Brian explained, not sure how much to tell his friend and CFO. “The kids’ got it rough, Theodore. His dad’s a complete ass and his mother’s confused but at least she’s trying. Justin just needs his space right now, you know.”

“Yeah. It’s never easy - not on the kid or the parents,” Ted responded with compassion. “So, back to the quarterly financials. . . .”

((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))

“I’m telling you Em, this one’s different,” Ted was relating to his friend his impressions from the phone call he’d overheard earlier today at the office. “Brian really likes this kid. He’s different around this kid. And you should have heard him telling Justin’s mother off this morning. He really defended the kid to her.”

“I hear you, Sweetie,” Emmett agreed. “The night Brian brought him to Babylon, you should have seen him. He was tickled pink over that boy. I’ve never see him like that. Mr. I-don’t-give-a-shit was letting on that he cared. You could have knocked me over with a feather I was that surprised.

“What’s up guys!” Michael said as he sat at the barstool next to Ted. “You two have your heads together like you have some extra-juicy gossip.”

“Oh, just the same old, same old, Sweetie - you know, who’s sleeping with who,” Emmett said, concerned after overhearing Michael’s comments to Justin the other day about how he would
respond to the information Ted had related.

“Yeah, and who ARE you sleeping with these day, Honeycutt. Or don’t we want to know,” Brian, just having entered Woody’s, butted in on the conversation with his usual flair.

“Bri! I didn’t know you’d be here tonight. It’s great to see you,” Michael gushed over his friend.

“You just saw me yesterday, Mikey. You really need to get a life, you know. Besides, I had a bitch of a day at work and I just needed to blow off some steam.” Brian explained, popping a couple peanuts into his mouth from the dish on the bar, and then looking up with a smile when Justin came up to him carrying two beers. “Thanks, Jus. So, who wants to play some pool?”

“Hey, Justin, Baby. How are you?” Emmett welcomed the younger man, patting the bar stool Michael had just vacated. “Come over here and talk to your Auntie Em.”

“Hey Em, Ted.” Justin responded a bit shyly, a little put off by seeing Michael here as well. “I’m doing okay.”

“I don’t mean to pry, Justin, but I sort of overheard Brian talking to your mother today. It sounds like you’ve had it pretty bad lately,” Ted tried to reassure the boy. “Anyways, if you ever need to talk, you know we’ve all been there too and we would be happy to listen.”

“Thanks, Ted. I’ll keep that in mind. Right now, though, I don’t want to talk about my idiot parents or any of that shit. I just want to get drunk and have a good time tonight.”

“Well, Baby, you’re in the right place for that!” Emmett enthused. “Oooh, Teddy, look over there by the jukebox. See that tall drink of water? You’ll never guess who he went home with on Saturday? Okay, I’ll tell you. . . me!”

Just sat with the two gossiping queens, listening in on the conversation and slowly allowing himself to relax as he sipped at his drink. He’d been glad when Brian had called him earlier and asked if he wanted to join him at Woody’s for a few drinks, thinking it would be fun to spend an evening out with Brian. But when he saw Michael as soon as they arrived, Justin had changed his mind and just wanted to leave again. Michael had instantly usurped Brian’s attention, playing pool with him, buying him drink and monopolizing Brian’s conversations. Justin wasn’t unhappy sitting with Emmett and Ted, but it wasn’t exactly how he’d planned to spend his night either. Still, he was here with Brian, so he couldn’t really complain, right?

Just when he was starting to enjoy himself, though, Justin felt someone’s eyes on him from behind. He turned to search out the source of the eerie feeling and somehow wasn’t surprised to see Brandon staring at him from the other side of the bar. That fucker just seemed to be everywhere, didn’t he, Justin thought. Luckily, Brandon didn’t come over towards their group tonight, so Justin didn’t have to deal with talking to the guy, but it seemed like his eyes never strayed from Justin’s back for long and it was creeping him out. A lot.

“Hey, why so quiet tonight, Baby,” Emmett finally realized that Justin hadn’t said anything for quite a while and looked at the boy in concern.

“Em, do you know that guy over by the door who’s looking at me all the time - the tall one with the shaggy blond hair?” Justin asked, wanting to get more information on this guy who apparently knew so much about him.

“You mean Brandon? Oh yeah - he’s the latest, greatest, hottest thing on the Avenue. Or at least HE thinks so. I wouldn’t know since he’s too stuck up to bother with the like of little old me.” Emmett
said contemptuously. “Has he been giving you trouble, sweetie?”

“You could say that. He’s been staring at me all night and it’s freaking me out a bit. I just wish the creep would get lost.” Justin admitted.

Justin would have probably said more, but just then Brian came up behind him. “I have this itch, Sunshine, that I can’t quite scratch on my own,” Brian said, laying a few kisses on Justin’s neck as he breathed the words into the blond’s ear. “Think you could help me out with it?”

“I might be able to assist you with that Mr. Kinney. Just tell me where you want to be scratched.” Justin laughed back at the silliness in the usual serious man’s voice.

“How about I show you instead?” Brian hooked his index finger into the front of Justin’s tee and pulled him off the barstool and towards the men’s room as he spoke. “We’ll be right back, boys. Why don’t you order us another round of drinks!” Brian advised a grinning Ted and Emmett.

Fifteen minutes later when Brian and Justin emerged from the last stall in the men’s room, adjusting their clothing after the excellent ‘scratching’ Justin had just helped Brian with, neither was pleased to find Brandon waiting for them, leaning casually against a sink in the men’s room and leering openly at the young blond. Brian roughly shoved the ass away from the sink, washed his hands and pulled Justin after him without saying a word to their unwanted shadow. The encounter with the irksome interloper had put a damper on Brian’s mood, though, and he changed his mind about staying for another round of drinks.

“Let’s get out of here, Sunshine,” Brian said as they left the toilets, noting Justin’s nod of agreement and giving a quick goodbye to the rest of his friends as they passed. “We’re out of here, boys. See you later, Mikey, Ted, Em.”

A quick drive found them back at Brian’s loft, alone again and far from the peeping tom eyes of the likes of Brandon. Brian was determined to get back into the good mood he’d been in before. As they came in the door, Brian observed that his cleaning service must have just been there today, and as usual, they had also stocked the loft with a few groceries as evidenced by the fresh bowl of green apples on the counter. The luscious looking apples gave him a lovely idea for how to get both himself and Justin back in the mood.

“How about a game of ‘Naked Lunch’?” He asked with a naughty little smile.

“Can’t say that I have. It does sound fun though!” Justin replied, liking where this seemed to be heading.

Brian ordered Justin to get rid of his clothes while he got together the game pieces they would need. When he came back from the bedroom, he lifted Justin up so that he was sitting on the counter of the kitchen island. Then, he retrieved the black silk scarf he’d brought from the other room and proceeded to blindfold the excited young man who was then told to sit still for a few more minutes while Brian got everything ready. Justin could hear Brian rummaging around in the kitchen and the fridge, but had no idea what he was doing - this could prove to be quite a fun game though, Justin thought.

“Okay, little boy,” Brian’s sultry voice caused shivers to run up the blindfolded boy’s spine. “The first rule in this game is that you don’t get to use your hands.”

Justin felt Brian gathering his wrists together behind his back and then tying them securely with another silk scarf. He giggled a little as Brian’s fingers trailed over his chest and stomach on their
way back from the job of knotting the tie. Then he smelled something sweet and felt a few wet drops of something splashing on his thigh.

“Now, the object of this little game, Sunshine, is to be the first one to get sucked off. The way you win is that you have to identify what it is that I’m feeding you - by taste only. Every time you guess right, I kiss you on a part of your body, moving from the top down to where you want me to be kissing. But, each time you guess wrong, you have to kiss me. All distractions and tricks are completely legal. So, tell me little boy, are you ready to play Naked Lunch?”

“Let me get this straight? If I guess right I get kissed and If I win you give me a blowjob. And if I guess wrong I have to kiss you and give you a blowjob? So, how exactly does anyone lose at this game?” Justin teased.

“No more questions. Time to play!” Brian said, and Justin could hear a jar being set down on the counter beside him. “You only have 60 seconds to answer - here’s the first clue.”

Justin felt Brian swipe his fingers through the wetness that had dripped on his leg earlier and then gently smear whatever it was on his lips. He flicked out his tongue and licked the juice off noting the cloyingly sweet taste that reminded him of going out to dinner with his parents when he was a child.

“Maraschino cherry?” Justin guessed.

“Oh, I can see you’re going to be very good at this game. I’m going to have to be trickier,” Brian said, kissing and licking at the sweetened lips, now redder because of the cherry juice.

“Next clue,” Brian went on, and Justin thought he could hear the man chewing something as he spoke.

Brian then leaned in and kissed the enthusiastic contestant, letting Justin taste his tongue and mouth thoroughly to get his next clue. Justin was momentarily distracted from the game by the kiss, but Brian pulled back before he could get too lost.

“Come on. Time’s up. What’s your guess?” Brian pressed.

“Something nutty. Mmmm. I’ll say walnuts?”

“Beeeeep. Wrong. I’m afraid the correct answer was pecan, Mr. Taylor. Now, I’ll claim that kiss from you.” This time the kiss went on long enough that both men almost forgot the game altogether, only remembering when Justin’s squirming knocked over something sitting on the counter next to him by accident.

“Right. Back to the game!” Brian demanded.

This time, Justin smelled something quite strong, the odor burning at his nostrils. Brian guided his face forward for this taste, until Justin could feel Brian’s warm skin on his lips. He let his tongue peek out and licked, feeling the hard little nub of Brian’s nipple and tasting something hot and spicy as well.

“That one’s easy.” Justin laughed, “Mustard.”

“Ding, ding, ding. Very good, Mr. Taylor. Where would you like your next kiss?”

The game went on for some time, both men enjoying Brian’s creativity in how the clues were given. By the time they were done, there didn’t seem to be any body parts that hadn’t been painted with something appetizing and licked or kissed or bitten. Although, in the end, Brian cheated - or at least
Justin accused him of cheating, Brian claiming that everything was fair game in this game - by feeding Justin a super-hot cayenne pepper which killed off his sense of taste afterwards, allowing Brian to win easily.

“You lose, Sunshine,” Brian gloated, kicking over a small step stool he kept in the kitchen and getting up on it so that his groin was now at the perfect level for Justin’s sweet pink lips to reach him. “Better get to sucking, little boy.”

“Like I said before, Brian, I don’t think of this as losing.” Justin grinned, the adorable sunshine smile contrasted with the black silk blindfold making Brian even harder as he watched the boy bend forward, blindly seeking with open mouth for the prize.

Brian teased his boy a little, backing away and then smacking Justin on the cheek with his hard as rock erection, not letting the impatient blond get to the object of his lust right away. Justin wriggled his butt forward to get to a better spot to grab on to the wandering cock as it teased and danced away from his eager lips. Finally, though, Justin got lucky and managed to suck in the errant dick as Brian tried to sneak it by one more time. The quick intake caused Brian to moan out his pleasure, thinking how very, very good Justin was at this particular activity.

Meanwhile, Justin was using all the tricks he knew to get Brian as crazy as he could - just a little payback for entertaining but aggravating game he’d concocted. Justin was horny as hell after all that foreplay and wanted nothing more than getting Brian off as quickly as possible so that they could move on to his own hungry dick’s needs. Brian was equally ready though - Naked Lunch had proven to be a very entertaining and stimulating game and he needed to get off pretty badly himself.

Brian let Justin’s talented tongue do its magic. The sight of the bright blond head, still wearing the hot black scarf, bobbing up and down at his crotch, coupled with the strong sucking and the constantly active tongue triggered every sensitive nerve ending on his heated dick. He felt the building waves of sensation with each lick, tingle after tingle reaching his balls and coursing up through his gut and his spine, setting his skin on fire everywhere. Brian held on to Justin’s thighs as the boy worked, afraid that if he let go he would drift off, floating on the waves of pleasure. Then, finally, the ripples of delight came back down, focused in his belly and finally rushing out through his cock, releasing all his tension and passion into the throat of the wondrous blond boy who was lapping up every drop of his hot, sweet cum.

Brian pulled the blindfold off, still panting but feeling wonderfully sated for the moment. “You are a REALLY good loser, Justin!” Brian said causing both of them to burst out laughing.

Chapter End Notes

If you like the smut, leave a review or kudos so I know you're out there! TAG
Chapter Notes

So sorry about how slow I've been posting chapters this last week - My computer at home is being naughty and so I've had to go use the library computers to post this. Hopefully I'll figure out how to rid myself of the latest Trojan virus (And its not the fund kind of Trojan, either!) and be back up and running soon. In the meantime, enjoy! TAG

Chapter 16 - Gus, Jus and a Big Fuss.

Brian read through the investigator’s report again, trying to pick up anything he might have missed the first time: Brandon Muller, age 26. Originally from South Carolina, lived in Philadelphia for the past 6 years, moved to Pittsburgh about 6 months ago. Employed by a local non-profit organization as a fundraiser. Nothing major on the criminal front - a couple of arrests for ‘drunk and disorderly’, one actual conviction for causing a disturbance at a club in Philly - time served and anger counselling was all he got - and two charges of assault - both dropped.

Looks like our boy Brandon has a bit of a temper, Brian thought. But, not really anything that Brian could use against the man either. Brian’s PI was gonna look into it further and see if he could get more info on the two dropped assault charges, but that might take a while. In the meantime, Brian wasn’t happy about Brandon seemingly showing up everywhere he and Justin had been lately. But, since there didn’t seem to be anything he could do about it, yet, he determined to just keep his eyes open and be ready in case anything might trigger Mr. Muller’s temper.

Putting the file away in his desk, Brian tried to get back to concentrating on a new ad layout for a chain of resort hotels whose business Kinnetik was angling for. He didn’t get very far though when he was interrupted by Cynthia on the intercom.

“Brian, Lindsey on line 2 for you.”

“Thanks, Cyn.” Brian picked up the line. “Hey, Lindz. What can I do you for?”

“Hey, Bri. And, you can’t DO me at all. But, you could do me a big favor, if you were feeling super nice today?” Lindsey pleaded.

“How much is this going to cost me, Lindz?”

“How much is this going to cost me, Lindz?”

“Nothing, except maybe a little of your time. See, Sidney is sending me to New York this weekend to check out a few new galleries there and meet with a new auction house he wants to set up a relationship with. And Mel’s case that was supposed to go to trial this week settled. Sooooo, we are both free for an extended weekend and I thought it would be nice for her to join me in NYC where we could do a little reconnecting? That is, if you wouldn’t mind watching Gus for a few day?” Lindsey wheedled.

“I don’t know, Lindz. I’m too busy to take a bunch of time off work.” Brian started to object.

“I know, but the other night at Deb’s, Justin offered to watch Gus for us if we ever needed it and he’s not super busy, other than with his art, right?” Lindsey and Justin had hit it off right from the
start and she’d really like the young man who seemed very responsible and mature for his age and was, undoubtedly, a very promising artist. “I’m sure Justin would help you out with Gus when you were at work.”

“You’d have to ask Justin about that, Lindz. I’m not his keeper, you know.”

“No. Just his ‘sugar daddy’,” Lindsey teased.

“I’m not his sugar daddy, either, Lindsey. He’s just a friend, okay,” Brian tried to explain. “I’m letting him borrow my pool house until he goes off to school in the fall, mainly because his parents are pricks. That’s all it is.”

“Right. Of course. Whatever you say, Bri. Still, do you think the two of you could take Gus for us for just a few days?”

“I’ll talk to Justin and call you back, Lindz.” Brian finally conceded, mostly to just get Lindsey to leave him be, but also because he liked the idea of spending a bit more time with his son.

Justin, not surprisingly, was thrilled with the idea of having Gus stay at the house with them. Within two minutes of Brian telling him about Lindsey’s request, Justin was already making plans about where he would take Gus during the days when Brian was busy - the Zoo, the Children’s Museum, etc. In the end, Brian was forced to agree to letting Gus stay with him for five days starting on Thursday afternoon.

Thursday morning, Justin rode into town with Brian and spent the morning running errands and sketching in the park. He met Brian for lunch at the Diner at 1:00 pm and then the two of them went over to Mel & Lindz’ to pick up Gus. As they were leaving the Diner Justin thought he saw Brandon again out of the corner of his eye, but since they were already in the car and Brian was starting to pull away from the curb, he didn’t think anything more about it, glad only that he didn’t have to talk to the man again.

It seemed to take forever to gather together all of Gus’s things. Brian was amazed as how much stuff it took to care for one rather small human. They were borrowing the girls’ minivan for the duration of Gus’ visit - the Corvette wasn’t very kid friendly plus there was no way that they would have fit all this stuff in the trunk - and it was a good thing because by the time they loaded it with the portable crib, the stroller, the diaper bag, all the kid’s toys and clothes and even the bouncy chair/swing thing, there was barely room for the toddler. Brian vowed never to be seen in the minivan, not even as a mere passenger, so Justin was appointed at the official child chauffeur for the weekend. As the caravan of corvette and minivan finally pulled away from the house, the girls waving and throwing kisses at little Gus, everyone was too busy to notice the dark blue Jeep Cherokee tailing along several cars behind them.

Since it took even longer to get all the baby paraphernalia set up back at the house than it did to get it into the car in the first place, Brian ended up just staying home the rest of the day. Justin was great with Gus - he told Brian it was from taking care of his little sister, Molly, for all those years - and the young man took the lead in all things toddler related, while Brian sat back and indulgently watched the two boys playing. The word ‘cute’ actually even came into Brian’s mind briefly before he chased it out relentlessly.

On Friday, Justin took Gus to the zoo for the day while Brian was at work - he was completely thrilled to be able to run away from the overwhelming domesticity that had taken over his house and his little pool boy. The zoo was amazing fun. Justin had almost as much fun there (okay, maybe even more) than Gus. They both especially enjoyed the african pygmy goats which you were allowed to pet and groom - Gus, who was just newly walking on his own, kept toddling after the biggest goat,
pulling on it hair and following it around, while the placid animal simply ignored the little man. Justin laughed himself silly watching and took hundreds of photos, planning to draw the scene later when he got home.

Petting the Pygmy Goats.

They ate lunch in the cafe adjacent to the lorikeet exhibit, where Gus had a hard time concentrating on the food with all the colorful birds darting about. After lunch Justin got several more adorable photos of the boy feeding the lories. By then Gus was ready for a nap, and so was Justin, so he rolled the stroller over to a shady garden area and let the boy nap while he quietly sketched and drowsed for a good hour. The only thing keeping Justin from relaxing enough to nap himself was the weird feeling that he was being watched - he looked around occasionally to try to figure out where the feeling was coming from, but the zoo was packed with people so it was probably just his imagination.

Feeding the Lories

Lories

After Gus woke from his nap, they rode the zoo train and then visited the new baby elephant briefly, but Gus had obviously had too much fun already and was fussy so Justin decided they were done for the day and the two headed out to the van and then home. Gus was asleep again before they even pulled out of the parking lot. Justin still had the odd feeling that someone was watching him, causing him to look over his shoulder when walking and even looking in his rearview mirror as he drove, but he never saw anything out of the ordinary so he just tried to shake off the creepy feeling.

Zoo Train

Baby Elephant

When Brian got home around 6:00 pm, he discovered both boys curled up in his bed sound asleep, a pillow propped behind Gus’s back to make sure he didn’t roll off the bed, and Justin guarding him on the other side. Brian pulled the duvet up around the two, gently brushing a long strand of gold hair out of Justin’s face, and carefully kissed both sleepy heads before leaving them to sleep a bit more. Justin shuffled out of the bedroom not long afterwards, seeking out Brian to cuddle with the original rather than the little copy for a while, until Gus finally woke as well.

The rest of the weekend followed pretty much the same pattern, with Justin and Gus off on one adventure after another during the day and then coming home for quiet time with Brian in the evenings. On Sunday afternoon, Justin finally convinced Brian into coming along with them to the Children’s Museum - which resulted in Justin almost pissing himself with laughter watching the always dapper Brian playing with his son in the water works area and trying in vain to avoid getting wet.

Water Works

The trio had so much fun, even with Brian’s sopping wet shoes, that they were still laughing like maniacs when they got to Deb’s for the family dinner, and Brian didn’t even get angry as Justin regaled the entire crew with funny stories about their day. The entire family was bowled over by the changes they were seeing in Brian lately - how much more at ease he seemed, not to mention how much more easily the man laughed - but no one dared to comment on it yet for fear of raising the wrath of Kinney. Overall, it was one of the more enjoyable dinners the group had seen recently, and especially so for Justin since Michael was at a comic book convention and therefore had missed dinner.

On Tuesday morning when it was time to take Gus home to his moms, Brian was genuinely sad to see the boy go - even though he wasn’t sad to get rid of all the baby stuff all over his house or the eyesore of a minivan parked out front. However, since the weekend had gone so well, Lindz was quick to assure him that it needn’t be a one time only event. Justin was quiet on the way back to
Brian’s office after they left the girls, already missing his little playmate.

Brian hadn’t yet had his requisite volume of coffee this morning, so the two men stopped at the Starbucks’ near his office on their way. While Brian was in line to get his latte and Justin’s mocha, the younger man grabbed them a table by the window. Justin was sitting and sketching one of the zoo scenes with Gus when he heard the other chair being pulled out and he looked up smiling, expecting to see Brian with his coffee. Unfortunately the man sitting across from him wasn’t Brian, but Brandon, the shaggy blond leering at Justin as he dexterously reached over to claim the younger man’s hand before Justin could pull away.

“Hello there, beautiful. Missed me?” crooned Brandon, refusing to let go of Justin’s hand.

“Leave me the fuck alone, Brandon,” Justin demanded, yanking uselessly to try to free himself from the other man’s grasp.

“I can’t do that, my sweet,” Brandon cooed. “I’m afraid I’m just too excited thinking about our coming time together. Any chance I could get you to cut your contract with Kinney short by a few weeks? The temptation of waiting for you is really too much, my dear.”

“I’m not sure where you ever got the idea that I was at all interested in you, Brandon,” Justin said, trying to keep his voice down to avoid drawing attention in the crowded coffee shop. “Let me make it painfully clear to you, though. I don’t want to be within one hundred feet of you. I can’t stand you. I would be happy if I never had to see you ever again in my life. And, I’d cut my own dick off before I ever slept with you. Is that clear enough for you?”

“It’s definitely clear enough for me,” Brian’s voice boomed, the man was standing behind Brandon’s chair and his angry countenance gave clear evidence that Brandon was only moments away from having two scalding hot coffees dumped on his head. “Time for you to be leaving Mr. Muller. NOW!”

“Sorry, beautiful. Looks like I have to be going now,” Brandon continued, pretending not to have heard Brian, and giving Justin’s hand one last squeeze before releasing it. “I can’t wait to see you again, though. Soon. Ciao Bello.”

“That creep is really starting to get on my nerves!” Justin was furious. “What part of ‘fuck off’ does he not understand.”

Brian didn’t say anything. He was more than just annoyed at Brandon’s continued interest in Justin - he was starting to get worried. Brian determined to call his PI first thing after he got to the office this morning and see what additional info he’d managed to dig up on the persistent lothario. In the meantime, he decided to send Justin home with the car instead of trusting him to take a taxi, knowing that Brandon was likely still out there somewhere.

The only good thing about Gus going back to his mothers’ was that now the boys’ sex life could get back to its good old kinky usual. When Brian was finally dropped at him by the car service later that night, he found a note taped to the door between the garage and the house telling that read: ‘Howdy Pardner! I had to vamoose down yonder to the stables. Better come on down if you wanna find your favorite cowpoke! Jus.’

Brian couldn’t help laughing out loud at the silliness of the idea, but he didn’t waste any time getting
out of his suit, into a pair of jeans and heading out to the usually empty stables. Halfway down the walkway to the old barn, he started finding abandoned pieces of clothing. First, there was a plaid, western-cut shirt, draped over a tree branch. Then, there were a pair of holey, well-worn blue jeans laying in a pile in the middle of the path. Next came socks - left one after the other on random flowering bushes lining the walkway. Finally, about 100 feet from the door to the stables, were a pair of black Calvin Klein briefs, displayed artistically in the center of the walkway.

