Corey & Parker

by Violet_Jones

Summary

Corey (Mickey) & Parker (Ian) are porn stars under contract with the same website. They meet after being scheduled for a scene together, and Mickey ends up wanting more than Ian's willing to give. But after a subsequent scene with Mickey shakes Ian to his core, that all changes. A tumultuous romance that starts with sex and ends with something else.

FAN ART by Corriver

Notes

A million thank yous to Corriver for the gorgeous art work. I adore you forever!

Artwork Direct Link

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See the end of the work for more notes
Establishing Shots

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Released November 28, 2016 | 875 613 views

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Parker

Corey
Mickey knew who ‘Parker’ was before they were ever scheduled to fuck. He’d seen a couple of his videos on the site and thought the guy was pretty hot, and the fact that he had one of the biggest cocks of anyone on the production house roster was not lost on him either. They’d never met, though. The guy was relatively new to the company and no one really seemed to be friends with him outside of work. Mickey had no clue what his real name even was. All he knew was the obvious: he was a built, hung, pale redhead who he’d jacked it to once or twice. But seeing it and living it were two totally different things.

“Oh, fuck yeah, fuck me harder,” Mickey ordered with a gasp, gripping the man’s thighs from behind him.

Said pasty, big-dick ginger was currently reaming his ass for all it was worth, and Mickey was fucking loving it. Their breathing was getting as loud as the sound of their bodies slapping against each other where they were joined. Parker tugged on his hair, snapping Mickey’s head back as he started pumping harder on command.

“Yeah, take it! You like that fucking cock, huh?” he goaded.

“Fuck yeah, so good.”

As the filthy noises of their union filled the large staged bedroom, the steadily increasing amount of sweat generated a delicious kind of sticky heat between them. This had to be at least in the Top 10 of Mickey’s all-time best fucks. This guy was fucking relentless. And best of all, he seemed to actually be paying attention to the cues the director used to indicate it was time to switch positions, because Mickey could never fucking remember to keep track of them when he got really into it. His eyes kept squeezing shut of their own accord, and his head kept lolling forward as he was getting pounded within an inch of his life.

That was one of the numerous benefits of having a contract with a specific website. Everyone knew what the fuck they were doing and what to expect, and the direction was always very minimal. They talked about blocking, what everyone was willing to do or not do within the parameters of what the producers wanted from the particular scene, went through the general idea of how it was going to go down, made sure everyone was comfortable, and once their bodies were all prepped and ready, they got right down to it. The directors hardly ever said shit during the takes, and usually they just kept the cameras rolling anyway, even when they had to stop for some reason. The beauty of digital. There were never any extra people on the active set, which made it feel more intimate, and in turn made for hotter sessions. The non-essential behind-the-scenes people had other places to go when they were shooting and could be called on if it was absolutely necessary, but it was generally a well-oiled machine. The director would usually just make a hand gesture within eye-shot when it was time to move onto the next sex act, and the camera guys, who Mickey was sure had to be the perviest motherfuckers on the face of the planet, were pretty adept at adjusting to any sudden movements whatever the case, knowing exactly when to zoom in close on intimately thrusting body parts or pull out wide on fondle-heavy make-out breaks.

The director had cued Parker to change it up apparently, because suddenly he was pulling out, and Mickey sighed audibly at the unexpected withdrawal, as he was manhandled by the larger guy at his back.

Parker flipped him over and Mickey landed gracelessly in the stuffed chair he’d been bent over the front of, and he looked up to see the cock he’d been taking being shoved at his face. He opened his mouth without hesitation, and looked up into green eyes as he let the redhead fuck his face for a bit, let him card his large hands roughly through his hair again, pulling his head steadily to match the
thrusts of his hips.

Then suddenly the dick was gone and he was being pulled upward again, and Mickey let himself be carried to the end of the bed a few feet away. In real life, Mickey would probably punch any guy who tried to carry him anywhere right in the fucking face, naked or not, but it was one of the concessions he was forced to make in this line of work. He was on the smaller side, physique-wise, so even though he was in good shape, most of these dudes could throw him around like a rag doll, and other dudes liked to see that kind of thing on vid, so he had little choice but to let it happen and to pretend like he was super into it. It was just one of the small cons in a long list of pros when it came to getting paid to have sex with hot guys while some other guys recorded it. In the end, it was the only legal line of work that Mickey had ever been able to hold down. And he fucking banked.

Now Parker had him lying on his back, splayed out over a corner of the bed while he fucked him in a sort of standing crouch that couldn’t be all that comfortable. That was another small con... the unfortunate positions one or both of the scene partners could be forced to endure if it meant capturing a hot angle that wouldn’t necessarily be natural enough to sustain itself in an actual private bedroom scenario. It didn’t feel bad to Mickey, though; it felt anything but bad, so he let his mind drift away from his partner’s possible discomfort to focus only on his own ecstasy. The other guy was clearly a bit younger than him, and in amazing shape. He was probably getting his daily back and thigh workout routine in and counting it as a two-for-one type deal.

His eyes drifted shut, and he felt a large hand wrap around his throat, with just the right amount of pressure exerted to get him light-headed. The pleasure building around his G-spot flared, and like a lightning bolt, Mickey realized it was about to be game over for him. He cried out sharply, then managed a strangled, “I’m gonna fuckin’ come!”

Parker’s other hand was immediately there to milk it out of him. “Yeah, that’s it. Come on my dick!” And that was all it took. Mickey was shooting all over both their torsos, and continued moaning long and loud as Parker rode him through it, leaning down to kiss him all showy-like with a bit too much tongue, then moving his hands down to grip tightly at Mickey’s thighs, driving in faster and faster until Mickey was trembling; his hole clenching around the cock inside him over and over until the man on top of him started moaning more and more unrestrainedly through his own orgasm.

Soon enough Parker was pulling out and showing the camera the mess he’d made, dipping back in a few times to play with his cum. Honestly, this was always Mickey’s least favorite part, when a fleeting, private moment of total embarrassment would wash over him, and he couldn’t wait for the director to yell cut. It always passed quickly, because he was used to the whole routine by now, but it was that one small moment of total vulnerability that always managed to sneak in and freak him out for a few seconds until he just zoned out and coasted to the end. His face became a mask.

__________________________

Ian didn’t really like to know anything about whatever dude he was being paid to bone on a given shooting day. One of the reasons he signed an exclusivity contract to the website he was currently working for, shallow as it may be, was that their roster of performers were all fucking hot. The producers were a bunch of fussy, picky fuckers, and they wouldn’t dare hire anyone that didn’t meet a certain aesthetic standard. So Ian never had to worry about feeling attracted or aroused. Not that he’d never fucked any ugly dudes in his time, because he had. He’d gone through a bad wild phase when he was younger where all the drugs and alcohol consumed on a near endless basis tended to lower his levels of discernment considerably. He’d also let guys do things in exchange for cash and expensive gifts sometimes, and those tended to be gross, old, usually closeted assholes who had to
operate that way just to get laid decently. But that was then, and his now had gotten a whole lot better.

Another perk of his current job was the bare-backing policy. Most people didn’t want to see condoms in porn, and Ian understood the sentiment. Porn wasn’t supposed to be about responsibility, it was supposed to be about letting go of all inhibitions and doing what felt best, everything else be damned. Condoms weren’t a part of most people’s fantasies. The company made sure everyone participating in unsafe sex was on a PrEP prescription to prevent HIV transmission and reported full STD panels monthly. It was the closest you could get to being guilt-free about risky sex acts, so Ian took advantage of the liberty. He still always used condoms outside of work.

Currently, Ian found himself standing over his scene partner, watching his cum drip from the guy’s ass, waiting for the camera to stop rolling. Once the director yelled for them to cut, Ian stopped panting so exaggeratedly and held out a hand to help the guy, ‘Corey,’ up from the bed. He accepted the arm, muttering a ‘thanks’ over his shoulder once he was on his feet, and kept walking until he was off set, not even pausing as he grabbed a robe hanging by the doorway.

Ian didn’t mind the dismissive behavior. He was used to the way everything suddenly reverted to being just a transaction right after the jizz had finished flying. It was almost comforting in its simplicity.

Ian nodded to the other guys in the room in silent thanks, and grabbed a robe as he followed Corey’s path off the bedroom set and down a long hallway towards the bathroom and dressing room area. He could already hear a shower running in the first stall, so he walked past it and down a couple before he turned on a spigot, waiting until the water started steaming to step underneath the stream and swing the frosted glass door closed. The water pressure was fucking amazing here and the showerheads had those rough massage type settings that really seemed to wash all the semen and sweat right away. They didn’t cheap out on their toiletries either. There was always organic something-or-other scrub, shampoo, conditioner, lotion, toothpaste, and shaving cream at the ready. By the time Ian left the studio, it was almost as if nothing had ever happened. It was done, gone, and forgotten. It had become easy.

Ian stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around his waist, grabbing another to dry his hair, as he walked toward one of the sinks, taking in the blotchy red blush on his post-shower skin as he examined himself in the large mirror above the counter. He grabbed a disposable toothbrush and noticed Corey eying him slyly through the mirror above the sink he was using at the wall behind him and to his left. His gaze quickly darted away when their eyes met, and Ian couldn’t help but admire the way his bubble butt protruded in the white towel that was tightly wound around his hips. Ian quickly shoved the toothbrush in his mouth and shook his head, focusing on himself again as he finished his post-shower routine.

They were both in the adjoining dressing room area, rifling through their bags and changing into their street clothes, when Ian noticed Corey staring at him again, but this time a lot less discreetly. They hadn’t said much to each other all day. They’d been introduced when Ian had arrived and they had exchanged basic pleasantries, later they talked out the scene with the production team before they shot it, and then they’d said all the random, silly shit they had to say to each other when they were fucking, because dirty talk was basically a porn requirement, even when kept to a tame minimum. Silence got boring, and banter, however ridiculous, helped to sell the idea of intimacy that they liked to project on their site. As web dudes, they were supposed to be slutty, yet accessible. They were trying to sell the ‘boy next door, who happens to be gay, and happens to want to drop to his knees and suck your cock as soon as you come over to borrow the lawnmower, or a stick of butter’ fantasy.
Granted, Corey was one of their ‘bad boy’ ringers, due to his general rough-around-the-edges demeanor reinforced mainly by his DIY-looking knuckle tats that spelled out the juvenile threat to ‘FUCK U-UP.’ Ian found it kind of ludicrous, personally, but Corey’s ‘FUCK’ hand was probably a big turn-on to a lot of viewers. ‘The boy next door who just got out of jail and is just a little bit lonely, poor him.’

Ian was slipping a gray tee shirt over his head when Corey finally got to what was on his mind.

"So. . . you, uh, maybe wanna hook up again some time? Not get paid for it?"

Ian chuckled, sitting down to pull on his socks. "You usually proposition your scene partners?"

"A few here and there, if the sex was super slammin'," he replied shrugging, and zipping up his pants. "What, you didn't think we were kind of on fire back there for a minute?"

Ian shook his head, still grinning softly as he got his first shoe on. "It's not that, it's just. . . I don't really take my co-worker relationships off-screen. I'm bad enough, I kind of like having someone normal to balance me out."

"Normal? The fuck?" Corey replied indignantly. "You callin' me defective or somethin'? Think you're too fuckin' good for your own fuckin' kind?"

"That's not what I meant, man. I just mean. . . I usually go for like the slightly too wholesome guy who's also kinda naive. No wild side, just vanilla, drama-free, and whatever."

"Sounds pretty fuckin' boring to me, but whatever, carrot top. I wasn't askin' for your delicate hand in marriage, just a bang without all the eyes on us. Could'a just said, 'no thanks.'"

Corey shouldered his bag and walked out the door without further fanfare. Ian suddenly felt ashamed, because really, why the fuck did he have to say all that anyway? Now if he ever had to do a scene with the guy again, and he was pretty sure he would after their undeniable chemistry had likely translated hotly on screen, it was going to be awkward as shit, and it was going to be all Ian's fault.

He thought about following Corey out and apologizing, but he second-guessed himself, thinking that would just make everything weirder at the moment, so he decided to let it go and shrugged it off.

Sure enough, they were booked for another scene together two months later. The first one had been doing really well, with a high and steady popularity level on the site, so the producers wanted to keep featuring their pairing on a semi-regular basis.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Too-Good-To-Bang-Porn-Scum-On-His-Down-Time!" Corey greeted with pointedly faux joviality as he entered the dressing room.

Ian rolled his eyes. "Really? Still haven't let that one go, huh? You never been turned down before, or what?"

Corey jutted his bottom lip out and quirked an eyebrow, shaking his head. "Not really, no."

Ian laughed. "Fuck you, even I get turned down every once in a while."
"What, you think you're hotter than me, douchebag?"

"Jesus Christ," Ian interjected. "Is everything like a challenge or a competition to you? Can you just calm the fuck down for a bit?"

"Wow. . . now you're actually tellin' me to calm down? Fuck, now I don't wanna bang you again, I just wanna take you outside and teach you a fuckin' lesson."

"Whatever, tough guy, I could take you out with one right hook, but not before I get paid to take that ass for another ride."

Corey groaned. "You know what? I've decided I fuckin' hate your prissy, dumb ass. Forget what I ever said about bangin' on the side, alright? I must'a had my head clouded by that cock of yours. Guess once you open your mouth for somethin' other than takin' a load in it, the fantasy fades away."

Ian's mouth dropped open at that, but he couldn’t figure out if it was because he was offended or impressed. Maybe a little bit of both.

"Anyway," the brunet continued, "get your fuckin' dick ready or whatever. Let's get to what you're actually good for."

And Ian watched, mouth still agape, as Corey casually strolled back out of the dressing room with a self-satisfied smirk painted on his smug, stupid face.

Ian followed him out, not being able to stop himself now. "You trying to get me to hate-fuck you or something? Rile me up so you can get it rough?" He was met with silence as Corey ignored him, so Ian continued needling him to try and get a reaction. "I bet you'd like it more if I gave you a bloody nose first. I knew guys like you growing up."

"Split lip would be hotter," Corey corrected.

Ian's mouth quirked involuntarily on one side. "I fucking knew it. You're a goddamn dirty little savage."

"Whatever, gingerballs," Corey replied, turning to get in Ian’s face, and poke him in the chest with his forefinger, "if I smacked you around and then made you suck my dick, you’d fuckin' love that shit. I got your number too, so don’t forget that."

Ian’s voice got low and lethal as words he didn’t even mean to say kept falling out of his mouth in retaliation. "I’m gonna ram your ass so hard you won’t be able to sit on it until next week."

Corey let out an unexpected huff of laughter at the intended threat. "Promises, promises. . ." he singsang, swaggering away from Ian, and off toward the production meeting.

Ian wasn’t sure why he felt so riled up. This particular breed of asshole didn’t usually have any effect on him. But the way this guy in particular talked shit, it's like he knew exactly how to press Ian’s buttons. He didn’t know if Corey was doing it on purpose to project a particular shade of heat onto their upcoming scene, or if he couldn’t help himself and just wanted to see Ian get so uncomfortable that he fucked up. Whatever the reason, Ian could tell it was deliberate. Surely it couldn’t be something as simple as just a bruised ego. This kind of animosity had layers.
Mickey didn’t know exactly why he couldn’t stop himself from fucking with Parker so hard over getting so roundly rejected. The guy ended up being such a dick that it was sort of like Mickey was now repeatedly reliving said rejection just by keeping the argument alive. He supposed he had some kind of innate ‘glutton for punishment’ setting, and it was getting away from him as usual. He was born knowing how to make things worse, but he’d never learned how to make them better.

On the other hand, making things worse with Parker had only made the sex exponentially hotter. Last time had been pretty great. This time, Mickey felt like he was losing his goddamn mind.

His scene partner had responded tersely to all comments and suggestions at their pre-shoot meeting, not offering any thoughts of his own, mostly just opting to grunt monosyllabically and nod his head. Then, once they were rolling, Parker was on Mickey hard, biting his lips when he kissed him, shoving and tugging at his body and clothes a little too roughly. Every position he bent Mickey into was just a little bit painful, keeping unnecessary pressure in places he could’ve eased up on, or stretching him a little too wide to where he felt his muscles straining.

Before fucking him, Parker was supposed to rim him, and he’d apparently tried to up the spite level by not shaving first, so that his barely whiskery scruff was rubbing Mickey’s ass-crack raw as his mouth worked him over. It burned, but there was something insanely hot about it too, and Mickey hadn’t even realized it, but he was fucking smiling through it all, and shivering whenever Parker’s cool tongue would soothe his aching skin.

By the time Mickey was getting fucked, he’d let go of any and all thoughts of disdain for the man as Parker did his best to deliver on his promise, ramming into him so hard up against the wall, he was being lifted off his tiptoes, his face sliding against the generic print wallpaper as he fought to keep his hands in place against its surface to maintain some purchase. He knew for a fact that his hips were going to show bruises later, with how tightly Parker held onto him as he slammed away from behind him with his huge cock, not sparing a care in the world. And then he’d held onto him and walked him backwards a few steps to the bed, falling back on it and keeping Mickey on his dick so he could ride him reverse cowboy style. Mickey let his cock bounce around freely for a few minutes as he sank and rose, before reaching down and jacking himself off for the camera until he delivered the first money shot. As soon as his hips had slowed, and the spasms of his ass around Parker’s dick subsided, Mickey was flipped forcefully over, until he was ass up, face down as the redhead continued to fuck him. He held Mickey’s head down with one hand, pressing it firmly into the mattress as he bucked his hips at a feverish pace that had Mickey’s whole plane of existence vibrating.

“Make me come, you little slut boy,” Parker spat at him as he thwacked an ass cheek.

Mickey couldn’t move, could barely breathe. Talk about words for show. Parker started losing control of his movements, and pulled out just in time to jizz all over Mickey’s abused asshole, sliding his dick back in for a dozen or so more strokes, before he pulled out and walked away.

Mickey let the nervous wave of shame roll through him momentarily as nothing but his bare, spent ass was exposed for the scene’s final shot, and then relaxed as his euphoria ebbed away, and he heard the word ‘cut.’

Parker was already in the shower when he reached the bathrooms, and Mickey was so grateful not to have to interact with him, he ended up staying in one of the stalls for almost half an hour, basking under the hot spray until he was sure the other man was done with everything and had left the room. He had no clue what to say to him after what had just happened. He probably would’ve just found a way to keep insulting the guy, even though he’d just delivered Mickey an even more amazing fuck than the first one.
How could he keep enjoying the sex so much when he loathed everything else about the motherfucker? Mickey Milkovich was not the kind of person to go dick-blind. As if this fucking guy was god’s gift or whatever. Hot dudes who knew how to fuck were a dime a dozen around these parts. There was absolutely zero reason that Mickey should stay fixated on this one infuriating idiot. 

Zero.
The Fourth Wall

Producer parties were total bullshit, but Mickey felt obligated to attend them. They gave him the ability to appear thankful for his job whilst expending the least amount of effort to do so. All he had to do was show up, and everyone important took note, plain and simple. He was always able to say he was there, and that was an unspoken thing that counted when contract renegotiations came around.

The parties were the epitome of L.A. hypocrisy. They were opportunities for the swanky gay elite of West Hollywood and beyond to mingle with the dudes they quietly beat off to on their laptops in the privacy of their sterile, modern McMansions. It wasn’t the hedonistic scene you’d expect of a private porn star party, it was actually the picture of restraint and tedium. There was no unsolicited grab-ass from desperate old queens, or lines of coke on the glass tabletops waiting to be snorted by whoever walked by, and the only nudity could be found in the tastefully explicit arty photographs framed on the walls.

Sure, some guys would inevitably get solicited on the down-low, during whispered conversations with wealthy so-and-sos as the night wore on, but it was generally frowned upon to engage in anything blatantly raunchy at these functions. It was all some twisted kind of show aimed to prove that the men behind the porn were just fine, normal, upstanding citizens just like all the rest of the profiting queer businessmen they sucked up to. Mickey never had a stomach for any kind of politics, and couldn’t care less what any person in the whole entire building thought about him. Still, he played his part and kept his trap shut about it when anyone important was around.

“How long do you think it’s necessary to stay for it not to look impolite when we leave?” someone asked, approaching from behind to stand next to him, and join his survey of the room.

Mickey looked to his right and confirmed that the voice belonged to his close friend, Scott. Scott, who actually went by Brayden at work, which Mickey always gave him endless shit for, saying he’d traded in a wholesome white-bread name for the most wholesome, most whitest name he’d ever heard in his life. It was all about maintaining that illusion of sophisticated boy gone naughty.

“Well, if it isn’t the bastion of decency we all aspire to. We have this conversation every single time,” Mickey answered with a shake of his head. “Two good hours of solid visibility should do the trick.”

Scott sighed. “Yeah, I know. That just seems so fucking far away right now. People keep stopping me and Ash, asking questions about the wedding. People get so offended when you say it’s gonna be a small private ceremony, like they’d really give a fuck to be there.”

Mickey snorted. “In your case, they probly would. They’ve already seen you two bang a buncha times, they wanna gawk at the cushy, marshmallow, fairytale ending too, so they can live vicariously through you two cheesy dipshits.”

Scott laughed genuinely. “You haven’t been around enough lately. I miss your constant litany of taunts against traditional rites and values. They relax me. Makes me take it all a little less seriously.”