When he got to the stable doors, which were slightly ajar, he pushed them wide to discover his own little cowpoke lying on a blanket draped over two hay bales wearing nothing but cowboy boots and a stetson hat and chewing on a long stem of grass.

“Howdy,” Justin rasped in his best cowboy voice, casually twirling the end of a rope in one hand.

“I think you’ve watched ‘Brokeback Mountain’ one too many times, Sunshine,” Brian laughed as he stalked into the barn.

“Ain’t you the one who told me there’s no such thing as too many times,” Justin said with a Kinney-like smirk. “For a silver dollar, I’d be willing to give you a poke and even let you hogtie me, Sheriff.”

“You little freak,” Brian laughed as he quickly got out of his overly restricting clothing. “How about if I give YOU a poke instead.”

“Fine. But I insist on the hog tying.” Justin laughed as he rolled over and waggled his rear in the air as Brian crawled onto the blanket and then onto the hot blond.

This time, Justin was the one who came prepared - once Brian was in place behind the luscious nubile body, Justin removed his hat and pulled a condom out from the inside hat band, handing it to Brian with a raised brow and a grin. Brian ripped the packaging open and quickly prepped himself, then ran his hands repeatedly over the taut, smooth skin of Justin’s back and buttocks reveling in the feeling of that warm firm skin. The random rays of light filtering in through the windows, broken up by floating dust motes, made the lighting hazy and atmosphere seem heavy. The faint scent of grain and horses still imbued the stables and added to the masquerade.

Brian was busy tasting and kissing the beautiful creamy skin, his hands moving rapidly over that willing body pinching and caressing every inch he could reach. Justin wasn’t interested in the preliminaries, however, and using the end of the rope he was still holding in his right hand, he expertly flicked the tip, whipping Brian’s rear with it and eliciting a definite yelp.

“Ride ’em, Cowboy!” Justin demanded.

“You little shit, I’m going to take that out of your hide,” Brian threatened.

“Yee Haw!” Justin howled as Brian plunged into him, no preparation and no lube except what was on the condom already.

Playing along in character, Justin commenced a reasonably good bucking bronco imitation, trying with all his might to throw off his cowboy, who was holding on nonetheless with consummate skill. Brian pummelled into his bucking boy over and over again, riding the little bronc and slapping at his loins and thighs every so often for effect. The ride itself didn’t last much more than the required eight seconds for a standard rodeo performance - Brian’s lust was ignited to full flame by the scenario and he loved the violent and fierce ride. He spurred his mount on relentlessly, driving again and again into that lovely warm hole, causing Justin to whoop out in joy.
When his ride was almost up, Brian felt that rush of heat breaking over him, knowing from the escalating moans and panting that his mount was nearing his own climax. And then, the thrill of the ride took them both over, explosions of pleasure erupting from both men at the self-same instant, Justin rearing back in ecstasy as he came, almost throwing Brian in the process, before both men collapsed onto the blanket.

“What a good mount,” Brian commented as he petted his little cowboy. “So, Sunshine, do you think I’d win that big old silver belt buckle for that ride?”

“Oh yeah - You’d definitely win the purse for that ride, Cowboy.” Justin sighed, already getting himself worked up for another ride.

(((((xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx)))))

Justin stopped by the gallery where Lindsey worked the next morning to drop off a few things of Gus’ that got inadvertently left behind. While he was there, he was surprised when Lindsey handed him a check for a sizable amount of money - the proceeds from the sales of his art from the exhibit that opened a couple weeks ago. All but three of his pieces had already sold and Lindsey was thrilled for the boy. She was already talking about working with him to get an agent or to at least introduce him to some of the other local artists who might be good contacts for him. Justin was a little too overwhelmed by the entire experience so far and gently put her off, saying he was waiting to hear back from PIFA first before he decided anything. Lindsey made him promise to tell her about the school the second he heard back, already sure from what she’d heard Mitchell saying that Justin was a shoo-in with the admissions board.

Justin took his first professional artist’s check and left the gallery in a daze of excitement. He didn’t even know if he would cash it - he was just so in love with the idea that anyone would actually pay him money for his art that he wanted to simply stare at the check for awhile. He thought he would stop by Kinnetik and see if Brian wanted to celebrate a little before he headed home.

Not more than ten minutes after Justin left, Lindsey was roused by the sound of the bell over the door ringing once again and looked up to see a tall, shaggy blond man entering the gallery. He looked familiar but she couldn’t immediately place him. Lindsey went up to the man and greeted him warmly, always the salesperson and eager to meet any new potential art buyer.

“Hello Ms. Peterson,” the man said, immediately reaching to shake Lindsey’s hand as he entered.

“I’m sorry, but do I already know you,” Lindsey asked.

“Not exactly. I’m Brandon Muller. We met very briefly at the Carnegie Museum benefit a few weeks ago,” Brandon schmoozed. “I work for the Starzz Foundation. I was told your gallery was one of the best in the city. I wanted to talk with you about possibly jointly hosting an exhibit to benefit some of the local charities my foundation supports.”

The two spoke for several moments about the supposed benefit that Brandon had proposed. Lindsey keen to get involved in something that could potentially garner the gallery a significant amount of free publicity. After coming to a tentative agreement to meet again in a few weeks to further discuss the event, Brandon then came around to his true reason for the visit to the gallery.

“So, Lindsey, aren’t you a friend of Brian Kinney’s?” Brandon asked with mock innocence. “I thought I saw the two of you speaking at the Carnegie event.”
“Why, yes. We’re old college friends, in fact,” Lindsey admitted, the mention of Brian again triggering that feeling that she almost remembered this man from somewhere. “Why do you ask?”

“Oh, no reason really. It’s just that I... Well, it’s really none of my business, so never mind,” Brandon pretended not to care, secretly savoring Lindsey’s look of concern at his tone.

“Please, Brandon. What is it? Anything that concerns Brian is important to me as well.”

“It’s probably nothing, but, well... I’d heard that Brian was hanging around with someone who... well, it’s just that there are these rumors, you understand and I wouldn’t want anything negative coming back to hurt him, or you by extension.”

“What are you intimating, Brandon?” Lindsey pushed.

“I heard that Brian has been seeing Justin Taylor.”

“Well, yes, that’s true. Justin seems like a wonderful young man though. Why would that be a problem for Brian?”

“Oh I’m sure he’s very nice. In fact he’s well known as one of the nicest escorts on the Avenue. It’s just that I saw them together at the Carnegie benefit and I didn’t think Brian would want it going around that he was there with... well, a common rent boy, you know.”

“What? Justin? I don’t know what you’re talking about. Justin seems so sweet and so young.” Lindsey was alarmed, thinking that she’d just let her son spend the weekend with this man.

“Well, I wouldn’t know myself, actually. It’s just what I’ve heard around town, you know. I just thought, maybe, you might pass along a warning to your friend, Brian. But, of course, it really isn’t any of my business. I’m sorry I even brought it up. Please, Lindsey, just forget I said anything. I really didn’t mean to upset you.” Brandon hurriedly made his goodbyes and left, snickering under his breath, completely satisfied with the damage he knew he’d done.
“I don’t care if he’s busy. I need to see him NOW.” Lindsey said as she burst into Brian’s office.

“It’s okay, Cynthia. I’ve got this,” Brian told his assistant. “Lindsey, have a seat and tell me what the fuck is the problem.”

“My dick hasn’t come anywhere near you, Lindsey, in a very long time. What could you possibly have against it?” Brian responded, at a complete loss as to why Lindsey was in such a lather.

“You’re the fucking problem, Brian. You and your goddamned dick that you can’t keep in your pants,” Lindsey yelled at Brian, refusing the offer to be seated.

“It’s not me that you’re fucking that’s the problem Brian. It’s your little pool boy.” Lindsey was in full-out rant mode by this point. “How dare you not tell me about him, Brian? You let him be around our son? Is that really the kind of person you want your son exposed to?”

“What the FUCK are you talking about Lindsey?” Brian was furious at what he thought Lindsey was insinuating.

“I’m talking about Justin. Your rent boy? Brian, you should have told me about your little arrangement before you let me just assume things about him. I would have never agreed to let Gus stay with the two of you last weekend if I’d known.”

“Lindsey, you don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about. Justin isn’t just any rent boy. He’s a friend of mine. And, he’s damn good with Gus - I have absolutely no problems with Gus being around Justin. What I want to know is what exactly you’ve heard about him and who you heard all this from.” Brian had pushed Lindsey down into a chair and was standing towering over her, demanding with his physical presence the answers to his questions.

“What I’ve heard is that Justin Taylor is a well known escort and the rumor has it that you hired him to keep you entertained for the summer because you were too busy at work to do your own trolling at the clubs or bars. You told me he was just a young artist friend of yours that you wanted to help out. And, I believed you. How gullible am I? I should have known better - Brian Kinney doing something purely altruistic? That’s a laugh. Why did I think you were changing?”

“Shut the fuck up, Lindsey,” Brian interrupted. “Who the hell told you all this?”

“Well, I heard it first from one of my industry contacts through the gallery. Then I asked around from some other people,” Lindsey hedged, not wanting to name her sources in case they would get into trouble for telling her. “But, that’s irrelevant. What is relevant is that I don’t want Gus exposed to him any more. Until Justin is gone, you are not going to be seeing Gus any more. I’m sorry, Brian, but that is what I feel I have to do to protect my son.”

“Sit down and shut up, Lindsey. Now listen. Are you listening?”

“Yes, I’m listening, Brian.”

“Justin is NOT an escort or a hustler. Do you understand me? Whoever’s telling you that is a fucking liar.” Brian insisted.

“So your own best friend is a liar?”
“Fucking, Mikey! He told you this?” Brian was livid, pissed at Michael and at himself for ever having told Michael anything about Justin at all. “Michael is wrong, Lindsey. It was all a big mistake and Michael just refuses to see the truth. I WILL be setting him straight though. Very soon.”

“He’s not the only one who told me about Justin, Brian. Everyone couldn’t be wrong at the same time,” Lindsey maintained her position.

“Who the fuck else is spreading these rumors? Tell me, Lindsey,” Brian pushed, noting his friend’s hesitation to name names.

“I told you, it was someone I met through the gallery.”

“WHO? Damn it. Tell me, Lindz.”

“A fundraiser that I’m working with on a benefit show. His name is Brandon . .”

“Muller!” Brian finished Lindsey’s sentence. “Now this all makes sense. Lindsey, that asswipe has been after Justin since the first time they met. Justin keeps turning him down so the prick is spreading all these rumors about him in revenge. You can’t believe this shit. Don’t you remember when he came up to us at the Carnegie Benefit? He was hitting on Justin then too? Remember that I almost took the idiot’s head off? That’s the shit you’re going to believe?”

“That was Brandon? Shit. I thought I recognized him when he came in the gallery but I couldn’t remember from where.” Lindsey’s voice tapered off in contemplation. “Brian, you’re sure about this?”

“Fuck, Lindsey. Justin is a good kid. He’s absolutely great with Gus and I have no reservations at all about him being around my son. In fact, Justin is more than just a nice kid - he’s an amazing, talented artist, he’s fun and smart and an incredibly strong person who has put up with more than you’ll ever know from his family. And, I think I’m really starting to lo. . . ,” Brian stopped himself abruptly, quickly deciding to take another approach. “I like hanging out with him. Really, Lindz, Justin is a good person and there’s no reason why you should be concerned about him being around Gus.”

“But all the rumors, Bri?”

“I’m going to take care of Mikey and Brandon and all the rumors right away, Lindz.” Brian promised.

((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))

Brian strode into the offices of the Starzz Foundation and asked the receptionist to see Brandon Muller. When the young woman called on the intercom to another office, presumably Brandon’s, she got an odd look on her face. When she then hung up and told Brian that Mr. Muller was not available, Brian completely ignored her and headed down the hallway behind the reception desk with the young woman trailing behind and trying to stop him.

It was fairly easy for Brian to find Brandon’s office as it wasn’t a large space and the man he was looking for was in the corner office only four doors down from the reception area with his door wide open. Brian stormed in, and slammed the door shut behind him in the face of the desperate receptionist.

“Muller. We need to talk,” Brian demanded, rounding the desk and seating himself confidently on the edge right next to Brandon’s chair. “I’m getting tired of you fucking with me and with Justin.
Brandon stood up to confront the slightly taller and more muscular man. “Fuck you, Kinney. I’ll do whatever I want and with whomever I want to do it. You’re the one who should be backing off or I’ll have my secretary call the police.”

“Go right ahead, Muller. I’d be happy to talk to the police about how you are stalking me and my friend. I find it very, very hard to believe that you just conveniently happen to keep turning up wherever Justin and I are. And, I find it even more curious that you managed to find Lindsey’s gallery just so you could tell her all your little lies about Justin. I’ll be happy to file formal charges against you with the police, if that’s what it takes to get your attention. And, knowing your criminal background it shouldn’t be hard to convince the cops that you are a serious problem.” Brian was bluffing, since his PI hadn’t managed to dig up anything more yet, but from the fear he saw in Brandon’s eyes, he figured he hadn’t missed the mark by too much.

“You don’t know shit, Kinney. And, I don’t care what you say. I WILL have your little cabana boy in the end. I don’t give up that easily, stud. And, once I’ve had your little toy, I’ll be taking your title as Stud as well.” Brandon hissed, his temper completely out of control by this point, his red face and obvious fury in direct contrast with Brian’s appearance which seemed to get calmer the more angry he became.

“You know what? Fuck the cops, Muller. I think it will be more fun taking you down myself.” Brian said with cool, hard fury in his voice. “This is your last chance, Muller. Back the fuck off from Justin or I’ll make your life so completely miserable that you won’t know what hit you.”

Brian didn’t wait around for Brandon’s reply. He got up and strode out of the office, waving in a friendly manner to the frightened receptionist as he left. Brandon simply stood in his office seething. Kinney was an idiot if he thought Brandon would simply back down at this point. In fact, at that very moment, Brandon was thinking about just how much he was going to escalate his campaign for Justin Taylor, in spite of Mr. Kinney.

Brian called Justin a little later and told him that he wouldn’t be home until late that night. Justin wasn’t too bummed though since it was Daphne’s day off and he’d already planned to spend the afternoon with her. So, when Brian said he’d be late, they just planned to extend their visit so that Daphne could stay for dinner.

The next call Brian made was to Michael. Michael was surprised but happy to hear that Brian wanted to meet him at the loft after work tonight. He hadn’t spent much time with his friend lately, even less so since Justin had entered the picture, and Michael envisioned this evening as being a fun time for the two of them to catch up.

When Michael arrived at the loft, Brian was already changed into comfortable clothing and had a drink in hand. Michael bounced in, excited as always to spend time with Brian. It took him a few minutes before he noticed the serious look on Brian’s face.

“What’s wrong, Bri?” Michael asked, concern evident in his tone.

“We need to talk, Mikey,” Brian started, pulling a beer out of the fridge for his friend and walking him over to the couch to begin the conversation. “Lindsey came to see me today and told me what you said about Justin.”

“So? I just told her the truth. That Justin would be moving on soon and that I didn’t think she really
wanted to let Gus hang out with him all that much.” Michael said with complete candor.

“Fuck, Mikey. That is NOT the truth,” Brian tried to hold back his anger, realizing that, at least in part, Michael’s misconceptions about Justin were his own fault. “You have Justin all wrong. I should have probably said something earlier. I just didn’t think you’d be so fucking rude as to make an issue of it, or I would have spoken up, but I’m telling you now, Mikey that you need to back off and shut the fuck up about the kid. Okay?”

“What the fuck, Brian. Why the hell are you getting all defensive about some rent boy?”

“Mikey, first of all, he’s NOT a rent boy. Yeah, we met in a hustler bar, but the kid didn’t know it was that kind of place. Fuck, he’s only been out for a couple months and had never even been to Liberty Avenue before that night. He had no idea that Images was a hustler bar.”

“But you said. . . “ Michael started again, however Brian interrupted him before he could get really going this time.

“I didn’t SAY anything. I just let you think what you wanted to think, Mikey. I should have said something, but I didn’t. Like I said, I didn’t think it was any of your business and I really didn’t think you’d start spreading rumors about the boy, or I would have told you to back the fuck off earlier. But, I’m telling you now, Mikey. Justin is a good kid. I like him a lot and I don’t want you to be talking shit about him any more. He’s NOT a hustler, and how long I let him stay in my pool house is MY business, not yours. Got it?”

“I guess. . .” Michael hesitated, sure that Brian still wasn’t seeing the kid clearly and that it was Michael’s place to protect his friend.

“Michael. I’m serious. You leave Justin alone and stop spreading these rumors. Hear me?”

“Fine.” Michael capitulated.

((((((((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))")

“Sorry, Justin, but I’ve got to get home. I have to be up for work at 7:00 am tomorrow,” Daphne said as she got up from the floor of the media room and stretched. “When is Brian going to be home?”

“I have no idea. He said he was meeting Michael after work, so he might be out really late,” Justin replied, stretching and yawning too. “No biggie, though. I’m bushed and could use a night of actual sleep for a change.”

“Oh. Poor baby! Getting fucked too often? I feel soooo sorry for you - NOT! Try getting sympathy from someone who actually has a sex life, Jus.” Daphne teased as she gathered her stuff together, then kissed Justin goodnight and headed out to her car. “Later!”

Justin picked up the popcorn bowl and their empty soda bottles and was just heading upstairs to get into Brian’s bed when his cell phone rang. He briefly noted it was Daphne and he answered thinking that she probably left something behind. Unfortunately, that wasn’t the case.

“Jus? I kinda got freaked out when I was pulling out of your place just now and I wanted to make sure you were okay.” Daphne sounded freaked, too.

“Why? What’s wrong?” Justin asked immediately.

“Well, there was this car parked at the bottom of your drive - which is sorta weird out here in the middle of nowhere to start with - but then I saw this guy standing right outside the fence by the edge
of the property. He looked like he was just standing there watching the house. It really creeped me out. Did you make sure all the doors are locked and the alarm on?”

“Well, not yet. But, I will. You’re right - that’s kinda freaky. I’ll go set the alarm right now, Daph. Don’t worry, okay.”

“Okay. As long as you’re alright,” Daphne replied. “You should call Brian though and tell him about the guy. I just got this really odd vibe from him, you know. Like he was casing the joint or something.”

“What did he look like?”

“Well, I didn’t get a great look - it’s really dark out and all - but he was tall and thin, white skin and blond hair. The car was a dark, maybe black, Jeep with a hard top. Shit - I didn’t think to get the license, though. Should I go back?”

“No, Daph. Don’t bother. I’ll call Brian and tell him and in the meantime I’ll set the alarm. It’s probably nothing anyway. But, thanks for letting me know. Later!”

Justin ran back down the stairs and immediately set the alarm. He tried to look out the front windows to see if he could make out anyone down by the road but it was too far away and the night was completely dark which meant he couldn’t make out anything. He knew that Brian had a decent alarm system but he was still nervous, so he went around the house and systematically made sure all the doors and windows were locked. Then, he climbed back up the stairs, crawled into Brian’s bed, hugged Brian’s pillow to his chest and pulled out his cel.

“Hey, Sunshine. How are you and Daphne? Have you eaten everything in the house yet? Are you calling to ask me to bring you back-up munchies?” Brian answered, obviously having a good time and feeling no pain himself at the moment.

“Daph just left, Brian. I was wondering when you were coming home?” Justin tried to sound unconcerned, not wanting to seem like a scared little kid left alone in the house too late at night.

“Don’t know. I’m still at Woody’s with the guys. Why?” Brian thought he heard something in Justin’s voice that shouldn’t be there.

“No reason, really, it’s just that . . . well . . . “

“Justin? What’s wrong?” Brian was now certain that there was a problem - Justin wasn’t usually this hesitant unless there was something wrong.

“Daph said that she saw some creepy guy out by the end of the drive. His car was parked out there and she said she saw the guy walking around outside the gate. I’m sure it’s nothing. I just thought maybe you’d be coming home soon . . . ?” Justin knew he sounded like a complete idiot, but he just really wanted Brian home as soon as possible.

Brian was sobering up pretty fast as a result of this call. “Did you set the alarm?”

“Yeah. As soon as she called.” Justin confirmed.

“Did Daphne say what the guy looked like or what his car was like?”

“She couldn’t see very well, she said. But the car was a black Jeep and she said the guy was a tall white guy with blond hair.” Justin responded.
“Fucker.” Brian muttered, thinking that the description sounded like someone he didn’t want at his house, especially when Justin was there alone. “Justin, I’m on my way home now. I’ll have to call the car service though cause I’ve been drinking, so it might take a while. Just stay put and call me if you need anything, okay?”

“Okay. I’m sorry about you having to come back early, Brian.” Justin apologized.

“Don’t be. I’ll be there soon, Sunshine. Later!”

It took Brian more than forty minutes to make it home, most of the delay due to waiting around for the car service to pick him up. When they finally got to the house, there was no sign of any car parked at the end of the drive or anyone walking around. Brian rushed into the house and straight up to his bedroom, to find Justin still sitting there, wide awake, huddled on the bed looking very small. Brian let out a huge sigh of relief and sank down on the bed next to the boy.

“Hey there, Sunshine,” Brian said, pulling Justin to him.

“Hey, Brian.” Justin said, nestling into the warm strong body. “Glad you’re home.”

“Me too.” Brian said.

The two men just sat together, wrapped arm in arm for awhile, not saying much. Brian hadn’t realized how hard his heart was beating until he was sitting there, but now he could feel it slamming into his chest and he was having a hard time slowing it down, even knowing that Justin was safe. Brian worried that he knew exactly who had been prowling around outside and that it might have been his confrontation earlier in the day with a certain tall blond that had instigated the unwanted late night visit. How much did he tell Justin, though? He didn’t want to worry the younger man more than necessary - and it might be just a coincidence after all? He finally decided to wait, but he’d call the PI first thing in the morning and put a rush on getting that info from Philly - there was just something about this Brandon that made Brian’s skin crawl and he wasn’t going to just wait around and see what happened any longer.

“Hey, you,” Brian finally spoke up. “I smell like stale beer and cigarettes. I’m going to go get a shower.”

“Need help? I could get those hard to reach spots for you?” Justin volunteered.

“Sounds wonderful, Sunshine. I have an especially dirty spot or two that you will need to pay extra special attention to. Come on and I’ll show you.” Brian said as he pulled the younger man after him into the bathroom.

Brian pulled off the clothes he’d worn to the bar and dumped them all in the hamper while Justin pulled off the sweats he was wearing. Brian quickly turned on the water and adjusted the temperature - a little cooler than he liked it but perfect according to his little fair-skinned blond boy. Then, Brian pulled Justin into the warm shower with him and took pains to gently shampoo the gorgeous blond hair and soap every single inch of the flawless skin.

Justin zealously reciprocated, paying that extra special attention to the spots Brian had pointed out - namely his beautiful, erect cock, his heavy, full balls and the deep, welcoming crevice behind. Brian’s earlier concern for the boy had morphed by now into full-blown desire. The more that Justin fondled and soaped his privates, the harder it was to resist just jumping the boy. But, Brian was also enjoying the attention and didn’t really want to hurry, so he kept himself in check and let Justin minister to him tenderly, letting him caress and fondle every part of him until he was squeaky clean from head to toes.
When Justin had finally finished rinsing the soap off Brian’s body, he provocatively turned himself around with his face to the glass wall and bent over slightly to give Brian a better view. Then the naughty little boy, grabbed the bar of soap off the tray and started working at himself with it, making sure that Brian could see as he soaped his crack over and over until the lather was thick and dripping off his butt cheeks and running down his balls. Brian meanwhile was leaning against the opposite wall, stroking himself and enjoying the show immensely.

When the soapy lather was just right, according to Justin’s estimations, he used first one and then two very soapy fingers to prod at his hole, letting Brian see as he played with himself, opening himself slowly. By this time, the bar of soap was considerably reduced - it had been a rather long shower - and Justin used the remains of the bar instead of more fingers to pry open his tight little hole even more, pushing in the slippery soapy bar and then pulling it out before it could disappear all the way into that enticing opening. The sight was incredibly erotic and Brian was having a hard time holding himself back - his dick wanting to feel that slippery opening so badly, but at the same time loving the show and not wanting it to end. Finally though, when the bar of soap went in almost too far and Justin giggled as he had to go in deeper to fish it out, Brian decided it was time to get serious before the boy did himself some serious mischief.