“Yeah, well, I ain’t interested in bein’ part of the extended wedding plannin’ committee Ash has managed to turn everyone into. I can be a loner until it all blows over.”

Ashton was Scott’s fiancée. Fucking Ashton who went by Mason as a stage name. The pair of them looked like perfect, classic, Cali surfer dudes, with blond mops of hair, ever-present tans, bulging biceps, and pristine pearly white teeth that they showed off often. They had that borderline creepy
quality of looking almost exactly alike, so that their scenes together resembled something like
twincest. They were looked up to with some reverence by a lot of the other guys at work. They were
a little bit older than most, older being not that old at all, but in this business, looking anything over
30 was veering toward ‘mature.’ They’d met on set, which allowed every one of the guys who still
had any ounce of romance left in their bones to hope and dream that one day it could happen to
them. They were a pretty cynical bunch, generally speaking, but those faint notions of accidental
happy endings still lingered. Mickey was not one of the susceptible ones, though.

Scott clapped Mickey on the shoulder. “I could see you with a dude someday.”

“The fuck are you talkin’ about? I’m with dudes all the time.”

“No, you bang dudes all the time. It’s not the same as being with them. . . talking to them about non-
sex-related or trivial things. . . having a laugh outside of the bedroom tumble. . . feeling things that
don’t have anything to do with your dick. You don’t think you want it, but I think the right guy
could break you.”

“Oh, so I need to be broken now? Sounds kinky as shit, Scotty. Didn’t know you guys got down
like that.”

“Har har, Mickey,” Scott deadpanned, reaching up to grab him by the scruff of his neck. “Sooner or
later, some guy’s gonna jumpstart your cold, dead heart, and I’m gonna laugh delightedly as I watch
you squirm to change your tune.”

“Jumpstart? More like dropkick. I’m pretty sure I’d have to be beaten into submission.”

“Alright then, pal. That took a dark turn past kinky and into disturbing.”

“You think a cold, dead heart ain’t dark and disturbing?” teased Mickey.

“Whoever it is has his fucking work cut out for him, no doubt about that.”

Mickey smiled, and his gaze found Ramon across the room on a step of the staircase closer to the
upper floor, talking to one of the stiffs in a suit. They made eye contact and exchanged tiny, almost
imperceptible nods, which made Mickey’s smile broaden. Ramon was one of the dudes Mickey had
met on set that he sometimes hooked up with outside of the studio. Last time they were both at one of
these functions, Mickey had gotten blown in one of the guest bathrooms and hadn’t even been asked
to reciprocate. Ramon was a giver.

“If you’ll excuse me,” Mickey said, wiggling out of Scott’s grip, “I don’t think Ramon is the
husband material of your dreams for me, but I think I’m gonna give him another stab at the ol’
moneymaker anyway.”

Scott laughed again, rolling his eyes as Mickey retreated, before scanning the room in search of his
soon-to-be husband.

Mickey practically had Ramon halfway up his ass already when he spotted the wretched red head
that still found itself on his mind every so often over the past month since he’d last seen it. Well, the
head and the body, really. Parker looked effortlessly hot in his chic cocktail casual, of course, and
Mickey’s mouth watered a little as he watched him move through the crowd. Mickey hadn’t thought
much about it, but he hadn’t expected Parker to show up either. His attitude had made it seem like he
had no interest in mingling with lowly fellow porn actors, because fucking them was one thing, but
hanging out with them was a bridge too far.

And just like that, Mickey’s brain was teeming with fresh insults to hurl at that ginger prick. He’d
stopped paying attention to whatever obvious, flirty shit Ramon was whispering in his ear, and kept his eyes locked on his quarry. He then noticed that there was a slightly taller guy following behind Parker, finally seeing that their hands were even clasped. The guy was attractive in a totally generic kind of ‘all-American love interest on a teen drama’ sort of way, and he was looking at Parker with unbridled enthusiasm as he was guided through the room. It was pathetic really.

Mickey tried to ignore the couple’s presence, but eventually he realized it was futile. His eyes honed in every single time he saw new movement in their general direction. And then it registered that they were now standing with Mickey’s friends. If he was ever gonna stop being a pussy about whatever this whole fascination was that kept drawing his attention to Parker, now was as good a time as any. He mumbled his excuses to Ramon and walked back downstairs, grabbing a fresh drink at the bar before making his way over to his point of interest.

Ian decided to take a new guy he’d been seeing regularly to his company party, knowing from what other people had told him that it wasn’t going to be anything more than a dull gathering, and that he didn’t have to worry about shocking the guy. Not that Ian hid what he did for a living. Experience had taught him that it was much better to just be up front about the whole thing, and axe anyone who had a problem with it early on. He didn’t know why he felt so protective of the guys he dated. . . like he had some warped sense of duty to defend their non-existent virtues. Ian just found it easier to deal with guys who were low-key and uninterested in any of the vices that had run his life for so long.

That’s how he somehow always ended up with a guy like Chris. He had a corporate job that Ian didn’t really understand. He was bland and undemanding, and had an annoying tendency to look at Ian like the sun shone out of his fucking ass, but he was also stable and dependable, and perfectly adequate in the sack, which was fine. Ian had an implied blanket permission to fuck other dudes for a living, so he could always get any overlooked itches scratched while he was on the clock, and no one could say a damn thing about it. It was just paying the bills, nothing more.

Ian was rarely stirred by any great amount of genuine emotion in any of his attempted relationships, casual or otherwise. He mostly just went through the motions of it all, because more than anything, he thought it was what he was supposed to do. He was supposed to try to find someone, and maybe if he tried to stick with that someone for a while, a tidal wave of pure feeling would roll up to sweep him away, and it would be done. He’d officially be an adult in love.

He was mid-sip on his cocktail when he looked over and saw Corey approaching their group. “Fuck,” he muttered under his breath, and braced himself for whatever storm the man was sure to bring with him.

Ian and Chris had been chatting with Ash and Scott, the dazzling ‘it’ couple of their little studio, and Ian had finally just relaxed for the first time since they’d arrived. These kinds of soirées weren’t Ian’s forte, and if he didn’t think he needed to try to be more visible and sociable within the company, he wouldn’t have come in the first place. It felt more like a duty he was expected to perform, rather than an event he would be excited to go to. And now this irritating little fuckboy was going to come over here and make it uncomfortable again.

To Ian’s surprise, Corey squeezed himself in between the couple in front of him without saying a word, a mischievous glint in his eye. Scott paused mid-sentence at the interruption, and Ash burst forth, exclaiming, “Mickey!” and kissing the man affectionately on the cheek. “Where you been? Hitting on some guy?”
“Always,” Corey replied smugly. . . Mickey that is. That was obviously his real name. Mickey.

Ian’s eyes were bugging as he watched the easy interaction in front of him. Judging by the way their arms were thrown casually around one another, Mickey was good friends with the California Ken Dolls (as Ian liked to refer to them in private). Just the idea of that was completely incongruous with the picture of Mickey that had formed in his head. These weren’t the kind of friends he pictured him having. He was always so caustic and cutting; the opposite of the other two men that stood before him.

“Mick,” said Scott, “have you met Ian yet?”

Ian made nervous eye contact with Mickey for the first time that night, and tried to fake a decent smile as he watched him stammer in response. “Um, yeah, actually. We’ve, uh, worked together a, uh, couple times.”

“Mickey, is it?” Ian asked sharply, offering a hand.

The man’s eyebrows shot up as he disentangled his arm from Ashton and shook his hand with a firm squeeze that was a little too harsh. “Yep, that’s me.”

Ashton giggled at their exchange. “You guys didn’t tell each other your real names?”

Mickey shrugged, his gaze never leaving Ian’s. “Never came up.”

“This is Chris,” Ian remembered to add, gesturing to the man at his left.

Chris stuck out his hand politely, and Ian was relieved when Mickey behaved and shook with him as well. Ian glanced over at Scott and noted that he seemed to be studying his face pretty closely. Ian was briefly taken aback, wondering why, when Mickey interrupted his train of thought.

“So, how’d you two meet Gingerballs here?”

There it was. Ian sighed audibly and rolled his eyes, steeling himself for a possible onslaught of shitty comments.

“Did a scene together a couple months ago,” Ash responded.

Ian hoped that Chris now knowing they were standing around breezily conversing with two other dudes that he’d also recently boned didn’t make him feel uncomfortable. It was all very nonchalant, which could seem weird to an outsider. Ian had spent most of his life around sexually inappropriate people anyway, so he wasn’t sure what the average person thought about situations like that.

“And I was waiting for him in the dressing room when the shoot was over,” Scott added. “Freaked poor Ian right the fuck out!” He clapped him on the shoulder, chuckling. “Wasn’t expecting a backstage husband. I think he was worried I was gonna Hulk out in a jealous rage before he even reached the showers.”

“Wait a minute!” Mickey cried out at Scott incredulously. “Wait just a fuckin’ minute! You tellin’ me you started showin’ up on set while he’s bangin’ other dudes just to wait and give him a fuckin’ hello kiss at the end or some shit? The hell is wrong with you? You’ve gone soft as fuck in your rapidly advancing age. That shit is disgusting.”

Ian’s mouth twitched at the mini-tirade, and he had to fight to keep an amused smile from forming on his face.
“It’s adorable that you consider that romantic,” Scott replied. “I was actually just in the middle of running errands, and dropping off some stuff he needed. And I’m only 34, dickhead.”

“In other words, ancient as balls,” Mickey jested, shoving him lightly.

Chris leaned over to whisper to Ian that he was hungry and asked if he wanted anything. “No, I’m okay,” Ian replied softly, turning his head to face him with an appreciative smile. When he looked back, Mickey was staring right at him again.

“Excuse me for a moment,” Chris said to the wider group, before retreating.

“I hope we didn’t scare him off,” Ashton said, nudging Ian with an elbow as he closed the gap left in their circle.

“I’m sure he’s fine,” Ian assured. “He’s just hitting the buffet table.”

“Been seeing him long?” Scott asked with the quirk of an eyebrow, and Ian once again felt like the man was examining him, and he was still unsure as to the reason why.

Ian took another swig of his drink, shrugging. “Not really.”

“Just passing the time, then?” Scott pressed.

“I don’t know, I guess,” answered Ian hesitantly, his expression uneasy.

“Leave him alone, Scotty,” Ash chastised. “Don’t listen to him. I have no idea why he’s giving you the third degree.”

Ian glanced back at Scott, but this time he found him gazing at Mickey with a curious look on his face. Ian felt like he was missing something, but apparently Ash was too, so he tried to let it slide.

He stood there a while longer, the conversation veering back to playful banter between the other three men, and Ian swiftly swallowed the remainder of his drink, feeling like a fifth wheel. He smiled brightly and held up his empty glass to announce his departure, “I’m out of booze and I have to piss like a racehorse. It was good talking to you guys. See you around.”

With that, Ian extricated himself from the awkward vibe he felt with the group and figured it was probably a good idea to mingle anyway. Aside from the other men he’d shared scenes with and the behind-the-scenes guys that ran the show, Ian didn’t really know anyone. This was basically the L.A. that he’d always wanted to be a part of, and now that he was in it, everything felt weird and wrong. If he’d been the Ian of five years ago, he would’ve thrived and made contacts left and right, but that wasn’t something that came as easily to him anymore. Sure, he knew how to be charming, but he used to be able to relate to anyone, or at least pretend like he did. Now he felt completely out of place and like he didn’t understand anyone.

He stopped by the bar to grab another gin & tonic, then made his way toward a hallway he spied toward the back of the house that he figured must lead to at least one bathroom. He found one on the fourth try, and sat his drink on the counter, not thinking to turn back and lock the door behind him. He’d just unzipped and started relieving himself when someone else barged in.

Ian glanced over and found Mickey smirking at him. “Forgot to use the lock, Red. You’re lucky it’s only me who burst in.”

Ian sighed, and peered back down at his dick, making sure his aim hadn’t wavered when he’d been startled by the sudden entrance. “Yeah, lucky me,” he uttered sarcastically.
“I just meant cuz I’ve already seen it. Everything you got underneath those clothes.”

Ian finished peeing and shook his junk a few times, before tucking himself back into his underwear. He flushed the toilet, zipped up, and began washing his hands at the sink. “Thanks for reminding me,” he replied. “I’d completely forgotten.”

“Aw, come on, man. Don’t be like that. You didn’t forget shit.”

Ian dried his hands on the towel by the sink, grabbed his drink and turned around to face Mickey with an amused expression as he sipped on his straw. “Is this your strange attempt to flirt with me right now?” he asked disbelievingly.

“I don’t flirt,” countered Mickey.

“Yeah, I can see that,” Ian quipped. “You’re fucking terrible at it. Most people would consider following someone into a private bathroom pretty goddamn creepy, for starters.”

“‘Ey, I wasn’t followin’ shit. I knew there was a bathroom down here that most people don’t use. Didn’t know I’d find your ginger ass in here.”

“You’re lying,” Ian accused offhandedly. He could tell it was a load of bullshit. He still couldn’t discern what exactly Mickey wanted from him though. He didn’t feel threatened in any way, but there was still a clear lack of understanding of personal boundaries. Sometimes it felt like Mickey abhorred him with the fiery passion of a thousand suns, and other times it felt like Mickey had a big crush on him and didn’t know what to do with it, so he resorted to the base instincts of a kid on the playground at lunchtime.

“You’re welcome to leave any time, dude. Door’s right there, I ain’t stoppin’ ya.”

“What the fuck are you here for, then?” questioned Ian.

Mickey reached into his pocket and pulled out a small baggy, shaking it at Ian in response. “Friend of mine let me borrow this for a bit of a pick-me-up. This party is boring as shit. You want a bump?”

Ian watched as Mickey pulled out his keys and dipped the toothed tip of one of them into the white powder inside the tiny ziplock. “No thanks. I don’t partake anymore.”

Mickey snorted the coke, and dipped the key back in. “Really? You look too young to have gone through a hard drug habit already.” He put the second key bump to his other nostril and inhaled it.

Ian sucked on his straw a little more forcefully. “Yeah, well, we started young in my neighborhood. I probly did more crazy shit in my teens than most people do in a whole lifetime.”

“That so?” Mickey asked with a lilt, wiping down the key with his forefinger and sucking on it. He resealed the baggy and pocketed both items, pawing at his nose in the mirror, and making sure there was no visible residue to give him away. “This turn you off, then?”

Ian smirked, “Are you admitting to trying, albeit very poorly, to turn me on?”

“Never.”

Ian snorted derisively, shaking his head and taking another long sip of his drink. “I don’t try to be around it, but I don’t go out of my way to avoid it either. I’m a big boy. At this point, I can turn it down without so much as an afterthought. Not gonna judge other people for doing what I don’t like anymore. Knock yourself out. Just don’t die or anything.”
Mickey chortled. “Nah, it ain’t like that, carrot top. Don’t gotta worry your pretty head about me. I haven’t spent money on this shit in years. Every once in a while I still indulge, but it’s not like a thing. Cokeheads are the most annoying people on the face of the fuckin’ planet.”

“No shit,” Ian agreed. “That’s probly why this conversation is about to get self-centered and fake as shit if I stand here letting you talk at me much longer.”

“That’s not even fair!” Mickey griped. “I had two tiny little baby bumps! I didn’t even snort a whole line. I’m not gonna get all motormouth douchebag just yet.”

“Whatever you say, man. I need to go find my date anyway.” Ian moved to step around the guy in front of him, but was prevented with a pointed sidestep that obstructed his path. He looked right into Mickey’s eyes. “You said I was free to leave whenever, remember?”

“Yeah, you are,” Mickey began, “course you are, I just. . .”

“You just what?”

Mickey huffed a laugh and looked down at his feet, a deep blush creeping up his pale cheeks. He’d finally found the decency to look chagrined. Or maybe he was just high. “I don’t fuckin’ know. You’re right. I’m bein’ a first-class weirdo asshole right now.” He stepped aside, back toward the sink so that Ian had room to approach the door. “By all means,” he added, waving him by.

“Yeah, okay. I’ll, uh, see you around,” Ian responded clumsily, wrenching the door open and stepping through the dark corridor and back into the din of the main house.

“Ian!” someone called to him, “Come over here, my boy!”

It was Donald, one of the big wigs who owned the site. He always had Executive Producer credit on everything. Ian plastered on his best fabricated smile, “Don!”

He let the man introduce him to the group of older guys he was ensconced with, as if Ian were a prize pony. “Gentlemen, this is one of our newer acquisitions. . . Parker.”

He stayed long enough to quietly and politely answer some superficial questions, and made his excuses to be off. “So sorry, I need to find my date. He got lost earlier.”

His explanation caused a round of terrible jokes at his expense that he pretended to laugh at as he beat a hasty retreat.

He wound his way through the crowd, keeping an eye out for Chris, finally spotting him in conversation with Scott and Ash again. Ian walked up and placed a hand on the small of Chris’s back.

“There you are,” Chris exclaimed in relief. “I thought you’d up and left me here.”

Ian shook his head and tried another smile, “I wouldn’t do that. Just got stuck talking to some people in the back on my way from the bathroom.”

“No biggie,” Chris said, leaning in to place a quick, chaste kiss on Ian’s lips. “You ready to go? I’m kinda tired.”

In that very instant, Ian was distracted as his eyes found Mickey across the room. He was leaning back against the wall, smiling, with some tatted-up, dark-haired guy attached to his neck. They were practically dry-humping. An irrational pulse of anger radiated through him at the sight, and he
swallowed thickly before managing to get out an answer. “Yeah, that sounds good. Let’s head out.” He looked up at Scott, and noticed him taking in the scene Ian had just been ogling. He seemed to scrutinize Ian once more as he watched him exchange a heartfelt goodbye hug with Ash.

“Later, Scott,” Ian said, turning to offer him a hand, which was accepted.

“Indeed,” answered Scott, still with that unnerving, penetrating gaze fixed on him, like he was seeing right through everything Ian didn’t even know he was hiding.
Mickey was nervous. He never got nervous on set. Not since the early days, when he was still green. At this point, everything was so old hat to him, he probably wouldn’t bat a fucking eyelash if he came to the studio and saw a bunch of dudes standing in a circle fisting each other. When it came to explicit sexual acts, even when it included the things he’d never cared to do and didn’t even find appealing to watch, nothing could shock him. So why did he feel this trepidation?

Well, for starters, he was there to fuck Ian again, but this time he was going to be the one on the giving end. They weren’t even switching off roles. Mickey was topping Ian and that was the whole scene.

It’s not like Mickey was a stranger to topping. Not by a long shot. He’d started out as a top after all, when he was a closeted teenager banging neighborhood girls for show back in Detroit. Even when he’d started giving into his unspoken urges and having sex with guys, he’d thought it would be too faggy to take instead of give, and it had taken him a good while to get over that logical fallacy. Sticking his dick in things felt good all the same, so he did like to do it on occasion, even now. Plus, being in porn, most dudes were at least a little versatile, even when they stuck mainly to one role or the other. He was primarily a bottom, because that’s what he liked the most. He’d known it the first time he’d ever been topped, rough and dirty in an alleyway when he was nineteen. It had hurt like a motherfucker, but beyond the pain, there was an intensity of pleasure he’d never attained before. And when he’d reached down and started tugging on his cock, the sensation of dual stimulation made him touch the goddamn stars. He hadn’t lasted much longer after that. In that precise moment, he’d decided that it didn’t matter if it did make him gayer to be on the receiving end, he was gay no matter what, so he was gonna do what he liked.

Mickey was a bottom, through and through, but he had enough confidence in his prowess to be comfortable topping on camera when he was asked. People liked to see their favorite bottoms flip the script, but more than anything, people liked to see big, aggressive tops turn into whiny little bottom bitch boys. Mickey knew that was mainly what this whole scene was about. Ian had yet to do a video for the site where he wasn’t topping, and the producers thought Mickey was just the one to ‘pop his cherry,’ given that they had an established and proven chemistry, and Mickey was comparatively smaller in build. They thought that would make it hotter. He was gonna be climbing and mounting the tall timber, as it were.

So when Mickey walked onto that set, he was supposed to be full of swagger, and ready to fucking go, like he always was. His game face should’ve been on, and he should’ve been brimming with self-confidence. He wasn’t supposed to be semi-nauseated and jittery with worry.

He figured part of it was simply embarrassment over his asinine display at the work party, which was the last time he’d seen Ian. That had been a few months ago now, and he felt like that should’ve been plenty of time to shake it off, but here he was.

He’d arrived early, hoping to be first to set, ahead of Ian. He dropped his duffle bag on a chair in the dressing room and went through to the bathrooms to splash some water on his face and figure out how to change his state of mind. He couldn’t half-ass this. ‘Heh.’ He needed to figure out a way to psych himself up.

He dried his face off, and looked in the mirror. Suddenly, his mind was flashing to the final scene in Boogie Nights and he laughed at the thought of taking his dick out and giving it a motivational speech.
“Fuck this,” he said to his reflection.

There was a pull-up bar bolted in the doorway to the dressing room. He turned around and walked over to it, jumping up and taking a firm hold. He lifted himself, breathing roughly, and trying to empty his head of any self-doubt. If he could just push himself to do ten reps, he’d feel good enough to relax. He’d feel strong and virile, and he’d be able to get his asshole mind to stop playing tricks on him.

Then on the eighth rep, in walked Ian looking as nonplussed as ever. His eyes immediately found Mickey’s, but then they trailed over to Mickey’s arms flexing with the workout, and down to his chest and abs, minimally covered by his thin white tank top.

Mickey pushed himself harder, and kept going past his tenth pull-up goal, suddenly reinvigorated. Ian still hadn’t spoken, but his gaze lingered.

“Like whatcha see, Red?” he huffed out, straining with a grimace.

Fifteen was his threshold. He dropped back down to the floor.

“Guess you must be pretty excited for today,” said Ian, ignoring the question.

He finally sat his bag down on the coffee table and crossed his arms.

“Why, cuz I get to stick my dick in your ass? Don’t flatter yourself.”

There it was. He was back. He hopped around, sort of jogging in place for a moment, and pulled his shirt up to dab at the sweat on his forehead, temples, and upper lip. Ian was still watching him.

“Say what you want, tough guy, I can see right through you,” Ian replied.

“Whatever, Ethan. I think the real question is: are you ready to give up control?”

Ian snorted and rolled his eyes, approaching Mickey slowly. “You know damn well my fucking name is Ian.” He didn’t stop until they were practically toe-to-toe. “And I’m ready to give it up, as long as you know how to make me lose it. You’re gonna have to work for it.” He smirked impishly, his eyes darting between each of Mickey’s, studying his face for a reaction.

“I take it you’re not a gold star top then?”

“Sorry. You won’t be devirginizing any un plundered territory today, if that’s what you were hopin’ for.”

“That’s too bad, man. It’d be a real romantic moment to get that captured on film with a handful of other dudes hangin’ around. You could watch it and reminisce any time.”

Ian snickered. “Yeah, well, my actual first time wasn’t exactly romantic anyway, so why should any of the others be?”

“Ey, maybe we can get ‘em to set up a candlelit dinner for the intro, and you can pretend it’s your first, just like a real actor.”

“Are you implying that I’m not a real actor?” Ian snarked, clutching at his chest dramatically. “I was nominated for an Oscar just last year. Tight Twinks & Big Boners 12.”

“That’s a real creative title. The ‘twelve’ really makes it classy.”
“Only the classiest franchises make it to the double digits.”

“Obviously.”

Ian’s expression turned inquisitive. “So does this mean you’re done being weird around me?”

Mickey looked away and stepped around him, heading over to his bag so he could rummage around in it like he was actually doing something purposeful. “Don’t know what you mean.”

“I didn’t say it so that you’d backtrack. It was an honest question. We haven’t exactly had a stellar history of being able to actually speak to one another in any way that isn’t fucked up.”

“Well, good thing we don’t gotta keep talkin’ then.” Mickey responded. “Just don’t accidentally cry out my real name when I’m gettin’ you off in there.”

Ian tittered. “Why would I do that?”

“Cuz I’m about to rock your world, that’s why.” And Mickey felt fully like himself again. He was eager to prove himself to Ian. Show him how good he was; how powerful. “Gotta finish gettin’ ready. See ya.”

When everything was set to go, and Ian and Mickey were prepped for the camera, they walked onto the same bedroom stage they’d used for their first scene together, which was merely decorated slightly different.

Ian seemed almost subdued, like he was patiently preparing to become submissive. Mickey’s mouth twitched a little at the corners at the thought that maybe Ian had been a little apprehensive too. He was usually such a cocky motherfucker when he was in the studio. It felt good to think that Mickey might be able to disconcert him, even just a little bit.

They took their places standing in front of one another and waited for the director to call action. As soon as it was said, they were staring into each other’s eyes sultrily, and Mickey took the first step forward, grabbing onto Ian’s hip with his ‘U-UP’ hand, and running the other up his clothed chest until he reached his neck, never once looking away. He captured Ian’s lips with his mouth and they began slowly making out and running their hands all over one another’s bodies, pressing and groping over chests, backs, cocks, and asses through the fabric of their clothes for a couple minutes, before they started removing the obstructing garments.

Once they’d pulled one another’s tee shirts off, Ian went for Mickey’s jeans, dropping to his knees as he opened the zipper. He pulled Mickey’s semi-erect dick out and began nosing around it, breathing hotly around the base as he started stroking it to full hardness. He looked up into Mickey’s eyes and curled his tongue out, licking at the tip. It looked hot as fuck, and Mickey moaned out loud. They maintained eye contact at first, when Ian took him into his mouth, working his way slowly up and down as he jackeled him off. The farther down he got, the more he started to speed up, and they both closed their eyes as it became more heated. Mickey gripped Ian’s head with both hands, breathing heavily, as the sounds of Ian’s wet movements, nasal breathing, and little muffled hums around his cock, made his head swim.

He threaded the fingers of one hand into Ian’s hair and began tugging gently along with the rhythm the redhead had set. “That feels so good,” Mickey gasped. Ian let his hands wander to the waistband of Mickey’s jeans and slid them down past his thighs, keeping his mouth in place all the while. He groped Mickey’s ass cheeks, squeezing them firmly, and pushing them towards him in time with that same cadence, until Mickey was fucking his mouth.
“Oh, fuck yeah!” Mickey called out, moaning more and more at Ian’s expert ministrations.

When Ian lightly skimmed a few fingers over Mickey’s asshole, he accidentally bucked wildly into Ian’s mouth, and pulled him off before he started losing control already. He never used Viagra as a helper, so if he came, they’d have to stop and wait until he could get hard again so they could move on to the next act. He couldn’t let that happen. When he looked back at Ian’s smirking face, he could tell the little shit had done it on purpose. Without a word, Ian grabbed the base of Mickey’s cock and squeezed with his thumb and forefinger to bring him back down to earth.

Mickey quickly stepped out of the jeans pooled around his feet and pushed an unsuspecting Ian until he fell back onto the plush shag carpet on the floor behind him with a laugh. Mickey lowered himself on top of him, kissing him sloppily, and settling in between his long legs. He could feel Ian’s turgid erection still trapped inside his pants, and Mickey briefly marveled at his capacity for restraint. He snaked a hand between them and pulled back so he could unbutton him, gasping as Ian sprang free, big and red, just like the rest of him. Instead of touching him, he sat back on his haunches, and pulled the pants all the way off, throwing them to the side. He laid back down between Ian’s thighs and started sliding against him, their dicks rubbing up on each other as he pressed down. It finally got a moan out of Ian’s throat, and Mickey smiled and kissed him once more, making some room so he could move a hand down between them again, moving straight past his cock and down to rub drily at his hole, eliciting hums and gasps around Mickey’s tongue.

He pulled back again, and without preamble, flipped Ian over so that he was on his hands and knees. Mickey ran his hands up the backs of Ian’s thighs, over the swell of his ass, across the planes of his back, and then down again, stopping at his cheeks and spreading him open, exposing his hole. He leaned in close and ran his tongue up Ian’s smooth crack a few times, then started flicking it solely over the rim, moving his right hand down so that his thumb could rub over Ian’s perineum, stimulating his prostate from the outside while his mouth worked him open. Ian was moaning deliciously again, and it egged Mickey on. He started sucking and gently nibbling at the sensitive skin, while his left hand held his ass firmly, and his right thumb kept pressing in small massaging circles beneath his balls.

As Ian’s hole began opening more easily due to his attention, Mickey was able to dip the tip of his tongue inside, and Ian’s leg started shaking subtly, his back arching and naturally pushing himself closer to Mickey’s face.

Mickey leaned back. “You’re so fucking hot,” he said breathlessly, before diving back in. He reached his right hand around to Ian’s front, rubbing briefly across his toned abs, skimming lightly across his leaking cock, and settling at his full and heavy balls, rolling them around and pulling them firmly enough to help stave off his excitement, but gently enough not to hurt him.

“Oh, fuck!” Ian cried out huskily.

The strangled sound did things to Mickey’s brain, and as it clouded over with deep lust, he couldn’t fucking wait to get his dick inside of that hot ass.

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Ian was falling to pieces. The anticipation of bottoming for someone didn’t usually affect him very much. He got rimmed fairly regularly on camera, and it could be cool and everything, but somehow this was extra. His right thigh wouldn’t stop trembling, and his cock was so hard it hurt. He could feel it dribbling pre-cum against his belly.
He couldn’t exactly say he ever felt eager to have a dick in his ass. He didn’t really mind it if the guy knew what he was doing. Having a prostate and all, he was able to acknowledge the benefits of bottoming, and how it could be stimulating in a completely different way than topping was. However, he enjoyed driving the train more than anything. That’s where he was most comfortable, and it’s what got him off the best. He was always going to be a top, and these sporadic acts of submission were going to be like rare delicacies. So he tried to get as much enjoyment out of them as he could.

Right now, he was fully aware that Mickey was going to give it to him good and hard, and he knew that he was gonna fucking like it.

Mickey pulled his mouth away from Ian, and stood up, reaching for Ian’s shoulder and helping him up off the floor. They walked over to the bed, and Mickey pushed him down on his back again. It was time for Ian to get lubed up. This part would most likely get cut completely from the scene, and Ian could’ve just done it himself, but he was enjoying being out of control for once, and under someone else’s. Mickey grabbed for the lube in it’s usual discreet hiding place under a pillow at the top right corner of the bed and gave Ian a questioning look. Ian returned a brief nod, and Mickey quickly lubed his fingers up and inserted one into Ian slow and steady. Ian’s breath caught at the sensation, and he felt himself spasm around the digit. After a minute, he nodded his head once more when he was ready for the second finger, and Mickey obliged, moving his left hand to Ian’s abs, and rubbing him soothingly, almost sweetly even.

Ian was so surprised and confused by the selflessness of the act that his brow furrowed, and he was sure there was a strange look on his face as he gazed up at Mickey. He looked kind of cute, the way he was concentrating so hard on his prep work, biting down on his lower lip. Suddenly it struck Ian that he was used to simple guys, and that the man above him was anything but simple. Mickey was complex in a way that Ian had avoided for a long time. He was like a mystery that needed deciphering.

He was twisting his fingers inside of Ian now and jiggling his hand around to loosen him, and then he pressed up and rubbed right against his prostate and Ian fucking keened, kicking his left leg out reflexively as his hips lifted off the bed of their own accord. And Mickey gave him a cheeky fucking smile.

“You ready, Red?”

Ian nodded again, without saying anything, and allowed Mickey to position him where he needed to be for the camera. They were in the middle of the large bed, horizontally, with Ian on his back still. Mickey pushed Ian’s knees up as he ran his slick hand over his own dick, coating it with the remaining lube. He prized Ian’s legs apart and held them up in the air as he shifted forward, lining up and letting Ian’s calves fall over his shoulders as he slowly began pushing in. Ian gasped loudly at the sensation, but he kept his eyes on Mickey’s for as long as he could before they squeezed shut of their own accord.

Mickey wasn’t as big as Ian length-wise, but he was girthy, and he definitely made him feel full in just the right way. Ian opened his eyes again, and found Mickey watching him intently as he started thrusting in and out, still going at a moderately slow pace. Mickey’s expression painted him as surprised in the same way Ian had just been, like he couldn’t believe that Ian was the way he was or something. Maybe it was just the novelty of seeing him lie there and take it. He reached up and pulled Mickey down into another kiss, applying pressure to his neck, and nipping at his juicy bottom lip. Then he abruptly pulled away and looked Mickey straight in the eye again. “Fuck me harder,” he stated calmly and deliberately.
Mickey gasped and immediately set a brisker pace, grabbing a hold of Ian’s sinewy thighs and pumping in deeper and harder. Ian’s eyes closed again and he moaned. “Yeah! Just like that! You’re so good. Fuck me just like that.”

Mickey groaned and went even faster. Ian felt like he might spontaneously combust. He thought about reaching for his cock, or rotating his hips, but he forced himself to just lie back and let Mickey do all the work. It felt sort of liberating and amazing. He smiled, because he couldn’t fucking help himself.

“I fuckin’ knew you’d like taking my dick,” Mickey huffed out. “Turned you into a needy little bottom, didn’t I?”

“Yes,” Ian replied, eyes shut; mind lost in a fog.

“You’re so fuckin’ tight! You need to get this ass pounded sometimes, huh?”

“Yes!” Ian cried. “Pound my fucking ass!”

Mickey was relentless and Ian’s legs fell to the sides of him as he pressed in closer, and Ian wrapped himself around the smaller man like a giant squid, the new position causing friction against his neglected hard-on. He was dripping again, between their stomachs.

Ian almost felt like there weren’t any cameras there at all, or any other people there watching them. It almost felt like this was just happening naturally and he wasn’t getting paid to do it. The thought freaked him out a little, because that had never happened to him before on set, and suddenly he felt on the edge. He ran a hand through the back of Mickey’s hair and leaned in to whisper in his ear so that he was the only one that could hear, “I’m close. Flip me over.” He reached down and grabbed Mickey’s plump butt cheeks, kneading them as he pushed him in deeper, and said loudly, “So fucking good!”

Mickey pulled back and kissed him again, heavy on the tongue, and he started backing away, taking his dick with him. Ian gasped at the loss, and let Mickey manhandle him around the mattress so that he was once again on his hands and knees, now facing toward the foot of the bed.

Mickey knelt behind him, spread his ass wide, and plunged back in, maintaining the same fast rhythm and strong pressure. The angle was doing wonders for Ian’s G-spot and he could feel the pulsing heat radiating out from that tiny little epicenter, through his extremities. Mickey gripped his hips tightly, snapping into him and rotating his pelvis here and there. Ian wasn’t sure how he hadn’t shot yet. Probably because nothing was stimulating his cock. He wanted to touch it, but he also wanted it to keep going. He couldn’t believe how much he wanted it to keep going. But then Mickey reached a hand down and started massaging his perineum again, so that he was now getting pressure from both sides of his prostate, and Ian was a goner.

“Oh, fuck! Fuck! I need to come!” he yelled, and Mickey pulled him up so that he was straddling his lap, and he reached around with his ‘FUCK’ hand to start stroking Ian’s impossibly hard dick in time with his thrusts up into him. Ian reached a hand behind him to grip the back of Mickey’s neck tightly, and let his head fall against the crook of it. Ian was moaning loudly and incessantly, and Mickey started tweaking his left nipple roughly, and right as Ian’s climax began, he bit down into his right shoulder.

Ian yelled out unintelligibly as spurts of cum were splattered across his abs, and Mickey’s thighs and hand. He could feel himself contracting around Mickey’s thickness and he was pushed forward, feeling boneless as his shoulders were pressed into the mattress and Mickey sat up to keep fucking him on his knees until he cried out his own orgasm. He bucked into Ian with a few strong, rough
strokes, and then stilled his hips, keeping Ian’s ass pressed back onto him as he rode it out. Ian was still clenching around Mickey as he felt the added warmth of the load being dropped inside of him. It was fucking hot.

All too soon, Mickey was pulling out, playing with Ian’s hole a little bit so that the camera perv could get a sexy close-up of the cum seeping out of his widened opening. Mickey filthily stuck a finger inside and brought it around to Ian’s mouth for him to suck and lick at. So he did. And then he heard the director yell cut, and it was like being pulled out of a trance most unwelcomely.
Epiphany

Under normal circumstances, Mickey wouldn’t be caught dead at a fucking bachelor party, but he felt compelled to make an exception for the man who unequivocally qualified as his best friend. Mickey was the type of person who had mostly acquaintances, and people he hung around with for a good time. Confidants, people who were actually interested in his thoughts and feelings, and cared for his overall wellbeing were few and far between. His sister, Mandy, used to qualify as the closest thing he had to that, but time and distance had let that bond fade in spite of their good intentions. They hadn’t spent a lot of time together since Mickey had picked up and moved to L.A. Still, she was the only one back home who actually knew the truth about what Mickey did for a living. She was the only one he knew wouldn’t judge him for it. His brothers would probably worship him for being a porn star, if he was actually fucking girls, but imagining them getting on board with Mickey taking it in the ass from other dudes for all the world to see was an outright impossibility. It would never happen.

Once his queer-hating, psychotic criminal of a father died, Mickey had come out to his siblings without regret. But accepting your little brother as a gay man was one thing, accepting your little brother as a gay porn star was a bit too much to expect from the male faction of the Milkovich clan, so he avoided that particular can of worms. Besides, they didn’t need to know every little detail about his life. He still sent money back home regularly to help out those miscreants, and they never bothered asking questions. Probably assumed Mickey was still into the same illegal bullshit he’d been doing with them back home. Mandy was the only truly respectable one in their family, probably for generations before them. She fought hard to get into a cheap two-year college and eventually became a paralegal. She ended up working for a small firm that dealt with patent law. It sounded super boring, but Mickey was really proud of her anyway. She got out of their miserable, run-down, dangerous neighborhood and was making her own way in life. That’s all he’d ever wanted for her after everything they’d been through growing up. It was no small feat.

When Mickey’d first arrived in Los Angeles, he had no idea what the fuck he was gonna do. He’d just wanted out of the stifling reality of Detroit and thought he’d take a stab at a big city with nice weather and the supposed promise of opportunity. He hadn’t come out there with the mindset of doing porn. He doubted anyone ever actually did, it just seemed to sort of happen to you if you were the type that could be inclined or persuaded. It was never some kind of goal, or plan, or even a kernel of an idea that had crossed his mind. But then West Hollywood happened.

West Hollywood was one of those revered gay meccas that men flocked to in order to feel community and openness, and although Mickey had been expecting it all to be very swanky and self-involved (which most of it was) he was happy to find that there were also divey nooks and crannies to be explored. That’s where he’d first started going to get his new-kid-in-town rocks off. It was so much easier and cleaner than it ever was in Detroit. And that’s when he’d first met Scott. And Scott had introduced him to Don. And thus Mickey’s career as ‘Corey’ had begun.

But it wasn’t like Mickey felt ‘turned out’ or anything. Scott was a decent, normal guy, and the casual, confident way he’d talked about his job made Mickey’s hesitancies slowly fall away one by one. He’d only brought Don into the equation once Mickey had assured him that it’s what he wanted to do. It wasn’t a lecherous, shady recruitment type deal. Scott hadn’t even told him the truth about what he did for the first couple weeks they’d hung out, but seeing Mickey’s increasing desperation about his rapidly dwindling and meager savings, he’d genuinely thought it could be a good option for Mickey to get on his feet.

Flash forward four years and some change, and here he was still knee-deep in that world. But like
most guys in the biz, he was well aware that porn was not a long-term, sustainable career. He did need to figure out an exit strategy at some point, he was just still at a loss as to what that could be. He was saving, though. That was the best part about his job. He lived in a small place he could easily afford, rather than renting or buying a bigger, better place that he actually had enough money to burn on. It felt good to have a real safety net for the first time in his life, and that was more important than extra luxury and comfort.

Now Scott was Mickey’s oldest friend, and probably the only person in the city who actually knew him well. So Mickey felt obligated to attend his last hurrah as a free man, even though as most gay men seemed wont to do, his fiancée was right there with him doing the whole joint stag party thing. Then again, these were two men who still actively fucked other people as their main job description, most of the invitees also being of that profession. He highly doubted either of them were going to bat an eye, let alone storm out in a jealous rage if some stripper shook his ass too close to one of their faces, or one of them drunkenly copped a feel. And even though Mickey didn’t particularly believe in love or any such nonsense, he could at least acknowledge that in terms of pairing off, Scott and Ash were fucking perfect together. They were one of those annoying couples that never seemed to actually fight. Not even a little bit. They didn’t even bicker.

Ash liked to frequently refer to Scott as his soulmate, and Scott always said he’d known the moment he saw Ash that he was the one, and other such corny bullshit that Mickey liked to roll his eyes at e-fucking-ternally. But then a part of Mickey also figured that if two people met in the process of transactional sex in front of a bunch of other dudes, plus all the horny ones that would be watching at home days later, and in that seedy-ass setting they’d still been mutually and overwhelmingly struck with the crazy fucking notion that they were meant to be, then maybe there was something to it.

Mickey had sure never seen two people who seemed as genuinely into each other as those two doofuses. Their lovestruck antics had mostly stopped bothering him a few months into the whole thing, and Ash was so good-natured that Mickey couldn’t even be jealous when his alone time with his friend was eroded more and more. Mickey had learned to make room.

So there he was... at a fucking bachelor party in an upscale strip joint in WeHo, his back to the bar, leaning with a tumbler of bourbon on ice in his hand, surveying the roomful of pretty boys that consisted of their quote/unquote inner circle, wondering if he was gonna have to make some sort of speech tonight. As Scott’s best man, he was worried he would have to make a fucking toast at any and every wedding-related event up to and including the actual big day. He’d begged and pleaded with him to pick somebody, anybody else for the dubious honor, but Scott refused. Said he didn’t care if Mickey just told everyone to fuck off and sat back down. It was a tempting suggestion, and he was still considering it.

Mickey tossed back the rest of his drink in one gulp, and when he glanced up and over by the entrance, a familiar ginger was walking in. Alone. The lighting in the place was low, but he could still discern that Ian was wearing a maroon colored dress jacket with a black collar and lapels over a tee shirt and fitted black pants, fiery hair styled just so. He looked even hotter than usual, like he was red-carpet ready and shit. Mickey was fucked.