Stepping forward, Brian grabbed the indecent bar of soap and tossed it away. Then he took over where the soap had left off, plunging himself into the slick, soapy opening, delighted at how very, very slippery everything was already. He pressed Justin hard against the shower wall, holding on to the top of the enclosure for leverage since all parts of the blond boy were so incredibly soapy that his hands would have just slid right off. Using the wall as his only backstop, Brian rammed into the clean-as-a-whistle boy, slip-sliding away, seemingly forever. And as he was blithely pumping away, he could feel the tingling build up in his gut and his balls, each thrust adding to the levels of his passion and then, almost without warning, the crashing waves washed over him and through him into Justin as well. Brian shot out his load of jizz at the same time Justin’s ass muscles convulsed and the boy splashed the walls of the shower with his own cum. Then the two happy and squeaky clean boys tumbled out of the shower and into their bed, dripping wet and exceedingly fucked out but relieved to be together.
Chapter 18 - Stalker.

God, Brian was really starting to love waking up like this every morning - with this warm, soft, yielding body beside him. Brian reached down to grab onto his favorite morning toy, Justin’s hard, thick cock, which was already up even if the boy himself was still mostly asleep. Brian was delighted at how Justin was always so ready, willing, and definitely able, at almost anytime of the day or night that he wanted the boy. Yep, Brian was definitely loving this arrangement and this beautiful blond boy.

That last random thought took a moment or two to seep fully into Brian’s consciousness but when it did, it jolted the man fully awake. Shit. Where the hell did that come from? Brian firmly told his brain to shut the fuck up and go back to sleep. And, even though it didn’t want to comply, Brian knew exactly how to turn his brain off - at least in the short term - and he commenced the necessary operations immediately by scooting down in the bed, under the covers, so that he could take that full, stout cock of Justin’s into his mouth for a lovely early morning taste treat.

When Brian emerged several minutes later, sweaty and still licking at the salty sweetness on his lips, Justin eagerly claimed a morning kiss from him, enjoying the taste of himself on the tongue of the beautiful, accommodating older man who’d just awakened him in such a pleasurable fashion. Justin didn’t have enough words to express how safe and how happy he was here with Brian, in Brian’s bed, in Brian’s house. He tried not to think about how quickly the summer was slipping by, clinging to the present moment of happiness to help banish all thoughts of the vague future. Instead, Justin simply snuggled his body closer to Brian’s and kissed whatever random body parts he could reach with his lips.

God, Brian was really starting to love waking up like this every morning.

(((((B/J))))))

Justin had dropped Brian off at work this morning and was borrowing the Corvette to run errands today. He wanted to pick up some copies of his transcripts from St. James’, hoping that he might need on for PIFA. If he didn’t get accepted there, Justin had decided he would apply to a few other schools, hoping for winter or spring admission, now that he knew he would have the money to pay for it. Unfortunately, that meant a trip back out the burbs and the hell hole otherwise known as his high school.

Before making the trek to the burbs, though, he stopped at the Diner for sustenance - nobody wants to head to the deepest, darkest wilds of the suburban jungle without having a good breakfast first. Justin was psyched to see Emmett and Ted still there as well and he joined them enthusiastically, waving good morning to Deb as he passed her. And, everybody was happily stuffing their faces before much longer.

“So, where are you off to today, Baby?” Emmett asked as Justin finally came up from air after
downing his third pancake.

“Unfortunately, I have to head to my old high school to pick some records up,” Justin offered.

“Ah. High School. Four of the most miserable years of my existence,” Ted reminisced.

“Don’t even get me started, Teddy,” Emmett chimed in. “The last memory I have of high school, was my cousin Forrest pulling my graduation robe off me while his twin brother Beau pulled my pants down as I was standing on the stage waiting to accept my diploma. Good times!”

“Everybody loves a good gag,” Ted added ironically.

“Yeah, but I prefer mine with handcuffs involved!” Emmett quipped, causing Justin to snort orange juice through his nose in laughter. “Oops, sorry, Baby,” Emmett said, helping to clean up the giggling young man.

While the three of them were laughing and trading more stories of their woeful high school, years, Justin again got that feeling that he was being watched. When he turned around to look over the rest of the Diner customers, he immediately saw Brandon sitting two tables over, and cringed as the man winked at him as soon as he caught Justin’s eye. Okay, enough already, Justin thought, wishing for once that Liberty Avenue wasn’t such a tight knit community where you always seemed to run into someone you knew.

Justin was even more unhappy when he left a few minutes later and noticed that Brandon was following him out. He decided to confront the situation, instead of just running from the creep, so he turned and waited while the tall shaggy blond approached him with an ear splitting grin on that thin lipped mouth.

“Brandon.” Justin started. “I’ve told you before that I’m NOT interested. Are you a complete moron or do you just not speak English? I’ll say it again - please try to listen, okay - LEAVE ME ALONE!”

“I just can’t do that, beautiful,” Brandon said in a sultry voice, reaching to cup Justin’s cheek briefly before the boy swatted away his hand. “I simply can’t stay away. You are just too tempting. Why don’t you come back to my place right now though and I’ll see if I can’t work you out of my system, sweet one.”

“FUCK OFF, Brandon!” Justin was getting irate, not liking that Brandon kept advancing on him causing him to back up against the wall of the Diner as he tried to retreat.

“Problems, Baby?” came the welcomed voice of Emmett Honeycutt, the tall queen with balls of pure steele, who had just exited the Diner.

“This asswipe apparently doesn’t understand ‘Get the FUCK away from me’,” Justin yelled at Brandon again, this time though, apparently getting the man’s attention.

“Just leaving, beautiful. See you soon!” Brandon said as he strode away with another wink back at the distressed blond.

“Thanks, Em. I’m really getting sick of that creep. He can’t seem to get the concept of ‘NO’,” Justin said as he pushed himself away from the wall where he’d been cornered.

“Hmm. I don’t like this one little bit, Sweetie,” Emmett commented. “How long has this been going on? And, does Brian know that this creep is harassing you?”
“Yeah, he knows. In fact, Brian almost took his head off a couple weeks ago when we ran into Brandon at the Carnegie Museum benefit. Anyways, I have to get going, Em. Thanks for rescuing me!” Justin pecked at Em’s cheek in goodbye as he turned to get into the car and leave.

“Take care, Baby. Be safe!” Emmett yelled after the retreating youth.

After an hour and a half spent waiting around in the antiseptic green walled school office of St. James Academy, Justin finally had three copies of his transcripts in hand and was heading back to the parking lot when he heard his name being called out from down the block. Justin turned to see who was hailing him, and his heart skipped a beat when he saw Chris Hobbs heading his way. Fuck, Justin thought, is there anyone else I don’t want to see, cause they’re probably gonna turn up today at this rate.

“Hey, Taylor,” Chris said in greeting. “What brings you out to the burbs and away from your fancy mansion?”

“Chris. I was just here to pick up my transcripts. What are you up to?” Justin said, trying to be as polite as he could.

“Coach Bowman wrote me a recommendation and I just came by to pick it up. Looks like I’m going to be at Penn State. They picked me up for the J.V. football team for the fall.” Hobbs bragged.

“Where are you going?”

“Not sure yet,” Justin replied. “If I don’t get into the one school I really want, I’ll probably just take a few months off and not start until after Christmas Break.”

“What? Can’t stand to leave your cushy digs and your fudge-packing buddy, Kinney?” Hobbs sneered, still angry over his treatment from Brian.

“Fuck off, Hobbs,” Justin said, turning his back on the snickering teen, then adding over his shoulder as he left, “at least Brian isn’t afraid to admit he’s gay.”

“Shut the Fuck Up, Taylor! I told you not to ever start with that shit again,” Hobbs had grabbed onto Justin’s shoulder and spun him around as he spoke.

“I’ll say what I want and DO what I want, Hobbs. Just because you’re in the closet doesn’t mean the rest of us want to be. I’m so fucking proud to be out finally, you have no idea how great it feels not to have to hide any more. You should try it, Chris. And, I have Brian to thank for it. so say whatever you want about us, and call me whatever names you want - I’m out of here, for good, and I’m never coming back to this hell.” Justin said in a clear, ringing voice, excited to finally be able to say what he felt and to be free from this school forever.

Hobbs just stood there, watching Justin’s retreating back until the smaller blond got in the corvette and drove away. Luckily, he thought, it didn’t look like anyone he knew was around to see or hear all of that. Fuck that asshole Taylor was living with, Chris thought - if it hadn’t been for that asshole, he and Justin might have just gone on the way they had been, but no, now Jus had to be all fucking ‘Out and Proud’ and all that shit. It was all that asshole Kinney’s fault, the fucker.

As Hobbs turned to head to his truck to get the hell away from there, he noticed that at least one person had apparently overheard his little exchange with Justin - a tall, thin, blond man was leaning against a dark blue Jeep parked a few cars over from Chris’ truck and was sneering at him.

“You got a fucking problem, pal?” Chris yelled at the man.
“Actually, I do,” Brandon replied, pushing away from the Jeep and moving towards the teen he’d been watching. “In fact, I think that we both have the same problem - Brian Kinney - name ring a bell? But, maybe we can help each other out with our mutual problem?”

Hobbs stood with his legs spread slightly and his arms crossed over his chest as the other man approached and began to talk to him in a conspiratorial voice, eventually leading the younger man to sit on a nearby bench, so they could continue their discussion about how to get back at Brian Kinney more comfortably.

((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))

When Brian got back to the house that evening, he didn’t immediately see Justin anywhere. He took off his tie and jacket and poured himself a drink then headed out to the patio to see if Justin was out there. It had been a scorching hot day and Brian thought that a dip in the pool sounded like a damn good idea and if he didn’t find Justin soon, he would just jump in the pool first and finish looking for the boy later.

Brian didn’t get very far though, when he was greeted by a sexy young blond cabana boy, aka Justin, dressed only in tight white speedo briefs and a loose white cotton shirt unbuttoned all down the front but with the shirt tails tied in a knot at his waist. The cabana boy was carrying a stack of fluffy folded white towels under one arm and had a small serving tray in the other with tropical-looking drinks complete with brightly colored straws and little umbrellas in them. As soon as he saw Brian, he flitted over and greeted him with a silly, spanish accent.

“Welcome, Senor. I am Miguel, your cabana boy for this evening. Por favor, be seated and remove all those heavy clothings. I have here cool drinks for you, Senor, and towels for you to use if you desire to swim and I can bring you anything else you might want.“

As Brian laughed at his silly antics, ‘Miguel’ the cabana boy hustled around him solicitously, getting Brian comfortable on a shaded lounge chair, helping him remove his shirt, socks and shoes and making sure he had a cooling drink. Then, the sweet little cabana boy knelt at the end of the chair and began to massage the ‘Senor’s’ tired feet, slowly working up from there over the man’s calves and lower legs.

“Senor, will be much more comfortable without those very hot slacks on, si? May I assist you in removing these things?” ‘Miguel’ purred into ‘Senor’s’ very turned on ear.

“Si! By all means, Miguel, I definitely need to get out of these pants as soon as possible.” Brian eagerly agreed with the impatient cabana boy.

“Aiii Carumba!” Miguel gasped as soon as he had helped Senor remove his pants (and for some reason his briefs as well). “Oh. Senor is muy grande! Miguel will have to help with this huge problem, Senor!”

And, returning to his nearly forgotten drinks tray, Miguel returned, muy rapido, with several small foil wrapped packages, display them like a fanned out deck of cards for Brian’s inspection.

“Por favor, senor. You will be choosing your favorite flavor? Perhaps you like the margaritas? Ahhh, no. For senor, tonight, it will be the pina colada, si? That is what will make Senor muy happy.” Miguel pulled out the desired condom and tossed the rest on the ground by their feet.

Now, Senor, you relax and let Miguel do all the work now. Si? Is muy caliente and Senor has been working oh so hard all day and now Miguel must help Senor to relax and cool down.” Justin was purring as he crawled up the lounge chair over the sexy brunet until he reached the Senor’s muy
Grande parts. Then the eager cabana boy opened and rolled on the pina colada flavored condom and began immediately lapping at it as if it were a popsicle.

Brian was laughing at the loony antics of his blond, but equally as aroused as he was amused. It didn’t take much attention from the pequeno cabana boy to cause the Senor to shoot his load, before he’d even had the pleasure of putting the pina colada condom to use. Good thing, Brian thought, that this cabana boy still had that margarita one handy. Brian rapidly pulled off the full condom, reached for the bright red package with the margarita picture on the front and flipped Miguel, the enticing cabana boy, over so that he could give him the full margarita works.

((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))

After that last confrontation with Brandon in front of the Diner, Justin began to see the man pretty much everywhere he went - he saw him at the grocery store, the bank, and of course the Diner. Justin was angry that the man was seemingly following him but was too embarrassed to tell Brian about it. After the ‘false alarm’ from the other night when he got so freaked out and called Brian to come home from the bar early, Justin didn’t want to come off as overly needy again, so he didn’t tell Brian, or anyone else, about how often Brandon kept turning up in his daily life. Mostly, Justin tried to ignore the annoying man and whenever he could, he just avoided going somewhere that he thought it was likely that he’d see Brandon again.

Justin couldn’t stay hidden all the time, though. And, that Saturday night, when Brian called and said he wanted to go out to Woody’s and then dancing, Justin knew he was simply going to have to deal with the persistent man somehow on his own. So, Justin reluctantly got ready for the club and called for a taxi to take him into town to meet Brian at Woody’s.

Right on schedule, about ten minutes after Justin walked into the bar and sat down with the rest of the gang near one of the pool tables, Brandon ambled in and found himself a seat near the far end of the bar. At least Brandon didn’t come over and try to hit on him, Justin thought. Brian noted how quiet Justin was being all night, but hadn’t seen Brandon when he’d entered, so he didn’t know what was bothering his young companion. Plus, Brian wasn’t being too attentive since he’d had a very long week at work - he was thinking only about blowing off some steam tonight, and four or five drinks later, he stopped thinking altogether about whatever was bothering Justin.

The crew headed over to Babylon about 11:00 pm and Justin noted Brandon’s arrival at 11:30. Brian was in rare form already - more than half drunk and, after he’d had a couple hits of something he got from a buddy in the backroom, not feeling much pain at all. He kept Justin busy most of the time dancing and fucking in the back, not that Justin minded Brian’s attentions, but he just felt so out of it, what with Brandon watching the two of them constantly. It wasn’t easy for Justin to relax under the constantly watching eyes of the aggressive blond. Even when he was in the backroom with Brian, he would look up and see Brandon with his own trick a couple of spaces away, the older man’s eyes locked onto Justin even as he rammed into whoever he was with at the time. Justin was getting more than just creeped out - he was starting to get outright scared.

When Michael finally managed to tear Brian away from his attentive little blond and pulled his best friend out onto the dance floor, Justin found himself momentarily alone at the end of the bar. Unfortunately, he wasn’t alone for very long - not two minutes later, Brandon was there, insinuating his tall lanky body into the space next to Justin at the bar and effectively pinning the younger man in the corner made by the bar and the wall at the end. Justin tried to move away the arm trapping him but the other man was a lot stronger than the young artist and didn’t intend to let himself be displaced. Justin was amazed that in a room full of hundreds of men, nobody seemed to notice what Brandon was doing and there was no way anyone would hear Justin even if he tried to yell out over the loud music. He realized he was simply trapped for the moment and would have to deal with this
situation on his own, somehow.

“Get off, Brandon,” Justin hissed at the aggressive man.

“What if I don’t want to, Beautiful,” Brandon said, Justin’s efforts to free himself apparently just encouraging him all the more, if the burgeoning hardness in his pants was any proof. “In fact, I rather like this little scenario, my dear. I’ve got you right where I want you and I like it.”

Brandon was grinding his crotch against Justin’s hip as he spoke, taking full advantage of his added height and the position of the bar and wall to prevent Justin from moving. When Justin tried to raise a knee towards Brandon’s groin, the older man simply hooked his hand around the partially raised thigh and used it to jerk Justin even closer to him, then he bent over for a kiss, smashing his mouth against Justin’s protesting lips and shoving his tongue into the protesting mouth. Justin was trying desperately to get free from his attacker but he didn’t have any leverage to get out of the corner he’d been literally backed into and Brandon’s actions were fueled by his overpowering lust. He kept pounding Justin back into the edge of the bar, over and over, dry humping him to the beat of the music behind them, and smashing against the already bruised lips causing Justin’s head to be pushed backwards at an uncomfortable angle.

Justin was trying to push Brandon off enough to shout, hoping to be heard even over the noise around them, but the older man didn’t give him the chance. Brandon had reached one hand up and wrapped it tightly around Justin’s neck, choking off his air supply as he also continued to occupy Justin’s mouth with his invading tongue. And, on top of it all, he was embarrassed that for some unknown reason, the asshole who was attacking him had managed to get him hard. Justin was panicking now, barely able to breathe and not able to move hardly at all and angry both at this fucking asshole who wouldn’t leave him alone as well as at his own traitorous body. As the hand around his throat began to tighten, Justin felt his vision getting blurry and the room behind Brandon’s back began to spin.

Justin was about to pass out, when Brandon’s attack was interrupted by a loud crashing noise behind him as a waiter was accidentally knocked flying by an overly excited dancer and the trayful of drinks he’d been carrying went flying. Brandon’s leg was hit with several small shards of glass as well as several splashes of stinging alcohol and he was forced to let go of Justin to take care of his wounded leg. Justin took full advantage of the momentary distraction to run, dodging through the crowd, desperately looking for Brian amid the throngs of bouncing men. He couldn’t see Brian anywhere and was moving beyond panic into the realms of terror, when he felt someone grab his elbow from behind and he shrieked as he spun to face the man he knew was still after him. When he saw that it was only Ted who, having noticed Justin running through the crowd, had come over to find out what was the matter, Justin collapsed against him, no longer able to keep back his sobs of fright.

“Ted, I need to get out of here. Please. Can you help me,” Justin managed to holler into the older man’s ear.

“Sure, Justin. Come on, I’ve got you,” Ted said, as the compassionate man walked with Justin towards the exit, their movements followed avidly by the pair of grey-green eyes of Brandon Muller.

By the time they got out of the crowded club, Justin had managed to get himself under control and regain his composure, although he was still extremely pale and Ted could see the tracks of a couple tears that hadn’t been wiped away.

“Are you okay? What happened?” Ted was asking the younger man, but Justin simply kept shaking
his head to indicate he didn’t want to talk. “Do you want me to go get Brian?”

“NO!” Justin yelled, grabbing onto Ted’s shirt sleeve with a death grip, not wanting to be left alone even if it meant that he’d be bringing Brian back with him. “No, please, Ted, I’m fine. I just... I needed to get out of there. Just, don’t leave right away, okay.”

“Okay. I’m not going anywhere.” Ted said, his arm circled around Justin’s shoulders, patting the trembling shoulder and trying to be supportive without prying. “I’ll just call him and let him know we’re out here though, is that alright?”

“Yeah, thanks.” Justin said, trying to calm his breathing.

It took a couple of tries, but Ted finally got through to Emmett who said he’d get Brian and bring him outside. By now Justin had mostly recovered and was regretting that he’d asked Ted to call Brian, embarrassed by what he perceived as his own overreaction. So some guy had kissed him and rubbed up against him? What was the big deal, he thought, now that he was away from the panic of the moment. He was confused by his own reactions to what had happened and couldn’t stand the thought of Brian looking at him like he was some silly little faggot who couldn’t take care of himself. Quickly, before Brian could get outside, he scrubbed at his face to try to remove any evidence of tears or fear and moved away from Ted so it no longer looked like the man was comforting him.

By the time Brian stumbled out through the club doors, held up by Michael, who wasn’t much better off, Justin had regained his composure completely and simply blew off Ted and Emmett and their combined concern. Justin thanked Ted for his help but told him it was nothing. Then Justin asked that they help him get Brian to the car, got in himself and drove off without explaining to anyone what had happened.
Chapter 19 - NYC.

The next morning, Brian woke up groaning, and not for a good, positive, life-affirming reason either. This groan had more to do with the pounding headache and the nausea he felt as a result of whatever he’d been doing and/or drinking the night before. He went to roll over and find his warm little Sunshine, hoping that pulling the boy in close would help him feel a little better, but didn’t feel that sweet warm body next to him. That caused him to open his eyes finally, wincing at the too-bright sunlight. He found Justin sitting up in the bed at the far edge, his knees drawn up to his chest, chewing on his thumbnail in a worried manner.

“Hey there Sunshine,” Brian rasped out. “What are you doing way over there? Shit, I probably stink after last night - sorry. If you come over and help roll me out of bed, I’ll go shower, assuming I can still walk that is.”

Justin smiled over at Brian and came around the bed to help him up. Brian was not super steady on his feet yet, and his eyes were only opened just the barest crack so he wasn’t being super observant. Justin managed to get him into the shower though and then turned back to the medicine cabinet to get them both some aspirin and filled a glass of water. Justin took two aspirin himself and then passed four more and the water in to a thankful Brian. Justin was still standing in front of the sink looking into the mirror when Brian called to him to come join in the shower. Justin seemed reluctant, but came in anyway, standing behind Brian with the soap and washing the strong muscular back of the poor hungover man.

Brian wasn’t yet up to his usual morning shower capers, so he didn’t linger under the water the way he would have normally. He simply kissed Justin softly on the lips and then made his way out of the shower, pulling a towel after him as he went to the bedroom to dress. Justin slowly followed, turning off the water and towelling himself off. Justin was standing with his back to the doorway, balling up the towel to throw it in the hamper, when Brian came back into the bathroom, his eyes now finally wide open. What he saw made him blink though.

“What happened to you, Sunshine?” Brian asked, indicating the series of dark black and purple bruises lining Justin’s back from just below his shoulder blades to the middle of his back.

“Hmm?” Justin didn’t look around at Brian as he responded.

“Your back. It’s one huge fucking bruise, Justin. What the hell happened?” Brian demanded.

“Oh. It’s nothing. I got knocked into the bar and I fell over, is all. It’s really no big deal. I’ll be fine,” Justin
said and pulled away from Brian more forcefully this time, then rushed to get dressed and left the bedroom before Brian could ask anything more.

“Justin, wait,” Brian yelled at Justin’s retreating back, starting to follow him, but he was then distracted by his cell phone ringing.

After Brian dug through the clothing in the hamper to retrieve his phone from the pocket of the pants he’d worn the night before, he saw from the caller ID it was Ted.

“Good morning, Theodore,” Brian drawled. “To what do I owe the pleasure of this very early call on a Sunday morning? Please don’t tell me you need me to come into the office.”

“Morning, Bri,” Ted replied. “No, you don’t have to come into the office, at least not for me. You do know that it’s after 10:00 am, don’t you, so it isn’t exactly early either.”

“The time is irrelevant, Theodore. My brain says it’s early. And, I’ll ask again, why the fuck are you calling?”

“Shit, Bri - don’t bite my head off. You really must be hungover. Anyways, I was just calling to see if Justin was alright. He was a bit freaked out last night when you guys left and I wasn’t sure . . . . .” Ted’s voice died off, not sure how much he should reveal to Brian.

“Do you know what happened to him, Ted?” Brian asked with sincere concern taking over for the usual humorous disdain Ted was used to hearing in his voice. “The kid’s black and blue all over but he won’t tell me anything.”

“Shit. No, I have no idea what happened, Bri. All I do know is that he was running out of the club last night when I found him and he was obviously upset. He freaked out even more when he thought I was going to leave him to find you, so I just stayed with him until Em pulled you and Michael outside. By then Justin seemed fine. But Em and I were talking this morning and we both figured he was probably more freaked than he was letting on. So, I was delegated to call and make sure everything was okay.” Ted explained.

“Fuck. Thanks for calling, Ted. I’ll see what I can find out,” Brian said as he hung up.

Brian found Justin in the kitchen, scrambling some eggs for their breakfast. The coffee was already made, so Brian poured himself a glass and sat at the bar, waiting until Justin was done. As Brian sipped his coffee and watched the little blond chef, he saw Justin darting sidelong looks his way, but not saying anything - definitely suspicious behavior.

“Ted just called,” Brian stated as soon as Justin had dished up two plates of eggs with wheat toast on the side. “He and Em wanted to make sure you were alright. Ted said you were really freaked out about something last night but wouldn’t tell him what happened either.”