It had only been a couple weeks since he’d topped Ian in their last scene together. It had been the most intense experience he’d ever had on a shoot before, and it felt like boundaries were being crossed somehow while it was happening. Afterward, Ian had retreated into himself and didn’t say much at all to Mickey before he’d left for the day. Mickey wanted to say or do something to ease the tension, but he didn’t know what or how. It had even crossed his mind to try asking Ian out again, just for drinks or something, no sexy times implied, but he didn’t want to risk the inevitable second shutdown. It would have been twice as embarrassing as the first rejection, and Mickey would’ve probably gone irrationally apeshit and started treating Ian like crap again. All in all, he’d figured it
was better to just hold his tongue and deal with whatever the fuck it was pulling him toward Ian, without trying to voice it to the man himself and make it ten times worse.

It dawned on Mickey that he was ogling Ian way too hard as he watched the man make his way through the club, and he was about to turn away resolutely to signal for another drink, when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

“You’re staring at Ian again,” Scott stated matter-of-fact, his mouth right up to Mickey’s ear so as to be heard over the music.

Mickey turned to look at him, “What do you mean, again? Just surprised to see him here, that’s all. You didn’t tell me he was coming.”

“Didn’t know you’d care so much,” Scott replied with a tone and a look that contradicted his words.

“Don’t,” Mickey said with a shrug, turning around to face the bar as he’d intended.

Scott leaned in close to his ear again. “Liar.”

Mickey quirked a mean eyebrow at him, “You fuckin’ serious right now? Why would I lie to you, my bestest friend, on the brink of his wedded bliss? And why would I care about some guy I fucked a few times while the cameras were rolling? You know how I do.”

“Yeah, I do know how you do. That’s why I can tell you’re into him.”

Mickey gave him his fiercest ‘you’re fucking crazy’ look. “I’m not into him. I don’t get into people.”

“Yeah, I know that too. That’s exactly how I can see it. I noticed it at that party a few months ago.”

“Yeah, I know that too. That’s exactly how I can see it. I noticed it at that party a few months ago.”

“The fuck are you talkin’ about? I went home with Ramon that night, dude.”

Scott rolled his eyes. “Yeah, because Ian brought a boyfriend. I saw the way you were acting around him, and staring at him. You even fucking followed him around trying to get him alone. Don’t deny it.”

Mickey exhaled loudly, realizing he was busted. “Fine, whatever. For some fuckin’ reason I get all stupid around him. I actually embarrassed the fuck out of myself with him that night. Surprised he even let me do a scene with him after that. Thought he might’ve asked for a ban or somethin’. It was that painful. What the fuck does it matter anyway? Dude’s not interested in me. Said so himself.”

Scott raised an incredulous brow. “Oh yeah, when?”

“First time I met him. We had a scene, it went down well, I fuckin’ stupidly asked him to fuck in private sometime, he straight up shot me down. Said I wasn’t his type in the real world.”

“Ouch,” Scott said with a grimace. “Well, you never know. First impressions aren’t always the most accurate, and people sometimes change their minds.” He paused for a moment and peered in the direction Mickey assumed Ian was in. “I was watching him that night, too, you know. He was very distracted by your presence, and he didn’t seem into the bland boyfriend at all. He saw you getting all frisky with Ramon before he left, and he got this look on his face like he wanted to fucking murder something. It was just a flash, but I saw it.”

“Really?” Mickey asked, taken aback by the revelation.

Scott nodded. “Really.”
Mickey turned back around and spotted Ian again, watching him talk to one of the guys from the studio. “He always acts like he’s fuckin’ above me or some shit. I don’t even know what the hell this obsession with him is. I mean, he’s an incredible lay. I topped his ass last time around, and it was like... I don’t know, man... somethin’ changed or whatever. I never felt it before in a scene. And then he acted all fuckin’ weird again afterward. Barely said two words to me and bounced with the quickness.”

“See there! That’s what I’m talking about. He’s feeling that shit too! You’re both super into each other and you have no idea what to do about it. That’s fucking adorable, really,” Scott said, simpering and shaking his head. “Wait ‘til I tell Ash. He’s gonna be so excited.”

“Ey, fuck you, Scotty! Don’t go runnin’ to your hubby with all my goddamn secrets just cuz you’re goin’ respectable and puttin’ a ring on it. I trust you, and only you, with my personal shit.”


Mickey scowled. “Fuck off.”

Scott laughed again, looking over Mickey’s shoulder while he was distracted with turning back to the bar and finally flagging down a bartender. “Here comes your boy now. Calm yourself.”

Mickey’s shoulders tensed as he heard Scott loudly greet, “Ian! Glad you could make it! Ash will be thrilled.” He patted Mickey on the back. “Mickey too!”

Mickey turned to the side as he awaited his fresh drink and found Ian smiling sweetly at Scott, and shaking his hand.

“Thanks for inviting me,” Ian said. “And congratulations!”

“Thank you,” Scott replied with a toothy grin.

Ian then flicked his eyes toward Mickey. “Hey, Mick.”

“What up,” Mickey answered casually, looking away to accept his glass from the server and giving his name to charge to his tab.

“Where’s the cute boyfriend?” he heard Scott ask behind him, and Mickey’s ears perked up.

“Who?” Ian replied. “Oh, you mean Chris? That’s been over for a while now. He was always saying shit like how my work was so brave, and how he wished he could be more carefree, and blah blah blah, like I was some kind of gay hero for doing pornos. It kind of soured me on him.”

Mickey turned back around to join the conversation. “You sure seem awfully ashamed of your job, Red.”

“I’m not ashamed,” answered Ian, looking him in the eye. “If I didn’t enjoy doing what I do, I wouldn’t do it. It just doesn’t define me, that’s all. Plus, I wanna do more. I’m going back to school and everything.”

“Ooh, look at the fancy college boy!” Scott teased. “That’s great, Ian. I’m trying to get this one to make some kind of plan for getting out. My little baby boy is getting a little long in the tooth,” he said, grabbing Mickey’s chin and shaking him.

“Fuck off, grandpa,” Mickey retorted, swatting him away as the other men laughed. “You and Ash
can retire your geriatric dicks any day now, I’ve still got a couple good years left in me.”

“Yeah, well, maybe you could spend them off at college with Ian, learning an actual skill or something,” dared Scott.

Mickey shot him a perfect death glare, and Scott beamed at him in return.

“In the meantime,” Scott continued, “why don’t you buy Ian here a drink like a nice young gentleman would? I gotta go find my other half.” And with that, he sauntered away.

Mickey looked up at Ian nervously, at a loss for what to say, so he ended up with a prolonged, “Er...”

“It’s alright, man,” Ian interrupted his non-comment. “I can buy my own drink.”

“Nah, man!” Mickey found himself responding, going slightly high-pitched. “I got it. What’re you having?”

Ian stepped up next to him at the bar and eyed the liquor shelf. “Mmmmm... Bombay Sapphire martini, dirty, three olives.”

Mickey snorted a laugh. “Damn, dude. Goin’ heavy tonight? I thought you were in recovery or some shit.”

Ian shook his head. “Nope. I still drink. Never did believe in AA and all that crap. I just stay away from hard drugs. Still smoke weed occasionally.”

“And you don’t relapse?”

“What, to the coke thing? Nah. I don’t think I ever actually even liked doing it to begin with. I just did it because it was there and it was something to do. Did a lot of molly too, and whatever pills I could get my hands on. For me it was more of a social addiction, I think. Eventually I just had too much of it all, and I stopped. Guess I got lucky that it wasn’t a difficult process.”

“What, you ain’t got no ‘inner demons’ or whatever?”

Ian chuckled, “I probably do, but that’s a long story, and now’s not the time. I just know I didn’t need rehab or whatever. I just went to a regular-ass therapist. Got my mental health all positive or whatever, turned myself around.”

“And decided that porn was a great career path to go along with that new you?” Mickey jeered.

Ian laughed again. “You got me there.” He paused. “I don’t know, though... I mean, doesn’t it feel kind of empowering to you? What we do?”

“Thought you just said you left your boyfriend because he thought too highly of your profession?”

“I don’t think it’s noble, or brave, or any dumb bullshit like that, and I know I can’t and won’t do it forever, but it does feel freeing in a way. Like I said, if I didn’t like it, I wouldn’t be doing it.”

Mickey nodded, “Yeah, I get what you mean. I do feel totally in control and like next-level confident when I’m on that set. Most of the time, anyway.”

Ian gave him a funny look.
“What?” asked Mickey.

“Are we having an actual conversation?” Ian inquired in an amused tone of voice.

“Uhhhh, yeah?”

Ian chortled, shaking his head. “You do realize that we’ve never actually had a proper one before, right?”

“Conversation? I believe we’ve had multiple actually. What, am I not memorable?”

“Oh, you’re definitely memorable,” Ian replied, and Mickey felt his cheeks grow instantly hot. “But every time we’ve talked before it’s been openly hostile bickering, or awkward as hell bantering. This is a nice change of pace.”

“Oh yeah?” asked Mickey, looking up into Ian’s captivating green eyes. “Guess you’re right. You haven’t made me hate you yet today.”

“Maybe this is our new leaf. Now... get me that fucking drink you promised, tough guy.”

“Yes, sir,” Mickey answered, signaling the bartender with a smile painted on his face.

Mickey was so totally fucked.

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Ian kind of surprised himself when he’d decided to accept Ash and Scott’s bachelor party invitation. The thing was, he’d been in L.A. for a little over two years now, but he still didn’t really have any friends. He’d fallen into a kind of serial dating routine, so he wasn’t ever really without company for long, but in terms of just platonic people to hang out with regularly, there wasn’t anyone to speak of. He figured maybe it was time to try and change that.

At first, he’d purposely stayed away from befriending guys at work, mainly because he was worried about giving in and getting into the whole party scene again. He thought maybe the temptation of being in a place like Los Angeles, with all of it’s famed Hollywood excess would be too strong to resist if he gave even an inch. It would put the Chicago gay scene to shame a few times over. So, he’d started his unspoken rule of dating nice, easy, good guys that wouldn’t lead him astray. And when he was out, he tended to only attract sexual interest, so it had been hard to forge friendships outside of work anyway. Basically, when Ian wasn’t dating someone these days, he was a loner.

It didn’t bother him so much though, because he’d never had the chance to be truly alone before. It was a little scary, and sometimes felt uncomfortable, but he liked to push himself to get used to it, so that he would truly be able to tell his family that he was 100% self-sufficient.

He’d grown up in a crowded houseful of siblings, and had never even had a room of his own, let alone a significant space. He’d outgrown his tiny twin bed when he’d hit a growth spurt at age sixteen, but was still forced to deal with it, his feet either hanging over the edges of the mattress, or his long legs constantly bent so that he had aches and pains everyday when he woke up.

But he didn’t really complain, because he loved his brothers and sisters fiercely. They were all he
had. Their parents were total pieces of shit who’d always cared more about themselves than the steady succession of kids they’d popped out over the years and dumped unceremoniously into an indigent heap to fend for themselves. Ian still marveled at his eldest sister, Fiona’s capacity for caretaking. Sure, she made plenty of mistakes, but it was practically a miracle that she’d survived her infancy and childhood to even be around to take care of everyone else as they were born and grew older. His brother, Lip, and Ian himself were just as fortunate. By the time the younger kids came around, Fiona was just barely old enough to start bearing the responsibility that their parents let slip away more and more each year until it was nonexistent, and eventually the two adults were completely absent from the household altogether. By the time she was a young teenager, Fiona was giving up her own life in order to save all of theirs. It was truly an amazing thing. Despite her flaws, Fiona was the greatest person Ian had ever known. He didn’t think he was good enough at his core to have made that kind of choice, especially so young.

He did what he could to help though, as did they all. She had instilled a spirit of unity and fight for survival in all of them. It had been hard for Ian to make the choice to leave them and move all the way across the country, but he’d felt like he needed to do something to build a life of his own. Save for his youngest brother, Liam, all the kids were now old enough to be able to deal with things on their own, and Fiona was still there, acting as their rock. If he was ever going to get a chance, it had finally come. He still sent back a decent chunk of change every month. He’d forced Fiona to get an actual bank account so that their deadbeat drunk dad, Frank, would stop barging in and stealing all their hard-if-not-totally-legally-earned cash savings whenever it struck his fancy, and he was happy to be able to contribute something substantial for the first time in his life. Even though he was away from them, and missed them everyday, he felt like he was actually helping them more by being here and doing what he was doing.

The younger kids didn’t know what he did for a living, and he hadn’t told Fiona at first either. He’d let her believe for months that he was acting as an extra and doing small parts in terrible B-movies that may never even see the light of day and were hard to come by. But she’d kept hounding him about sending her a tape, saying she didn’t care how bad or small the part, or the movie, or the show, she just wanted to see him and what he was doing. The guilt finally got to him and he admitted the whole ‘I do porn’ thing. She was a little shocked at first, and mostly jumped to the worst case scenario panic of worrying that he’d contract full-blown AIDS and die, but eventually he’d eased her fears and told her all the ways in which he was careful to protect himself, and made her swear never to try and find his stuff online. She hadn’t had a problem agreeing to that.

Lip thought his job was hilarious, and congratulated him on having so little inhibition that he could get paid to fuck for a living and not care who saw it. “That’s like the true American Dream, right there,” he’d told him. “If we weren’t a bunch of hypocritical prudes at heart, we’d all be doin’ it!”

Ian missed Lip the most. They were always the closest out of all the siblings, being Irish Twins and all. Even though Ian was gay and Lip was straight, it had never divided them or changed the way they felt about each other as they grew older. Lip had been a little weirded out at first, mostly because he’d just never suspected it. Ian had never had those stereotypical tell-tale signs like effeminate speech or mannerisms, and he’d never caught him playing dress-up with their sister’s clothes and make-up, or even just caught him staring at dudes, or taking note of them in any way that seemed out of the ordinary. Ian had been fascinated with the military throughout their childhood, and he loved shitty action movies, and he’d always readily agreed with Lip whenever he’d talk about how hot some chick at school was. It just didn’t immediately compute that his closest friend who he’d known his entire life, his flesh and blood that he’d slept side-by-side with and practically on top of since they were infants wasn’t exactly like him.

But then he’d realized that knowing Ian liked dick instead of pussy hadn’t actually changed anything about who his brother was. He was still the same Ian, and Lip was bright enough to realize that
whether he or Ian had realized it and when, Ian had always been gay. And Lip suddenly felt proud and honored that he was the first one Ian had the courage to admit it to. Ian hadn’t told Fiona for another year or so, but of course Fiona, being practically his mother despite only a seven year age gap, had already known. She didn’t need any big, obvious neon signs like Lip would’ve needed to see it. She could tell anyway, and she didn’t care in the least. She waited for Ian to come to her about it, and let him continue living his life however he saw fit.

Ian knew he was lucky to get those reactions from the two main people in his life, especially being where they were from, the rough-and-tumble South Side area of Chicago. Ian couldn’t exactly stay in his neighborhood and proclaim being out and proud. Once he’d started getting bolder and curioser, he headed to the downtown area known as Boystown, and well, the title said it all. That was shortly before all the trouble started when he was seventeen. It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. But at least Fiona and Lip had never blamed Ian’s troubles on his homosexuality. He’d heard so many horror stories about that from other kids he’d met who weren’t so lucky.

Ian watched the strippers dancing and gyrating on platforms set up around the large club, flashing back to his days as a teenage go-go boy and cringing at the memory of the ridiculous little outfits he had to wear, and the gross old men who always pawed at him. At least everyone at this party was hot. Ian chuckled to himself at the real life Bacchanalia unfolding before him. . . a genuine gay porn star wedding tradition extravaganza. This room was like every queer man’s fantasy come true. Beautiful, sculpted, uninhibited men letting loose as far as the eye could see. It was goddamn ridiculous really.

He stopped and chatted with some of the guys from work as he made his way towards the bar, until finally he spotted Scott, and decided to go wish him well. He didn’t even notice that Mickey was standing with him until he was right there. His back had been turned, and when he twisted around to face Ian, he looked like he couldn’t care less that he was even there, yet Scott kept implying that they should hang out together with both his commentary and his mannerisms. Ian was a little confused.

It’d been a couple weeks since his last scene with Mickey had left him reeling, and he couldn’t say he hadn’t thought about it more than a couple of times. Ian had been severely taken aback by how into it he’d gotten, not only because it was unusual for him to bottom and really like it so much, but because it’d felt different than it usually did for him on set. The sex he had in front of the cameras was generally some degree of good and hot, but it was a whole ‘nother thing compared to the sex he had in private. Not that sex in his personal life wasn’t good or hot, it was just a totally separate kind of vibe and experience. That particular day with Mickey had felt like an unintended crossover of those very distinct feelings that Ian got in his admittedly varied and complex sex life. And it had thrown him for a total loop like nothing had in a long, long time.

After enduring all of Mickey’s initial bluster and bravado toward him when he had taken it as a personal slight that Ian refused to hook up with him outside of work, he didn’t think he’d ever change his mind about the guy. And then Mickey had cornered him at that party and acted really weird, and then that scene had happened. It just didn’t make any sense. Who was this fucking guy, and what did he want from Ian? More to the point, what did Ian want from him?

He was beyond confounded by it all. But Mickey was behaving downright pleasantly towards Ian tonight. And he looked really fucking good too. He was a little dressed up, in dark gray slacks with a navy blue button-down with the sleeves rolled up, and a lavender tie that hung loosely around his neck, the top button of his shirt undone. And Ian kept noticing the way he would bite his lip when he got quiet, and it was driving him a little bit wild.

They’d ended up settling into a corner of one of the large rounded booths lining one wall of the club, just drinking and talking, uninterested in shoving dollar bills into anyone’s pants, or getting lap
dances from any of the many working boys who walked by giving them the eye of enticement. Some of the other guys from the studio drifted in and out, but they remained, ordering their drinks from one of the waiters, rather than returning back to the bar.

Ian was starting to feel tipsy, a couple swallows away from finishing his third martini. Mickey kept leaning in closer and closer to him as they spoke, and in the low light of the club his blue eyes looked darker and more enthralling than usual. And Ian finally realized without a shadow of a doubt that he wanted Mickey. Like, really wanted him. Fuck whatever rules he had about staying away from bad boy types, this was starting to feel too real to pass up.

“So when are those two getting married anyway?” asked Ian.

“Last weekend of September,” Mickey replied.

“What? That’s like over two months away.”

“Yes, this is supposed to be like their engagement thing and their bachelor thing all rolled into one I think. Probs spent way too much money on this bullshit as it is, but they’re fuckin’ loaded anyway. Scotty’s smart as shit, and he invests and all that. Has all kinds of revenue streams I don’t even halfway understand. He helps me buy stocks sometimes.”

Ian cackled. “Wow.”

“What?”

“That sounds so fucking adult. I should get my brother to do that for me. He’s a genius.”

“Yeah? He independently wealthy or some shit?”

Ian shook his head. “Not yet. He’s a genius, but he’s also a total idiot. Fucks his life up accidentally/on purpose just like the rest of us.”

“Hmm, then maybe you shouldn’t trust him with your money?”

Ian laughed again. “Yeah, you’re probly right.”

Mickey flashed him a brilliant, blinding smile, and Ian felt his throat constrict a little, his blood rushing to his head as his heart rate seemed to jump into high gear.

“You look like you’re actually having a good time, Red. When’d you get that stick out of your ass? Was the removal expensive?”

Ian backhanded him lightly on the chest. “Fuck you, I’m not stuck up. I never have been. You misinterpreted a lot of things about me when you got your wittle feewings all hurt when we first met. It was never personal, you know?”

Mickey shrugged. “Yeah, maybe. I guess you’re not so bad after all.”

“What a compliment,” Ian deadpanned.

“I do what I can. Want me to give you a better one?”

Ian smiled wide. “Please. As long as it’s not about my dick size. I already know I’m blessed, I don’t need the constant reminding from everyone all the time. It makes my ego massive.”

Mickey laughed. “There’s that narcissism I was lookin’ for. No, your dick is pretty good, but I was
“What?” Ian coaxed, when Mickey trailed off. He was looking at him with shifty eyes, and he leaned in really close to Ian’s left ear.

“I’m kinda drunk,” he said quietly, “and I think I kinda like you.” He leaned back with an almost bashful smirk on his face and looked Ian right in the eye.

Ian didn’t know what to say. He could feel his face and his upper body flushing with heat, and he was pretty sure his smile had gotten away from him. He noticed Mickey’s gaze flickering back and forth between Ian’s eyes and his mouth, the expression on his face quickly morphing into something overtly lustful, and Ian’s smile started fading as he tried to process what was happening. Mickey was leaning in again, and he knew what he was going for. Ian felt his breathing and his heartbeat speed up even more, and he gulped thickly, frozen in place, waiting for the impending touch of Mickey’s lips.

“Mickey!” someone exclaimed loudly at their table side, bursting their bubble and deflating the whole damn thing in seconds flat.

Mickey’s head jerked abruptly away, and Ian turned to see the tatted-up latino guy from the studio that Mickey had been petting heavily at the last party Ian had seen him at. He was pretty sure the guy’s stage name was Miguel, but he wasn’t positive. They’d never worked together before. He was pretty hot though, and Ian sighed at his bad luck. These two seemed to have some kind of ongoing thing, and since Mickey was pretty well on his way to getting drunk, he’d probably end up abandoning the prospect of getting with Ian in favor of the easy and familiar thing he had with this other guy.

“Hey Ramon,” Mickey replied, downing the rest of the drink in front of him.

“Who’s this then?” asked Ramon, staring Ian down with barely disguised disdain.

Ian was so not interested in being caught up in anyone’s drama tonight. Yeah, he’d finally conceded that he wanted Mickey outside of the whole porn context, but he could get over it. He wasn’t inclined to fight for something that wasn’t even his yet.

“This is Ian,” he heard Mickey say beside him.

“Oh yeah,” Ramon said, a flat, unimpressed look still painting his face. “New guy. Peter is it?”

“Parker,” Mickey answered for him, then chuckled to himself. “Heh, Peter Parker.”

Ian couldn’t help the snort that escaped, and he swatted Mickey’s arm. He figured it would be more intimidating if he kept a straight face, but then again, why be intimidating if he was gonna stay out of it? Ramon looked at a loss anyway.

“You know... Spider-man?” Ian finally spoke up.

“Whatever,” responded Ramon dismissively, turning his attention back to his intended target.

“Mickey, what’s–”

He was cut off as Scott and Ash crashed into the other side of their booth, scooting in towards the middle exuberantly.

“What up, bitches!” Ashton exclaimed, reaching out across Scott to ruffle Mickey’s carefully coiffed hair.
“Ey, what the fuck, Ash!” Mickey cried indignantly, smoothing his hands through his raven locks. Ian chuckled in amusement. “Looks like someone’s been having fun.”

“He’s drunk as fuck,” Scott confirmed. “But it’s okay. That’s what’s supposed to happen tonight, right?”

“Right,” Ian said.

“What the hell have you two been up to over here? You look cozy,” Scott said, nudging Mickey in the side indiscreetly with his elbow.

“Just hangin’ out,” said Mickey, rubbing the back of his neck uncomfortably.

“Yeah, I saw you ‘just hangin’ out,’” retorted Scott. “Looked like you were about to jump– Ow! You little fucker! Did you just kick me?” He was fixing Mickey with a scandalized look.

“Just wanted you to shut the fuck up,” Mickey said with a shrug.

“Hey, Ian?” Scott called out, getting his undivided attention. “Mickey has a huge crush on you.”

Even though Mickey had just told Ian that he liked him, he still felt surprised for some reason. If Scott knew, that meant it’d probably been going on for a while now. His eyebrows raised and his mouth went slightly agape, but before he could say anything, Scott was yammering loudly again.

“Ramon! What the fuck are you doing just standing there?”

Ian looked back over to see the man was indeed still silently watching their interaction, and he wondered if all this awkwardness had ruined what had been on the verge of happening with Mickey just moments before. Ramon appeared to look past Ian and straight at Mickey with a questioning expression, and then shook his head with an unamused smile, apparently not finding whatever answer he was looking for, and the whole table watched as he walked away. Ian wondered if he should feel bad for the guy, but then decided ‘fuck it,’ it was none of his business. If Mickey cared, he would do something about it. It wasn’t Ian’s problem.

“Oh my god!” Ash suddenly exclaimed. “You did that on purpose!”

Scott just laughed. “Yeah, I did.” He glanced between Ian and Mickey. “You’re welcome.” And with that, Scott pushed Ashton out of the booth and they disappeared into the sea of men once more.

Ian chuckled and shook his head as he watched them go, uttering, “What the fuck was that about?”

He turned his head back to look at Mickey, but before he could say anything more, Mickey grabbed him firmly by the jaw and crashed their lips together. ‘Oh. Okay, then,’ Ian thought, closing his eyes and melting into the kiss immediately. He brought his hand up to Mickey’s neck and twisted his head to the side, opening his mouth to capture Mickey’s succulent bottom lip, flicking his tongue across it for good measure. Ian heard Mickey’s satisfied hum as if it were coming from inside of his own head.

He wasn’t sure how long they sat there making out like teenagers in that black leather booth for all to see, but it felt so good, he didn’t give a fuck. His brain was getting hazier and hazier as he felt Mickey’s tongue and lips move expertly against his own, and felt Mickey’s rugged hands wander inside his jacket, smoothing over his chest, fingers raking over his nipples, now hard beneath the fabric of his shirt. He felt intoxicated from more than just the gin sloshing around inside of him. It was sort of like how he’d felt the last time they’d had sex.
“Mmmm,” Ian hummed, pulling away from Mickey finally, studying the way his already full lips were swollen and red, his blue eyes glassy, and his jaw slack. He looked so fucking sexy. “You wanna come back to my place?”

“Fuck yes,” Mickey said, and they both jumped out of the booth like the place was on fucking fire, and made a mad dash for the exit.

“Wait!” Ian called out to him. Mickey turned around, an impatient, inquiring look on his face. “Our tab. They have your credit card.”

“Fuck! You’re right.”

Mickey took his hand and jogged him over to the bar, where he let him go and whistled loudly, banging his hand against the bar obnoxiously. “‘EY YO! LET ME CLOSE MY TAB!”

Ian guffawed as he watched Mickey close out at breakneck speed, noting that he’d left a sizable tip and that his signature was a scratchy illegible scrawl, before Mickey grabbed him again and started pulling him out of the building.

“Wait, wait,” Ian said again.

“What now!” Mickey said loudly, exasperated, turning to look at Ian again.

“Shouldn’t we say bye to the California Ken Dolls?”

Mickey paused briefly to consider, giving a cursory glance around to see if they were in the general vicinity. Apparently they weren’t. “Nope,” Mickey said, pulling him away again.

Ian laughed and let himself be led outside without further protest.

Mickey reluctantly pried one eye open, and then the other, smacking his lips together and cringing at the acrid taste of leftover whiskey that permeated on his tongue. He glanced around the room in an attempt to orientate himself, but nothing looked familiar. He slowly turned his aching head to the right, and took in the alabaster skin of Ian’s broad back rising and falling in his sleep, his red hair bright against the white of the pillowcase his head rested on, as the softly filtered sunlight made its way through the closed slats of the window blinds.

Right. He was at Ian’s place. A nice little two bedroom bungalow in the Hollywood Hills, complete with a cute little porch and a real backyard. Ian had proudly shown the whole place off to him last night, and Mickey had found it endearing. He could tell before Ian even mentioned anything about his childhood that he’d never lived anywhere so respectable before. Mickey understood the significance of that acutely and wholeheartedly.

They’d made out on Ian’s suede couch for a small eternity, groping and shoving, and Mickey continued to open up the more Ian prompted him to. It turned out that they’d grown up in environments a lot more similar than Mickey ever would have guessed, although the levels of criminality his family got up to, compared to what Ian had described still constituted a significant gap. The Gallaghers sounded more like the types who did whatever they had to do to survive, whereas the Milkoviches certainly did that, but their motives also went way beyond mere survival, and strayed into the unnecessarily illegal territory. Their shitty parents had been shitty in different
ways it seemed, but the bad part of Chicago sounded eerily like the bad part of Detroit, and knowing that they shared that type of past made Mickey interested in Ian even more than he already had been.

And that was the fucking problem.

Mickey didn’t do relationships. He never had. The idea of it just didn’t interest him, and he had come to believe a long time ago that he just wasn’t wired that way. It was part of what made his job so easy. He never felt inclined to get more out of a guy than a fun time, with a few laughs, and some good sex to top it all off. It was simple, and that was the bottom line. Why bother getting complicated? He didn’t feel like there was some big, gaping hole in his life that needed filling up. He didn’t get lonely and wonder when Mr. Right would come along. He didn’t even try to push to make it work with the guys he knew were wrong. He just didn’t want to do all that.

But then there was Ian. He’d only been around him a handful of times, and he was already making Mickey rethink his whole entire outlook on guys. Ian was fucking dangerous.

He didn’t see the point in stumbling blindly into some kind of actual, real dating thing, only to be discarded and disappointed later. And Mickey knew that’s what would happen. Ian was the kind of guy who thought relationships were no big deal. He seemed to float in and out of them without a whole lot of thought or bother, and Mickey didn’t think he could handle that. If he could actually be brought to care this much, this early, he was terrified to think how much he could wind up caring if it continued. Why do that to himself when he could just continue to keep it simple?

Ian could never be simple. He could see that plain as day. Sure, Ian would probably appease Mickey and act like the two of them getting together was all no big deal at all, but he was still an inherently complicated person. He was smart, and interesting, and funny, and hot as hell, and on top of all that, he fucked like the porn star that he was. Mickey had absolutely zero chance of keeping it casual with a guy like that. He could see in Ian’s eyes that he didn’t think he wanted to be loved, but he so totally did want to be loved. He probably didn’t even know it, seeing as he seemed to act like an emotionless robot with the goody-two-shoes types he always went for, if that one guy was any indication. He was avoiding something real for a reason or two, and it had nothing to do with Mickey’s own reasons for doing the same. That could get messy.

In spite of Mickey’s inebriation the night before, he remembered everything quite clearly. The sex... the gloriously non-filmed, private sex... had been disarmingly close to emotional.

Ian’s large hands had become softer on Mickey’s body. They’d caressed him in a way that could only be described as tender. He’d moved in and out of Mickey deeply, but slowly. And Mickey hadn’t just let it happen, he’d given back in kind. They hadn’t spoken any of the loud, dirty, silly words that they would have on set. The only noises they’d made were intimate gasps and sighs, and personal moans and hisses. It all felt very safe. Mickey didn’t know that he’d ever felt that way in his entire life. It was scary as fuck and way far outside of his comfort zone.

Mickey felt frozen in place as he stared at the back of Ian’s sleeping form, wondering what his handsome face looked like in repose, and that thought alone crossing his mind jolted him into action.

As gently and quietly as he could, he extricated himself from beneath the bed sheets and slid off the mattress, looking around on the floor for his clothes. He swiftly gathered up all the garments, but didn’t see his tie anywhere, so he left it. The bathroom was too close to the bedroom to be used unheard, so he made his way to the kitchen, pulling on his pants and throwing on his shirt hurriedly. He leaned over the sink and splashed some water on his face, rinsing his mouth out and drinking a few handfuls. Then without further adieu, he let himself out into the harsh light of day and started
walking. When he was a safe distance away, he ordered an Uber, and found some bushes to piss in.

Ian’s eyes blinked slowly open, and he didn’t need to turn around to know that he was alone in bed. He could feel the absence and hear the silence. Mickey had run away before he could even face him.

He rolled over onto his back, hoping against hope that he was wrong and all his senses were betraying him, but the truth was confirmed. He could still see the imprint of where the other man had lain beside him.

He sighed audibly and felt an overwhelming and unexpected wave of sadness. Ian could be such a fucking idiot sometimes. His head, maybe even his stupid heart, had run away from him. He’d actually believed that there was something between him and Mickey.

They’d stayed up half the night just talking, and kissing, and wrestling around on Ian’s couch. Mickey had recounted hilarious and sometimes horrific stories from his teenhood, when he was much more into the family crime business rather than attending high school regularly. They’d found commonality in their shitty, dark upbringings, and Mickey hadn’t judged him for any of the outrageous things he’d revealed about his past, instead he had insisted on consistently one-upping him.

It had been so nice to finally feel like someone got where he was coming from for the first time since he’d been in this big-ass, lonely town.

But of course he should have known better. The signs were all there without Mickey even having to say anything. He wasn’t a commitment guy. He’d shown Ian a little depth of character, sure, but he was still that shit-talking, swaggering, slightly socially inappropriate guy that had ‘bad bet’ written all over him.

Ian thought that maybe after the connection they’d made, after that undeniable spark they’d kindled, that maybe, just maybe, there could actually be more between them than just excellent fucking. Apparently, he was dead wrong.

Nevertheless, Mickey could’ve been man enough to stick around and say it to Ian’s face. At the very least, he’d thought that Mickey respected him enough to have a simple morning-after conversation, whatever his feelings were or were not. Instead, he’d acted like a coward, selfishly leaving Ian to take the giant fucking hint.

Holy fuck, this felt like shit. Ian was hurt. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d given a guy enough power or importance to really and truly hurt him. This was not how he’d pictured his day going when he’d fallen asleep sated, and warm, and content. He’d had big ideas of them staying in bed together all day, fucking lazily, and only breaking for sustenance, or the bathroom, or maybe a steamy shower.

God, he was fucking pathetic.

But his mind flashed back to the wee hours of the morning when he and Mickey had finally stumbled into Ian’s bedroom kissing like fools and tearing at each other’s clothes, and he closed his eyes to replay all the details he could recall in his head. . .
Mickey’s skin seemed so soft . . . softer than he’d remembered it. His body seemed more pliant and responsive to every little touch. Every little sigh and moan that fell out of Mickey’s parted lips seemed to reverberate through Ian’s body and go straight to his cock.

They hadn’t even bothered with any real foreplay, by the time they fell onto the bed naked, wrapped around each other tightly. Ian had simply fingered him open with some lube, and slid right in as soon as Mickey’s hole felt ready. He hadn’t meant to go so slow, but it’s what had happened, and he’d felt no need to speed it up. It was like they were unstuck in time together, trapped in some kind of trance, heads all fogged up with want and need, so deeply relaxed it felt almost like meditation.

They stayed locked together like that, their grip on one another strong and steady, Ian’s hips thrusting leisurely. They’d used the whole of the king-sized mattress, rolling around into different positions, but never severing their connection, and always facing each other. It was intense. That was probably what had spooked Mickey when that heady, passionate spell had been tempered and distanced by hours of sleep. It had been too real; felt too good.

They’d climaxed together after what seemed like hours of exquisite torture, skin flushed and dripping with copious amounts of sweat, still embracing closely.

Ian couldn’t think of a more perfect time he’d ever had with anyone. Suddenly tears pricked the corners of his eyes as he realized that it had probably been the best sex of his life. That he was right. . . it had meant something.

So fuck Mickey. Fuck him for doing this to Ian . . . for leaving him right when it was just starting. Why couldn’t he have just stayed away? Ian would’ve been okay if he just hadn’t known that this existed. That there was someone out there that he could create this with. That maybe he could want more, and have more.

Of course Ian would pick the worst possible person to let overtake him with real feelings. He felt used and manipulated, and so fucking humiliated. He’d allowed Mickey to see a real part of him, and it had been thrown back in his face like so much garbage.

But Ian was never really worth anything real to anyone. He knew that. He’d do better not to let himself forget it again.
Overexposed

It was two months later that Ian opened his latest email from work and saw that he’d been scheduled yet another scene with ‘Corey.’ His hackles immediately raised and his blood roiled, not thinking twice before grabbing his cell phone and quickly scrolling through his contacts to dial the producer’s offices. A receptionist answered.

“Hi, this is Ian Gallagher. My stage name is Parker. I need to talk to someone about re-casting a role for a scene this week. I’m not gonna be able to do it.”

He could hear the click-clacking of a keyboard in the background. “Sorry to hear that, Mr. Gallagher. Are you ill?”

“No, I’m not. It’s a personal thing.”

“Family emergency?”

Ian emitted an exasperated sigh. “No! I just can’t work with this particular person again! I need to like blacklist him or whatever it is you guys do. This can’t be the only time someone’s requested not to work with another one of the guys before.”

“Okay, so you’re referring to the ‘Corey & Parker’ scene scheduled for Thursday, correct?”

“Yes, Corey–Mickey Milkovich.”

“You don’t want to work with Mickey Milkovich?”

“Correct.”

“One moment please.”

Ian was put on hold for a few minutes, and he wrung his free hand against his thigh, pacing around his living room as he waited, and then Don came on the line.

“Ian! How are you?”


“So what’s this I hear about you and Mickey? What happened there? You guys look great together. That last video’s been one of the top hits on the site ever since it went up!”

“I know, Don. That’s not the issue. It’s a personal thing. I don’t know how professional it is to go into detail.”

“Ian, my boy, you can’t let feelings get involved when it comes to the studio. You’re a smart guy, you should know that. What happened? You two get involved off camera?”

“Something like that. I freely admit it was a stupid thing to do, and I can assure you it won’t happen again. Can you please get someone else to partner with me on Thursday? If it’s easier, I’ll just step away and you can schedule someone else with him instead. I’ll take the hit if you can’t cast me somewhere else this pay cycle.”

“Look, I don’t mind making necessary exceptions here and there, but I can’t say this looks good on you requesting this. Did he do anything violent or criminal? Make you feel unsafe?”
Ian squeezed at the bridge of his nose in frustration. Fucking producers. All they cared about was their bottom line. “No, Don. He didn’t physically hurt me or threaten me. I’m not trying to report him as some kind of monster that shouldn’t be working on set, I just... It’d be a huge favor and I’d owe you one if I could just get a pass here.”

“Kid, it sounds like this is just a personal preference. I don’t know that I hear enough conviction in your voice to think you couldn’t handle yourself if we left it as is. You know how tightly scheduled everything is around here. Everything is cast the way it is and at the time it is for a reason. Our people are experts at the numbers and all the rest. You think you can get it together and pull through for me just this once? After this, we can schedule you a meeting with Mary and you two can discuss whether a ban on scenes between you and Mickey is necessary, okay? Don’t jeopardize your contract for something that you could swallow your pride on just for one day of work.”

Ian exhaled loudly, and bit his tongue to prevent himself from going off on an angry rant to a person he really shouldn’t do that to. “Fine,” he answered in a clipped tone.

“Atta boy! Sorry to hear about this drama between you kids. I hope you two can work it out, alright? Keep up the good work!”

He heard a click and the call was over. Ian was fucking fucked.

He walked onto set that Thursday with the weight of his apprehension bogging him down. He steeled himself as he made his way down the long hallway to the dressing room, bracing for the impact of seeing Mickey again.

He’d spent his time since the night they’d slept together trying to forget everything that had happened and all the unwanted emotions that had been stirred within him. He’d even gone out on a few disastrous dates he’d set up using hook-up apps just to see if he could get his self-confidence back. It hadn’t really done much good. Work had been okay, though. He’d even had a threesome scene a couple weeks back that had been particularly fun, and it had managed to lift his spirits for a good twenty-four hours before plummeting back down again. Still he was happy enough just to find that so long as Mickey wasn’t involved, he could still perform the way he needed to in front of the camera, and he was able to go through the motions as usual. It was almost mechanical really.

Nothing much had changed, he just felt like he was in a slump, and there was no reason for it other than Mickey’s actions and the way Ian had reacted to them. Mickey had made him feel inadequate and even a little worthless, and that had triggered a lot of buried emotions, making them spring up out of the dark recesses of his brain, and unleashing his deepest insecurities to gnaw away at the collected exterior he tried so hard to present to the outside world.

He turned the corner in nervous anticipation, hoping that Mickey hadn’t arrived yet and maybe he would get a bit more time to compose himself. He wanted to not have any visible reaction when they finally saw each other. He wanted to appear unaffected and over it, and ready to just treat this like a job he had to do because he was contractually obligated. At least that last part was the truth.

Alas, luck was not on his side that day. Mickey was sitting on the small couch in the corner of the room with his hands clasped awkwardly in his lap, his body oddly stiff, biting his lips and staring straight ahead at the wall. His eyes met Ian’s as soon as he registered him entering the room.

Ian quickly averted his gaze and kept walking to set his things down in a chair on the opposite side of the room.

“Hey,” he heard Mickey say behind him, and when he turned his head to look at him, he was standing, with one hand fidgeting against his leg. He looked surprised to see him for some reason, his
eyes wider than usual, and he bit his lip again.

Ian turned back toward his bag, muttering a quiet, “Hey.”

There was a pregnant pause, and as Ian sifted through the contents of his bag looking for an item he needed to return to Mickey, he wondered if he could actually go through with this after all. It already felt impossible. ‘This is going to be the saddest sex scene in the history of porn.’ But then again, if it was bad enough, it would probably put a natural end to the two of them being scheduled for scenes together, without even having to sit through an uncomfortable meeting about it.

“Listen, I just wanted to say–” Mickey began, but Ian swiftly turned around to cut him off.

“Don’t,” Ian said, holding up the light purple tie he’d found stuffed in his couch a few weeks back, and tossing it at him.

Mickey caught it, and stared at it. “Look, I–”

“Really. I mean it. Don’t say anything.”

“So we’re just s’posed to do this scene and not even say anything to each other?”

“That’s how it works, Mickey. It’s our job. Be professional.”

“Oh, ok. So this is just you bein’ professional then.”

“Yes. I should’ve kept to that code I had to begin with. It’s never failed me before.”

“Right. Of course.”

“Trust me,” Ian said with an unamused huff of laughter, “I tried to get out of this, but I couldn’t, so here we are. Can’t wait. See you on set.”

Ian turned and went into the bathroom to get ready, hoping Mickey wouldn’t try to follow him.

He didn’t.

A short while later, they were standing in their usual pre-shoot huddle in the middle of the set discussing what was about to go down in the scene. Ian had all but tuned out, his arms crossed severely across his chest, his gaze unfocused and lingering somewhere around people’s feet. The closer this all got to actually happening, the less he wanted to do it. Ian hadn’t felt this unsexy in a long time.


“Ian!”

He looked up to see everyone staring at him expectantly and Mickey had just said his name. He looked him dead in the eye.

“What the fuck?” said Ian.

“What?” asked Mickey.

“That’s the first time you’ve ever actually called me by my real name.”

“So?”
“So? So? Fuck you, Mickey! You’re such a goddamn asshole!” Ian yelled.

“I was tryin’ to fuckin’ apologize to you in there and you didn’t wanna hear it!” Mickey shouted back. “What the fuck do you want from me?”