“Brian, I already told you. I got knocked into the bar and fell and almost got trampled.” Justin tried once more, but still not looking at Brian directly when he spoke. “It looks a lot worse than it is. Please, just drop it, okay?”

Brian ate his eggs and didn’t ask any more questions, but he didn’t agree to drop it either. He would just take his time and figure it out eventually, he thought. After breakfast, Justin was cleaning up and doing the few dishes when Brian came over and dumped the dregs of his coffee out and put the mug in the dishwasher. Then he gently laid a hand on the young man’s shoulder and kissed him on the cheek softly, showing in his own way his support for whatever Justin was going through.

As Brian was leaving the room, he asked over his shoulder, “Justin, I have to run some errands - I
need to pick up a couple suits at the cleaners and get some other stuff for my trip tomorrow. Do you need anything while I’m in town?”

“What trip?” Justin asked nervously.

“I have to be in New York for a couple days to oversee some location shoots,” Brian answered.

“Oh.” Justin plopped down on a kitchen stool and studied his folded hands dejectedly.

“Problem, Sunshine?” Brian asked.

“Hmmm? No. I, um, I just didn’t know you were going anywhere.” Justin stuttered.

“Gonna miss me?” Brian teased.

“Yeah. I will,” Justin said with such sincerity and so sadly that Brian was confused.

Justin was still not looking at Brian. I know something’s wrong, Brian thought, but why the fuck won’t he just tell me? So, think, Kinney. What is it that he’s NOT telling you? He was surprised by you going to New York - so what? It’s not like I have to tell him where I’m going all the time. But, I don’t think it’s that either. He did say he’d miss me, and he sounded so sad. . . .?

“Hey, Sunshine,” Brian took a wild stab at what he thought might help. “How would you like to come with me? You could hang out at museums and shit during the day while I’m at the shoots and then we could live it up at night together?”

“Really, Brian?” Justin finally gave him a true smile for the first time that morning. “You’d let me come to New York with you?”

“That’s what I said, isn’t it?”

“Thank you, Brian!” Justin jumped up and launched himself into Brian’s arms. “I’m so glad that I’ll get to stay with you.”

“It’s not like I was leaving forever, Justin,” Brian teased. “It’s only a two day trip.”

“I know. It’s just that I don’t want to be alone that long. . . . you know, I mean . . . . I would really have missed you.” Justin tried to say this with an unconcerned air, but Brian thought that there was something else behind the words.

And, even though Justin was happier the rest of the day, he was still acting a little off: He stuck to Brian like glue, accompanying him on all his boring errands. He made excuses not to split up when Brian suggested that Justin go get some coffee and wait while he stopped into the office briefly to pick up some files. Justin refused to go to the Diner for lunch, convincing Brian that he wanted to try some new place he’d never heard about miles away, and then ended up asking Brian to take him to some tacky chain restaurant off the highway on their way home instead. At one point, Justin even followed Brian into the toilet when he went to take a piss. Yeah, Brian knew there was still something wrong but he didn’t have a clue what it was.

(((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))

The trip to New York was great for both men. Brian was more than happy with the results of the photo shoot for the ad campaign he was working on. Justin was equally happy spending the day at MoMA, the Met and the Guggenheim. Plus, whatever had been bothering Justin seemed to disappear the moment they left Pittsburgh and Brian was thrilled to have his fun little pool boy back.
To celebrate how well the trip had gone, Brian pushed back their return flight until late on Wednesday and decided to spend the day roaming the city with Justin. After a great breakfast of bagels and lox at the Yonah Schimmel Knishery Brian took them straight to 5th Ave. for a shopping extravaganza start at Bergdorf Goodman’s and then Barneys New York followed by Armani and Gucci and then off to Brooks Brothers for something for Justin.

Justin tried to talk Brian out of buying him anything - just taking him to New York with him was more than enough and Justin already felt guilty about that. But Brian simply wouldn’t listen. When the salesperson at Brooks Brothers asked him what they were looking for, Brian told him without blinking that Justin needed a tuxedo and the happy sales clerk waltzed off to gather together all the other staff he would need and to direct the receptionist to bring them all champagne.

“Brian? What are you doing?” Justin was dumbfounded. “You’re not really going to buy me a tux are you? What the hell do I need with a tux?”

“Well, if you’re coming as my date to the Kinnetik Anniversary Party, you’ll need something to wear, Sunshine.” Brian commented dryly.

“Huh?” was Justin’s brilliant reply.

“It’s a formal affair, after all,” Brian kept on. “And, I refuse to be seen with anyone wearing a tacky rental tux.”

“You’re inviting me to your company’s Anniversary party?” Justin was amazed. “As your date?”

“Yes. In public and all, Sunshine.” Brian teased. “I figured that I did okay with our first little experimental date and I could probably handle the real thing now. I’m getting pretty good at it, don’t you think?”

“You’re amazing at anything you try, Mr. Kinney.” Justin said as he planted himself in Brian’s lap, his arms around the beautiful brunet’s neck. “I would be honored to accompany you as your escort to the party. Thank you, Brian.”

“Careful how you throw around that word ‘escort’, Sunshine. I only just got Lindsey and Mikey straightened out on that score. I don’t want to have to do it all over again.”

“Okay, I promise not to use the word ‘escort’ in their presences.” Justin laughed. “But, now I have a big problem.”

“What’s that, Sunshine?”

“I have to come up with another, novel way to thank you,” Justin was smiling with that impish look that Brian had come to love and dread at the same time.

“I’m sure that we can figure something out when we get back home tonight.”

“That won’t do at all, Mr. Kinney.” Justin was in all out vamp mode by this point and Brian was getting a little worried about just how creative the boy was going to be.

Just then the sales clerk came back into their private fitting room bringing a champagne bucket and flutes for the two men and he was followed by the attractive receptionist who was carrying a tray of appetizers.
The clerk, Sebastian, was very keen to be of any service whatsoever to the two handsome men who were apparently prepared to part with an large amount of money in his store. He was hovering in the fitting room, waiting for the models to come in to display the tuxedos that he would recommend for the beautiful young blond. Justin was more than aware of the clerk’s appreciation of his cute bubble butt, and this gave him a very wicked idea about how to thank Brian.

“Sebastian,” Justin purred, coming up behind the now nervous clerk. “I think that Mr. Kinney here needs some extra, special attention to show our appreciation for the obscene amounts of money he’s planning on spending here today. Don’t you agree?”

“Of course, Mr. Taylor. I’d be more than happy to show Mr. Kinney any amount of appreciation he requires,” Sebastian responded, watching intently as Justin picked up a bunch of grapes off the snack tray and deftly used his luscious lips to manipulate each juicy round into his scrumptious mouth.

“Sunshine. . . . what are you up to?” Brian cautioned, not above being affected by the provocative display of grape consumption.

“Nothing at all, Mr. Kinney,” Justin responded, now approaching Sebastian and using one long artistic finger to shove a grape into the clerk’s agape mouth. “I just think that Sebastian here is eager to show his appreciation for your patronage, not to mention for your hot, sexy, beautiful body. Aren’t you, Sebastian?

By this point, Justin was standing behind the clerk, his hard cock pressed against the man’s back side and he was running his hands down the chest of the clerk. Sebastian was having trouble breathing, let alone talking, and was very, very, obviously turned on by the attentions of the gorgeous young blond man. When a polite knock at the door of the fitting room interrupted the discussion, Sebastian quickly shooed the models away and told them to wait down the hall until the customers were ready.

“Thank you, Sebastian,” Justin was eager to show how much he appreciated the solicitous clerk’s attentions. “Now, Sebastian, I think that Mr. Kinney is in desperate need of being sucked off, don’t you? And, I feel (Justin emphasized his point by rubbing at the clerk’s groin in a highly provocative manner) that you are eager to help him out with that little matter.”

Justin was walking Sebastian forward as he spoke, pressing him from behind with his body to get the man to move. When the two of them got to within a couple feet of Brian, who was seated in a chair watching the little exhibition that Justin was putting on for him with more than a little amusement, Justin pressed downward on Sebastian’s shoulders, pushing the clerk to his knees.

“Now, Sebastian, show Mr. Kinney just how much we appreciate his beautiful huge cock.” Justin ordered, reaching around the kneeling man to help undo Brian’s fly.

Sebastian wasn’t at all hesitant to get that wondrous fat cock into his watering mouth and he went down on it with great enthusiasm. Brian had a quizzical look on his face, pretty sure that Justin wasn’t yet done with this accommodating but unsuspecting sales clerk. Justin just looked at Brian with a mischievous smile and reached over to Brian’s jacket pocket to pull out a condom, waggling his eyebrows in his excitement, causing Brian to shake his head and laugh.

Justin then pulled up at Sebastian’s hips so the man was on all fours, his lips still wrapped around Brian’s fully engorged cock and his head bobbing away. The impish blond dexterously reached around to unfasten the clerk’s pants and slid them down till the man’s ass was fully exposed. Then, never breaking eye contact with Brian, he donned the condom, and positioned himself to take the clerk.

Brian had never seen the young blond top anyone, but he found it unbelievably erotic. The blowjob
from the accommodating clerk was average at best, but the sight of his sweet little blond fucking the man while he was giving Brian a blowjob was one of the most stimulating things he could remember. As Justin slowly pressed into the clerk’s ass, it was Brian that let out the loudest moan, having to take a series of deep breaths to keep himself from cuming right then.

Justin started pumping into the man slowly but steadily, holding his hips firmly so that his actions wouldn’t disrupt Brian’s blowjob. The beautiful blond continued to stare into Brian’s lust-filled hazel eyes the entire time, the two men sharing a special bond in spite of the third person involved in the current escapade. As Justin began to near his climax, he released the man’s hips and moved his hands to grip Brian’s thighs, squeezing and caressing them in time with his thrusts, heightening both men’s passion and bringing Brian along with Justin, closer to their mutual release.

Sometimes it’s remarkable how the lightest touch, the smallest gesture, is what brings the most pleasure. That’s how it was this time for the two intimate men. Brian casually reached out one hand to stroke Justin’s cheek as the boy rammed one last time into the man in front of him and the familiar touch was all it took to propel the youth over the edge. Justin felt the anticipated wave of release wash over him at that moment, letting all the passion and lust he felt for the beautiful brunet man pulse through him and empty into the man he was using as his conduit. The sight of Justin’s pleasure was likewise enough to ignite Brian’s climax as he shot out streams of hot cum into the obliging mouth of their sales clerk. As soon as the last pulse of each man’s orgasm passed, Justin roughly shoved poor Sebastian aside to claim Brian’s lips as his own, completely unaware that there was still another man in the room with them.

Sebastian stood and watched the two gorgeous, passion filled men for several moments, enthralled by the beautiful sight and honored to have been a part of their obvious love. Then, he unobtrusively let himself out of the room, advising the rest of the waiting staff that they wouldn’t be needed for a while and to make themselves scarce until they were called for. Sebastian would gladly play doorman for the two lovebirds until they were ready to get back to the business of ordering Justin’s tux.
Domestic Bliss?

Chapter 20 - Domestic Bliss?

Brian was getting concerned about Justin once again as the two waited in the airport VIP lounge for their flight back to Pittsburgh. The carefree, adventurous Justin from the last three days was slipping away. The neurotic, clingy Justin appeared to be back. Brian still hadn’t been able to get Justin to tell him what was wrong.

He looked at the boy who was sitting across from him in the lounge sipping at a beer. Luckily the bruises on Justin’s face and neck were almost gone and the small cuts on his mouth all but healed. The massive bruising on his back was another matter - Brian had seen that again this afternoon as they were showering to get ready to leave for the airport. The kid’s back was basically one big bruise at this point, the blacks and purples turning more pink and sickly green as they healed and looking, if anything, more ghastly than they had the first day.

Every time Brian tried to bring the issue up, though, Justin clammed up tighter than a virgin’s ass. Brian had given up asking Justin about it, but he wasn’t going to give up on the matter altogether. He’d definitely be asking some questions of the staff at Babylon starting first thing tomorrow. In the meantime, though, there wasn’t much else he could do other than watch out for his little blond.

Their first class seats were comfortable as always and Justin fell asleep just after take off, obviously recovering from a long day of shopping with Brian, which could wear anyone out, he’d said. Brian pulled out his laptop and was busy reviewing ad layouts that had been emailed to him earlier from the office. His work was interrupted however by Justin’s mumbling as he dreamed.

“No. Stop.” Justin’s dream had clearly taken a dark and scary turn. “Stop, please. Don’t touch me.”

“Shhhh, Sunshine. It’s okay.” Brian put his arm around the restless sleeper.

“Brian?” Justin asked in his sleep.

“Yeah, It’s me. You’re okay, Sunshine. I’ve got you.” Brian gently brushed away a long strand of blond hair that had fallen into the boy’s face, noting how Justin almost instantly quieted at the sound of his voice and his touch.

Justin squirmed around in his seat until his head was resting more comfortably against Brian’s shoulder and calmed down considerably, a hint of a smile creeping onto his perfect pink lips. Brian thought he’d never seen a sweeter sight, and then instantly tried to banish the sentimental thought from his consciousness. But every glance down at the angelic face of the sleeping blond beauty at his side made the silly lesbionic sentiment ‘sweet’ pop back up and eventually, Brian gave up fighting it.

Since it was late when they finally got into Pittsburgh, Brian had decided they would just stay at the loft for the night, so it didn’t take long to get from the airport to their bed. Justin was still a little distracted but Brian thought he knew one good way to get his mind back on a better track. Justin was sitting on the sofa, randomly clicking through the channels on the television when Brian came out to put his plan into action, standing stark naked in front of the boy and completely blocking his view of the now forgotten tv.

“Hey, Sunshine. I’ve got this itch that I can’t take care of myself. Do you think you’d be able to help me out?” Brian asked seductively.

‘I’d be thrilled to help,” Justin laughed, tossing the tv remote aside and reaching up to run his hands
over the beautifully muscled hips and thighs of the man standing in front of him.

Brian pulled Justin up to his feet and lead him towards the bedroom. Justin couldn’t quite get a read on Brian tonight. The man had the oddest little grin on his face right at this moment - the word ‘sheepish’ came to mind, but Justin instantly dismissed it since that word just really didn’t seem to work with the always confident Brian Kinney. Still, there was that odd smile again, as Brian lay back on the bed grinning up at the waiting blond.

Brian held out the condom that he’d grabbed off the nightstand to Justin, who had already started removing his own clothes. Justin took the condom and tore it open as he kneeled on the bed and began to inch his way towards the reclining brunet. But, as he started to grab hold of the older man’s beautiful dick to roll on the condom as usual, Brian shook his head and pushed Justin’s hand away, back towards the young man’s own groin.

“I can’t get the picture of you with that sales clerk out of my head,” Brian confessed at last. “Was it good?”

“Oh fuck yeah,” Justin admitted, still confused a little about where Brian was going with this. “It felt amazing.”

“So. Why don’t you show me, Sunshine?” Brian said in a low raspy voice, wagging his eyebrows as he turned himself over and pulled a pillow under him for support.

The very idea took Justin’s breath away at first. But, while he might not be ready for such an idea, his dick certainly was. As the blood drained from his head directly to his cock, the more logical and shocked part of his consciousness gave in to the pure desire and he whooped in joy at the prospect lying before him. But, where to start?

Justin let his hands wander over the golden tanned skin, first, feeling the underlying muscles and the strong bones just below. His mouth quickly followed in the wake of his hands, leaving a trail of kisses, licks and nibbles from Brian’s neck down to his waist, little wet shiny patches of saliva catching a slight breeze in the room and causing him shivery chills. By that point, Justin’s hands had found the firm, supple cheeks of Brian’s ass and were massaging them, kneading the muscles and digging his fingers into the warm flesh. When his mouth caught up to his hands, Justin eagerly dove right in, licking and sucking down the lovely crevice, quickly finding the tight folds of the man’s needy little pucker - the source of that itch that Brian just couldn’t rid himself of without Justin’s help. Justin let himself savor the salty taste of Brian’s skin, licking and sucking around the rim of that itchy opening, getting the older man crazy with the sensations from the rimming.

“Justin, that itch is just getting worse,” Brian moaned. “You need to get on with it, now.”

“Hold your horses, Mister. I want to enjoy this,” Justin told Brian as he pushed the larger man firmly back down into the pillows.

Justin did relent a little though - he decided to move on from the rimming to something more active. Using a generous amount of lube, Justin let his one long index finger find its way inside that taut ring of muscles, eliciting a sigh of delight from the region of the pillows at the head of the bed. Using everything he’d learned from the ‘Master’, Justin wiggled and twisted his finger around, causing no end of pleasurable sensations and then increased the quotient by adding a second and then a third questing digit, all of which were taking turns hitting the sweet spot they found inside.

“Ohhh. Justin. That feels so amazing,” Brian, usually the quieter one during sex was saying, directing Justin’s movements as needed. “I need more, Justin. Ohh yess.”
“Then more you shall have, my dearest,” Justin breathed into the flesh of Brian’s back as he sheathed himself and then knelt between the powerful man’s thighs. “Now, exactly where was that nasty itch?”

“God, yessss.” Brian voiced loudly as Justin finally plunged into him.

“It appears I’ve found it. Now just hold on and I’ll do my best to get rid of that itch for you, Brian.” Justin said, already breathing hard, trying to hold himself back until he felt the tight ass muscles surrounding his cock relax. “God, Brian. You’re so fucking tight and hot. You feel so fucking amazing.”

When Brian forced himself to relax enough, Justin began to thrust deeper and faster, happily rutting away and almost losing himself in the sheer unadulterated pleasure of the moment. This had to be what heaven felt like, Justin thought. He couldn’t stop now if he’d tried. He just kept moving, keeping up the perfect steady pace, holding on to Brian’s firm hips for balance and kissing every available plane of that magnificent body as he went.

“Fuck, Justin! Fuck. Fuckfuckfuckfuck . . . “ the moaning from the transported brunet was becoming increasingly incoherent as it increased in volume and the sweet happy noises egged on the eagerly thrusting blond.

“God, Brian. You’re so fucking amazing. I love being inside of you like this. I’ve never felt like this,” Justin’s own vocalizations were becoming less comprehensible as well the closer he came to his release. “Are you ready, Brian? I’m so close. Come with me Brian. Come with me now.”

“Arghhhhh. Yessssss.” Brian sighed in ecstasy as he felt his cum burst forth, soaking his stomach and the sheets below him.

The clenching of Brian’s ass muscles around his swollen and ultra-sensitized dick was the most incredible thing Justin had ever experienced. He couldn’t have stopped his own orgasm, which was instantly triggered by the feelings, if he’d wanted to - although he couldn’t imagine why he’d ever want to do anything to stop the glorious emotions coursing through his body, wishing instead that he could freeze time at this singular moment of climax and live in this feeling forever. The waves of pleasure and emotion didn’t stop, though, as they flooded over him and washed away all sense of his own self, leaving only the pulsing, throbbing puddle he’d become, which slowly morphed back into Justin as his heartbeat returned to normal and his breathing slowed.

Finally, Justin managed to pull out and roll over, allowing Brian to pull the boy into his chest in a tight embrace.

“Thank you, Sunshine,” Brian whispered with a small chuckle. “I feel much better now.”

((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))

As the summer progressed, Brian and Justin fell into a comfortable routine. Brian would work. Justin would draw or paint or hang out with Daphne and a few other friends. Justin rarely ever left the house though, and never alone any more. Brian hadn’t been able to discover anything more about what had happened at the club that night, but as the bruises finally faded, he quit pressing.

When Brian would get home from work in the evenings, they would usually start by spending time cooling off in the pool, swimming, fucking or even just lying in the shallows near the waterfall and talking while they sipped at cool drinks. Brian, to his amazement, found himself enjoying the daily small talk - telling Justin about his day and hearing about what the young man had done - and even the routine was somehow pleasing instead of annoying like he’d always assumed it would be. He
caught himself looking forward to coming home in the evenings and found that he was working late less and less often.

One evening near the end of July, Brian was surprised when he got to the house to be immediately attacked by a blond bundle of energy jumping into his arms before he’d even made it out of the garage. Brian was loathe to object to the rain of passionate kisses but still wanted to know what he’d done to merit the overwhelming show of lust.

“Whoa, Sunshine. To what do I owe this welcome pleasure?” Brian asked, trying to pry the blond off him long enough to get a response.

“It came,” was all Justin managed to get out, once again latching himself on to Brian’s sweet lips but shoving a piece of paper into his hand at the same time.

“That’s not the only thing that’s going to cum if you don’t get off me for a second,” Brian teased, trying to see what the paper was all about.

“That would be fine with me, Mr. Kinney,” Justin said between even more wet, sloppy kisses.

Brian finally managed to see a glimpse of the letterhead on the paper and was almost as excited as his blond to note the letter was from PIFA. He didn’t think that Justin would be quite so happy if it was bad news, so he assumed that it was Justin’s acceptance.

“You got into PIFA?” Brian yelled.

“Mmm Hmmm!” Justin confirmed, his mouth still too busy to speak actual words.

“That’s fabulous, Sunshine!” Brian was kissing back almost as enthusiastically as the blond. “Do you want me to take you out for a celebratory dinner?”

“Nope. I want you to take me to your bed for a celebratory night of fucking!” Justin insisted.

Brian laughingly complied.

(((((((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))

On Thursday morning, Brian was pulled out of a finance meeting with Ted by his assistant saying he had an urgent telephone call. Thinking it was Justin, and worried that something had happened to the boy, Brian didn’t even bother to excuse himself as he rushed back to his office to take the call.

“Kinney.” It was Brian’s standard answer.

“Mr. Kinney. It’s Jennifer Taylor,” came the sophisticated voice over the line.

“Mrs. Taylor. How can I help you?” Brian said politely.

“My daughter, Molly - Justin’s sister - is in the hospital. I was hoping you could tell him and maybe . . . well, it would mean a lot to Molly if Justin would come to visit her,” Jennifer said, embarrassment and longing both evident in her voice.

“Is Molly going to be okay?” Brian asked, concerned for the girl that Justin had spoken about so often and with such love.

“Yes. She had to have her appendix removed, but luckily they got to it before it burst so she’ll be just fine. She has to stay in the hospital a few days though. She’s asked a couple of times if Justin could come see her, though. Do you think he would?”
“I know he’ll want to visit Molly,” Brian confirmed. “One thing, though, Mrs. Taylor - I know that Justin would prefer not to have to confront your husband. Will he be at the hospital too?”

“No. Thank god!” Jennifer replied. “He’s out of town on business and said that he couldn’t get back until tomorrow evening. Which is fine with me because he’s never been very good with sick people. But, you can tell Justin that he won’t have to worry about his father.”

“I’ll tell him. Thanks for letting us know about Molly. I’m sure Justin will be calling you soon.” Brian said and then hung up to call Justin.

((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))

Justin knocked on the closed hospital room door and entered when he heard someone inside answer. The first thing he saw was his ten year old sister Molly, propped up on a pile of pillows in a huge hospital bed.

“Justin!” Molly yelled at the top of her lungs as soon as she spied her brother’s head peeking around the door. “Mom, Justin’s here. He came to see me!”

“Hey, Mollusk,” Justin said pushing the door wide and taking a step or two into the room. “How’re you feeling, squid?”

Justin hesitated then turned back to the doorway briefly before coming back with Brian in tow behind him.

“Justin. I’m so glad you could come,” Jennifer said with a smile, then turned to the older man. “Brian. Thank you for passing on my message.”

“Of course.” Brian said tersely.

“Molly, this is my friend Brian. Brian, this strange looking growth here is my sister, the Mollusk,” Justin started on the introductions.

“My name isn’t ‘Mollusk’ you creep and I’m not a strange looking growth!” Molly responded with fake anger. “Nice to meet you Brian. Now, Justin, what did you bring me?”

“Why would you think I would bring you anything? You’re not dying are you?” Justin teased. “If you are then I call dibs on your DVD collection.”

“You did too bring me something - Brian has a gift bag that he’s been trying to hide behind his back. So, give it here!” Molly demanded.

“Pushy, isn’t she,” Brian commented to Justin with a smile while handing over the gift bag. “I see that it must be a Taylor trait.”

“Quiet, you!” Justin ordered, then turned to continue teasing his little sister. “If you hate it, then you can blame Brian, Molly. I wasn’t going to bring you anything.”

“OOOOOh! Look, Mom. It’s a cool little MP3 player - look how tiny it is and it’s pink too. Thank you Brian. This is so great!”

“You’re welcome. Justin loaded it with music he said you would like.” Brian responded, smiling at the cute little strawberry blond who was beaming up at him with adoration. “And, just in case we didn’t get all the songs you wanted, here.” Brian handed her a gift card for another $50 worth of music downloads.
“Cool. This is super. Thanks, Jus. Thanks Brian. You guys are the best.” Molly was raving over her new toy.

“I've got to get back to work, kiddo. Hope you feel better soon.” Brian said, patting Molly on the shoulder as he started to leave. “Justin, you okay getting back from here or do you want me to pick you up?”

“I'm good. Thanks for dropping me off though.” Justin said, pulling the handsome man back to give him a quick kiss before he could leave. “Later.”

“Later.” Brian said with a smile as he left.

As soon as the door closed behind Brian, Molly broke out giggling. “Is he your boyfriend, Jus?”

“Not exactly, Mollusk.” Justin said as he sat down in the chair next to the bed.

“But you kissed him. That makes him your boyfriend, right?”

“Just because you kiss someone doesn’t instantly make them your boyfriend or girlfriend.”

“Well, you should make him your boyfriend. He’s gorgeous!” Molly wouldn’t let the idea die. “If you don’t, then maybe I will when I get older. I think he’s hot!”

“No way, Mollusk. I’ve got dibs.” Justin said, pretending to punch his sister in the arm, then he abruptly changed the subject, noticing the uncomfortable look on his mother’s face. “So, can I see your scar?”

When Justin and Jennifer were kicked out of Molly’s room later in the afternoon by one of the nurses so that the girl could get a nap, Justin accepted his mother’s offer to buy him a coffee. The two blonds sat amicably at a cafe table in the Starbucks on the main floor of the hospital. Justin didn’t know what to say and Jennifer was hesitant to start talking for fear she would say the wrong thing again. Finally thought, she worked up her courage to try again to reconcile with her son.

“Thanks again for coming to visit Molly. She really misses you, you know.” Jennifer started off. “I do too.”

“I miss you guys too,” Justin admitted.

“Have you been okay? Jenn asked, tentatively.

“Yeah. I’m alright.” Justin said, sounding a bit unconvincing at first, but then brightening. “I got accepted at the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts for the fall term. I just found out the other day.”

“Oh, Justin. That’s fantastic. I’m so happy for you. Tell me all about it - when do classes start? What will you be studying?”

The two Taylors sat together talking for more than an hour, discussing PIFA, Justin’s plans for school and after college as well and Molly. They carefully avoided all personal issues though, neither comfortable yet with discussing those more volatile topics. It was the first time in months that they’d been able to sit down and have a conversation that didn’t end in an argument and Jennifer was relieved that maybe she was getting somewhere.

“I’d better get back up to Molly,” Jenn said finally. “Are you going to come back up?”

“I think I’ll go. I can come back tomorrow though,” Justin said. “When is Molly going to be released?”
“Not till at least Saturday, the doctor said. They want to keep her here long enough to make sure there isn’t any secondary infection.” Jennifer advised.

“Okay. I’ll be back tomorrow, Mom. Tell Molly goodbye for me and that I’ll borrow Brian’s laptop tomorrow so we can put her gift card to use and get her some more music.” Justin got up and without thinking about it he bent down to kiss his mother’s cheek goodbye. “Bye, Mom. Thanks for the coffee.”

“Bye, Justin. See you tomorrow.”

Justin looked at his watch as he left the hospital, noting that it was far too early for Brian to be ready to leave work yet, meaning that he would have to take a taxi or the bus home. Looking in his wallet he saw that he didn’t have enough money to pay for the taxi either, which left the bus as his only option. He sighed, thinking of the annoyingly long bus ride out to Brian’s house - he’d have to transfer at least twice and then walk the last mile and a half from where the bus left him off in the closest little town. But, he didn’t want to bother Brian after how wonderful he’d been today already, taking off work to come get him and bring him to the hospital and even buying Molly the MP3 player. It looked like the bus was going to be his best option.

Justin was lucky to catch a bus at the hospital after only waiting about five minutes. Unfortunately, he’d just missed his connection where he had to transfer buses downtown. He reluctantly parked his ass on the bus bench and prepared himself for the long wait till the next bus came.

He’d of course brought along his ubiquitous sketch pad and was killing time sketching random people passing by his bench when Justin became aware of someone watching him from across the street. He instantly felt his shoulders tense up and his pulse quicken. He didn’t really want to look up and confirm who it was that he knew would be there watching him. The compulsion to look though was too much.

The shaggy blond head and tall thin body he’d dreaded seeing were there across the street from him. The grey-green eyes were fixed on Justin and the thin, mocking lips were smiling at him with a possessiveness that was stunning. Justin couldn’t move for several minutes, unable to break away from those coercive eyes while a sense of panic rose inside him. When Brandon finally moved though, taking just one step as if to cross the street towards where Justin was sitting, the younger man was stirred into instant action - jumping to his feet and running away from there, not even knowing where he was going but desperate to get away.

Fifteen minutes later, Justin looked up to discover he was standing in front of the Liberty Diner. He had no idea how he’d managed to get there. When he looked around, there was no sign of Brandon anywhere and Justin let himself drop onto the bench outside, wiping at his sweaty brow and trying to catch his breath. Debbie found Justin still sitting out front a few minutes later and shooed him inside, noting how distracted and distressed the youth seemed. She tried to get Justin to talk about what was bothering him, but the boy refused to discuss it. Debbie served him an iced tea and surreptitiously went into the back to call Brian.
Chapter 21 - A Gala Event.

Brian came through the Diner door about ten minutes later and walked straight to the far booth where Justin was still sitting. He slid into the booth next to the younger man and draped his arm around the still damp shoulders. Justin looked up confused by finding Brian there with him.

“Brian? What are you doing here at this time of day? I thought you’d still be working.” Justin said, looking at his watch to confirm it was still only about 3:00 pm.

“I can’t take a coffee break with my favorite pool boy?” Brian asked as Debbie came up and sat another iced tea in front of each man without having been told to do so. “Thanks, Deb.”

“Brian, can I get you anything else? How about you, Sunshine?” Debbie asked, the concern in her voice still clear.

“No thanks, Deb,” Justin said in a distant voice, his eyes not really focusing on Debbie.

“We’re good,” Brian said, nodding his head sideways to give Debbie the hint to leave them for a few moments. “So, how is your sister doing?”

“Hmm? Oh. Yeah. Uh, she’s fine. The nurse kicked me and Mom out so Molly could sleep. We had coffee and then I figured I’d take the bus home.” Justin said.

“Did you and your mom have another fight?” Brian guessed.

“No. We actually got along pretty good today. I told her about PIFA and she seemed pretty excited for me. It was . . . good, I guess.”

“So, then, what’s got you all upset then, Sunshine?” Brian figured he had to ‘bite the bullet’ and ask outright even though he suspected he wouldn’t get a clear answer from Justin.

“Nothing. I’m fine. It’s just a hot day out and I missed my bus so I came over here to wait.” Justin offered in explanation.

“Justin. I wish you’d tell me what’s up with you lately.” Brian tried again, the frustration clearly showing in his voice and on his face. “I know you’re upset about something. Don’t try and tell me you aren’t. So why won’t you tell me whatever it is?”

“Brian. . . “ Justin finally turned towards the concerned older man and actually looked into Brian’s beautiful hazel eyes. “I really don’t want to talk about it, okay? You’re so wonderful all the time and I love that you’re worried about me but I’m a big boy and I’ll deal with this on my own. So, please, just drop it for now. Please?”

Brian gently grabbed Justin by the jaw and turned his face from side to side, relieved not to see any new bruises. Then, he gazed into the bright blue eyes for quite awhile, assessing exactly what Justin had said. In the end, Brian let out a large sigh of defeat and looked away, squeezing Justin to his side, resigned to wait again until Justin was ready to tell him whatever it was that was bothering him.

“Okay, Sunshine. If you say so.” Brian told him. “Well, I have to get back to work - I’ve got a phone conference in twenty minutes that I can’t miss.”
“Brian!” Justin grabbed his jacket sleeve as he started to slide out of the booth. “Um. Do you mind if I tag along with you to your office and wait till you’re ready to head home. I really don’t want to take the bus.”

“Sure. No problem. Just let me have a word with Debbie real quick. Sit tight for a sec okay?”

“Deb,” Brian said, pulling the waitress aside so that they wouldn’t be overheard. “Did you see what happened to the kid? He’s a fucking mess but he won’t tell me what caused it. It’s starting to really piss me off, too.”

“Sorry, honey. I didn’t see anything. I just found him sitting outside, dripping with sweat like he’d just run a fucking marathon. I made him come inside and he didn’t say a word until you showed up.” Debbie answered.

Brian shook his head, his lips rolling in and worry lines evident on his brow. “Fuck if I know what’s going on. Thanks for calling, though, Deb.”

Brian bent to leave a quick kiss on Debbie’s temple then left her a $10 bill for the two iced teas and signalled to Justin that they were leaving. Just as they got to the door, however, it opened inward and the doorway was filled with a familiar, unwelcome face. Justin gasped and stepped back several paces behind Brian. Brian merely stared at the sneering blond who was blocking the doorway.

“Muller. Get the fuck out of my way.” Brian snarled, in no mood to deal with his erstwhile ‘competition’. “Let’s go Justin.”

“Kinney. Always a pleasure. And, even more of a pleasure to see your lovely little pool toy.” Brandon drawled, ignoring Brian completely as he focused on Justin. “Are you ready to play again, Justin? I can’t wait to spend some more time with you, Beautiful. Have you missed me?”

“Brandon. I’ve already told you to leave Justin the fuck alone. I won’t tell you again.” Brian hissed, getting right into Brandon’s face.

Then Brian roughly shoved Brandon to the side, knocking him into the nearest table and hustled himself and Justin out of the Diner before anyone else could react. Brian’s car was parked directly in front, so he got Justin inside the passenger seat, pressing the lock down as he closed the door and strode around to the drivers side. Within seconds they were pulling out into traffic and heading the few blocks away to the Kinnetik offices.

“So, it’s Brandon. I’m right, aren’t I?” Brian said once they were on their way. “He’s been bothering you?”

Justin seemed reluctant to answer, but Brian grabbed his hand and squeezed it, almost too hard, but enough to get the younger man to respond. “Yeah. A little,” Justin finally answered in a very small voice. “He’s. . . . been following me around. He says stuff to me and. . . I just want him to leave me alone.”

“Is that what freaked you out today? He was following you?” Brian demanded.

“Yeah. I saw him when I was waiting for the bus. I. . . . I came to the Diner to get away from him.” Justin told Brian what he could.

“That goddamned fucker. I told him off weeks ago. I had no idea he was still causing you trouble.” Brian was furious at the man who was literally stalking Justin, his mind working to get to a good solution for how to keep Brandon away from HIS pool boy. “You could report him and get a restraining order against him, Justin. I’ll give my attorney a call when we get to the office.”
“Please, Brian. Just let it go, okay. I don’t want any trouble. I . . . I just don’t want to deal with it,” Justin seemed more upset at the idea of getting the restraining order than he had by Brandon’s unwanted attention, which surprised and confused Brian.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea to just ignore this, Justin. He doesn’t strike me as the type to just let something go. If you don’t do something now, he’ll just keep bothering you,” Brian warned, not wanting to scare Justin anymore but thinking about those criminal charges that had turned up on Brandon and about the pattern of ‘anger management issues’ they seemed to show. “I really think you should at least file a report with the police, even if you don’t pursue the restraining order.”

“No. I . . . I just don’t want to, Brian. Really,” Justin was adamant about not going to the police at all, and after little more discussion, he finally got Brian to again drop the matter.

When they got to the office, Justin made himself comfortable, curled up at the end of the couch in Brian’s office, his sketch pad in hand. He was already seemingly back to his old self. Brian left him and went out to talk to Cynthia.

“Cynthia. Call the PI back. Tell him that I’m authorizing that trip for him to California. I want him to find that guy who filed the charges against Brandon Muller and then later dropped them. I don’t care about the costs. I want answers.” Brian directed his assistant.

(((((((((((((((B/J)))))))))))))))))

Saturday, August 1st was the date set for the big one year anniversary party for Kinnetik. It was turning out to be a big deal for everyone involved. The local business newspaper and an advertising trade magazine had both run stories about Kinnetik’s overwhelming success in its first year and both had mentioned the upcoming anniversary party.

All of Brian’s clients were coming along with several industry bigwigs, many of their suppliers and outside contractors, as well as family and friends of the staff. Brian and Cynthia were busy with the party details all the week before and Brian had even hired Emmett and Vic to help out with food. Brian, with his usual sexy flair had hired the entire cast from a local male review strip club to be the waiters - each would be attired in tux pants and bow tie and nothing more. And, for entertainment, there was going to be a live band. It was going to be THE party to be at that weekend in Pittsburgh.

The day of the party, Brian had arranged for a limo to pick up Justin, Emmett, Daphne, Lindsey and Debbie, who were all being treated to a spa day - actually, this was more for Brian’s benefit in keeping them all out of his way for the day, than for their’s. No one cared why they were being treated, though, they all were just excited to enjoy the royal treatment for the day. Justin was a little put off at first, not very happy about being lumped in with the ‘girls’ and hustled off to the spa for the day, but by the time he was ten minutes into the full body massage Brian had ordered for him, he completely forgot about all his objections.

The crew were each treated to massages, facials, a nice long soak in the hot tub and then the steam room. Then they were served a wonderful champagne lunch where they all got a bit tipsy and giggled a lot. After lunch they were given manicures and pedicures and the women had their hair styled. Then the lot of them were whisked home in the limo to finish getting ready for the party. Daphne was getting ready with Justin at Brian’s loft and then, as soon as Brian showed up, they would all leave together for the Kinnetik offices, arriving around 7:00 pm.

Justin was decked out in the brand new Brooks Brothers’ tux that Brian had purchased for him in New York. It was the first time he’d worn a tux and he was excited and nervous at the same time about how he was going to look. Both he and Daphne fumbled with the bow tie, laughing at their ineptitude, until Brian came in and took over, deftly tying it in just a few motions. Then he turned
Justin around so he could see himself in the full length mirror next to the bedroom door. The dark grey tux was perfectly tailored and the color was perfect to offset Justin’s ivory hued skin. The cobalt blue cumberbund and bowtie were the perfect additions and made the boy’s eye sparkle.

“So, how do I look,” Justin asked shyly, twisting from side to side to admire himself from all angles.

“You look beautiful, Sunshine,” Brian said sincerely, his hazel eyes wandering over every part of the compact frame of the gorgeous young man, his lips finding that tender spot behind Justin’s ear to emphasize his point.

“Not that anyone cares about my opinion,’ Daphne said, watching the two exquisite men standing together, “but, I’ve never in my life seen two hotter guys. You two will knock them dead tonight!”

“And you look pretty hot yourself tonight, my dear,” Brian said, stealing a kiss from the sweet young brunette’s hot pink painted lips. “I’d fuck you!”

“And, since we all look so hot together, I think it’s time for us to leave,” Brian announced, texting to the car service to make sure the limo was waiting for them below.

Everything looked perfect when they arrived at Kinnetik - the office had been transformed into a fabulous party/event facility in just one day. Somehow all of the desks had been removed and replaced with comfortable seating and tables, a buffet set up in the reception area, the band set up in the conference room and bars set up in every single room. The hot topless waiters were roaming around with their trays of hors d’ouevres and flutes of champagne. The walls were decorated with large blow ups of several of Brian’s past ad campaigns for the clients that were coming this evening. A red carpet was rolled out from the front door to the curb, waiting to welcome in all the company VIPs. Justin and Daphne were blown away by the splendor of the affair and how expertly the party set up had been accomplished.

By the time they’d arrived and Brian had done a last minute inspection to make sure everything was in place, it was already time for him to move to the front to begin welcoming the guests. Brian pulled Justin to him, squeezing the slender man tightly and buying his nose in the beautiful bright blond hair one last time before sending him and Daphne on their way with directions to enjoy themselves for a while until Brian could join them later. Right then, the front doors opened and the first of Brian’s guests began to filter in.

Justin and Daphne had wandered around, trying all the wonderful appetizers and sipping champagne while chatting with friends for about an hour before Brian finally found them again. Justin could tell that Brian was already fed up with schmoozing the clients and VIPs. He was ready to actually start enjoying himself. But, first things first, it was time for Brian to make the first formal toast of the night to get the party officially started.

Brian towed Justin along behind him as he made his way to the stage set up in the conference room, gathering Cynthia, Ted and a few others on the way. When the band finished the song they were playing, Brian ascended the stage and cleared his throat into the mic to get everyone’s attention.

“In case you don’t already know, my name is Brian Kinney,” Brian started out. “And, if you didn’t know that, you’re probably at the wrong party and my security staff will gladly escort you out of the building. For those of you who do know me, I’d like to welcome you all to the first anniversary celebration for Kinnetik.” Brian paused until the clapping and shouting died down again. “It hasn’t been an easy first year. Everyone told me it wasn’t a good time to go out on my own, that it wasn’t a good time to start a new agency. Well, I did anyway. Which only goes to show you should never believe a thing you hear - especially in advertising.”
“But, we’ve had a fabulous first year, for which I’d like to thank all my devoted and overworked - I mean hard working - staff.” Brian pulled Cynthia up onto the stage with him at this point and waived Ted over as well. “I also like to thank my wonderful clients - please give yourselves all a hand.” Brian clapped in the direction of the crowd. “And, I’d also like to give a special thanks to my friends and my family who helped me get where I am today.” Brian smiled at several of his friends in the crowd. He also reached out a hand to Lindsey pulling her up onto the stage with him and, to his surprise, Brian did the same to Justin, who was blushing furiously as Brian pulled him up to stand next to him.

“So, once again, I’d like to thank you all and officially get this party started,” Brian stated as he popped the cork off the first bottle of champagne with the base of his champagne flute. “Salut!” Brian yelled as he raised the bottle to his beautiful raspberry red lips and took the first drink. All around him the wait staff followed suit, popping other champagne corks and pouring out drinks to the wildly clapping and cheering crowd. Brian then kissed both Cynthia and Lindsey and finally turned to Justin and pulled the young man into a tight, hot, deep kiss, dipping the boy backwards in the process, and engendering a room full of catcalls and shouts in the process. When Brian finally let Justin up for air, he burst out laughing uproariously at the young man’s bright red cheeks and lust filled eyes. Brian then jumped off the stage and pulled Justin after him, wandering through the crowd and accepting random congratulations from all.

“Brian! This is a fabulous party, dear. You’ve really outdone yourself,” a tall, thin dark haired woman grabbed Brian and kissed him on both cheeks in greeting. “Of course that’s why you are so good at advertising aren’t you?”

“Thank you, Neva. I’m so glad you could make it tonight. New Seasonings has played a large part in the company’s success and for that I have you to thank.” Brian’s charm was in overdrive tonight.

“So, who is this gorgeous young thing that you have with you tonight?” the client asked, directing her attention to Justin.

“Neva Swanson, this is Justin Taylor. Justin is an artist that I was fortunate enough to discover a couple months ago. He just had his first gallery exhibit about a month ago, which was a smashing success I might add, and he’s headed to the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts in the fall.” Brian bragged as he introduced the younger man, then added in a conspiratorial voice. “But, between you and me, I’m holding him captive in my pool house for the rest of the summer and I just may not let him go if he’s not careful.”

“Oh, Brian. You’re hilarious.” Neva responded with a laugh. “It’s lovely to meet you Justin. I’ll keep an eye out for your next art exhibit. I trust Brian’s eye with art and if he says you’re good then you must be the next Picasso.”

“Thank you. It’s nice to meet you too, Ms. Swanson. Brian’s told me a lot about your company and it sounds like your ad campaign is going to be fantastic.” Justin said, still blushing at the manner of Brian’s introduction.

“You’ll have to excuse us, Neva. There’s one last urgent matter of business I need to take care of tonight. Please, have some more champagne and enjoy yourself,” Brian said as he extricated himself from the client and continued to pull Justin after him as he wound through the crowd.

“Brian, where are you taking me?” Justin asked as he was being whipped around the corner between the main reception area and Brian’s office.

“You need me to help you with that cumberbund, Sunshine.” Brian said, as he continued to wend his way between groups of chatting party quests.
“What’s wrong with my cummerbund?” Justin asked, looking down and noting that his clothing seemed just fine.

“It’s still on your body and I need it off, right now.” Brian said. “Along with all the rest of your clothes, Sunshine. So, hurry up!”

“Brian. You have, like, three hundred guests here.” Justin started to protest. “You’re not seriously thinking about . . .”

“I’m completely serious, Sunshine. Don’t worry, there’s a lock on my private bathroom door. As long as you don’t yell too loud, we’ll be just fine.”

“But you LIKE it when I yell, Brian.” Justin laughed as Brian pulled him through the bathroom door and shoved him against the wall.

“Then yell. What the fuck do I care,” Brian said as he worked desperately to get Justin’s fly open and his pants down. “I need to fuck you right now, little boy. So, scream if you want. Do whatever, but I really just need to be inside you.”

“Happy to oblige, Mr. Kinney,” Justin laughed, wiggling his tush at Brian to encourage the already horny man further. “I’m just not sure what brought all this on.”

“You, standing there in your goddamned tux. You did this to me and now I’m going to take it out on your ass, little boy.” Brian said, already working lube with his fingers in this the sweet little hole smack dab in the center of that perfect hot ass that he wanted to badly. “Your ass in tux pants should be illegal, you know.”

“Hmmm. I had no idea you were such an each mark, Mr. Kinney. Now I know exactly what to do the next time I need your immediate attention.”

“Yessss.” was Brian’s only response as he finally sank into that sweet home, indulging his needy and aching cock with exactly what it desired most at that moment. “Ohhh. That’s much better, little boy. God, I really needed this. You have no idea,”

Brian was already pounding into Justin’s ass, sucking and nibbling on his shoulders and neck as he kept thrusting fast and furious. Justin had his hands braced against the wall and was working to meet Brian thrust for thrust.

“Justin. You’re so fucking beautiful. God. I just want to . . . I want you. Fuck yes, Justin . . .” Brian was actually being the more vocal on this time, and it was making Justin even more aroused with Brian’s every protestation.

“That’s good, Brian. You can fuck me. Just fuck me, hard and fast. Whatever you want Brian.” Justin was egging him on all the way.

Brian was now beyond caring who heard the two of them. He was joyously plunging into the wet welcoming depths, every ounce of his concentration focused solely on the nerve endings in his cock and each jolt of electricity caused by the tiniest friction as he moved. It was exquisite pleasure and all consuming but unfortunately it couldn’t go on forever. The feelings swept through his body and cascaded in a tidal wave of emotions and sensations that brought Brian to a rapid climax, his desire flowing out of him as every muscle in his body convulsed. And then moments later, as he kept pumping, Brian heard Justin groan out his release as well, and he let himself fall forward, resting against the smaller man’s back and panting into the sweetly scented blond hair that he loved so much to feel.
“I’m sorry that was so fast, Sunshine,” Brian panted into the silky blond mop. “It’s all your fault though. You really have to stop being so fucking hot all the time, you know. Especially when I’m supposed to be acting all upstanding and professional around my clients and employees. Look what you’ve done to me.”

Justin wiggled around so he was facing Brian and kissed him tenderly on his beautiful, sweet lips. “I’m sorry, Brian. I’ll try harder not to be so hot. But, sometimes when I’m around you I just can’t help it,” Justin said, trying hard for sincerity. “I just can’t stand to be around you without needed to feel that hot hard cock of yours and I just lose control of my own hotness. I think when we get home tonight you’ll have to punish me severely for my lapse.”

“It’s a date, Sunshine.” Brian said, kissing the boy one more time, tasting the champagne on the bubblegum pink lips. “Now, come on. We need to get cleaned up and get back out there so I can schmooze some more.”