“You’ve had eons of time to fucking apologize to me if you really wanted to. You only tried to now because we got fucking forced to do this piece of shit scene together, and I don’t fucking want to! I don’t wanna fuck you, and it’s fucked up that they’re trying to make me!”

“Oh, you think I’m just aching to fuck your miserable ass again? I didn’t wanna be here today either, dickhead!”

“No fucking shit! You made that abundantly clear when you escaped like a thief in the night after I accidentally made you feel things when we fucked the last time. Take your shitty apologies and shove them up your ass! They don’t mean anything to me.”

He suddenly realized that everyone else in the room was shuffling their feet, throwing shocked looks between themselves, mouths agape, eyes blinking rapidly, like they weren’t sure what they were supposed to do.

“Can everyone else please get the fuck out of this room right fucking now? Jesus Christ!” Mickey roared angrily, a vein popping out on his neck.

“I already told you I don’t wanna hear it from you,” Ian reiterated loudly as people briskly made their way out the door, heads bowed.

“Tough shit, asshole! You can’t throw a fucking temper tantrum on set and expect me not to have any say. Nice job maintaining your professional composure, by the way. Way to fucking go!”

“Fuck you, you started this! You started all of this because I bruised your goddamn ego on the day we met. It stuck in your fucking craw that I rejected you, and you couldn’t let it go. You couldn’t let it go until you got what you wanted, and then just like that, you walked away. You won! That’s all you cared about. I didn’t want you, and then you made me want you, and it was just a fucking game to you.”

“That is such bullshit! I wasn’t expecting that night to turn out the way it did either. I was just as surprised as you were. It wasn’t some premeditated fuck-and-run designed to get one over on you!”

“I’m not the one who fucking disappeared without a word! That’s the kind of shit you pull on strangers. . . one-night-stands. . . not people you actually fucking know! There are so many reasons why what you did was ultra-shitty. It’s ridiculous that you’re even trying to defend yourself.”

“Right, because most people just stand there and accept people irrationally yelling in their faces that they’re a shitty person.”

“You are a shitty person, though.”

“Why? Cuz I hurt your fragile fuckin’ feelings? Not everything is about you! Get over yourself!”

Ian rolled his eyes. “Oh my god! In what universe was it not about me? It was about both of us, that’s usually the case when there are two people involved in something.”

“Why do you suddenly care so fuckin’ much, huh? You’ve always acted like I was nothin’ but trash to you! You’re just upset because I didn’t succumb to your homo relationship fantasies, and act like some awestruck idiot when you deigned to let me into your inner sanctum. Guess what? Not every
guy you take home wants to fuckin’ marry you just cuz you got a nice cock.”

Ian took a step back as if he’d been struck. “Wow. Okay. I’m delusional? You’re a fucking phony. You wanna stand there and blame me for expecting too much? Okay, you’re right. I did expect too much from you. I should’ve known you were incapable, because you’re fucking empty. That’s why you don’t let people in. There’s just nothing there to begin with. All you’re ever gonna be to anyone is a nice, tight ass.”

He didn’t actually see it coming, even though he was almost craving it, but that’s when Mickey threw the first punch.

Time seemed to stand still for a moment, and Mickey immediately wanted to take it back. He’d hit Ian. His fist had made contact with his jaw and Mickey watched in horror as Ian’s head snapped back and he stumbled, almost falling to the floor.

Before Mickey could actually react in real time, Ian had righted himself and swung back, connecting with his temple and knocking Mickey for a loop. He fell back and caught himself on a table, instinct taking over as he lunged for Ian and tackled him to the floor. They grappled for dominance and Ian managed to get Mickey on his back. He felt another fist come down against his ribs and winced, throwing his forehead forward and head-butting Ian painfully, and when Ian groaned and reached up to grab his nose, Mickey took advantage and flipped him again, fighting to keep him pinned down, using the full weight of his body. Motherfucker was strong.

He looked down into Ian’s stormy eyes, seeing all the pent up fury gathered there, as he struggled to get out of the grip Mickey now had on his wrists. His nose was bleeding, and so was his lip. His legs were still squirming underneath him, and Mickey scooted so that he could hook his ankles over Ian’s knees to still him with his feet, but he couldn’t tear his gaze away from those eyes. And then he felt a twitch against the top of his thigh that betrayed the true intentions of Ian’s body. He was getting hard.

Mickey flicked his eyes downward and back up to Ian’s face, his hold on Ian’s arms slowly slackening. Without any further hesitation, he dove down and captured Ian’s bloody lip wetly with his mouth, hissing when he felt his own lip sting. It must’ve been cut as well. It was probably really fucking stupid of them to be mashing their freely bleeding mouths together like that, but he didn’t fucking care. His adrenaline was pumping full throttle, and now that the lust switch had been flipped, he couldn’t un-flip it. He needed to get off.

He felt Ian’s big hands snake down his back to grip his ass roughly, as their tongues moved together, tasting of iron and copper. Ian bit down on his injured lip, and Mickey yelped, pulling away. Ian’s mouth quirked at the corners as they watched each other, and Mickey knew that they should stop. They shouldn’t keep doing this fucking insane thing they were doing right the in the middle of where they were supposed to be working. They’d essentially shut down the fucking set and ruined their faces. They weren’t going to get away without consequences as it was. If the crew, who he imagined were still standing around outside trying to figure out what to do, were still listening in, hearing the two of them fucking on company time, and not actually filming it for profit, was just going to make it all worse.

He pulled his shirt over his head and threw it to the side, allowing Ian to push him over as he removed his own shirt and yanked down the sweatpants he was wearing. As soon as Mickey saw that big, hard cock spring free, he knew he didn’t care about any of the other thoughts in his head,
and he reached down to help Ian get his own pants down as well.

As soon as he was naked, Ian placed a hand between his legs, shoving a finger in unceremoniously and gasping at the ease with which it slipped all the way in. Mickey had gone ahead and prepped himself beforehand, knowing that Ian was pissed at him and figuring it would make it just a little bit easier not having to deal with that whole step of their interlude. Ian wasted no time adding a second finger, but Mickey reached down and grasped his hand.

“I’m good. Fuckin’ do it.”

Mickey’d barely let out another breath before Ian was driving his dick into him fully, all the gentleness of their most recent time together but a distant memory. Ian went hard and fast, taking Mickey by the ankles and spreading him wide as he pounded his hole. The carpet was rough on Mickey’s back, scratching against his skin until it burned. Ian looked almost possessed above him, and he knew a part of him thought he was doling out a punishment of sorts. Mickey wasn’t sure if it was producing the desired effect, though. He moaned loudly and reached above and behind him, gripping at the edge of a low table for leverage as Ian thrusted away mercilessly.

Ian was being almost eerily quiet, and Mickey wondered if he was even allowing himself to feel the pleasure of their union, or if he was still so fucking pissed that it was like some kind of second-nature task he was performing. He closed his eyes and held on, letting Ian do whatever he wanted to do. He didn’t have the energy to care anymore.

Mickey had let everything go to shit with one small cowardly act. He knew that Ian was right about that part. He’d beaten himself up plenty over the stupidity of the choice he’d made that morning when he’d given into his instincts for flight and self-preservation. There were numerous times over the following weeks that he’d considered going back to Ian’s house and trying to make it up to him, but he’d always chickened out. Instead, he’d done nothing. And then he’d gotten his regularly scheduled work email informing him that he was to have sex with Ian that very week for work purposes, and he’d almost had a fucking meltdown. He’d even thought about trying to call in sick or something. He figured that was probably a thing, even in this industry. He’d never done it before, but why the fuck not? He could’ve said he had some minor accident and had to stay in the hospital for observation. All kinds of possible excuses had crossed his mind, up to and including fictitious dead relatives, but in the end, he’d decided he was going to have to face Ian and try to bury the hatchet at some point, or else he was only prolonging the inevitable. So he bit the bullet and decided to go with it.

And now this was happening. They were probably both so fucking fired.

Without warning, he felt Ian pull out, heedlessly dropping Mickey’s legs to the floor, and when he opened his eyes he found him lying down on his back, stroking his cock. Mickey raised his upper body until he was in a sitting position, and met Ian’s eyes questioningly.

“Ride me,” he ordered.

Mickey rose up and crawled over Ian’s prone form, straddling him. He sunk down onto the leaking erection beneath him with a sigh as Ian held himself steady. Once he was fully seated, Ian gripped Mickey’s hips tightly, spurring him into action. He closed his eyes and bucked on Ian’s dick at a fast pace, his knees now taking the brunt of the abuse from the carpet below. His body was getting fucking wrecked in all this. But so was Ian’s. For some fucked up reason, that made him smile.

“The fuck are you smiling for?” Ian huffed out, jolting Mickey out of his reverie.

His eyes flew open and he met Ian’s intense gaze. “Shut the fuck up and take it.” He sped up and
pushed himself down more forcefully, pulling a loud groan out of Ian at last. “You fuckin’ love it, stop actin’ like you don’t.” Mickey’s voice was hoarse and breathy, but completely self-assured.

He saw Ian grin in spite of himself, and Mickey leaned down to kiss him once more.

“I fucking hate you,” Ian whispered when they broke apart, and he grabbed Mickey by the throat.

“You’re an asshole,” Mickey muttered back, and captured Ian’s lips again, biting on his wound in retaliation for the same move Ian had pulled on him earlier.

Ian hissed and laughed, then began thrusting upward into Mickey, their bodies meeting in the middle. Ian tightened the hand he had around his neck, and Mickey felt his prostate throb rapturously, moaning out loud.

“Fuck yeah, right there,” Mickey choked out, gasping for air.

Ian picked up the pace, and their eyes squeezed shut as they approached the finish line. Mickey pressed down with both hands into Ian’s chest, and let his nails scratch at the skin there as he lost himself in the moment. He could feel Ian’s cock start to pulse inside of him and he knew he was close, so he clenched his muscles around him purposely to prod him over the edge.

“Oh fuck, Mickey!” Ian cried out, releasing the grip on his neck as Mickey kept squeezing him rhythmically with his asshole. “Fuck. . . fuck. . . FUCK!”

As Mickey felt the rush of heat and wetness from Ian’s orgasm deep inside him, he reached down and began tugging furiously at his own dripping dick, continuing to bounce on Ian as he milked him dry. Ian’s hands began kneading roughly at Mickey’s thighs, and then he reached between his legs to massage Mickey’s balls, going lower to press and rub at his perineum as he palmed him.

“Oh shit!” exclaimed Mickey, and with a series of low grunts, he shot his cum all over Ian’s toned chest, and started slowing his movements, tapering off until he was motionless in Ian’s lap.

He opened his eyes and stared at Ian for a moment before collapsing down on top of him, sweaty and spent. They panted loudly, trying to catch their breaths, their upper bodies heaving against each other.

Mickey had no fucking clue what came next, but he felt Ian’s hands come up to soothe him, one rubbing against his lower back and hip, the other resolutely on one ass cheek.

“Goddamn,” Ian said, exhaling loudly.

“I know,” Mickey replied simply, his ear just above Ian’s heart, where he could hear the beat decelerating more and more as their bodies calmed themselves.

“What the hell are we gonna do now?” asked Ian.

Mickey shrugged against him. “Go get yelled at a bunch, I guess.”

When they finally emerged from the large closed living room set they’d just fucked in the middle of, most of the crew had dispersed, but there were a couple of stragglers, probably waiting to secure the equipment and survey for any possible damage. They wouldn’t meet their eyes though, and seemed to dawdle studying blank patches of drywall very intently as they waited for them to pass by. Mickey was almost embarrassed, but not quite. Not like these guys hadn’t seen every inch of him in action before anyway. Why should he care that they’d merely heard the sex noises this time? Maybe it should be weird that they’d overheard an intimate kind of verbal altercation more than anything, but
whatever, he had bigger things to worry about right now, like whether or not his ass was about to get canned.

They walked back to the dressing room, and the director, Eddie, was waiting for them patiently. He studied them for a moment taking in their visible injuries, and whistled in a long, comical sort of way as if to say ‘wow.’

“You two work things out then?” he asked with a scornful smirk and lilt to his voice.

Mickey was at a loss as to how he should reply, so he just shrugged his shoulders and rubbed his bottom lip with his thumb.

“Look, we know we’re gonna be in some shit for this,” he heard Ian say beside him, “so, what now?”

“Well, Patrick is expecting you both in his office ASAP, but maybe you should clean your fucking faces up first. I can send someone in if you need help with any of those cuts.”

“I know how to take care of this shit,” Mickey mumbled.

“It’s fine,” Ian agreed. “There’s supplies in the bathroom. We’re good.”

“Alright, then,” said Eddie, rising from his seat. “Good luck, guys.”

Mickey followed Ian into the bathrooms and they stripped and stepped into separate shower stalls. Once clean, they found peroxide, Neosporin, and bandages, standing side-by-side in silence and tending to their own wounds in the mirror.

Patrick was the production manager, so being sent to him in particular was not good. He definitely had the power to fire them on the spot if he thought it appropriate. Mickey continued to let Ian take the lead as he followed him over to Patrick’s office in a building adjacent to the studio. The receptionist waved them right in.

“Gentlemen,” Patrick said stonily as they entered the room. “Shut the door. Have a seat.”

Once they were in the leather chairs in front of the large glass-top desk, the man leaned back, crossing his arms behind his head in an overly casual way, and appearing even more intimidating. “Care to explain yourselves?”

Mickey almost wanted to laugh. What the hell could they possibly say that hadn’t already been said by whoever it was that had contacted him about their antics in the first place?

“I think it’s pretty self-explanatory, isn’t it?” Ian stated boldly from his left, and Mickey shot him a surprised look.

Patrick snorted derisively. “Yeah, I guess it is.” He paused. “That was some highly unprofessional shit you just pulled. I don’t really give two fucks about what any of you get up to outside of work. Frankly, it’s none of my business, but when you let it affect you here, that is precisely my business. Do you have any idea how much money you just lost the company over your little lover’s spat today? Hmm? No? Well, I’ll tell you, a lot more than you two assholes make in a month combined. We’re talkin’ labor from all the guys who had to stand around holdin’ their dicks while you two beat on each other while fucking on our property. Whole day wasted now, because you both look about as camera-ready as a pile of hot garbage, and make-up can’t do shit, but all those guys still gotta get paid. On top of that, we’re down one scene that ain’t gonna get made up, so that’s one less video generating viewership and driving subscriptions. It’s all too fuckin’ complicated to explain here, but
He paused, but neither Mickey, nor Ian had anything to add.

“Both of you should be fuckin’ fired right here, right now, as far as I’m concerned,” Patrick continued. “However. . . I’ve been talkin’ to Mary in HR, and Don gave me a call too. Said you tried to put a stop to the scene.” He was looking at Ian, and Mickey glanced over to him as well. “I guess you knew somethin’ bad was gonna go down and tried to prevent it. Don said he talked you out of it. Mary reckons he could’ve been more accommodating, and consulted with her before he talked you into goin’ through with it. So. . . since this whole thing could’a been avoided, and you did try to avoid it, we’re gonna cut the pair of you some slack. You can keep your contracts for now, but you’re both suspended for a month without pay.”

Mickey let out a sigh of relief, and heard Ian mumble a quiet, “Thanks.”

“But you’re on thin fuckin’ ice, and don’t forget it! Pull any shit even remotely resembling that again, and you’re done. Not just here, but all over fuckin’ town. I’ll personally make sure of it. I think it’s safe to say you won’t be doin’ any more scenes together goin’ forward, and you’re gonna have to work with Mary and sign off on some legal shit to cover all our asses over your little display of passion. It wouldn’t hurt to formally apologize for your actions either, but I’ll let you figure that out for yourselves.”

He leaned forward and stood up, so Mickey and Ian did the same.

“Now. . . get the fuck outta my office.”

“Thank you, sir,” Ian said, moving toward the door.

“Yeah, thanks,” Mickey echoed, following.

Once they’d retrieved their personal belongings and exited the studio, they stood awkwardly in the parking lot, eyeing each other and unsure of what to say. What a royal mind-fuck of a day.

“So. . .” Ian finally said, breaking the spell of silence. “Um, I guess I’m gonna head home.”

Mickey nodded. “Yeah, me too.”

“I, uh. . . I’m sorry it went down like that. I thought I could do the scene. I should’ve trusted my instincts and stood my ground about it.”

“Nah, it’s my fault. I’m sorry I hit you. I haven’t hit anyone in a long time.”

“I pushed you,” Ian admitted. “I would’ve hit me too. I kind of wanted you to hit me. Is that fucked up?”

Mickey snorted. “Definitely, but I was right there with you. I kind of wanted it too. Felt good in a weird way.”

Ian chuckled. “Yeah. As evidenced by the boners we popped, I guess.”

They both laughed.

“I guess I’ll see you around then,” Mickey said, pulling out his keys.

Mickey stood there and watched as he walked away.
Denouement

Chapter Notes

This is the end, my lovely friends. Thank you so much to everyone who has read, and especially to those that commented. Another insanely huge thank you to the lovely and hugely talented Corriver for the beautiful artwork!

Direct link to new art: Finale Art

And a shout to my daily co-conspirators who read it before it was published, Iveygotitbad and Unfinishedbusinessss. You guys are the best!

Longest chapter yet. Here we go... 

One week later, Mickey stood with his hand in a fist, poised to knock on the large oak door in front of him. He hesitated a moment longer, rubbing a foot back in forth on the welcome mat, thinking about what the fuck he was going to say. Finally, he let his knuckles rap against the wood, and took a step back to wait.

A minute later he heard running footsteps and stood a little bit taller as the door swung open.

“Mickey!” exclaimed Ash with a giant smile on his face. “Where the hell have you been? You’re like M.I.A. during the most vital portion of the pre-nuptial proceedings! That’s not good Best Man behavior.” He wagged a finger at him like some old geezer chastising a kid for playing on his lawn without permission.

“Sorry, Ash,” Mickey replied, stepping forward to hug the man.


“I do. I warned you two, though. I was never gonna be Mister ‘Yay! Weddings!’ no matter how much I care about you dolts.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. As long as you’re there next weekend, I forgive you.”

“I appreciate that,” Mickey said, rubbing a hand over the back of his neck uncertainly. “Scotty around?”

“Yep,” Ashton answered. “He’s in the backyard lounging with a fucking cocktail while I slave away on the last minute details in here. Apparently I’m playing the role of ‘bride.’”

Mickey snickered. “Ash, I’ve seen your dick multiple times. You ain’t no fuckin’ bride. I mean, I hope you ain’t, cuz you’d look stupid as fuck in a dress with all those beefy muscles.”

“Hey, did you see that picture of Alexander Skarsgård in drag at that movie premiere? Anyone would still bang him in make-up and a wig, no matter which way they swung. Don’t judge a book by its cover.”

“Are you really trying to advocate for doing your wedding in drag right now?”
“Eh, not really. Shut up.”

Mickey laughed and walked through to the side of the house where a sliding glass door led out to a large deck in front of an elliptical-shaped pool. Scott was indeed lounging his ass off, stretched out on a chaise with a frozen daiquiri in hand.

“This must be the life,” Mickey said, approaching from the side.

Scott looked over in surprise. “Mick! Been wondering when you were gonna get in touch with me, you asshole.”

“Yeah, yeah, I already apologized to Hubby in there, okay? I’ve had a lotta shit goin’ on lately.”

He sat down on the matching chaise longue next to Scott’s, leaning back on his hands.

“So I’ve heard,” Scott said knowingly.

Mickey rolled his eyes. “Course you did. Fuck!”

“Why didn’t you tell me yourself? It’s been over a week, yeah?”

“Yeah. I just . . . didn’t really know what to say. I got suspended. We both did. Lucky we weren’t fired, so I can’t really be mad. It was fuckin’ crazy though. Still can’t believe it happened.”

Scott snorted. “I can.”

“How’s that?” asked Mickey incredulously.

“Well, did you, or did you not run out on poor, precious Ian after you had . . . and I quote . . . ‘an amazing night’ together, brought to you by me and my killer machinations?”

“We’re not gonna talk about that whole thing again,” Mickey warned.

“Why? Cuz it has nothing to do with the rest of it?”

“Obviously it does.”

“Okay then, what did you think was gonna happen? You were never gonna see him again? Or that you would see him and he wouldn’t care? You wouldn’t care either? What?”

“I don’t fuckin’ know, Scott. That’s probly why I’m here talkin’ to your ass.”

“So you can ignore the advice I give you, like last time when you told me about running out on him? I told you to go and talk to him, did I not? But nooooo. . . Mickey couldn’t take a chance like that. He had to let it all blow up in his face first.”

“Fuck you, I didn’t do it on purpose.”

“Maybe not, but you did do what was easiest, and easiest usually isn’t the best option to take. So again . . . I ask you . . . What did you expect?”

“Well, I didn’t fuckin’ expect us to beat each other’s asses and then fuck on the floor while everyone stood around outside gawking!”

A moment of silence passed, and they both burst out laughing.
“Man, I wish I could’a been there!” Scott boomed. “Too bad the site isn’t into kinky shit. Could’a made some money if the cameras had stayed rolling.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, it’s real fuckin’ hilarious that I’m so fucked in the head that I get turned on by punchin’ dudes in the face.”

“Oh, Mick. That’s not what it is. You’re both just dumb kids who don’t know how to handle emotions properly, so you resort to the unhealthy reactions that you’re familiar with.”