“((((((((((((((((((((((B/J))))))))))))))))))))))

“There they are, finally,” the tall shaggy blond man said to his shorter, stockier companion, watching as Brian and Justin emerged from the doorway near the back wall of Brian’s office. “Are your buddies ready outside?”

“Yeah. But, I don’t know about this Muller. I’m starting to have second thoughts.” the younger man confessed.

“Fuck that. It’s a little too late to back out now, Hobbs. You said you wanted to get back at Kinney. Well, here’s your chance. I’ll get Taylor away from him and then you do your thing. We’ll both get revenge on Kinney - you and your buddies will get to take him down a peg or two and I’ll be taking away his prize toy from him. And, the best part will be that everyone here at his fucking party will get to see it all. What better revenge could there be?”
Chapter 22 - The Seeds of Guilt.

“Finally,” Ted accosted Brian and Justin as soon as they emerged from the bathroom. “You do realize, Bri, that the door to your bathroom isn’t completely soundproof, right?”

“Sorry, Theodore. It was an emergency,” Brian said, leering at a giggling Justin.

“Anyway. Charles Remsen is here, Bri, and he wants to talk to you. He isn’t happy at all how Vanguard is handling the Remsen Pharmaceuticals campaign and he’s ripe for the plucking. So, put on that famous Kinney charm and follow me,” Ted said leading the way to the main reception area.

“Brian, you don’t have to drag me along do you?” Justin said, trying to free himself from Brian’s grip.

“Yes. I do. What if I have another cumberbund emergency, Sunshine. I don’t want to have to search all over for you if I need you again,” Brian teased quietly. “You’re with me the rest of the night. Just in case.”

“Brian. Thank you again for inviting us to this great event,” Charles Remsen, a forty-ish, slight man with greying hair said as soon as Brian came into sight.

“How could I not - this is amazing. But, you were always amazing. Which is why we originally went with VanGuard. Now that you’re not there anymore though we aren’t quite as happy.” Remsen said, getting right to the point.

“I’m sure we can do something for you Charles that you’d appreciate better. I’ll have Cynthia call you first thing Monday and we’ll set something up. How does that sound?” Brian insisted. “In the meantime, enough about business. We’re here to enjoy ourselves tonight.”

“That sounds great, Brian.”

“Charles, if I remember correctly, you’re quite the art collector on the side aren’t you?” Brian asked.

“Yes. Yes, I am. I’m surprised you remember that.” Remsen was flattered.

“Well, then this young man here is just the person you need to get to know. Charles Remsen, Justin Taylor. Justin here is one of the top emerging artists here in Pittsburgh. He was just part of an exhibit sponsored by PIFA and he’s due to start there in the fall.” Brian continued to brag about his companion, once again causing Justin’s cheeks to flush a bright red.

“It’s great to meet you Mr. Remsen,” Justin replied as the two of them got into a discussion of art styles and schools.
In the middle of this conversation, Brian felt his phone vibrate in his pocket and pulled it out to look at the caller ID. He became instantly alert by whatever it was he saw.

“I'm sorry to do this to you, Charles, Justin. I really have to take this call - it’s urgent. Please, excuse me,” Brian said, moving away and leaving Justin talking to the corporate art collector.

“Kinney here. What have you got for me? Did you find the guy in California? . . . Great, so what did he have to say? . . . The fucker! I was afraid it was something like that. . . . So, why didn’t the cops pursue it? Sexual assault is pretty serious shit. . . . Yeah, you’re right - another case of the police not giving a crap about crimes in the gay community. Why am I surprised? Did the guy tell you why he dropped the charges though? . . . Muller must have got to him somehow - either paid him off or intimidated the fuck out of him. . . . Yeah, great job. Thanks.”

Brian hung up and stood looking down at his phone for several minutes wondering what to do next.

Justin was still standing with Charles Remsen and talking art when it happened.

“Hello, Beautiful,” the vile voice said into Justin’s ear as he felt two strong arms wrapping themselves around his waist from behind. “I’ve been looking everywhere for you, my sweet.”

“Brandon,” Justin said through gritted teeth and was about to say more.

“Shhhh, my beauty,” Brandon whispered into Justin’s ear. “You don’t want to cause a scene do you? You wouldn’t want me telling all these nice people, friends and clients of your boyfriend, how you came to meet, would you? And, I’m sure you don’t want them to know about you being a common rent boy, now do you?”

“I’m so sorry to interrupt,” Brandon said aloud in a sickly sweet voice, as he pulled Justin away from the surprised Charles Remsen. “I just have to steal young Justin here away. You understand, don’t you?”

“Brandon, let me go,” Justin demanded as loudly as he dared, struggling to free himself from the taller man who was inexorably pulling him away from the crowd in the main rooms towards the back of the Kinnetik building. “Let me GO, you fucker!”

“Sorry, but I just can’t do that, love. We’ve got things to do.” Brandon said as he pushed Justin through the rear door from Kinnetik into the alleyway beyond.

“Hey, Charles. Where did you let Justin runoff to?” Brian asked when he returned to where he’d left the blond talking with his potential client.

“He just left a minute or two ago. Some tall blond guy pulled him away. Too bad, too. We were right in the middle of a discussion about the modern abstract school of art.” Remsen was saying but was interrupted by a worried Brian Kinney.

“Shit. Did you see where they went?” Brian demanded.

“Sorry, Brian. I wasn’t really paying attention.
“Thanks anyway.” Brian immediately moved away and seeing Cynthia a few paces away, got her attention with a hurried gesture. “We have a problem. Get Bruce and the rest of the security team and have them meet me out front.”

Brian quickly scanned the rest of the room but didn’t see any sign or either Justin or Brandon so he moved directly to the entrance doors. About ten feet from the entryway, a slightly shorter, stocky young man moved out of the shadows and intercepted Brian, blocking his path. Brian stopped short, not immediately recognizing the youth. But as soon as the boy spoke, Brian knew precisely who it was.

“Kinney. I’ve got a score to settle with you, you fucker. You don’t get to sucker punch me and get away with it you know.” Chris Hobbs said in an angry growl.

“Hobbs. Sorry, but I don’t have time to deal with you right now. Why don’t you leave your contact information with my assistant and I’ll kick your ass again later when I’ve got a free minute or two,” Brian sneered, pushing his way past the boy, still trying to get to the door and find Justin.

“No. I think you’re going to have to deal with me right now. Only this time, I’m ready for you. And so are my friends.” Hobbs said as he grabbed Brian’s arm from behind and quickly twisted it up behind him hard, causing the surprised man to list forward and almost fall.

Chris pushed Brian the rest of the way through the doors and then towards the right of the building where a group of five or six tall, muscle-bound, jock types were lounging around the corner of the building. Brian was not exactly the pushover that Hobbs expected, though, and he didn’t fight fair. Brian waited for the moment when there was just enough room between their two bodies so that he could slam his balled fist backwards into the other man’s groin as hard as he possibly could. It wasn’t a hard enough blow, due to the odd angle, to completely incapacitate Hobbs, but it was enough to get him to loosen his hold enough that Brian could twist out of his grasp and move his body around so he was now facing his attacker. Then, in one swift motion, Brian jabbed his fist into the man’s abdomen, right below the rib cage, immediately paralyzing the nerves of the smaller man’s solar plexus, knocking the wind out of him and causing Hobbs to double over in excruciating pain.

It took the jock’s buddies a couple of minutes to react to this reversal of combatants before they began to run up to the two men. Luckily for them, Brian was not in any mood to waste his time on this bunch of losers. He was still focused on finding Justin as quickly as possible. So, instead of taking out the rest of the pack, which he would have loved to do, Brian retreated until he saw his head of security, Bruce, running up from the sidewalk towards the disturbance. Brian quickly explained what what going on with the bunch of rowdies, who were already scrambling to get away from the crew of large, intimidating security men heading their way. The security staff wisely let the majority of the boys go and simply gathered up the still wheezing Hobbs, who they dragged off to a back room where he could be held until the police were called.

“Fuck him,” Brian insisted, pulling Bruce away from the puddle of Hobbs and dragging the huge man along with him. “I don’t give a crap about that stupid loser. We’ve got bigger problems - Justin’s missing and my PI just called a little while ago to tell me that the guy who’s been stalking him has a history of sexual assault. We have to find him. NOW, Bruce. He can’t have been gone more than five minutes. Check all the rooms in the building and station someone out here in front. Make sure that no one leaves until I get back. Stall all the guests - tell them there’s a mix up with the valet service or something. Whatever. Just find him.”

(((((B/J))))))

In the alleyway behind the building, Brandon was trying to pull a struggling Justin towards his car which was parked at the far end. Justin was not going to go quietly. The fear that had previously
almost paralyzed the young man had evaporated and he was fighting every step of the way. Unfortunately, the larger man had his arm wrapped around Justin’s neck in a firm choke hold and every time the young man began to struggle harder, Brandon just tightened his grip until Justin’s airway was cut off.

Finally, Justin managed to get in a pretty good kick to Brandon’s shin, causing the man’s anger level to escalate dangerously. Brandon turned and slammed Justin’s slight frame against the brick wall behind him in his fury, his large hand tightly gripping Justin’s throat. Justin was still struggling, even though he was slowly running out of air, clawing at Brandon’s hand and still trying to kick out or punch at his attacker. Brandon’s temper was no longer in check at all, though, and he effectively curtailed the fight by slamming Justin’s head back into the wall hard, two or three times and then slugging the younger man in the gut with all his strength once, immobilizing his prey.

“Well, now, Beautiful. I was going to take you back to my place where we could get more comfortable,” Brandon was sneering at Justin who was now cowering away from the stronger man. “But, since it seems you’re just so eager and can’t wait, I guess we’ll have to do this here.”

“No, Brandon, please, no.” Justin rasped out.

“Nobody tells me ‘no’ my sweet. Nobody rejected Brandon,” the tall blond was saying as he tore at the smaller man’s shirt, ripping off the buttons and pulling away the now ruined cumberbund.

“Besides, you want me and you know it, don’t you, Justin. I can feel you getting hard. You’re just a fucking tease is what you are.”

“NO!” Justin tried to yell, but his cry was cut off by Brandon clamping his hand on the younger man’s jaw and forcing his mouth shut with strong, painful fingers.

“Shut the fuck up. You’re just a fucking whore. You’re going to like this and you’re not going to say another word, do you hear me. If you say anything, I’m going to make it even harder on you. Although you’d probably like that too, wouldn’t you?”

Brandon ended this tirade by crashing his mouth against Justin’s forcing the younger man’s mouth open by digging strong fingers into his jaw muscles and forcing his tongue inside Justin’s mouth. Justin tried to push the larger man away, shoving with his hands against Brandon’s chest. Brandon responded with another fist to Justin’s stomach, knocking the wind out of him briefly and causing his hands to fall limply to his sides.

Brandon used this momentary cessation in Justin’s struggles to rip at the tux pants, tearing the button off and forcing the zipper down then pushing Justin’s pants and briefs down to his calves. Then, before Justin had managed to get his breath, Brandon shoved his shoulders around and slammed his slender frame face first into the bricks. The repeated blows to his head were making Justin dizzy and he was having trouble standing upright. He tried to get leverage from the brick wall to push away from Brandon’s grasp, and cushioning his head from the bricks at the same time, but the stronger man just knocked his head against the wall again and again until Justin began to slump downward. Brandon was laughing now that there wasn’t any more struggle left in the boy.

Pinning the sagging youth to the wall with one hand, Brandon pulled a condom out of his pocket, undid his own pants and rolled on the latex sheath. Then, he leaned forward to bite at the delicious slender neck he’d been fantasizing about for weeks, biting so hard he actually drew blood, and savoring the tangy copper taste. Finally, he was ready to finish what he’d been planning ever since he first saw this tempting, teasing little blond who had had the audacity to try to turn him down. He reached down and gripped the boy’s hips, pulling them up higher so that he’d have a better angle and then . . . .
“The security system shows that the rear exit was opened less than ten minutes ago. Nobody should have been back in this area of the building,” Bruce was saying as he pulled open the rear door and rushed out followed directly by a frantic Brian.

The alleyway was incredibly dark, making Brian mentally berate himself for not having security lighting put up earlier. The two men scanned the area rapidly and didn’t at first see anything. Then, from about halfway down the alley, behind a dumpster, Brian heard what sounded like a whimper - it was a small sound and barely audible, but to the sensitized hearing of the frenzied and desperate man, it was enough. Brian took off down the dark alley, pounding towards the dumpster and whatever was hidden behind it.

Brandon was oblivious to anything around him. He was focused solely on the object of his hatred and desire. He was just completing the act of stabbing into the dark depths of that teasing little blond’s perky ass, when a roar of outrage and anger shook him out of his reverie at the same time a driving blow to the side of his head knocked him sideways to the wet hard cement ground. Taken by surprise, Brandon didn’t have a chance to defend himself as a rain of hard, unceasing blows pounded down on his face and his body, not ceasing until someone finally tore the raging storm of fury away from him.

“Brian, stop. Stop! Leave something for the police to take to jail,” a deep bass voice was saying somewhere over Brandon’s head, while he lay there, curled up into a ball to protect himself. “I’ve got this piece of shit. You need to take care of the boy. The police are already on their way and I’ll call an ambulance right away.”

“Justin! My god, Justin,” Brian was kneeling down, crying, his arms gathering up the younger man who had dropped to the ground unconscious when his attacker was finally pulled away. “Sunshine, please, wake up. No, no, nononono. Justin.”

Brandon was still lying on the ground where he’d been left, trying to get his mind around what was happening. He distantly heard the wailing noise going on next to him and assumed it was Kinney and the boy. Then, the noises stopped.

“YOU GODDAMNED MOTHER FUCKER! I’M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU!” was the last thing Brandon heard that day, as Brian’s foot slammed into the side of his head.

((((((((((((((((((((B/J)))))))))))))))))))))

“I’m looking for my son, Justin Taylor. I was told he was here,” the sophisticated, worried voice finally penetrated Brian’s reeling mind, causing him to look up and meet Jennifer Taylor’s gaze. “Brian! Where is he? What’s happening?” Jennifer rushed over to the devastated man sitting on a bench in the ER waiting room, Daphne right beside him holding onto Brian’s hand with tears coursing down her face as well.

“We don’t know what’s happening, Mrs. Taylor,” Daphne answered. “The doctors won’t tell us anything since we aren’t family. We’ve been waiting for over an hour now. Maybe you can get some information, now that you’re here.”

Brian slumped against the seat back again as Jennifer returned to the nurses station and started asking questions and demanding answers. Daphne went back to trying to comfort the man sitting beside her - the beautiful brunet’s sad hazel eyes overflowing with tears he couldn’t hold back. After a few minutes, Jennifer had apparently finally gotten someone to listen to her because she came back and sat down on Daphne’s other side.

“How the hell did this happen? Tell me!” Jennifer demanded, staring accusingly straight into Brian’s
“We were all together at a party at Brian’s office,” Daphne started to explain when it looked like Brian wasn’t going to be able to. “This guy, Brandon, has been stalking Justin, I guess for a while - but Justin hadn’t said anything about it to me, so I had no idea. Somehow, though, this Brandon got into the party and grabbed Justin and pulled him out into the alley behind the building. None of us even knew he was gone at first. Brian started looking for him and found Justin with that fucking monster attacking him in the alleyway.”

Before Daphne could go on, they were interrupted by a tall Indian woman wearing scrubs and a lab coat who came through the ER doors and approached the group with confident steps.

“Are you Mrs. Taylor?” the woman said, facing Jennifer. “I’m Doctor Singh. I’m in charge of your son, Justin’s, case. ‘I can give you an update on his status. Would you like to talk privately somewhere?’”

Daphne put her hand on Jennifer’s wrist, shaking her head as she whispered, “please”.

“Here is fine, doctor. These are Justin’s friends and I’m fine with them knowing what’s going on.” Jennifer confirmed. “Please, tell us. How is Justin?”

“Right now Justin is stable. He’s suffered a severe concussion with multiple cuts and abrasions on his face and head as well as his body. He’s going to have extensive bruising all over his body, I’m afraid. He also has two fractures to his left wrist - obviously defensive wounds from where he was trying to hold off his attacker.” the doctor began, but then hesitated to go on, worried about the sensitive nature of the rest of what she had to say. “The rest is, well, harder to deal with - do you already know the nature of the attack on your son, Mrs. Taylor?”

“Just that he’d been attacked by this man who had apparently been stalking him.” Jennifer replied, confused by the doctor’s hesitation. “Please, just, whatever it is, just spit it out.”

“Your son was sexually assaulted, Mrs. Taylor,” the doctor continued. “There doesn’t appear to be a lot of damage related to the sexual nature of the assault - just some bruising - but we have done a rape kit and the police have been notified.”

“My god!” Jennifer gasped, her hand going to cover her mouth as if to hold in the shock and the pain.

“If there is any good news, Mrs. Taylor, it’s that I think Justin will be fine, physically. I’ve already set the fractured wrist and put it in a cast and we’re stitching the various cuts now. We’ll have to keep him in the hospital for at least a day to monitor him because of the concussion, but I don’t anticipate any lasting problems from that - we’ll want to do an MRI just to make sure there’s no internal clotting or other problems, but so far the signs are good.”

“Is he awake? Can we see him?” Brian finally spoke.

“He is awake, but still a little confused and he’s in a lot of pain. I’d like to get the MRI done and then get him admitted to a patient room first and then you are welcome to visit him,” the doctor advised. “The police will also want to question him as soon as Justin is ready - you will likely want to be there for that, unless Justin objects.”

“We’ll be there.” Brian asserted, his eyes hard and angry at the thought of what Justin would still have to endure.

“Well, I’ll be getting back now. I’ll have the nurse come tell you when you can see Justin.” The
doctor said as she left.

The three stunned people sat silently for some minutes after the doctor left, Daphne and Jennifer still crying quietly. Brian’s tears had finally dried up but he looked even more devastated by the news of Justin’s injuries than the other two. No one appeared to know what to say, at first.

“How the hell did this happen?” Jennifer finally said, looking to Brian for answers. “You told me he was safe. You said he was doing fine. How did you let this happen?”

“I didn’t know,” Brian’s response was hushed, his voice trembling and barely audible. “He didn’t tell me about Brandon before. I only found about about the stalking a few days ago. I didn’t know. But I should have. I’m sorry.”
Chapter 23 - Recovery.

It was more than an hour later before Brian, Daphne and Jennifer got to finally see Justin. They had moved the patient to a private room - at Brian’s insistence - and he was now awake and mostly alert, although the pain meds were making him a bit groggy. Jennifer was the first through the door when the nurse came to get them to tell them they would be allowed in to see Justin. Brian, who was trailing to two women, knew by the sound of Jennifer’s very vocal gasp that it wasn’t going to be a pretty sight. And, even though he’d seen the actual assault and a bloody Justin lying on the cement waiting for the ambulance, he wasn’t prepared for what he saw either.

Justin’s left wrist was in a white plaster cast and immobilized by a black mesh sling. His usually bright blond hair was a mess - matted and dirty and even shaved in a few small patches where the doctors had put in stitches. But, by far, the worst of all was Justin’s beautiful face - it was swollen and covered in bruises and cuts so badly that the boy was almost unrecognizable. His right eye was swollen completely shut and there was a particularly nasty cut slashing diagonally from the left corner of his mouth down towards his jaw that was at least an inch long, which had been stitched and was covered with some type of liquid bandage application.

“Oh my god. Justin, baby, look at you!” Jennifer howled and rushed to the bedside to comfort her son, but once there was unsure of what to do as she was afraid to cause him any more pain by jostling him.

Brian came around to the other side of the bed and stood looking down tenderly at the mess that had been made of his boy’s beautiful face.

“Fuck, Sunshine,” Brian said softly, caressing Justin’s cheek lightly with one finger.

“Probably not for awhile, sorry.” Justin tried to joke, but the sight of the attempted smile on that battered face just made Brian even more sad.

“Shit, Jus,” Daphne said, she was the calmest of the three and a good anchor keeping them all from going off the deep end. “That’s a pretty bad cut - facial cuts are always tricky and tend to scar. What did the doctor say? I hope they had a plastic surgeon doing the sutures.”

“You’re gonna make a great doctors someday, Daph,” Justin replied. “Yeah, they did have a plastic surgeon come and do all the stitches on my face. He said that they should all heal completely and there shouldn’t be any scarring. He used like a million stitches with this really fine thread stuff. Anyway, I know I look like shit. Can we move on from there?”

“Okay, how do you feel, then,” Daphne asked, a tiny smile sneaking onto her face.

“I feel like shit too. Next question,” Justin replied in the same semi-humorous vein.

“Have you got a chance to try the hospital food yet,” Daphne was smiling outright by this point, happy to see that at least her friend still had his sense of humor intact.

“Nope. I haven’t had that pleasure, but I’m sooo looking forward to it.” Justin bandied back.

“Now I know you’re going to be okay - you still have your appetite,” Daphne laughed aloud and gingerly seated herself on the end of Justin’s bed, satisfied with her friend’s immediate condition.
The casual exchange reassured both Jennifer and Brian as well, and they both calmed down and found seats near the bed too. Jennifer claimed Justin’s good hand in a careful grip, reassuring herself through touch that her son was going to be okay. Brian, who was sitting on the opposite side of the bed, contented himself with laying his hand on Justin’s arm, caressing the small patch of bare skin between the sleeve of the hospital gown and the top of the sling.

“What time is it?” Justin asked, looking up at Brian’s worried expression.

“About 11:00 or so,” Brian responded, looking at his watch briefly and then quirking one eyebrow up in amusement. “Why, Sunshine? Got a hot date you need to get to?”

“Nope. My date’s already here,” Justin said, but continued in a much less amused voice. “I’m sorry about you having to leave the party. Did I ruin everything?”

“Fuck no. As far as I know the party’s still raging.” Brian reassured the boy. “I left Cynthia and Ted in charge of the rest of the schmoozing. As long as the booze holds out the guests will be happy. I don’t think most of the guest even knew anything was going on since we were in back of the building. And, don’t worry about me - I was sick of the party already.”

“Well, okay. Still, I’m sorry about all this.” Justin continued.

“Stop it, Sunshine.” Brian ordered. “You shouldn’t be apologizing because some fucking monster attacked you. It’s not your fault that any of this happened.”

“Yeah, it kinda is. If I had listened to you and reported the fucker earlier. . . “ Justin started to berate himself, but Brian wouldn’t hear any of it.

“Stop. Justin, stop. If anyone’s at fault, it’s me,” Brian said, his voice raspy and low. “I should have made you tell me what was going on earlier. I even had Muller investigated, did you know? I knew he had a criminal record but I had no idea it was for anything like this. I didn’t actually hear the full story from my PI until tonight. But, I should have known the fucker was dangerous right from the start. I’m sorry I didn’t do anything earlier.”

“Both of you need to stop it,” Daphne demanded loudly from the end of the bed. “This isn’t either of your faults. Justin, you SHOULD have told us about the problems you were having with Brandon earlier and we might have been able to do something about it. But, even then, there’s no guarantee we would have been able to stop him from doing this. HE’S the only person you should be blaming for all this. And, I don’t want to hear either of you going on with the self-pity, self-blame thing any more. Do you both hear me!”

“She’s kind of bossy, isn’t she,” Brian said, addressing Justin.

“Actually, she’s mellowed a lot. You should have seen her in kindergarten.” Justin commented.

“Fine. If you’re going to start making fun of me, then it just proves you’re going to be okay. So, I’m going home and get some rest.” Daphne said in mock indignation, angling in beside Jennifer to give Justin a gentle goodbye kiss. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Jus. Stay strong, okay.”

“Yeah. Bye, Daph.”

“Hold up Daphne and I’ll give you a ride,” Jennifer halted her. “I’m sorry to leave, Justin, but I really should go get Molly - I left her with the neighbors and they’ll be waiting on me. If you’re sure you’ll be okay, then I’ll go to and come back in the morning when you’ve had some rest. Okay?”

“Sure, Mom. Um. Thanks for coming to see me.” Justin said, a bit awkwardly, as Jennifer bent to kiss him goodnight. “Tell Molly I said hi.”
“Good night, honey,” Jennifer said, then she and Daphne left.

“Ahhh. Alone at last,” Brian said as the door closed behind the two women, getting up to move around the bed to the other side where he could hold Justin’s hand.

The two men didn’t have to say anything. They just sat in comfortable silence. Brian’s mere presence was enough to calm Justin, who was just starting to drift off to sleep. Brian noted that even Justin’s hand was covered in small cuts and abrasions and he tenderly kissed at each one, wishing that there was something more he could do to fix this impossible situation.

Before Justin was completely asleep, however, there was a knock at the door and a middle aged, gray haired and balding, overweight man quickly slipped into the room.

“Excuse me. I’m Detective Carl Horvath. Pittsburgh PD. I’m looking for Justin Taylor.”

“You found him,” Justin rasped from his bed, squirming to sit up straighter.

“Mr. Taylor, I need to ask you some questions about the incident earlier tonight involving Mr. Brandon Muller.” Horvath began, seating himself in the chair on the left side of the bed.

“Yeah, I figured,” Justin said, reluctance clearly evident in his tone. “Brian, I think, maybe I’d rather do this alone.”

“Sorry, Sunshine.” Brian said, his voice confident and unwavering. “I’m not leaving. We’re in this together.”

“But. . . .” Justin started again.

“But, nothing. I’m not leaving you.” Brian insisted.

Justin smiled at the tenacious man and then turned his attention to the police detective who proceeded with his questioning for the next forty minutes or so. Justin and Brian told the entire story, leaving out nothing except for the nature of their original deal. Brian heard for the first time the details of what happened that night at Babylon the first time that Brandon attacked Justin. And Justin heard the full story of what Brian had found out about Brandon from the PI who he’d hired to investigate the man after Brian’s first run in with him at the Carnegie Museum benefit. Justin also heard the uncomfortable news that Chris Hobbs had somehow been involved in Brandon’s plans, apparently intended to be a distraction that would keep Brian busy while Brandon was dealing with Justin.

“I appreciate the information that you got about Muller’s past history,” Horvath said, putting away the notebook he’d been using into an inner pocket of his jacket. “I’ll get the records from Philly transferred first thing tomorrow. I’m not too surprised by it though. It’s pretty typical for guys like Muller to have a history of violent crimes and/or public-order offenses. It’s just too bad that the others he assaulted did press charges - if they had we might have gotten this creep off the streets earlier. I’m assuming that you’ll be pressing charges, Mr. Taylor?”

“Well, um. . . I don’t know. . . “ Justin faltered.

“Yes, you will, Justin,” Brian insisted. “You can’t just let this fucker get away with this. If you do, he’ll just hurt someone else later.“

“It’s just that, well, I don’t know if I can deal with everyone knowing about this. If I press charges and it goes to trial, I’ll have to tell all this in court and . . . “ Justin was obviously worried and embarrassed about having to reveal all these very personal and embarrassing details publicly.
“It’ll be okay, Sunshine. I’ll be there with you and no one who knows you is going to think less of you because of this.” Brian insisted again, then added in a lighter tone, “I won’t let them.”

Justin sighed but then took a deep breath and nodded. “You’re right. Yes, Detective. I will press charges,” Justin finally agreed.

“I’m glad to hear it, Mr. Taylor. Well, thank you both for your time. I’ll be back in touch with you soon,” Horvath excused himself and finally left.

After the detective left, Brian got up to turn off the overhead lights. “You should get some sleep, Sunshine,” Brian said quietly, kissing the poor abused hand once again.

“You’re not leaving, are you,” Justin sat up abruptly. “I mean, I . . . I would really like it if you would stay a little longer, please.”

“I wasn’t planning on going anywhere,” Brian whispered, reaching over to smooth Justin’s hair out of his face. “Shhh. You need to get some rest, okay.”

“Brian? I need you,” Justin said quietly, his voice so small and so unsure now that the lights were out. “Please don’t . . . “

“I’m right here, Sunshine,” Brian reassured him.

All the bravery the boy had been showing so far, keeping up appearances for his mother and Daphne, and answering the police detective’s questions, started to unravel now in the darkness. Brian could hear Justin’s breathing becoming ragged. He felt the slender shoulders shuddering. He felt the boy’s hand clutching at his in fear and pain. Brian felt that his own chest constrict as if his heart was being squeezed.

Brian had always been an active person. Ever since he left his parents’ house, he had taken whatever steps were necessary to make sure he would be a success, that he would be comfortable and safe and that he would never have to experience the pain or the fear he’d been forced to endure while he was growing up. Brian was a ‘fixer’ - both in his personal life and in his profession, he fixed whatever was wrong and made things work. He took care of his friends and his family quietly, without expectation of or need for gratitude. His ability to fix things was a huge part of his self-image. But now, here he was sitting here in the dark with someone he cared about deeply and he couldn’t think of a way to fix what was wrong. He hadn’t been able to stop what had happened - he’d failed to protect this precious treasure - and now he didn’t know what to do to stop the pain and fear that Justin was enduring. He couldn’t fix it and the realization of that fact was almost physically painful to him.

“Justin? Can I . . .how can I help?” Brian asked into the darkness.

“I need you, Brian,” Justin sobbed again. “I’m so tired, but I can’t sleep without you next to me. I wish we were at home, in your bed and you were holding me.”

“I’m here, Sunshine,” Brian said, scooting around the bed and climbing up behind the younger man, spooning him and gingerly reaching an arm around to hold Justin close. “I’m here. You can rest now. I’m not going anywhere, Sunshine.”

The familiar presence and the hushed voice calmed the young man. Brian could feel Justin’s breathing slow and his pulse decreasing. After a long interval, the trembling eventually faded and Brian thought that Justin had finally fallen to sleep, but then he heard the softest sound from the sweet young blond in his arms.
“I love you, Brian,” Justin whispered into the safety of the darkened room. “I love you.”

Somehow the two men managed to sleep through the night, in spite of the routine visits of the nursing staff to Justin’s room - probably because the sight of the two beautiful men sleeping together was enough to touch even the hardest hearted night nurse. What they weren’t able to sleep through was the arrival of clan Novotny - who bundled into Justin’s room promptly at 9:00 am, as soon as official visiting hours started.

“Brian! Justin, baby. God, I’m so sorry about what happened! We had no idea what was going on last night. Ted just called us this morning and told us and we rushed down here,” Debbie’s vociferous greeting caused both men to jump and Brian almost fell out of the bed due to his precarious perch. “God, Sunshine, look at you. That fucking monster should be castrated. That’s what I say.”

“Brian, why didn’t you call me last night?” Michael had immediately accosted his best friend. “Nobody at the party had any idea about all this. I would have come down and sat with you or helped somehow. Anyway, Ted suggested I bring you and Justin some changes of clothes, so here. You can get cleaned up a little at least. How are doing Justin? “

The best part of a visit by the Novotnys was that you really didn’t have to say anything. They did all the talking and easily held up both ends of the conversation, so all you had to do, most of the time was sit and nod and smile. So, while Debbie and Michael bustled around the room, ranting, commenting and chatting, Justin and Brian were able to pull themselves together and wake up without really having to participate.

Eventually Brian’s brain began to function sufficiently enough to allow him to extricate himself from the blond on the bed, get up to his feet, stretch and reach for the overnight bag that Michael had brought along. He left a quick kiss on Justin’s temple then excused himself to the bathroom to change and freshen up. When he finally emerged, looking much better in fresh clothing than he had in his blood stained and rumpled tux, he hastily pulled Michael after him with the excuse that they were off to find coffee and breakfast, leaving only one Novotny to mother Justin in the interim.

When Brian got back to the room about a half hour later, with pastries and coffee in hand for his blond, he was alarmed to find the room filled to overflowing with visitors. Jennifer and Daphne had arrived just after he had left and Molly had tagged along as well to see her brother. Also present were Lindsey and Gus as well as Ted and Emmett. Justin was putting up a brave front for all his well-wishers but Brian could see the strain that was evident just below the surface. Brian instantly took the initiative and began to clear out the well wishers, leaving only Jenn, Molly, Lindsey and Gus - at Justin’s request - and after politely thanking everyone else he sent them on their individual ways.

Justin, Molly and Gus were happily ensconced together on the hospital bed - the children much less concerned with the bruising and cuts on Justin’s face, and much more interested in the Spongebob Squarepants cartoon currently playing on the television. Brian, struck by sudden inspiration, sent Lindsey down to the hospital gift shop while the ‘kids’ were watching their cartoon and directed her to purchase as many different colored markers as she could find. When the cartoon ended, Justin, Molly and Gus proceeded to make a modern art masterpiece out of Justin’s cast.

This was the first real opportunity that Jennifer had had to watch Brian and Justin interacting. She was still so uncertain about Justin’s new ‘lifestyle’, but watching the two men together, Jenn was reassured a little about her son’s relationship with the significantly older man who had become so important to his life. She still wasn’t completely comfortable with Brian, but she was impressed at how caring and concerned the man seemed to be towards her son. Maybe this wasn’t as bad a
situation as she had previously suspected.

When the art department was finished decorating the cast, it was clearly time for Justin to rest, so Brian herded the rest of the visitors out of the room. Then Brian crawled back into bed with his sweet blond bed warmer and they both fell sound asleep in just minutes.

((((((((((B/J)))))(((()))))))))

Jennifer arrived again bright and early the next morning and surprised Brian and Justin who were still asleep, Brian again in the bed with her son. As much as she was trying to get used to the idea of her son being together with this man, this was too much for her to take in at once. Instead of going into the room, she returned to the hall, pulling out her phone as she went. When Jenn returned a half hour later, the boys were awake and Brian had moved to the chair next to the bed.

“Good morning, honey,” Jennifer said, kissing Justin on his cheek. “How are you doing this morning?”

“Better, I guess”, Justin gave his mother a lopsided smile, the left side of his mouth still too swollen and sore to participate. “At least I can finally see out of my right eye, now that the swelling is down. We’re waiting for the doctor to come check me out and tell me if I can get out of here today.”

“That’s great, sweetheart,” Jenn seated herself on the edge of the bed facing Justin, ready to make another try to get her son back. “Justin, I wanted to talk to you about when you were discharged. I’d like for you to come home with me when you get out of here. At least until you’re all healed.”

“What about Dad?” Justin asked, cautiously.

“I’ve talked to him and explained a little about what happened. He said he’s willing to let you come back home and that we can all try to work things out,” Jennifer tried earnestly to convince Justin. “We love you, Justin. We just want you to be safe. And, considering what happened, I’m not sure that the way you’ve been living is safe or smart.”

“What do you mean, ‘the way I’ve been living’? Mom, I thought we were over all this. You and Dad will just have to accept that I’m gay and that I will continue to be gay no matter how uncomfortable you are with the idea.” Justin wasn’t angry at his mother anymore, more exhausted than anything by having the same discussion again. “My being gay has nothing to do with what happened to me, Mom. I just. . . I don’t want to fight with you anymore, Mom. It’s been great having you be here the past couple of days and . . . I’m tired of fighting you. But, I’m not coming home, Mom. I can’t. I’m not the same person who left there four months ago and I don’t want to go back to being that person either.”

Justin looked up at Brian who was still holding his hand. Brian smiled at him and squeezed his hand, not saying anything but allowing his pride in the way the young man was handling the situation to show clearly on his countenance. Then Justin looked back to his mother and tried to reassure her with a smile as well. And Jennifer finally had to acknowledge that it was true - Justin wasn’t that scared, hurt, little boy who had left her home several months earlier, he was a beautiful, strong, young man and she was going to have to let him grow up.

((((((((((B/J)))))))))))))

By the time Brian got Justin back to the house it was already late afternoon. He helped the younger man upstairs and was about to get him comfortable in the bed, when he noticed that Justin wasn’t behind him any more. When he turned around, Brian found Justin standing in front of the mirror in the bathroom, staring at himself sadly in the mirror.
“You heard the doctor, Sunshine,” Brian said, coming to stand behind the boy. “It’s going to heal and you should even have any noticeable scars.”

“It’s just so . . . bad. My face looks like a pumpkin carved by a five year old at Halloween.” Justin complained, still unable to look away from his reflection. “I’m not even sure what you call some of these colors the bruises are turning - Grorange? Grurple? And, I haven’t even looked at the rest of me yet.”

“Can I?” Brian asked, indicating that he would help get Justin’s shirt off, but hesitant to do it until the boy was ready to face that.

“Fine. Might as well see the worst.” Justin started to undo the straps of the sling so that he could get the shirt off. “I really need a shower anyway, but we’ll have to find a plastic bag or something for my cast.”

Brian carefully helped Justin take the sling off and then pulled the loose fitting cotton sweater over the youth’s head. He bite his lip hard to stop himself from gasping when he finally saw the extent of the bruises and abrasions on Justin’s back and chest. Justin moaned when he saw himself in the mirror. He had to shut his eyes and take several deep breaths to calm himself before he could take it all in. Then, Justin reached for the drawstring on the sweatpants he was wearing and Brian helped him get those off as well, revealing still more black and purple splotches covering the boy’s hips, thighs and genitals.

If the bruises were as painful to Justin as they were for him to look at, Brian as amazed that the boy could even stand. The hardest thing to look at was the series of small round bruises on Justin’s hips - fingerprints from where the monster has dug his hands into the tender flesh . Brian reached down and softly brushed at the marks, as if trying to wipe them away, but they were still there when his fingers had passed by. Brian could do nothing except lean down and tenderly kiss Justin’s shoulder - one of the few unbruised spots on his body.

“Come on, Sunshine.” Brian finally spoke. “Let’s get you into a hot shower. It’ll feel good on your sore muscles and loosen you up.”

Brian led the way, getting Justin’s cast covered by a plastic bag and then guiding him into the shower. The older man then proceeded to tenderly shampoo the shiny blond tresses and carefully soap the boy’s body, trying to not only clean off the smell and dirt of the hospital but also the emotional and physical taint left behind by the attack itself. Brian’s touches were light, soft and mild and incredibly comforting to the abused young man. And, as Justin finally let himself relax, enjoying the feeling of safety Brian’s hands gave him, he also felt the beginnings of arousal.

While Brian hadn’t intended his ministrations to be anything other than caring and chaste, he was encouraged watching Justin’s rising signs of desire. He had been worried that after the kind of vicious attack Justin had experienced, he would never want to be intimate again, or at least not for a very long while. Seeing Justin the way he was now simply heightened Brian’s own desire to care for the boy, to protect him and, yes, to touch him and hold him and make love to him. Brian wanted that desperately - he could admit that to himself now, after having feared that he would never see Justin alive again - yes, he could admit that he needed to make love to the beautiful young man and show him somehow that he was cared for and that not everyone would hurt him.

So, when all the soap had been rinsed away, Brian took Justin out of the shower, towelled him off gently and led him back to the bed.

Lying the young man down on his side so that his injured arm wouldn’t be jostled, Brian crawled into the bed behind Justin and tenderly, quietly, made love to him, their bodies touching gently, skin
on skin, their fingers laced together. Brian’s lips were carefully exploring and touching and kissing as they slowly moved together. It was a quiet, slow, languid experience. Brian was so excruciatingly delicate, trying to avoid causing even the slightest additional pain to the injured man. Each touch seemed to last forever, each motion was easy and free, never making Justin feel for even one moment that he wasn’t safe. Until, in the end, both men felt that exquisite release, and with it the emotional release, as well, that helped to cleanse their souls.
Chapter 24 - Dog Days of Summer.

It was the middle of August and as expected it was uncomfortably hot out. Justin looked at the display on his fancy new smart phone and saw it was already over 90°F. Justin was still in love with the new toy which Brian had given to him the day after he got out of the hospital. Brian claimed it was simply a replacement for the crappy old pre-paid cell phone he’d had before which had been lost when he was attacked by Brandon. Secretly, though, Justin thought that the true reason behind the new phone was the special app which allowed Brian to track his whereabouts via GPS at every moment of the day. The one time he’d forgotten to bring his phone with him when he was at Daphne’s, Brian had personally tracked him down and yelled at him maniacally for ten minutes. Since then, Justin was careful to never forget his phone.

“Shit, Daph,” Justin exclaimed to his friend who was also lounging in the shallows of the pool with him. “According to my phone, it’s going to get to, like, 102°F today.”

“Stop showing off with your new phone, Jus,” Daphne complained laughingly.

Daphne got up to get a refill on her iced tea from the pitcher Mei Mei had set out for them on a nearby shaded patio table, then came right back to her spot in the cool water. God, she thought, she was really going to miss hanging out in the lap of luxury here with Justin when the summer was over. She looked over at her friend, who seemed to be relaxed and in a reasonably good mood today, and decided to broach the subject they’d been avoiding all day.

“So, Jus, how are you doing with getting your arrangements for school finalized,” DAphne asked casually.

“I haven’t really done much yet,” Justin admitted. “Brian said he would take me down there tomorrow so I can register for classes and stuff.”

Daphne looked at her friend again and noticed that almost all the bruises were completely faded by now, except for a couple of really bad ones on his jawline and back. Of course, you could still see the mark from the nasty cut near his mouth, but that was fading too, and he still had the cast, which wouldn’t come off for another 3 weeks. But, physically, Justin was almost healed from the assault he’d suffered.

Emotionally, it was a different story. She knew that Justin was still having trouble with panic attacks every time he left the house. It was certainly understandable since it had only been two weeks since the assault. Justin had even been noticeably uncomfortable the day he’d hung out with her at her parents house - a place which was both familiar and where he’d usually felt safe before. Only with Brian did Justin feel safe enough to go anywhere for long. So Daphne didn’t say anything about Justin’s unwillingness to go to PIFA without Brian.

“Do you think there’ll be any on-campus housing still available this late?” Daphne asked.

“No. I already called on that the other day. They said I was out of luck, at least for the fall, although something may open up in January.” Justin replied.

She could see the little signs of nervousness beginning at Justin’s mere thoughts about the future - the fidgeting and lack of eye contact were blatant. Daphne, pre-med student that she was, had done her research and knew that anxiety about the future was one of the most common psychological effects
survivors of sexual assault suffered. In Justin’s case, though, the problem was exacerbated by the fact that time was running short. Justin only had a couple weeks till the summer was over and he would once again be without a place to live, at least according to the terms of his original deal with Brian.

“If you want help apartment hunting, I’m available,” Daph offered.

“Thanks, Daph, but . . . I don’t want to think about that right now, okay?” Justin changed the subject. “It’s too hot out to think about anything that energetic. So, tell me about you - what classes are you taking?”

Justin sat at the pool house computer looking at apartment listings. He’d been putting this off for weeks but realized he had to make some plans soon. The conversation with Daphne earlier had reminded him that he only had two weeks to figure out what he was going to do with himself. Where had the summer gone? Back in May, he’d thought that three months was more than enough time to get his life arranged, but here he was, already almost out of time.

He reached out for the mouse and clicked on a few possibilities. But, the longer he looked at the screen, the more nervous he began to feel. It was as if there was this huge ball of dread building up in his gut - it was a physical weight that caused Justin’s whole body to slump forward, his shoulders drooping and his heart racing. Eventually he found he didn’t even have the strength to move the computer mouse, so he just let his hand fall to his side and sat staring at the computer screen without moving.

“Hey there, Sunshine!” Brian came bounding in from the patio in an obviously good mood and headed to the bar to make himself a drink as he spoke. “Are you hungry? I’m in the mood to celebrate - we just got the final client approval for the print ad layouts for the New Seasonings account. I can actually take a deep breath and relax for a little now. So, where do you want to go for dinner?”

When Justin still hadn’t responded, Brian headed over to the desk and looked over the boy’s shoulder to see what he was staring at, running one hand through the soft hair on the back of Justin’s neck.

“What’re you up to today, Sunshine?” Brian asked.

“Looking for apartments,” Justin said, his voice dead and lacking all inflection.

“Oh,” Brian commented, his good mood instantly evaporating. “Found anything good?”

“Not yet,” Justin responded, then blinked and seemingly became aware of his surroundings again. “Sorry, Brian. I wasn’t paying attention earlier. What were you saying?”

“Nothing important. Didn’t mean to interrupt you.” Brian turned to leave, dragging his feet now.

“Brian, wait,” Justin immediately jumped up, his face finally showing some animation, as he ran over to Brian and pulled him to a stop. “You didn’t interrupt. I don’t really want to do this right now anyway. Did I hear something about dinner?”

“Leave it to you, Taylor - out of a ten minute conversation the only word you heard was dinner.” Brian teased. “Yeah, I mentioned dinner. Where do you want to go?”
Justin had been busy for the past few days working on a painting. Every evening when Brian came home, the young artist had been either still painting or was just getting himself cleaned up. So far though, Justin had refused to let Brian see whatever it was he’d been working on. Brian was incredibly curious about this mysterious work, since Justin had never before tried to keep him away from whatever he was working on.

So, when Brian got home one afternoon in late August, he expected the artist to still be ensconced in the corner of the pool house where he’d laid out a tarp and set up his easel. When Justin wasn’t there, Brian went looking for him. The first few places he looked, the places where he would usually find Justin if he wasn’t out by the pool - Brian’s bedroom, the media room, the kitchen - were all equally Justin-free. Then, on his way back out to the patio, a confused Brian thought he heard noise coming from the seldom used formal dining room.

Looking through the doorway into the dining room, Brian discovered the missing artist sitting on top of the large dining room table, holding up a very large rectangular item, gift wrapped in bright red foil wrapping paper with a large gold bow. The package was large enough so that all Brian could see of Justin behind it were his two hands and the top half of his face. Brian laughed at the odd spectacle as he walked up to the table.

“Sunshine? Is there a reason why you’re sitting on my dining room table with a large package?” Brian voiced his confusion.

“Well, I pretty much always have a large package wherever I go, Brian. But in this particular situation, there is a specific reason for my location. Where else would you go to indulge in a ‘feast for the senses’ but a dining room.” Justin responded enigmatically.

“Where indeed? So, where is this supposed feast?” Brian was willing to play along.

“Well, this is a two course feast. For your first course, you will have to open your present,” Justin directed.

So, with Justin remaining seated and still holding up the package in front of him, Brian tore off the bow and the wrapping paper. Once he saw what was inside, he was so in awe that he just stood there blinking. Beneath the wrapping paper was a 3’x4’ painting depicting Brian holding a sleeping Gus, the two of them reclined on one of the pool lounge chairs. He immediately recognized the image from a photo Justin had taken of him and his son the week that Gus had spent here at the house with them. The painting far exceeded the photo - it was exquisite in its detail and the colors were so vivid - it was truly magnificent and Brian loved it instantly.

“Sunshine, this is . . . . perfect. It’s beautiful,” Brian couldn’t find the words to express how much he treasured this. “Is this what you’ve been working on so mysteriously all week?”

“Yep! I’ve been dying to paint that picture ever since Gus’ visit. The two of you together were so sweet. So, I’ve been working on it for a while and - TA DAHHHH! - here it is!” Justin was thrilled that Brian seemed to like his little gift so much. “Tell me you like it. Please?”

“I don’t just like it, Justin. I love it! I’ve never seen anything so absolutely beautiful in my life. Thank you, so much.”

“Good! I’m glad you liked your first course - a feast for your sight,” Justin said, his eyes taking on that impish glint that Brian had come to discover meant he still had more planned. “Now, for your second course in this feast of the senses. Are you ready for the feast for your taste and touch?”

“If it’s anything like the first course, then, definitely,” Brian confirmed.
“Oh this is nothing like that course at all,” Justin was giggling a little nervously now. “But, I think you’ll like it just as much.”

“Oh, Sunshine. I’m ready.” Brian stood there waiting with great anticipation for his second course. “Bring on the next course!”

*He he hehehe* Justin was giggling insanely at this point, clearly excited by the next part of his surprise. He quickly pulled the remains of the wrapping paper out from around the edges of the painting and tossed it off onto the floor. Then, wagging his eyebrows, he carefully moved the painting to the side and laid it down on the table to reveal a completely different work of art - himself, painted from the neck down, completely naked and every inch of his skin covered with swirls of bright colors making the boy into an incredible living work of modern abstract art. Once the painting had been moved to safely, Justin stretched himself out on his side, lying lengthwise on the table, displaying himself as the next course in the meal.

“Voila! For your tasting and touching pleasure, I present, ‘The Abstract Justin Taylor’.”

Brian burst out laughing heartily and loudly. “Sunshine, what have you done to yourself,” Brian chuckled.