“Jesus, don’t start in with the Psych 101 stuff, please.”

“You came to me for a reason, so either listen or don’t.”

“Just tell me what you think I should do.”

“What do you wanna do?”

“If I knew that, I wouldn’t be askin’ you!”

“Okay, then, let’s do a simple process of elimination,” reasoned Scott. “If you wanted to do nothing, you wouldn’t be here asking me what to do. If you didn’t give a shit about him, you wouldn’t even be thinking about it anymore. Therefore, we must conclude that A, you wanna do something about it, and B, you totally give a big ol’ shit about him. So I guess my advice would be, ‘Go get him, tiger.’”

“Could you be any gayer? Holy shit.”

“Marrying a dude you fuck regularly is probably the gayest thing any man could do, so I suppose I couldn’t.”

“Well, whatever happens, I hope you know I’m not gonna be exchangin’ rings or vows with any-fuckin’-body. Ever. So don’t start gettin’ pushy on me after you’ve done the dirty deed.”

“Mick, you and the boy you don’t wanna admit you’re totally falling for just beat each other up as foreplay. I’m gonna agree with you that you’re not the marrying kind quite yet. It doesn’t matter whether you’ll ever be. Just find someone who wants the same things as you. Maybe this guy does. You’ll never fucking know if you don’t talk to him. You’ve gotta take a risk and open up to someone who isn’t me one of these days. Either do it with him, or pussy out again and shut the fuck up about it forever.”

“Damn, Scotty. Am I that annoying?”

“Well, you’ve been basically ignoring me since Ash and I got engaged, and you’ve been using me as your ‘rom-com sidekick relationship sounding board’ every time you have come around lately, so yeah, mildly annoying.”

“But when have I ever done that to you before?”

“Never. That’s why I’ve given you this one-time pass. Now... will you please get the hell out of here and go run into Ian’s open arms? And bring him to the fucking wedding, for shit’s sake! We still have a plus one saved for you, despite your many protests.”

Mickey sighed and shook his head, hesitating where he sat. “What if...”

“What if what?”
“What if he doesn’t actually want me like that? Maybe it’s like some whole other trip for him and I was wrong about that night.”

“Mick, I’m telling you, all signs point to the feelings being mutual. But if they’re not, then they’re not. And at least you’ll know, and you can move on. So please stop moping and go figure it out. My shop is now closed for the day.”

Mickey snickered. “Alright, fine, I’ll get outta your fuckin’ hair.” He stood.

“Good. You better call me first thing tomorrow though. I had to hear all this boring ‘will they/won’t they’ crap, I want the juicy details of the happy ending too.”

“Fuck off,” Mickey threw over his shoulder, flipping him off as he walked away.

Mickey pulled up outside of Ian’s house about a half an hour later, feeling both relieved and apprehensive about the lights being on throughout the house, and Ian’s car being in the driveway. If he was alone in there, they could finally have it out once and for all, but there was always the chance that Ian wasn’t alone. He could have any and all manner of company with him, and that would make saying what Mickey wanted to say pretty fucking awkward, depending on the circumstances. He let out a long, heavy breath and drummed his thumbs against the steering wheel, staring at Ian’s large, backlit, curtained front window until he saw a shadow pass in front of it.

“Fuck it,” he said loudly, disturbing the still air inside the car. He banged his hand on the wheel one more time and got out, striding up the pathway purposefully, not allowing himself any more time to be nervous, or worse, to talk himself out of the whole thing again.

Without pausing, he knocked loudly on the door as soon as he stepped in front of it. He barely had time to brace himself, before it was swinging open to the sight of a stunned Ian Gallagher. His big green eyes were so wide you could see his full irises on display, and his appealing pink mouth was hanging open in a slightly comical way.

Before Ian could say anything, Mickey was blurting out, “You wanna come to Scott and Ashton’s wedding with me on Saturday?” in a clumsy rush.

“I . . . I . . . What?”

“I wouldn’t ask anyone else. If you don’t wanna, I’m goin’ alone like I planned on in the first place.”

“I . . . I . . .”

“You, you?”

“I don’t know what to say, Mickey. I didn’t even know if I’d ever see you again. I wasn’t expecting you to just show up on my doorstep like this. Maybe gimme a minute to adjust to this reality?”

Mickey snorted and broke into a smile. “Yeah, I guess I can do that. You gonna invite me in then, big guy?”

Ian’s mouth quirked and he rolled his eyes bashfully, as he stepped back to make room in the doorway so Mickey could pass by.

“Can I get you anything?” asked Ian as he closed the door. “I’m drinking beer.”

Mickey shuffled toward the couch, noting the Sierra Nevada on the table, and the paused Netflix frame on the TV.
“Yeah, beer sounds good,” he replied.

He heard the clanking of glass in the kitchen and the pop of the bottle being uncapped as he settled himself into the comfort of Ian’s oversized, pillowy sofa.

“Hoppin’ night in you got goin’ on here, Gallagher,” Mickey teased as Ian handed him his beer and sat down next to him.

Ian looked good all lounging around in his home like that. He was wearing these dorky plaid pajama pants, and a thin old tee shirt that Mickey could tell was extra soft, slightly curled and frayed at the edges where someone had cut off the sleeves, the collar, and the bottom hem a million years ago, littered with those little tell-tale holes that only come from a billion machine washes over the course of a twenty year stretch. He was also barefoot, and while Mickey wasn’t a foot fetish kind of a dude, he appreciated it as part of the casual, everyday Ian vibe emanating from that end of the couch.

“Lucky for you, I guess,” Ian answered with a shrug, “otherwise I wouldn’t be here.”

An excellent point. “Yeah, you’re right. Besides, I wouldn’t be doin’ much different if I were at my place.”

“Haven’t taken up any hobbies in the wake of our forced unpaid vacation?” Ian taunted.

Mickey was taken aback by how much he liked hearing Ian say ‘our’ in reference to the two of them, but he tried not to let it show. “Have you?” he deflected, taking a swig of his beer.

“Plenty. I put up a hammock in the backyard and installed misters and everything, and I’ve been lying out there reading an actual book for fun, and I started coloring in those adult coloring books with fine point markers. I also potted those plants over there in that corner,” he says, pointing, “as an experiment to see if I can keep a living thing alive or not. If I’m successful, I may get a cat.”

“Profession aside, you’re probably the most boring person I’ve ever met in my life.”

Ian laughed genuinely in a way that sent a faint ripple of weakness coursing through Mickey’s body. Ian already had him at ease and remembering exactly why he couldn’t get the ginger idiot out of his head, as much as he’d tried for fucking months to do so. Ian was so attractive and inviting when he let his guard down.

“Why are you asking me out then, if I’m so boring?” Ian challenged, but his face was still relaxed, and Mickey knew he was taking no actual offense.

“Maybe I’m tryin’ to rescue you from these obvious doldrums,” Mickey replied, gesturing broadly at Ian and his house.

“Yeah, you’re a real humanitarian,” quipped Ian.

“Looks like you’re healin’ up pretty nice.” Ian’s bruising was faded enough to be subtle, and the scabs from his cuts were thin and clean.

Ian instinctively reached for his nose and then ghosted his fingers over his lip. “Yeah, bruising is disappearing now, and the cuts are closing up. I know how to take a few hits. You look good too. I’m glad I didn’t scar that pretty cheekbone.” He grinned lasciviously.

Mickey was grateful to be able to slide back into a comfortable repartee with Ian, but he knew that if he was going to get Ian to actually trust him and give him another chance, he was going to have to say something real.
“No worries, man. I’m pretty well versed in takin’ a beating myself. Look…” he began, “I want you to know that I’m really sorry about leavin’ that morning without sayin’ anything. I know that apology kinda got lost in everything that happened last week, but I did mean it. I mean it even more, now. If I could go back and do things differently, I wouldn’t’ve been such a giant pussy about that night.”

Ian’s expression sobered and he tore his gaze away from Mickey’s, roaming it aimlessly around the room. “Was I at least right about why you did leave? Were you scared?”

Mickey looked away from Ian as well. “I guess maybe I was, yeah. I’m not good at things that ain’t. . . casual. I mean. . . I’ve never had a boyfriend before, really. I’m not good at feelings, or whatever.”

“Well, yeah, I kind of figured that part out for myself, but you made me feel like shit, Mickey. I never like anyone this way, and when you rejected me, I convinced myself that I was crazy and it was totally one-sided.”

“It wasn’t ever one-sided, Ian. I always wanted more of you, remember? Since day one.”

“Wanting my dick isn’t the same thing as wanting me,” declared Ian.

“Yeah, but that’s what I’m sayin’ . . . Looking back, it wasn’t just about sex. I wanted to know you. And every time I saw you again, I wanted to know you more. I still feel that way.”

“But why do you wanna get together now all of a sudden? What made you change your mind?”

“You kiddin’ me? Last week was insane. You may recall?”

Ian chuckled again. “Yeah, but you didn’t say anything after. . . in the parking lot. You just left.”

“I think I was still in shock. I needed time to get over it, I guess. I didn’t even go talk to Scotty about it until today, just before I came here.”

“I knew it!” exclaimed Ian, jerking back and clapping his hands once in emphasis. “He’s the one who told you to ask me to the wedding, cuz he’s a romantic.”

“Okay, fine, you got me there, but I wouldn’t ask you if I didn’t want to, and I do. I want you there. It’ll be a lot more fun.”

Ian smiled wide, and Mickey felt his own face mirror it of its own accord.

“You realize if you blow it this time, I’m not giving you another shot, right?” Ian said, arching an eyebrow at him.

“That’s fair, I guess, but you’re probly gonna have to give me some leeway, cuz I will fuck up sometimes, that I can guarantee.”

“Don’t run away, and it’ll work out okay eventually,” sparred Ian.

“And probly don’t punch each other in frustration either, huh?”

Ian cackled. “Yeah, that’s a good one. Let’s not make each other bleed again if we can help it.”

A silence settled in momentarily and Mickey took a sip of his beer, shaking a leg in agitation. Finally, he spoke, “So?”

“So what?”
“So you haven’t given me an actual answer, asshole! You comin’ with me or not?”

“I don’t know. I mean, am I gonna be able to escort you down the aisle? Cuz that might be a deal-breaker for me.”

“The aisle? What? You’re not in the fuckin’ wedding with me, genius, you’re just gonna sit in the cheap seats in the back ‘til I’m done with all the cheesy crap.”

“But I bet if I asked real nice, they’d let me just trot you down to the altar real quick. I mean, all I gotta do is explain to Ash that I simply need to have the visual idea of what it’ll look like when you and I tie the knot eventually.”

Mickey’s brain felt like it was short-circuiting and he couldn’t really process an acceptable response. He was pretty sure he was gaping like a dumb-looking cartoon fish, kind of like Ian had when he’d first opened the door.

“I mean,” Ian continued, “I know they’re into this whole beach theme or whatever, but to me that’s so obvious for California. I’m thinking you and I are more mountain people. We’ll find some epic place up North, close to San Fran, so we can have like an extra-gay pre-wedding event marathon in The Castro leading up to the nuptials.”

Mickey’s throat was super dry and he blindly reached for his forgotten beer, taking a few large and hasty gulps in rapid succession. Was he fucking sweating? His hands felt unnaturally clammy. His eyes darted anywhere and everywhere in the room that wasn’t in Ian’s general vicinity.

“Uhhhhhh. . .” He didn’t even realize he was making a noise really, his mind was a few lightyears out in the fucking exosphere. And then he heard a muffled noise coming from Ian’s direction, and he did a double take. The fucker was smiling all huge, struggling to hold in his laughter, eyes watering at the corners in his restraint. And as a sudden wave of relief washed over him, Mickey exhaled loudly and shook his head, unable to stop a toothy smile from spreading across his own face.

“You’re a fuckin’ dick!”

Ian finally let loose with a giant peal of laughter, grabbing at his belly and everything. Mickey rolled his eyes, but couldn’t help laughing with him.

“I should’ve snapped a picture of your face! I’ve never seen such a look of pure terror in all my life. You almost went catatonic!”

“Shouldn’t this be like some kind of sign against giving me a shot?” Mickey asked truthfully.

Ian just shrugged. “Why? Cuz you’re freaked the fuck out by the idea of marriage? Don’t worry, I kinda am too. Never really envisioned all that for myself, you know?”

“You sure you ain’t just sayin’ that?”

“Why would I lie?”

Mickey exhaled audibly again. “That’s a huge fuckin’ relief. I don’t know if I’ll ever be that guy. You should just know that now.”

“It’s alright, Mick,” Ian replied confidently. “I know.”

Mickey couldn’t help but wonder if that was really true. There was so much more he would have to learn about Ian to find out. Plus, in the end, Mickey couldn’t be faulted if Ian claimed to take his word for something, but actually expected the opposite to be true. That would be totally on Ian.
“I’ll go to the wedding with you,” Ian stated, breaking into his musings.

Mickey grinned. “Yeah?”

“Of course! It’s a rich, gay wedding in fucking Malibu, you don’t have to twist my arm or anything. Even if I loathed you, I’d probly say yes.”

Mickey’s eyebrows tacitly responded for him.

“I don’t, though!” added Ian, reaching out to pull Mickey closer to him. “I don’t loathe you like even a little bit.”

“Not even a little bit?” Mickey said incredulously.

“Maybe a little bit, but it’s a mostly insignificant bit at this point. It’ll probly die out soon.”

Mickey couldn’t help himself, he scooted forward and pressed up against Ian, almost in his lap, and kissed him long, firm, sweet, and chaste. No tongue, no forcefulness, no burning desire to shed their clothes. There wasn’t even a hard-on in his pants. Mickey just felt content.

One of Ian’s large hands was holding him by the side of his head, and it was so warm and soft, yet strong and perfect feeling, like that hand made sense on the side of his face.

They pulled back to look at one another, and Mickey smirked. “So... What’re ya watchin’, Red?”

Ian beamed. “Luke Cage. I just started it. I can go back to the beginning if you want.”

“Yeah? Okay.”

They ended up lying tangled up on that couch all night, binging on superhero episodes, both drifting off to sleep at some ungodly hour, and it was Mickey who got Ian to get up and head to the bedroom. A brief flash of panic crossed Ian’s sleepy visage when he thought that Mickey meant to head home, but Mickey just reached for his hand and helped him up, leading the way to his bed. Once they were beside it, Ian was about to climb in, but paused to watch Mickey undressing. A little muted smile slipped out, and Ian grabbed the bottom of his shirt to yank it off and toss aside, pulling the covers back from the mattress and diving in with the grace of an over-sized, sleep-walking toddler. Mickey kept his underwear on, climbed inside, and molded himself to Ian’s back, taking the first position as Big Spoon.

The remainder of the week seemed to fly by, and soon enough Saturday had arrived. Ian awoke relatively early, and lied in bed staring at the dust particles dancing in the bright light slipping through the curtains over his bedroom window, thinking about the last six days he’d spent with Mickey.

They’d seen each other every day, only spending one night apart, and it had been because Mickey insisted he had to get things done around his house. Ian didn’t question it or anything, just figured Mickey legitimately needed some space. He did everything he could to keep his mind occupied with non-Mickey-related things while they were separated, so that he didn’t spend all of his alone time pining like a codependent weirdo. Mickey hadn’t said anything so forward and heartfelt as “I missed you,” when he came over the next day, but he had pretty much thrown Ian down and sexed him up immediately upon arrival. They had definitely been in ‘do it all the time’ mode anyway, but Ian could
still read between the lines.

He hadn’t been over to Mickey’s place at all yet, so Ian had made it clear the previous night that he was going to have to be asked over within the next couple weeks, or else. Ian had been burned before, dating guys that would always make excuses as to why he couldn’t see their homes, and while he didn’t suspect Mickey of anything like having a secret wife, or living in an heavily armed drug den, he needed to know that the guy he was already getting serious with so quickly would be willing to actually open up to him over time. He figured seeing where Mickey lived was important in that sense. Mickey didn’t get uptight about it when confronted, which was a good sign. He’d simply said he liked Ian’s place and it had more space with the yard and everything, so he didn’t mind hanging out there more. He even said they could stay over at his apartment next weekend if Ian wanted.

That night, they were staying in a room at the swanky hotel in Malibu where the Kens were getting married. It was a gift to Mickey that Scott had sprung on him at the last minute, saying he’d had extra wedding party rooms booked a while back and that he’d moved him to the best room in the group outside of the grooms’ so that he could impress Ian. They were going to have a killer view of the beach. Ian was going to get absolutely silly on champagne, since he didn’t have to worry about passing out.

He shifted slightly in the bed, and felt Mickey stir to his left, glancing over to see him blinking his eyes open, countenance all cute and sleep-ridden.

Ian smiled. “Hey.”

“Ey,” croaked Mickey, slowly sitting up and reaching for the glass of water on the bedside table next to him.

“You ready for the big day?” Ian asked, as Mickey gulped down most of the water.

Ian stuck his hand out for the remainder, and Mickey handed it over as he responded, “Ain’t my fuckin’ day.”

“Yeah, but it’s your best friend’s wedding. You have to go through all the motions with him.” He swallowed the rest of the water down.

Mickey sighed heavily. “Fuck, I don’t think I am ready for this.”

Ian tittered, and maneuvered himself closer to Mickey, handing back the glass so he could set it back on the table for him. “You’ll be fine. They love you just the way you are.”

“Isn’t that a cheesy song from the seventies?” Mickey cringed.

“It’s true, though. Don’t be nervous, just make sure that Scott and Ash have a really fun day. They don’t expect anything from you that you can’t deliver.”

“You barely even know me, yet, Gallagher.”

“Yeah, well, I’m on the fast track to getting there, like it or not. What time do you have to be at the place?”
“Should probly get there around noon, I guess.”

“Oh yeah?” Ian asked, his voice tinged a shade seductively.

Mickey snorted, seeing right through him. “Yeah.”

“So we’ve got time then.”

“Looks like it.”

Ian loved morning sex. There was no better way to start the day, as far as he was concerned, and sex with Mickey first thing in the morning was even better than sex with anyone else. Mickey was an amazing bottom, because he had it in him to take it and give it any which way. He could be bossy or submissive, depending on the mood or situation. In the mornings they had the perfect amount of laziness between them. Mickey went all soft and pliant. They usually stayed on their sides, either facing each other, or front to back, and Ian would move their legs around however it struck him, and he would rub his hands all over Mickey’s thick thighs and ample ass, moving inside of him slow and strong, which Ian was finding to be their best setting.

Mickey left shortly after their A.M. interlude to head home and get himself presentable. He was going to change into his tux later, but he had to shower and gather all his things for the overnight. Ian was meeting up with him in the late afternoon to check out their room and start reaping the benefits of the fancy-ass suite they had waiting for them.

The hotel was super modern and sleek with a classic cliffside view of the ocean, and adjacent landscaped gardens that were perfect for unconventional posh nuptials. Ian’s car was valeted and he waited in the lobby with his bags, calling Mickey to come down and get him since he assumed the room was in his name and he wasn’t sure if he’d checked in yet or not.

It turned out they were still outside with the photographer taking pictures, and Mickey swept in looking downright edible in the perfectly tailored, relaxed tux look his friends had handpicked for him. Ian flagrantly scanned Mickey from head to toe various times over as he approached. He was in black slacks and a cream colored jacket with black lapels, piping, and buttons, over a white shirt and black satin skinny tie. Ian felt a thrill run through him, and he didn’t even try to stop himself from pulling Mickey straight to him bodily as soon as he was within reach.

Mickey huffed out a laugh. “Uhhh, hi.”

Ian smiled big. “Hi.” He leaned in and kissed him with the sort of toned down passion you could get away with in a hotel lobby, lips forceful and assertive, but not parted. “You look fucking hot,” he added when he pulled back.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Thanks. I knew I had to keep up with your ass, so I put some effort in,” Mickey replied with a smirk, rubbing Ian’s lower back as they searched each other’s eyes.

“That’ll do, pig,” jested Ian.

“Fuck you!” Mickey said with a snort as he pushed the redhead away from him.

Ian cackled at his own joke and followed Mickey to the reception desk. They were all checked in, but Mickey had put Ian’s name on the room as well and left him a key. In his haste, he’d just
forgotten to text that info to Ian. The woman recognized him from earlier and handed over the set aside envelope with the second room key.

“You should head up and hang for a bit. We’re almost done with the pictures, and then I should be free for a couple hours before things get crazy again.”

“Oh yeah?” asked Ian, voice going all low the way it did when he wanted to fuck. “We got some more time?”

Mickey shook his head with a smirk. “Yeah, horndog, I think we do.”

“Good,” Ian said, leaning in briefly for a quick peck before he started backing away. “I’ll be waitin’ for ya.” He gave him a wicked smile and turned heel to head for the elevators.

Ian had stayed in some fancy hotels before, always with men a lot more successful than him, but this was much more his style than any he’d stayed in previously. It was elegant and minimal, and they had a corner room with windows so large, they spanned the entirety of both the outside walls, but didn’t go floor to ceiling. In fact, they were just the right height off the ground for discretion. Ian couldn’t help smiling as he pushed the curtains all the way back so that the room was flooded with light, and he was surrounded by beautiful panoramic views of the beach below and the mountains the building was perched on. He leaned up against the ledge facing the water and studied the horizon where the deep blue of the distant ocean met the light blue of the all-encompassing sky.