“Well, I’ve painted myself all over with edible body paints, of course,” Justin explained. “You know how you’re always telling me that by the time I’m done with a picture I’m covered from head to toe with paint. Well, you gave me the idea. I just substituted body paints for the acrylics - those don’t taste all that good. Then, I painted myself and stood still for two hours waiting for the silly stuff to dry. And, now, Mr. Kinney, you get to lick me clean!”

“Has anyone ever told you how incredibly creative you are, little boy?” Brian said, grabbing for a purple painted foot and pulling the boy towards him with it.

“Well, yeah. But never in this particular context. You’re the ONLY one who gets to eat this artist.” Justin teased as he scooted over closer to the edge of the table.

“So, what’s on the menu tonight, little artist?” Brian asked, unsure where exactly to start with this feast.

“This red, here, on my chest, that’s strawberry. I think you might like to start with that.” Justin advised, pointing to spirals of red circling his chest and winding in towards his nipples.

Brian laughingly obliged, flicking out a wet pink tongue and lapping at the red swirls, nibbling at the sweetness of the hardening little nubs covered with the tasty strawberry flavoring.

“Mmmmm. Very nice for an appetizer. How about I move on to this lovely orange,” Brian said as his tongue trailed upwards towards the colorful lines delineating the long lean stretches of his artist’s neck. “Orange flavored, how appropriate,” was Brian’s only comment as he nibbled and sucked away causing ripples of pleasure to course through Justin’s body as he tried to lie still.

Brian was getting into the game wholeheartedly now, trying, in turn, swirls of lime, blueberry, grape and chocolate. Justin was still trying to lie still to give Brian full access to all the rainbow of tastes, but he was having a bit of trouble, the tantalizing licking all over his body causing an almost unbearable urge to squirm. When, Brian finally ventured lower, Justin finally lost all control and moaned as his lover’s tongue found a taste sensation he particularly loved.

“How appropriate - a Rocket Pop!” Brian laughed approvingly as he lovingly licked at Justin’s never tastier, brightly painted red white and blue cock. Rocket Pop
“It was either that or the banana, but the yellow just didn’t show up as well,” Justin teased between panting, moaning and thrusting his groin closer to Brian’s questing tongue.

Brian was really getting into this feast. He licked down the nearest thigh as he lifted Justin’s legs up over his shoulders so he could find out just what flavors were waiting for him deeper down. He enjoyed the vanilla streaks on the tender hips and the dark purple plum flavoring as he sucked Justin’s balls. Then he just couldn’t hold off any longer and flipped Justin over unceremoniously to see what was waiting for him on the other side. What he saw were more swirls of various colors over the slender waist and muscular lower back clear down to the firm tasty buttocks. And, the most exciting, a streak of dark, almost purplish red, straight down the youth’s crack, which Brian had to taste right away.

“I thought I’d already had your cherry, little boy,” Brian laughed at the unexpected flavor sensation.

“Just reminiscing,” Justin tittered back, his laughter turning to moans as Brian began to explore the depths of that cherry flavored hole to see if the taste inside was how he remembered or if it was new too.

Brian was happily licking away, tasing everywhere, trying to identify any new flavors that he hadn’t yet found, when he noted that Justin was squirming even more than ever. He was whimpering and panting and Brian thought his little artist had never looked more lovely.


“What’s up, Sunshine,” Brian said, pulling away from a large patch of watermelon.

“I’m really *pant* really glad *ooohh* you’re having *pant* fun with my *pant* little game, *unhh* but I’m not *pant* not going to last *unhhhh* much longer.”

“If I keep going, Sunshine, I could probably find out if this twinkie really has vanilla creme filling,” Brian teased, but relented by leaving off his taste testing and moving pulling Justin’s body closer so that his hips were draped over the edge of the table, conveniently at the perfect height for Brian’s purposes.

Brian quickly pulled a condom out of his pants pocket and then let them drop to his ankles, kicking them away eventually and getting himself prepared for the finale of this feast. Then, he firmly gripped the brightly painted hips of the amazing artist and sank happily into the sweet dark depths of his beautiful lover. Bending his body over slightly so he could continue to taste the tempting body below him, Brian began to thrust at a steady and increasing pace, Justin’s hands hooked over the table edge to anchor the two of them in place as Brian worked. Thanks to the miracle of body-paint foreplay, both men were eager and ready by the time Brian started his skillful work, pummelling the bright body, his angle perfect to stimulate Justin’s prostate with every move. In very short order, Brian was panting almost as hard as Justin had been and the two men rapidly came to their climaxes, one after the other, Brian’s chest, groin and thighs now smeared with colorful paints and Justin’s smeared with his cum.

As Brian helped Justin up to a standing position, still kissing and tasting the remaining paint swirls, he laughed in the sweet boy’s ear.

“You are a most remarkable artist, Mr. Taylor.” Brian said. “You truly do color my world. Thank you for both my paintings, Sunshine.”

“You’re welcome. Now, do you remember what I look like underneath all the paint?” Justin replied, returning Brian’s kisses, then pulling away and taking a few steps towards the door ahead of his
lover. “I’ll race you to the shower and you can find out.”

Later, when the two men were relaxing in bed, having actually skipped any real dinner after that over-the-top feast, Brian rolled over to spoon Justin, pulling him into his chest tightly. Brian had come to really love the feeling of Justin like this, the younger man’s slightly smaller frame curled against his, the warm, lithe back in contact with his chest. It was so comfortable and comforting at the same time. Brian was already half asleep, one hand idly playing with a strand of soft blond hair while Justin was drawing lazy patterns on the skin of Brian’s arm, when he thought of a question he hadn’t asked before.

“I loved my paintings, Sunshine,” Brian said. “And, I’m not complaining, mind you, but, did I miss the memo about some special occasion? I know it’s not my birthday. So, what inspired you to such amazing heights, little artist?”

“Just a thank you gift.” Justin shrugged, his tone now melancholy. “You’ve been so great to me, Brian. I’ve really loved being here all summer. I’ll never really be able to thank you for everything you’ve done for me, but I just wanted to give you something to remember me by, you know.”

“Shit.’ Brian mumbled, wishing now he hadn’t asked the reason behind the gifts, not wanting to be reminded that the summer was almost over. “You don’t actually think I could ever forget you, Sunshine, now do you?”

Justin didn’t say anything, he just brought Brian’s hand up to his lips and left one light kiss on Brian’s palm, then folded the man’s fingers over as if to seal the kiss inside.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 25 - Not Goodbye.

“I can’t do this,” Justin said, throwing a handful of watercolor pencils at the wall as he huddled down in a corner of the room.

“It’s going to be okay, Jus,” Daphne tried to comfort her friend.

“No. It’s not. I can’t. I can’t. I can’t. . . .” Justin mumbled. “You don’t understand, Daph. It’s not that I don’t want to do this. I just can’t.”

“Justin. I know it’s hard. You’re still recovering from the attack. There’s going to be a lot of long lasting repercussions. One of which is this fear of leaving here. But, it’ll be okay. Really, Jus. You CAN do this.” Daphne tried to cajole her friend into getting up and coming with her to look at the apartment he’d finally found online. “Just come and look at the place with me today. If you like it, we can move you in later - it doesn’t have to be right away. We can work up to it.”

“I CAN’T!” Justin was on the verge of tears, still huddled in the corner, his body shaking, and Daphne felt almost like crying too, watching Justin’s pain. “I don’t think I can do this, Daph.”

“Well, you don’t have much choice now, do you?” Daphne thought that it might be time for the tough love approach since nothing else was working. “You have exactly four days to find a new place to live, Jus. I know you’re still going through a lot of shit because of that fucker, Brandon, but you still have to get on with your life. And, part of that means finding a place to live. You’re going to have to leave this house without Brian to do that. So, get up off your ass and let’s do this.”

“I love him, Daph. If I leave here it’ll all disappear. And, I don’t remember how to do any of this without him,” Justin said, his voice eerily quiet.

“Bull shit, Jus. I know you can do this. I’ll help you and somehow you’ll so this. You’re strong and I know you won’t just give up.” Daphne wanted to stomp her feet and yell and rant at Justin - anything to get him moving and get him through this, but she knew it wasn’t working. “Justin, please. Don’t do this to yourself. I know you’re stronger than this.”

Justin couldn’t or wouldn’t get up from his hiding place in the corner. Daph sat next to him, her arms wrapped tightly around him, her head resting on Justin’s shoulder. Justin simply sat and stared into the distance.

Hours later, Justin was still huddled pathetically in the corner and Daphne was completely lost as to what to do. She’d known he was hurting, that even though he tried to pretend that everything was fine, that he was over the assault, he was still a mess inside. But, this was the worst she’d seen him yet. The closer it got to August 31st, the less Justin seemed able to function. Daphne was scared and when she got scared she usually also got pissed off.

When she finally heard a car pulling up the driveway, she was relieved to have a focus for her anger. Daphne left Justin still sitting, practically catatonic, on the floor of the pool house and stomped into the main house, standing guard right inside the doorway to the garage. Poor Brian had no idea what was waiting for him.
“You have to fix this,” Daphne screamed at Brian as soon as he put his head through the door. “You and your ridiculous ‘simply sexual’ business contract. It’s all your fault and you’re damn well going to fix it you bastard!”

“Hello, Daphne. So nice to see you, too. Lovely to have you here to greet me like this as I come into my own goddamned house,” Brian said, his voice increasing in volume the longer he spoke. “And, oh yeah, what the fuck are you talking about?”

“It’s Justin. You bring him here with your bullshit about it all being strictly about the sex - that he’s just your pool boy sex toy for the summer,” Daphne was on a roll now and her anger was amazing. Brian thought, as he watched her defending her friend. “Then you do all this nice shit for him: You take him to his Graduation when his own parents won’t even bother to show up. You buy him presents - clothes, art supplies, a fucking tux. You get him his own art exhibit at a gallery and contacts with PIFA so he can get into the school of his dreams. Then, to top it all off, you go and save him from getting raped and you act all caring and nice and supportive at the hospital and afterwards. So, of course, he fucking falls in love with you. Who wouldn’t after all that. And now that your fucking contract is up, you’re going to just throw him out on the curb like yesterday’s garbage? You fucking BASTARD!”

“Daphne, calm down. I’m not fucking throwing him out. He’s. . . .” But Daphne was not about to let Brian get a word in edgewise, not when she still had so much to say.

“Shut up, Brian. You don’t get to talk till I say so. Right now you’re going to fucking listen to ME. Justin’s been pretending to be all okay and strong for you so you wouldn’t see how upset his really was. But, it was all just a fucking facade. Right now he’s sitting in there almost paralyzed with fear at the mere idea of having to leave here. And, I don’t care how you do it, but you’re going to fucking fix this, do you hear me?”

“You care about him as much as he cares about you - I’ve seen you two together so don’t try to deny it,” Daphne went on in an only slightly less aggressive tone. “If you didn’t love him, you wouldn’t have done everything you’ve done since he was attacked. So, Mr. Kinney, you have two options. Either you’re going to go in there and tell Justin that you love him and BEG him to stay with you, or else I’m going to call his mother and send him back home to her and his asshole father. He may not be exactly loved there, at least not for who he really is, but at least his mother will try to take care of him and get him help. So, if you don’t want to see him be sent back to that miserable hell hole, you’ll get your ass over to that pool house and take care of this right now!”

When she had finished, Daphne stood there staring at Brian, all 5’5” of her, her arms crossed, her feet planted in a wide angry stance and her expression forbidding. Brian looked at her, completely taken aback by the vehemence of this attack on him by the petite young woman. How dare this little pipsqueek of a girl come into his house and tell him what to do? Then again, she was fucking magnificent in her anger.

Was Justin really that upset? He hadn’t said anything to Brian. Besides, what the fuck did it matter? A deal’s a deal, right? The summer was over and they both knew this day was coming, right? Brian simply refused to look any deeper into his own reluctance to see the summer end.

But, if he’s really that messed up that Daphne would send him back to his homophobic prick of a father . . . . ? Jennifer wasn’t too bad, at least she tried, but Brian hadn’t heard even one good thing about Justin’s father. If Daphne through that Justin was that bad off that he’d need to go home. . . . Well, Brian wasn’t going to let that happen - not after how hard the boy had struggled to get where he was. Fine, he’d go see for himself what exactly was up with Justin.

Brian didn’t say a word. He simply walked out through the doors to the patio and across to the pool.
house. He didn’t see Justin at first. There were things strewn about - pencils, art supplies, things that looked like they’d been thrown - but no sign of Justin. Brian was just about to return to Daphne and tell her she was full of shit, when he finally spotted Justin out of the corner of his eye, sitting on the floor in the far corner of the room. Justin was just sitting there, his knees pulled up into his chest, his shoulders slumped and his chin resting on his knees. But, Brian thought he looked so unbelievably sad, his first instinct was to rush to the boy, take him into his arms and take care of him.

“Sunshine?” Brian said softly, not wanting to frighten him.

“Brian?” Justin looked up right away and smiled. “You’re home early,”

“No. I’m not. It’s 6:30, Sunshine.”

“Oh. Well. I didn’t know it was getting that late,” Justin got up immediately and came towards Brian, the expression on his face changing at once from sadness and fear to forced cheerfulness. “Well, since it’s still early, if you want, I could make dinner for us.”

“No. It’s... Justin, Daphne said you were upset. What’s wrong?” Brian asked cautiously.

“Nothing. I’m fine,” Justin put his arms around Brian’s neck and pushed up on his toes to kiss the taller man.

“Justin, stop,” Brian demanded. “You were sitting on the floor there staring into space when I came in and you didn’t even know I was here. Now you’re acting like it’s nothing. What the fuck is going on?”

“It’s nothing, Brian. Really. Daphne and I just had an argument,” Justin tried to blow off Brian’s concern. “I just didn’t feel like going out looking at apartments today is all. She was just being a bitch about it. So, what can I make us for dinner?”

“Justin. . . .,” Brian started, then stopped and, deciding to change his approach he walked over to the sofa, towing Justin after him and then pulled the younger man down so that he was sitting on Brian’s lap.

“Justin. Before, when Brandon was bothering you - when he’d already hurt you once - and I asked you what was wrong, you said it was nothing. I think this is the same kind of ‘nothing’. It’s not ‘nothing’. It’s something. Something bad.”

“Brian, it’s really not like that. . . .”

Brian interrupted. “No, Justin. The last time you said that I didn’t push you. I let you tell me it was nothing even though I knew better and because of it you got hurt even worse. I can’t do that again, Justin. Please, you have to tell me what’s wrong now. I know it’s NOT nothing.”

After several minutes of silence Justin answered in a small, insecure voice, “I don’t. . . . I don’t want to leave. I know the time’s up and we had a deal. . . . It’s just hard.”

“Justin. . . .” Brian started.

“I know, Brian. I know. You don’t do relationships or boyfriends or any of that. You made that perfectly clear right from the start. I know. I know that you don’t want me here after Friday. I’ll go. Really. I will. It’s just kinda hard. . . .”

“Justin, I don’t. . . .”
“I know, Brian. I know. I’m just being a silly little faggot, right. I’ll go. In fact, I’ll go now. It’ll be easier to just do it now. Ummmm. Where’s my bag? It won’t take me that long to pack,” Justin began to pull clothing out of the drawers of the bureau and stuff them in his old black duffel bag, but he was distracted by a pile of art supplies which he started to grab and put in his messenger bag.

“Justin, stop.” Brian tried to get the boy’s attention.

“You’re right, Brian. I’ll just go right now. I can get this stuff later. I don’t need it. I’ll just go.” Justin threw the bag down on the floor and grabbed his wallet and keys from the counter and started for the door empty handed.

“Justin, where the hell are you going?” Brian yelled, finally getting Justin’s attention because of the anger in his voice.

I’m leaving,” Justin said as if that was all that mattered. “I’ll . . . . I’ll find someplace . . . .”

Brian grabbed Justin’s wrist and spun him around to look at him. “Justin, stop. I don’t want you to go.”

“Brian, please. It’ll just be harder if I wait until Friday. I should just go now.”

“Listen to me, Justin. Are you listening?”

“Yes. I’m listening.”

“I don’t want you to go.” Brian said as calmly as he could.

“Fine. You’re right. The deal was that I stay until August 31st. So, I’ll stay.” Justin stopped his headlong flight and turned to Brian. “So, what do you want to do tonight? I can make you dinner or we can go out for dinner, if you want. Or, if you want to skip dinner altogether, we could . . .?”

“Justin, please stop. You’re killing me.” Brian tried to grab ahold of the boy but Justin was determined to do whatever it took to please Brian.

“I’m sorry, Brian. Just tell me what you want. I’m yours for another four days. So, what can we do tonight? Hmmm?” Justin said, looking at Brian seductively.

Brian shook his head, collapsed back into the sofa and scrubbed at his face with his hands. Justin rushed back to the couch and sat next to Brian, one arm tenderly stroking Brian’s hair, confusion plain on his face as he tried to figure out what he was doing wrong. Justin really didn’t want to hurt Brian, especially when they had so little time left to be together. He wanted to try to make it all perfect for this perfect man who had done so much for him. Justin didn’t know what was bothering Brian - he knew he shouldn’t have said anything earlier about not wanting to leave - he didn’t want Brian to know how truly screwed up he was but he would try to make it up to him if he could.

“Brian, please don’t be angry at me,” Justin begged. “I shouldn’t have said anything. Let me make it up to you, hm? Just tell me what I can do to make you happy.”

That was all it took to spark Brian’s anger. “Justin. Stop. JUST FUCKING STOP! Stop with the goddamned sex toy act. I don’t want you to think you’re only here to ‘make me happy’. I don’t want you like that - I never did. I just want YOU, damn it!” Brian said getting up, seizing the duffle bag and dumping its contents back in the drawers then wadding it up and tossing it across the room. “I don’t want you to go. Not today and not ever. Do you hear what I’m saying?”
Brian turned back to a stunned Justin, who was sitting on the couch, watching in fascination as Brian paced back and forth across the room. When the agitated brunet got back to where Justin was waiting, he grabbed the boy and pulled him up into his arms.

“Why can’t you get it through your blond little head, Sunshine? I just want YOU. I’m a complete fucking idiot - that whole ‘simply sexual’ contract was one of the stupidest things I’ve ever come up with in my entire life. Don’t you understand, you little twat - I’ve been going crazy ever since I came in here the other day and found you looking for apartments. I thought that’s the way you wanted it - that you wanted to leave, just as planned. I knew it wasn’t fair - that I shouldn’t hold you back when you have this whole new exciting life waiting for you with school and everything - but, I’ve been trying to come up with ways to make you stay all week. I just didn’t want to be so selfish. . . .”

“You want me? YOU want ME?” Justin asked incredulously, as if the concept of someone as amazing as Brian wanting to be with him was inconceivable.

“Of course I want you, Sunshine. You’re perfect - who wouldn’t want you. You’re beautiful, talented, smart, funny. You have the greatest sense of humor of anyone I’ve ever met. And you’re so fucking strong, you scare me - what you’ve gone through just in the last six months would have killed practically anyone else, but not you.” Brian was smiling now, his anger still there but fading in the face of new emotions. “Not to mention, you’re sexy as hell and a fucking fireball in bed.”

“But, what about our agreement, and your rules - you don’t want any entanglements, you said.” Justin asked, still not secure about where he stood.

“Why did you ever listen to me? I’m a complete fucking idiot, Sunshine. What the fuck would I know about relationships or entanglements. I had no idea what shit I was spouting back then. Before you came along, I just hadn’t found anyone worth getting ‘entangled’ with.” This was new ground for Brian and he was struggling to find a way to express all these foreign emotions, but he knew he had to try.

“Justin, I don’t think I CAN let you go now. Did you know I can’t get to sleep anymore until you’re in bed with me - if you’re painting or watching tv or something I just lay there awake waiting until you come to bed and then - only fucking then - can I finally fall asleep. I have a fucking photo of you on my desk at work, damn it. I have to look at my phone about twenty times a day to make sure I know where you’re at - even when I know you're still here at the house. I fucking can’t wait to come home every night after work - I NEVER know what you’ll come up with to tease me or make me laugh - just to plain be with you makes me happier than I ever remember being.

“Don’t you understand - I’ve never felt like this before. I didn’t think I even could. I didn’t think I was the kind of person who deserved to feel like this.” Brian looked into Justin’s eyes with complete seriousness as he continued. “Justin, I don’t want you to leave me, ever. I know it sounds like I’ve become a complete lesbian, but I don’t even care anymore. I want to fucking be entangled with you, Justin. I want you here where I can protect you and take care of you and where you can take care of me.

“So. How about we have a new agreement, Justin,” Brian proposed. “You stay here - well not here in the pool house, I mean here at the house - with me, forever. In return, I’ll take care of you and fuck you regularly and make sure you’re happy and healthy. And, we can forget about the previous contract as if it never happened. How does that sound?”

“It sounds great, but. . . . Well, what about me going to PIFA? I mean being your permanent sex slave isn’t really that much different than being your summer-only sex slave. It’s still gonna hurt like hell when you eventually decide you’re tired of me. I mean, I’m already running out of creative sex venues. . . .” Justin was still unsure about the terms of this new ‘contract’.
“Well, of course you would still go to school, Justin,” Brian insisted. “That’s just part of the whole take care of you and make sure you’re happy part of the agreement. I want you to go to school and be the best artist you can be - or the best whatever you want to be, if its not an artist. And, you’re not just a sex slave, Sunshine. You never have been, even in the very beginning. Have I told you I’m a complete idiot? I’m . . . . I’m just doing this all wrong, I know. God, it’s funny - the great Brian Kinney, who thinks he’s got it all figured out and knows exactly what he wants - well here I am 30 years old, I’ve never had a single ‘relationship’ with another man in my life and NOW I discover that that’s exactly what I’ve always wanted and just didn’t know it? And, on top of everything, I don’t even know what to say to make this work.”

“Okay. Let me try this again, Sunshine,” Brian took a deep breath as if what he was about to say was so momentous that he was afraid of the effect it would create. “I want you to stay with me. I want you to live with me and be my whatever - boyfriend, partner, fuck, I don’t know. Just, don’t leave me, please. I love you, Justin and I don’t want you to leave.”

*Snort* Justin burst out laughing uncontrollably as soon as Brian ended this heartfelt offering.

“What the fuck, Justin? I just told you that I loved you and you’re laughing at me. Way to crush a guy’s ego, Sunshine!” Brian complained.

“I’m sorry, Brian. Really. It’s just the look on your face. I couldn’t help it.” Justin said, trying to stifle his giggles. “When you said that, you looked like you were in so much fucking pain. It was pretty hilarious. I’m sorry. I’m trying to stop laughing, really.”

“THIS is why I never did relationships before,” Brian complained again, half jokingly.

“Brian, I love you too. I’ll stop laughing and you stop acting all upset,” Justin finally got himself under control enough to respond. “Okay, I accept your proposal, Brian, with a few minor stipulations. I agree to stay here with you for the foreseeable future. And, you can take care of me and love me. But, you can’t just fuck me - you have to actually make love to me on occasion too. And, I’ll still get to go to school. In return, I agree to love you back and take care of you too, as needed. The term of the contract to start immediately. How does that sound Mr. Kinney?

“I accept, Mr. Taylor!” And the two men shook on the deal, laughing at themselves in the process.

“Well, since this new agreement is to begin immediately, I’d better get started on my end of the deal,” Brian stated matter-of-factly. “I guess the first order of business, then, would be to figure out just exactly where you would like me to make love to you first.”

“How about the pool?” Justin offered. “That’s the first place we fucked when we did the first contract. It seems appropriate.”

“I agree - well, shall we, Mr. Taylor?” Brian held out his hand for Justin’s.

“Just one thing - Daphne? You can leave now. And, don’t even pretend that you weren’t listening in on all that, you nosy little witch,” Justin called loudly through the open door.

“Later, Justin,” the two men heard, along with a little laugh. “Good job, Brian. Saved me the trouble of kicking your ass, too.”

“Bye, Daphne,” Brian yelled back.

“She would have done it too, you know,” Justin cautioned.

“I know. She’s one fucking scary little pit bull,” Brian agreed and they both laughed as they headed
out to the pool together.

The End

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed this one. Comments and Kudos are always welcome and help motivate me to keep writing. So, if you want more, tell me! Thank you to all my readers and those who have taken the time to leave me a comment already. TAG

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