This was one of the reasons why he loved California. Looking out that far into open spaces made him feel like there was infinite possibility for some reason. He could see himself just buying a sailboat one day, selling everything else he owned off, and drifting across the ocean on some unknown adventure, never to return to the same place again.

He walked back over to his bags and took them over to the closet and dresser where Mickey already had a few things spread out. He took his suit out of its garment bag and hung it up. He would be wearing black slacks like Mickey, but his jacket was a deep eggplant color with lilac shaded accents and his tie was a shade of purple somewhere between the two. He set his duffle bag next to Mickey’s on the dresser, retrieving only the bottle of lube, and tossing it on the bed.

Now all he had to do was get naked and wait.

He must’ve dozed off after settling himself in atop the plush bedding, because the next thing he knew, his eyes were fluttering open to the soft touch of lips trailing from the underside of his foot, up his calf, to the back of his knee, over his thigh, across his ass, and all the way along his spine to the nape of his neck.

“Rise and shine, big guy,” Mickey rasped softly in his ear, ruffling his hair affectionately, then trailing his hand along Ian’s side to knead the butt-cheek he’d just had his mouth on. He could feel the heat of Mickey’s bare skin against his back and legs.

Ian smiled gently, basking in the attentiveness, his cheek still warmly ensconced in the pillow beneath him. “You takin’ care of me?” he inquired of Mickey.

“You want me to take care of you?”

“Mmmm, wouldn’t mind it or anything, but I really wanna fuck you from behind in front of that window.” He didn’t bother gesturing to the one he was referring to.

“Obviously,” affirmed Mickey, “but I can warm you up, first.”
He pulled away abruptly, settling his face right up into Ian’s ass, mouthing at his hole without preamble.

Ian sniggered, raising his pelvis up a bit from the mattress. Mickey pulled him up by the hips, brought him in close, and went to town, licking and sucking at Ian until he was hard and writhing on the bed.

“Need to fuck you,” Ian managed to utter raggedly.

Mickey pulled away and flipped Ian over, diving down to kiss him dirtily, grinding his erection up against him. Ian’s strong arms enveloped Mickey tightly, hands skimming over the planes of his back, and squeezing on that pert ass he couldn’t get enough of. He then rolled them over as they remained locked at the lips, unwrapping himself from around Mickey, so he could reach for the lube he’d placed on the nightstand earlier. They resumed making out as Ian prepped Mickey to take his cock, swallowing the moans emitted from underneath him as he rubbed Mickey’s sweet spot.

Mickey pulled away after a few minutes of Ian’s long, wet fingers twisting inside of him, shuddering, “I’m good, Red.”

Ian breathed heavily as he got up and pulled Mickey over to the window ledge, bringing him against his chest and spinning them so that Mickey was pressed up against the wall. Ian went back in for another deep kiss, massaging Mickey’s scalp, and controlling the movements of his head as their mouths moved together.

Mickey was so intoxicating. Ian was absolutely positive now that he’d never had it so good with anyone he’d ever been with before, and the thought that their sex could just keep getting better the closer they became almost scared him, because he couldn’t see how they could reach any greater heights. Ian envisioned a hypothetical day when they would eventually make each other weep with bliss as they came together, both having just realized they’d finally achieved the perfect union.

He backed up just enough to grab Mickey around the waist and twist him so he could brace his front against the window ledge. Ian pressed up against him once more, hooking his chin over Mickey’s left shoulder, and they gazed out at the vast sapphire sea and the perfect summer day clouds in front of them.

He pulled on Mickey’s hips and prodded his foot lightly with his toes to get him to widen his stance, bringing him into a more comfortable position for Ian to line up with. He reveled in the small sound of Mickey’s breath hitching as he was breached, and the whiney sigh that followed as he pushed all the way in.

“Oh, god,” Ian gasped as he began thrusting.

It was like fucking against the backdrop of a living postcard. Mickey started pushing back against him in tandem and they built up to their familiar rhythm. Ian almost laughed, because in motion like that it almost seemed like they were flying or something. And then he did laugh when he heard Mickey release a genuine giggle in front of him.

“What?” Ian breathed out, grunting as he pistoned his hips.

“How many people you think are fuckin’ in these hotel windows right now?” Mickey managed to grunt out through labored breaths, never stopping his own gyrations into Ian’s lap.

They both chuckled, losing the beat for a moment. “All the smart ones, I guess.”

From there on out, it was only gasps and moans, and the sounds of skin on skin. And as Ian came
hard inside of Mickey, he watched the far off waves and imagined a future that was suddenly limitless and filled with the endless potential that had always eluded him.

A couple short hours later, Ian was sitting through the nuptials, trying really hard not to just openly stare at Mickey the whole time. Despite all his protestations against the idea of marriage, and his overall perpetual display of not really caring, Mickey had an adorable little grin on his face throughout the ceremony. Ian could tell he was truly happy for his friends, and that basically confirmed exactly everything he needed to know about Mickey. It felt like it was okay to let go and be at ease with what was happening between them. . . like maybe there was nothing to be afraid of.

Scott and Ash looked radiant and flawless in two different shades of gray, one light, one dark. They couldn’t keep their eyes off each other, and Ian thought it was probably the sweetest thing he’d ever seen. They even recited their own vows, without managing to sound cheesy or cliche, and Ian only caught one half-hearted eye-roll from Mickey.

The reception kicked off without a hitch, and Ian found himself seated at the main wedding party table so that he could be with Mickey for the dinner portion. They were in a larger adjacent outdoor space to where the ceremony had been held, and the sky was darkening faster and faster, though the moon shone bright overhead. There were various arty displays of clear glass lamps scattered throughout the area, and exposed strings of fancy-looking bulbs weaved through a loose vine canopy above them, radiating precisely the right amount of low luminescence. The string quartet from the ceremony played softly in the background. Everything looked, sounded, and tasted amazing.

Ian even managed to hit it off with the grooms’ parents and siblings with complete ease, finding himself particularly popular with the female faction of relatives. Scott and Ash both had the kind of progressive, California yuppy families that were totally on board with their relationship. There was a really nice air of happiness circulating that only materialized at the best of weddings, and Ian was getting a little drunk off of the high emotions alone, fighting not to make googly eyes at Mickey as he listened to everyone crowing about true love. It was way too fucking early for anyone to imply love, so he knew he had to reign it in.

It was a pretty small group all in all, with only close friends and family having been invited. He figured it was less than fifty guests total, but he could tell that Mickey was still nervous about having to give a public speech. Ian found it pretty adorable really, especially given that Mickey performed live sex acts for a living, and there was a fairly good chance that a decent amount of people in that very group had probably seen a close-up of his actual asshole before, in full HD resolution. Ian thought about reminding him of that fact, but didn’t want it to backfire and make him even more self-conscious, so he just kind of petted him, mainly on the thigh or the lower back.

Once it was time, Mickey put on a good show, and Ian didn’t get why he’d even been worried about it in the first place. He kept it natural and simple, and he was funny and sweet, concluding with, “I tried to think of the nicest and most sincere thing I could say today, and what I came up with boils down to this: I’ve never known anyone as in love as you two. The simplicity of the way you are together is truly a beautiful thing. Congratulations on lockin’ that shit down. To the grooms!”

Ian really knew he was done for after that. He was so dazed, he’d forgotten to raise his glass. He felt a sort of tingling in his stomach and lower extremities, and his head went all swimmy. Mickey had smiled at him all cute and toothy when he sat back down, and even kissed him on the cheek like it was no big deal.

Mickey Milkovich was very rapidly ruining him for anybody else.

They drank a lot of champagne during dinner, and kept it flowing when the DJ came on and all the dancing started. Mickey refused to join in, so they watched and laughed, waiting for the whole cake
thing to happen. Ian was feeling bubbly and carefree.

He leaned into Mickey and asked lowly in his ear, “You wanna walk down to the beach for a bit?”

Mickey pulled back and gave him a knowing look, all arched eyebrow reaching for the sky.

Ian rolled his eyes, meeting his gaze pointedly. “Not everything is about sex.”

Mickey’s face remained unchanged, staring at Ian unblinkingly without so much as a twitch of his lips.

Okay, maybe it could be about sex, but it could also not be. No means no.”

A snort slipped out of Mickey at that, and he shook his head, standing and pulling Ian away towards the path that led down the hillside. They’d wound up doing it behind some large boulders a decent distance away from the shore, spurred on by the sultry sounds of crashing waves; trying hard as shit in the dark of the night not to get any cum on their black pants.

They’d brought a bottle of champagne down with them, and laughed their way back up the steep, winding stairway, passing it back and forth. Ian noticed that Mickey had relaxed considerably, between all the sparkly, and the sex, and being done with the dreaded toast. It was now or never. He left him with the excuse that he had to use the bathroom, which he in fact did, and discreetly made a stop at the DJ booth on his way back.

He sat there for a couple of songs, joking around with Mickey, before he heard his request begin.

\[Don’t go changin’, to try and please me\]

“Alright, Mick, you’re up,” Ian stated, rising from his chair and offering Mickey his hand.

Mickey fixed him with a look of pure confusion. “The fuck are you doin’?”

“You’re gonna dance at least one fucking song with me, and I handpicked this one, so it’s time. You have to.”

Mickey paused to listen with a scrunched up face, like he was about to completely rip into Ian’s horrific taste in music, until he heard the next lines.

\[I took the good times, I’ll take the bad times\]

\[I love you just the way you are\]

Realization dawned on his face, and his eyes fixed on Ian’s. “I’m gonna fuckin’ murder you, Gallagher.”

“Don’t make me throw you over my shoulder, asshole,” Ian challenged. “You know I’ll do it.”

Mickey gave a big, drawn out, long-suffering sigh, and shot up to his feet. “Remember this moment,” he warned, pointing his finger at Ian and planting it in his chest. “It’s once in a fuckin’ lifetime.”

Ian beamed, and grabbed his hand, shuffling them to the middle of the dance floor quickly. He took Mickey by the waist dramatically, and pulled him close. They swayed together awkwardly, laughing and scoffing at the choice of song for their only dance, and Mickey even let Ian get away with twirling him around a couple times during the sweet, sweet sax solos. Ian felt like if he smiled anymore that night his mouth might fall off, or stretch right off the edges of his face. The muscles in
his cheeks were aching. He caught sight of Scott at one point and gave him a small wave over Mickey’s back.

When the song ended, Ian of course took a strong hold of Mickey and dipped him theatrically low to the ground.

“That was the cheesiest moment of my fucking life,” Mickey intoned, once Ian let him up.

“Shut up, you loved it,” Ian said, snaking his hands down to Mickey’s ass and squeezing it roughly. They laughed again, and Ian allowed Mickey to pull away.

“I gotta take a piss now,” said Mickey. “Go find us another bottle of the good stuff. We’re goin’ balls to the wall, tonight.”

Ian chortled as he watched him walk away, and looked around, only to see Scott beckoning him from across the way, a somewhat smug smile on his face, but in sort of a pleasant way. Ian approached him and leaned back against the railing he was posted up on.

“So, Scott. . . you actually got your Malibu Ken Dream Wedding!”

Scott laughed good-naturedly. “Too on-the-nose?”

“Maybe a little, but it’s been amazing. I seriously, can say without any inkling of a doubt that it’s the most fun I’ve ever had at one of these things.”

“Glad you’re enjoying yourself,” the groom replied, taking a sip of his drink. “I’m beginning to think you’re a real life wizard or something.”

Ian laughed heartily in lieu of a reply.

“I’m dead fucking serious, man. How the hell did you get Mickey to dance a goddamn Billy Joel song with you at my gay wedding reception?”

“It was kind of an inside joke,” shrugged Ian.

“Wow. You already have those?”

Ian chuckled again. “It’s actually only from earlier today. I took a gamble and got lucky.”

“Well, I don’t feel like I need to give you any kind of speech about Mickey or anything. You seem to know exactly what you’re doing on that score.”

“I don’t know about that. I feel like I’m just blindly stumbling through it, but we do seem to click pretty well.”

“That is the vastest understatement I’ve heard in my entire life. You two are practically showing us up on our big day. Do you know how many times I’ve seen Mickey giddy like he was with you in that disgusting dance-floor display?”

“Um, not very many?” guessed Ian.

“Try none many,” Scott corrected, reaching up to squeeze Ian’s arm. “Thanks for taking a chance on him. I can promise you he’s worth it.”

Ian felt himself blushing. “I’m the one who should be thanking you. You’re like our Fairy Godfather or something. He would’ve never come around without your encouragement. We’re basically
“together because of you.”

“Eh, he just needed a little push,” Scott shrugged. “The idea was his own.”

“Well, thanks anyway. Hopefully we’ll get to know each other better when you guys get back from your extravagant honeymoon that I’m not jealous of at all.”

“Have you guys fucked to that view yet?” Scott asked, leaning in closer.

Ian snickered. “Obviously. Have you?”

“Not yet, we were trying to hold off on sex altogether and wait until tonight after everything died down, but we ended up blowing each other behind some bushes up the way a little while ago. I’m saving the window sex for the sunrise.”

“Holy shit, you’re a genius!” Ian said in awe.

Scott made finger guns at him, accompanied by clicking sounds.

“I thought I gave you a mission,” Mickey chided Ian as he approached.

“I had to detour and compliment Scott on how great this all turned out,” he replied.

“Oh, really?” Mickey asked in an over-ebullient tone. “You sure you weren’t just talkin’ about me?”

“I would never,” Scott interjected dryly.

“Better’ve been good shit only, motherfucker,” Mickey warned, his focus on Scott.

“Only the best, Mick,” he assured, pulling him into a tight hug.

After a moment, Mickey began to complain. “Alright, Jesus, stop with the sentimentality before I jump off the nearest poorly guarded cliff I can find.”

Ian grinned at the pair of them as they released one another. He hadn’t felt this kind of tenderness in such a long time. It was totally fucking him up.

“I’m so proud of you,” Scott beamed.

Mickey rolled his eyes. “What did I just say? Besides, I ain’t the one about to go island hoppin’ in the South Pacific for three weeks. I should be the proud one, but mostly I’m just jealous about how unfair it is.”

Scott scoffed, “If you didn’t hoard your money away like some desperate, overweight squirrel stockpiling acorns for a Game of Thrones style winter, you could go all over the world.” He turned to Ian. “Make him take you somewhere exotic in a few months, Ian. He can more than afford it.”

“For fuck’s sake, Scotty, stop interferin’ in my shit! Save the unsolicited input for your new husband.”

“Where is your husband, anyway?” Ian interrupted to ask Scott.

“Ugh, he’s off crying in a corner with his sister, but like in a happy kind of way. . . that drunken reminiscing shit. If it’s still happening when I get back, I’m gonna have to shut it down. Ooh, there’s the photographer. Phil!”
Scott motioned the man over and shoved Mickey toward Ian. “Get as many pictures of these two as you can, okay? Even if you have to hide behind trees to get a good shot.”

Mickey groaned and Ian laughed some more, reaching out to straighten Mickey’s appearance; smoothing out and buttoning his jacket, adjusting his tie, and combing back his hair. He was pleased when Mickey took his cue to do the same for Ian. Then Ian slid his arm around Mickey’s shoulders, and Mickey wrapped an arm around Ian’s waist, and they were being blinded by a barrage of successive bright white flashes as they posed with varying degrees of a smile, and Ian leaned in to kiss Mickey on the temple before the last snap.

“You two should dance some more,” Scott encouraged with a knowing smirk, once the photographic onslaught let up. “To some fast ones this time.”

Mickey glared daggers at Scott, and Ian vowed to ply him with the additional champagne he’d been asking for earlier and get him out there dancing to something amazing. He was crossing his fingers for a classic disco tune.

Scott headed off to rescue Ash from the scourge of family nostalgia, and Ian followed Mickey to the bar to charm the bartender into giving them another whole bottle to take back to their table.

“Hey, Scott gave me the perfect idea,” Ian told him as they made their way back to their seats, mission accomplished.

“Oh no, what do I have to do?” groused Mickey in a fearful tone.

“You have to get up early with me to watch the sunrise down on the beach.”

“Ian, this bottle is the only thing standing between us and being completely shit-faced, and you wanna drag our asses outta bed at daybreak to go sit in the sand and stare at the sky?”

“Yep.”

“That’s the dumbest shit I’ve heard all day, including that stupid song you made me dance to.”

“You’re gonna do it, and you’re gonna like it.”

“Maybe I’d consider it in return for a few favors.”

“What possible sexual favors would I have to promise you? We do it all the time, and we’ve already done like everything there is, unless... I mean, I’ll help you out if you really want me to, but I hope you’re not into fisting, or—”


“So I have to bribe you every time I want us to share a new experience?” asked Ian.

“No, not every time, just when your ‘new experience’ involves cornball crap that wakes me up early when I’m hungover, or something equally as inconvenient.”

“Pleeeeeeeease?” Ian trilled petulantly with an exaggerated pout.

Mickey’s eyebrows darted up so high, they practically left his forehead and hovered above him like a Looney Tunes cartoon. “Did you really just do the ‘whiney child prolonged please with a pouty
“I’m gonna end up ruining my pants because of you,” accused Mickey.

“What, I’m not worth one pair of expensive pants to you?”

“To be determined,” quipped Mickey.

“Just c’mere,” Ian commanded.

Mickey gave in and sat down, lying on his side and putting his head in Ian’s lap. “Don’t hit me if I accidentally fall back asleep.”

Ian shook the leg Mickey was resting on. “Don’t be a dick. We’re already down here. Give into the magic.”

“So what am I waiting for here?”

“Have you ever watched the sun rise before?”

“Not to my recollection, no. I have better things to do with these precious early hours.”
“Put on your glasses and stop complaining. Just watch the horizon. It should be coming up any minute now.”

Ian loved sunrises. Especially when they happened over the ocean like this. One could feel and smell the salty breeze, and listen to ebb and flow of the tide, sand beneath their feet. The sun started coming up, revealing a sliver of itself at a time, momentarily turning the sky pretty shades of orange and pink, followed by a little bit of purple, before eventually fading into blue.

“I guess it is sorta cool lookin’,” Mickey admitted.

Ian smirked down at his profile and shook his leg again. “Get up.”

“Already? We’ve been down here for like ten minutes!”

“Let’s go put our feet in the water,” Ian stated, dislodging Mickey’s head from his lap and rising.

“Fuck off with that shit. We can go swimmin’ later, before we leave.”

“Come on, Mick! Five more minutes, and then we can go sleep in some more, and then fuck on a couple of the other surfaces in the suite before check-out time.”

Mickey exhaled audibly. “You’re definitely hellbent on ruining these pants. Have you seen the way they make my ass look?”

“Get over here, Grumbles!” Ian ordered, laughing when Mickey came charging at him, and he lunged sideways at the last minute to avoid being tackled into the water. That just led to him dodging Mickey as he ran around pursuing him in a small circle that kept edging them closer and closer to the shoreline.

“Look who’s up and at ‘em,” Ian taunted.

“Got my alcoholic second wind,” replied Mickey, feinting left and right as if to get at Ian, while the latter did a sort of bob and weave in a defensive stance.

Then Ian looked right into Mickey’s eyes and he just knew in that very instant that he was about to be thrown right into the water, and that’s exactly what happened. Mickey finally came at him, hitting him low and swinging Ian’s larger body up over his shoulder like some kind of low-rent superhero, then all he had to do was run a few steps out into the water and catapult him out as far as he could manage.

Ian yelped right before he hit the surface and everything went quiet as a shiver ran up his spine at the shock of the cold instantly inhabiting his being. When he surfaced, he could hear Mickey cackling hysterically, and when Ian managed to fix his eyes on him, he saw that he was also pointing at him and grabbing at his side. Ian sputtered and swam forward, getting back on his feet with purpose and chasing after Mickey, now heavy in his wet clothes, with sand clinging all over the bottoms of his pant legs. He eventually managed to intercept Mickey and overtake him, knocking him right into a large wave as it rolled in. Pretty soon they were floating around in the chilly water clinging to one other, and intermittently making out.

“We’re gonna get in trouble for tracking sand and water all over that classy hotel when we go back in,” Ian said, teeth clattering just a little, as he wrapped his arms around Mickey’s neck.

“Fuck ’em, it was worth it,” replied Mickey.

“Really?” Ian asked in surprise, pulling back to study Mickey’s face so as to discern the veracity of
such a bold proclamation.

“Yeah, this is fun. I never do this kinda shit,” he shrugged.

“Well, I personally think there’s a lot more of this kinda shit in your future,” Ian assured.

“That so?”

“Yes.”

“You mean with your ass?”

“Yes.”

Mickey gave him a dubious once over. “Jury’s still out.”

Ian lashed out, swatting at his chest. “Fuck off, Mickey!”

Mickey chuckled, and grabbed at his fist. “I’m kiddin’. Me and you are gonna do all kinds of stuff,” he said earnestly. “I believe you.”

_I believe you._

Ian didn’t know why _that_ was the line that triggered the big revelation that he _was indeed_ one hundred and ten percent in love with Mickey Milkovich. There was something about the honesty of it, and the implied trust. The simple statement felt like some kind of important commitment coming from those lips. Maybe it was just the sweetness of the ridiculously romantic setting that had created some gorgeous mirage, but Ian could feel it in his gut. . . He was going to have Mickey in his life for a long time to come, and they were going to be so fucking happy.
The End

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The End
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